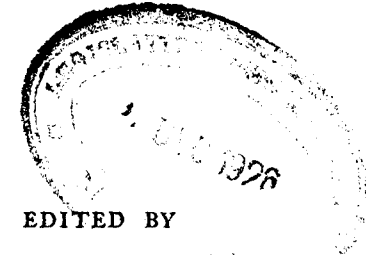


THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW



EDITED BY

W. L. COURTNEY

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CHAPMAN

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCIX. NEW SERIES. JANUARY 1, 1926.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF LIBERALISM

By "CURIO"

THE squabble over Mr. Lloyd George's party fund and the deep difference of opinion over the Land Reform proposals which have recently been disclosed and are likely to break out again at the National Liberal Federation in this month of January, 1926, would seem to portend the final disruption and death of British Liberalism. As its numbers grow smaller and its position more desperate its own internecine feuds seem to multiply and intensify, as with the rival factions of the Jews, whose hatreds and battles increased in proportion as the end of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus drew near.

Even for an adversary, if he possesses the historic sense, it is sad to contemplate the extinction of an organisation and body of ideas which has played so great a part in the history of the Island. But the Liberals can blame no one but themselves for their fall. They were not done to death by the Tories : they committed suicide. It is the object of this article to describe this *felo de se*.

It is difficult to discover any historical parallel in British politics for the fall of Liberalism from the towering position it occupied in 1906, with a large clear majority over Tories, Nationalists, and Labour men combined, to the utter impotence which it has now reached—a progressive feebleness from which there seems to be no sign or hope of recovery. It is the plain oncoming of party-death which makes the story singular—for a mere overthrow, however annihilating at the time, is nothing in the history of an organised body of opinion. Toryism was destroyed and disrupted in 1846, and was back in plain power in 1874; it was crushed in 1906, and is now enthroned in the Commons with a larger majority than it has had for a hundred years. But these instances of recovery hold out no bright gleam to the

modern Liberal. For if, or when, reaction comes nowadays, the main bulk of the swinging vote goes more and more Labour or Tory and less and less Liberal.

The destruction of the old Whig Party does, indeed, afford a faint parallel, in that it failed in proportion as anti-Tory sentiment turned Liberal or Radical. None the less, the failure of Whiggery was an almost secular process. Reaching its unchallenged zenith in 1714-1760, it was shattered by its struggles with George III, overthrown and partially co-opted by Pitt, and yet re-emerged with the Reform Bill of 1832 in a quite recognisable form and supplied practically the entire Ministry of 1833. From thence on it decayed slowly by defection to pure Liberalism, but it cannot be said to have ceased to be the predominant partner in anti-Tory Governments until the retirement of Lord John Russell, so that the period of its destruction may be said to have lasted over a hundred years. Liberalism has only taken twenty to accomplish the same process.

There are some who attribute this marvel of decay to general currents of opinion let loose in Europe by the aftermath of war, by which Liberal Parliamentaryism received a death blow. Russia has chosen one new form of tyranny, instead of Constitutionalism, Italy and Spain another. Everywhere the Reds confront the Whites or the Blacks, and between the opposing lines there is no room for neutrals. Each extreme shoots down the centre party in order to get at the real enemy across its dead body.

The theory is too sweeping even if applied only to the Continent. For, leaving out Spain as a rather doubtful case, there are just as many constitutional Governments in Europe now as there were in August, 1914. Germany has attained parliamentary government, and Italy has lost it.

But in any case the argument does not apply to Britain at all. This country, following its tradition of hundreds of years, has very little use either for the Reds or the Blacks. Never was the constitutional doctrine more firmly established in this country, with an ex-Socialist Prime Minister sitting on the Opposition benches because it was

thought that his executive had tried to tamper with a legal prosecution, and that he had friends who were too friendly with the Bolsheviks. The Communists are a tiny if malignant minority, and the Fascists are a bad joke.

No! the decline of Liberalism is not due to a generally growing disbelief in Great Britain in the causes of liberty and self-government. Rather, Liberals might say with justice that the views of their Whig ancestors on these matters had become so widely diffused throughout all parties that they no longer afforded any rallying point for Liberalism; just as Toryism could no longer play the Crown as a card when the Monarchy became universally popular. Nor, again, is the Liberal collapse due to the Asquith-Lloyd George schism of 1916, though this undoubtedly accelerated the march of events. It did so because it left Liberalism with no clear lead or doctrine just when millions of fresh voters were added to the list by the Reform Act of 1918, and millions of men who had forgotten all their politics in the trenches poured back home.

The real cause which has ruined a great historic party in twenty years was a single unwise decision of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Liberal whips and organisers taken shortly before the election of 1906, and the failure of Mr. Asquith as his successor to see the implication of that decision and reverse it while there was yet time.

That original mistake lay in seeing in the nascent Labour Party a useful ally against the Conservatives, instead of a dangerous competitor to be crushed at all hazards at the outset.

Whether a Labour Party would or would not have some time or another come into being after a fierce struggle with the Liberals is open to question. For the special character of a trade union organisation turned to political ends, which is peculiar to England, tides what is in essence the creation of a new party over the almost insuperable difficulty of making the first party organisation on a sufficiently wide scale. That is why no brand new party has ever before been able to come into existence at all in English politics except by accepting, hanging on to, and converting one

of the older organisations. So the Liberals treated the Whigs and the Radicals the Liberals.

In the same way the I.L.P. or S.D.F. were helpless, and would have remained for ages if not for ever helpless instruments for getting Members returned to Parliament in any numbers worth counting, had they not managed to link their political fortunes with the trade unions.

Thus a miners' trade union secretary in certain Durham or Northumberland or South Wales constituencies would have a natural advantage in trade interest and class loyalty which might return him against even a combined Liberal-Conservative attack. And this was true of certain constituencies even before 1906.

But, granted all this, it none the less remains true that the Liberal leadership just before 1906 made the modern Socialist Party. It saved it from years of uphill, possibly of hopeless, battle, and sent it into the Parliament of 1906 a strong, compact, and organised party forty strong. Instantly the idea of trade union politics, about which many trade unions had been very doubtful, secured a horde of converts by the demonstration of their Parliamentary success. All this had been done, of course, by the pact which the Liberal leaders arranged with the Labour Party. Under this the Liberal and Labour vote was practically united throughout the country. Three-cornered fights were avoided, and a large number of absolutely safe seats were given to the new party. Without this "pact" not a dozen Labour and Socialist candidates combined would have struggled into Parliament.

The reason for the arrangement was, of course, the utter under-estimate formed by the Liberal leadership of its own strength in the country, a failure to penetrate the weakness of Toryism, and a hostility to its historic enemy which seems to have blinded it to the risk of creating a far more dangerous foe.

For, of course, the Liberal majority of 1906 was so colossal that it would still have been overwhelming had there been no Labour pact at all. The Liberal organisers hatched out their cuckoo absolutely needlessly and for no compensating advantage. Had they acted prudently some twenty-five to thirty fewer Labour Members would have

been returned to power, perhaps five more Tories, and twenty or twenty-five more Liberals.

The heads of the party machine cannot be expected to be wise in far-sighted issues of political strategy. Theirs not to look beyond the immediate contest. But had the Liberal imperialist chiefs and the Radical leaders been less busy quarrelling with each other from 1900 to 1905 they might perhaps have examined the "pact" issue, and had they studied it with any real understanding of the party system in Britain, and of the nature of their own party in particular, they could not have avoided the conclusion that to bring a Labour-Socialist Party to birth was not so much imprudent as fatal. For so long as the Liberals remained the only Opposition the country must send them back to power some day, even if not in the winter of 1905-06. Whereas to create a new Right party not under their control was to condemn Radicalism to a far swifter and more ignominious extinction than had befallen Whiggery.

And the very nature of Radicalism is an attack on existing systems or institutions couched in terms of violent and often of rather unthinking denunciation. Of course, there have been in its record many admirable schemes of construction as well as necessary works of destruction. But what has been done on the constructive side has been done as a by-product, generally by some wise statesman with a majority obtained by denunciatory rhetoric and with a considerable reluctance to use it for purposes of pure destruction.

Mr. Lloyd George's social insurance scheme promises attracted little or no attention in the General Election of 1910. Nor has he ever received from his party or the electorate one-tenth of the gratitude he deserves for that tremendous constructive effort which set the nation on the path towards "all-in" contributory insurance. On the contrary, the Right of Radicalism never really liked the contributory principle which gives the whole scheme moral and economic stability. The only kind of insurance scheme the Right cares for is one which will fine or plunder somebody for someone else's benefit. The Labour Party to-day is opposed to all contributory schemes

officially. What made Lloyd George, who was not particularly prominent or popular in his party while working quietly in the Board of Trade at useful schemes from 1906 to 1908, the hero of Radicalism in 1909 and 1910? Briefly, Limehouse and the Land Taxes. A Cabinet Minister was using language of denunciation such as no man of his rank had used before in British politics for a hundred years.

No matter that the Land Taxes were from the revenue standpoint an issue of minor fiscal importance. The foolish outcry of the Dukes persuaded the Radical part of the masses that someone was really going to be fined and hurt. And this appeal of the "People's Budget" rallied the drooping spirits of the Radicals sufficiently to stem a little the oncoming tide of Tariff Reform. The number of Liberals who were shocked by this proceeding might be counted on the fingers of one hand. Lord Rosebery severed the last strand which bound him to Liberalism—not a very stout one—and that was all. On the contrary, the most respectable members of the party highly applauded the ingenuity and courage by which Mr. Lloyd George had saved the situation. Office was not lost, if independent office was.

Now, Mr. Lloyd George had taught the Liberals what Mr. Gladstone had taught the Whigs, and what Mr. Chamberlain was beginning to teach the Liberals of his day when Home Rule upset all apple-carts—that success for Liberals and Radicals consists in going always further to the Left, in your language at least. You may behave in a perfectly rational manner when you get into power, but you are not likely to do well at an election unless you can persuade those to whom in essence you are appealing that you are going to damage and punish somebody.

Therefore, Whiggism, Liberalism, Radicalism, however the proportion has been mixed since 1832, always advances in echelon from the Left. The clever men, the ambitious men, edge steadily into the Left group. Others begin to follow. The group grows in number till finally it drags the whole party with it. And this process going on inside the party has always been regarded by Liberal writers as "progress." Only a few shibboleths like "Free Trade" remained immutable, and all the other old individualist

gods of the philosophic Liberals have been tumbled into the political Morgue with Whig High Protection.

But this process, which may be said to have begun with Charles James Fox the Radical, has been, thanks to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's blunder, abruptly arrested, and in a form which finally prevents its continuance. I might describe the Liberal army as moving forward yet always facing, on the whole, "half-Left," because the men on the Left flank are pulling in that direction, and the rest must conform to their movement or a gap would appear in the line. Suddenly on this flank there appears a barbed wire fence stretching not across the Liberal front, so that it forms a natural object of attack, but bounding their Left flank, so that the "facing half-Left" movement must shortly come up against it diagonally and either change direction front or cross the fence. But on the other side of the fence is another army bigger than the Liberal one, consisting of Socialists, who say that the ground on their side of the fence is sacred to them and that the Liberal army shall not cross into their territory. The Liberal commanders point out that much of the ground both armies wish to advance over is common to Liberalism and Socialism. Why not, then, let them both act as if the fence were non-existent, so that any part of the Liberal organised forces might cross it, soap-boxes and all, if and when they so desire? To which plea the Socialist leaders return a stern negative. "No," they say, "we are stronger than you, and are being reinforced every day at your expense. We can prevent you continuing your march to the Left and we shall do so. You must march straight on, or, if you like, you can incline Right towards the Tories and see what kind of reception you get from them. We do not care. But," added the Socialist leader, raising his voice so that the other army could hear, "if any one of you feels impelled to cross the fence he can throw down his rifle, put up his hands, and climb across unarmed. He will be received into our ranks and honourably treated, provided he abjures Liberalism and its leaders. We will treat him as the Moslem treats the convert and deserter. He will be to us no different from the rest so long as he abjures his faith and accepts ours."

Hearing these words, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, Colonel Josiah Wedgwood and several Liberal lawyers threw down their weapons and crossed the fence. They were instantly enlisted and provided with rifles making a slightly sharper and louder explosion than those they had thrown away. A few others on the Right flank, seeing what was happening and noticing that Mr. Churchill had put his hands in his pockets and was strolling in the Conservative direction, slipped off unobtrusively after him. A few flung themselves flat on the ground, exclaiming that Mr. Lloyd George, who alone showed any signs of reanimating the courage of the party, was a "Hoodoo." The remainder of the host, following Lord Oxford and Mr. Lloyd George, started off again in a line straight to the front, looking for some break in or end to the fence. And of these many cast longing glances at the bright epaulettes on the shoulders of those who had so recently surrendered.

I abandon the style of the *Tale of the Tub*—for only Swift could do justice to the story of the Liberal "conversions" to Socialism.

The plain truth is tragic enough for Liberalism. It is that if your *motif* as a party is a gospel of hate towards certain sections of the community, you can only stimulate or keep this feeling alive by appealing continually to the "have-nots" against the "haves," and this by schemes growing ever more sweeping and revolutionary and by language ever increasing in violence. But suppose you find in existence a party which declines to have any communion with you whatsoever, and which is prepared on every occasion to propose plans more revolutionary than yours in terms which make those of Limehouse sound ladylike? What can you do? And the answer is, "Nothing."

Your supporters will simply pass over to the man on the bigger soap-box, not because they necessarily become Socialists, but because they remain Radicals—men who will always fall to the most dangerous change and the strongest abuse.

The Tories do not suffer from any parallel disadvantage from the growth of the Socialist Party. On the contrary,

the natural conservatism of the British race when faced with really revolutionary policies has rallied steadily to Toryism as Liberalism has failed and died. Hence a majority undreamed of in the most halcyon days of Sir Robert Peel or Disraeli. The explanation is that while Toryism always possesses an extreme Right wing as Liberalism has possessed a Left wing, Toryism never marches by the Right as Liberalism does by the Left. The Jesuits in the time of Elizabeth, the Jacobites under Queen Anne or the early Georges, never really affected the main course of Conservative sentiment or action, any more than the *Morning Post* represents or directs modern official Conservatism. Toryism marches along a straight middle line mildly twitched towards the Left when occasion serves by the men of genius, like Canning, Disraeli, Randolph Churchill, and Joseph Chamberlain, who have been its servants. The destruction of Liberalism and the growth of the Labour Party in its stead have, therefore, hardly influenced its development. The flow of Liberal voters into its ranks, which has strengthened it at the polls, may have mildly heightened the tenor of its liberal sentiments. The violence of Socialist speeches, the threats of the Trade Union Council, and the menace of the Communists backed by Moscow have, on the other hand, slightly stimulated the reactionary elements represented by the Home Secretary. The two tendencies practically cancel each other out and leave Conservatism what it has always been in history, a strong middle movement for individual prosperity and property and for law and order, only partially affected by the dreamers who demand a beneficent autocracy of the type of the Patriot King, by the oligarchic class-war men, or by the idealists who dream of the realisation of a Tory Platonic Republic. If an age came in this country in which great political changes were demanded the Tories would be helpless, as they have often been in history, for so long as this demand was effective at the polls. But they would not vanish, as the Liberals are vanishing. When the wheel came full circle, when the demand for stability had become effective once more, the Tory Party would be found, as in 1660 or 1710 or 1784

or 1841 or 1874 or 1886 or 1924, with its well-disciplined if depleted cadres ready to receive the accession of its vast potential reserves. The theory of the nineteenth century was that Liberalism must always possess a greater recuperative force than Conservatism because it had behind it the powers of "progress." The doctrine has proved fundamentally fallacious. Others have filched the garments of "progress," while the strength of Toryism remains unabated because it resides on certain deep-seated instincts of humanity which can never disappear so long as men desire any kind of ordered State based on traditionalism and experience.

I have endeavoured to indicate why the decision which resulted in forty Labour Members entering Parliament in 1906 was in essence fatal to Liberalism. But there are several questions in this connection which might be raised, and probably will be raised by the future historian, either in support or qualification of this general dictum.

(1) Was it too late, when after that election it was seen that Liberalism depended neither in Parliament nor in the constituencies on the Labour vote, to undo the fatal error and to attempt in the course of that Parliament and in the ensuing General Election—whenever it might come—to attack and destroy the nascent Labour-Socialist organism before it could attain the maturity of its strength? It is hard to answer such a theoretical proposition. Probably the mischief was irremediable, because the Tariff Reform election of 1910 showed that Liberalism *was* dependent on the Labour Pact in the constituencies for any real majority at all, and because in that struggle it lost its Parliamentary independence of the Irish and of Labour.

But the strange thing is that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, if his official life is to be trusted, never seems to have thought about the problem at all when he became Prime Minister. Though it was the one issue which mattered vitally to his party, he never seems to have been aware that such a problem existed.

We have not Lord Oxford's private correspondence, but we cannot suppose him to have been any wiser than his predecessor. For he took, throughout his career both as Chancellor (1906-1908) and Premier (1908-1914), a pro-

ninent lead in the policy of granting free or forced concessions to the Labour Party, which finally riveted its powers on the constituencies which might otherwise have been Liberal. The reversal of the Taff Vale decision, the special legal immunity given to the Trade Unions, the Political Levy Act of 1913, were all passed with his active concurrence, and he has recently declared that he still approves them. Of course, this legislation settled the final issue in the country in favour of the growth and survival of the Labour-Socialist Party. The great mass of non-party, Liberal, Radical or Conservative voters in the Trade Unions had long been very doubtful of the wisdom of using a purely industrial instrument in politics. They distrusted the Parliamentary method altogether. When, however, they saw as the direct result, for so they imagined it, of returning forty Members to Westminster immense special powers and immunities very useful in strikes conferred on their unions; when they saw these powers given them in the face not only of Tory opposition but of the declared opinion of the chief Liberal law officer of the Crown and as the result of a public surrender by the Government, they were convinced that there was something in this political game after all. Without this opinion behind them it would have been unsafe for the Socialist leaders to press for a compulsory political levy four years afterwards, and without that levy the growth of the Socialist Party must have been greatly retarded. Lord Oxford must, therefore, be linked with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as a principal destroyer of Liberalism and an architect of the Socialist organisation. After 1913, at any rate, the Socialist movement could not be checked. Even the taint of pacifism which clung to many of its official leaders gave it no more than a set-back in 1918.

(2) The second point which might be urged is that Liberalism was destroyed less by the growth of Socialism than by the accidental war-schism of 1916, and by all its consequences in the form of the feuds which still beset a party formally reunited.

I have already said that it was a serious misfortune to Liberalism to be crippled by internal dissension in such

an important period for the formation of opinion as followed the Reform Act of 1918. Without this additional bad luck Liberalism might have hoped to retain its position as a balancing power in the State for a much longer period than it has done, probably to the advantage of our steady political development.

But here again the Liberal leadership seems to have been greatly to blame. For the schism of 1916 was an accident, even if an inevitable accident, of the war. There was nothing in it to prevent immediate reunion of the sundered wings after the peace.

The dividing line drawn between the Lloyd Georgeites and the Asquithian Liberals by the events of 1916 was largely personal, artificial and accidental. The very cardinal difference of doctrine was personal. It was a division of opinion between those who thought that Lloyd George could win the war and that Asquith could not, and those who disagreed with this opinion. Possibly in the inmost depths of Wee Freedom there were those who would rather have lost the war under the banner of strict Liberal orthodoxy and established Liberal leadership than have won it by any change of personnel whatever. Just as there were people who would rather have kept James II on the throne with the aid of a French and Irish army of invaders than tampered with the doctrine of Divine Right. The extremes of stupidity in politics always meet and agree. On the other hand, the Lloyd Georgeites may have been men fundamentally more sensible and opportunist. This is to plumb the depths of party personality. As it was, the Liberals went in different directions as opinion and interest dictated. In fact, the division was never officially recognised by the party until the "Maurice debate" of 1918, when those who went into the Lobby in the attempt to overturn the Government were definitely labelled as opponents of the Prime Minister, and the Liberals who voted in the opposite Lobby became Coalition Liberals.

From that time onwards some of the lesser Liberal luminaries have preached an unceasing vendetta against Mr. Lloyd George, and never accepted, in the spirit, the reconciliation of 1923.

In this Lord Oxford, who, if an injury was done in 1916,

was the most injured, has been more generous and wiser than the little group round him or behind him. The dissensions in post-1923 Liberalism are not his fault, nor, it may be added, Mr. Lloyd George's either.

Mr. Lloyd George's mistake, which is still reflected in the unedifying quarrels of to-day, seems to me to go further back in time—in fact, to the date of the Armistice. If he ever intended to rejoin the Asquithian Liberals with his followers he ought never to have arranged the "coupon election" of 1918. That was the real tearing blow—understandable if he meant to fuse with the Tories, but on no other grounds.

If Mr. Lloyd George meant to remain a Liberal he should have concluded the Peace of Versailles with his existing majority, left his Tory allies as soon as the peace was signed, and let the country return a fairly strong Conservative Government towards the end of 1919, while he and his followers fought in the constituencies as Liberals. If he meant to fuse with the Conservatives he should have done so in the plenitude of his power.

As it is, the Liberal Party has gone steadily backwards at Westminster from 1923 to 1926, until one is compelled to wonder whether even a miserable handful will survive the next General Election. And every attempt at a Liberal revival has been the instant signal for an outbreak of internal hatreds publicly expressed.

What is to be the end of it? If, as appears inevitable, the Liberal Party is to die, it had better bequeath, while there is time, the many valuable elements which exist in its traditions to the two parties which will succeed it. Its remnants can help to Liberalise Toryism and to rationalise Socialism by joining the Conservative and Socialist Parties in sufficient numbers to influence their respective policies. Mr. Churchill originally conceived the idea of entering the House of Commons with a small army of anti-Socialist Liberals in alliance with the Conservatives but numerically sufficient to exercise some influence on their policy. This plan failed, and eventually Mr. Churchill was enrolled as a solitary recruit, like the far-sighted Liberals who fled individually to Labour. If the remaining Liberals, like Captain Guest, who prefer Conservatism

to Socialism in the ultimate resort are bound to emigrate, they had better do so in a body. Standing as they do for a large potential force in the constituencies they might obtain a real advancement of their policies from the Government at the next General Election. Nor, perhaps, would Mr. Baldwin be averse to accepting a reinforcement which would strengthen him against the more dangerous activities of the Die-Hards.

But this is a minor matter compared with the action of those Liberals who, facing however reluctantly the dissolution of their own party, are impelled by their own instincts and convictions to move to the Left and the Labour Party. Everything depends on whether they will go, or will be accepted on the other side of the fence, as individuals surrendering at discretion or as an organised body demanding terms. So far the deserting Liberals have exercised no modifying influence whatever on the pure follies of the Socialist creed. On the contrary, suspect like every other convert, they have sought to prove the reality of their conversion by the usual religious excesses. Colonel Wedgwood, as an individualist, takes the lead with Poplar and Clydeside against the constitutional moderation of Ramsay MacDonald. Mr. Ponsonby is foremost in helping to overthrow the late Government over the treaty with Russia. Mr. Patrick Hastings, as the type of converted Liberal lawyer, is above all things anxious to placate those who object to a Campbell prosecution.

If the Radicals, with or without Mr. Lloyd George, went in a body to support Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes it might be a very different story. It is certain that so far, in spite of persistent rumours, no such arrangement is in contemplation between the Socialist and Liberal leaders in the Commons. Yet the ultimate facts of the situation point in this direction. As Mr. MacDonald's Left hardens against him it removes him one stage further from the prospect of regaining office. Mr. Lloyd George, or any other Radical leader, can never hope to attain a majority of his own.

Liberalism is finished, but it can still die patriotically and usefully, and live as an inspirer and avenger.

CHINA—LAND OF FASCINATING MYSTERY

BY D. HALLIDAY MACARTNEY

THE Book of Life has many undisclosed pages wherein the destinies of nations great and small are yet unknown to man. The shaping of Asia for woe or weal will assuredly evoke more serious contemplation than hitherto, as we may well say the awakening has come. The late Lord Wolseley predicted that China would startle the world, and none will dispute that in the East to-day there is a tide in the affairs of nations which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, but much depends on what Confucius said: You may discard armies, ration food, but you must retain confidence in your rulers. The Chinese impasse, like other crises which have caused explosions in the Chancelleries of Europe, derives its origin from other sources than the *casus belli* submitted. Let us be frank and penetrate beneath the given *raison d'être*, namely, the ill-treatment of employees by Japanese superiors in a Japanese mill, which to some extent was a continuance of the trouble occurring in earlier February, when an agreement was reached between owners and employed as to industrial requirements. A pact was made but not kept. The conditions operating in factories recall vividly to our minds when trade unionism was not established and Factory Laws yet to appear on the Statute Book in this country, till Lord Shaftesbury, with characteristic vigour, stood for the oppressed and fought for the young. Now at this stage, leaving aside the Chinese absence of industrial legislation or organisation, does not Japan, ever ambitious, block the path to China occupying her rôle in the comity of nations? The goal of Japan is to become mistress of the Far East, and one has only to look at her astonishing rise over a comparatively short period in her life to appreciate the significance that her place in the sun is already approaching. What of China, with her vast population, with huge resources untapped? She, too, rightly claims to assert her nationhood, and the day is past when European Powers can afford to treat such

potentialities to mar or to arrest the march of civilisation as inferior personages. True, docile China has no stable government; but the evolution from a venerated monarchy based on religion to an uncertain Republicanism must inevitably bring in its train the birth-pangs of Democracy. The Far East has no Marie Stopes—and need for room for surplus population is acute.

In 1915 Yuan Shi Kai, the strong man of China, was dismissed, unfortunately, for he alone could disregard unseen forces—of men of the calibre of Sun Yat Sen. Owing to her internal weakness China was unable to resist the humiliating demands forced upon her by Japan, and these have not been forgotten by the Chinese, as they were tantamount to the latter being a vassal State. The Great War, also not being in a strong enough position, caused China, under emphatic protest, to acquiesce. A Japanese boycott of goods ensued. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance (1902), not renewed, has created suspicion among Chinese, and it is not surprising that the Chinese, unimbued with the spirit of national patriotism, a contributing factor towards the astonishing development industrially and intellectually of Japan, wonder why Great Britain looks askance at her traditional friend since the days of the First Embassy in 1793. Even before that date, in 1660, Chinese tea was being introduced in England and trade opened with the East India Company. Look down the corridor of time: are there not honoured names indelibly inscribed upon the scrolls of fame, cementing international relations between East and West, which young China forgets, from an inadequate conception of the past? To cite a few—Gordon, Hart, Dr. Morrison, Timothy Richards, Morrison of *The Times*, Wade, Macartney, Jordan, who have each in due season assisted materially in promoting the welfare of China. The suggestion that exploitation by foreign interests is unhealthy for an unstable country may, for other purposes than truth, be useful, but one of their far-seeing statesmen many years past in a widely circulated book said that commerce is the blood and breath of a nation, so railways are essential, especially where vast

distances are to be traversed. A land whose area is over 4,000,000 square miles, with, roughly estimated, 400,000,000 in population, because of the constant dissensions for private gain between the civil and military rulers, cannot be classed as rich according to revenue. The Young China Party has within the last decade come to the fore in formulating a national programme, consequent upon the impact of the West, as the intellectuals have voyaged to Western scenes—attending American and British Universities. The Eastern youth is more seriously inclined than our own, and in a community where learning is honoured it is not unexpected to find that students are vocal in their expression of feeling directed towards the foreigner. Mr. Lloyd George was not far wrong in his view that the trouble is more Sinn Fein than Bolshevik; though evidence suffices that Moscow desires to exploit China. Whenever disorder within threatened, barbarian hordes from without have sought to cause strife. Many besides the writer would welcome improvement of industrial conditions, but the Chinese must first take it in hand. British Labour, or those who deem to speak in its name, in sending messages which construed are hostile to peace, are only accentuating passions instead of preparing the path for amicable settlement.

Reference, some suggest, should be made to the League of Nations, but China lost her distinguished representative, Mr. Wellington Koo, at the last assembly. Surely China should have a place on such a body. Her status should be raised to Ambassadorial rank. Also, unlike Japan, no parties of legislators visit the East, nor do we afford hospitality to China's leading men.

If the England of the Far East is to draw closer commercially, and on grounds of international contribution to science, arts, literature, not to mention safeguarding peace, men of understanding from these shores, who will seek to share in the life of the nation they proceed to, are necessary.

The day may come when China no longer will depend on others for her goods; as we realise that times have changed, we are to a large extent not the universal pro-

viders as of yore. Till that day dawns one urges friendship which will be reciprocated, as Asia is not changeless. The late Lord Salisbury, like others who have occupied the responsible office of Premier and knew little or cared little about Asiatic questions, once declared that he declined to believe that 400,000,000 could ever become moribund. His opinion was correct. Let our statesmen pay heed to what is no longer a dream, but is actually occurring. China and Great Britain with the United States have interests common to all, and such a partnership could do something towards restoration of concord. To judge China by the Treaty Ports would be unfair. Further, too little attention has been focussed on the Mahomedan population. Pan-Islamism has gained support.

Finally, remission of more instalments of the Boxer indemnity would be a gesture well received. Just as a child loves his parent, probably unaware of the size of his bank balance, so should members of a State with relations with other States have aims other than mere gain mutual to both, but occasionally based on culture, philosophy, a union to forward the arts, medical knowledge, and all things upon which international competition is welcome as partners for general advancement and not retrogression in humanitarian affairs.

There is a bourn from whence no traveller returns. Let the bell toll, yet another soul floats upon the Stygian river. The death in harness of Sir John Jordan at the very hour when his wise counsels are needed most deprives China of a proved friend and Great Britain of a faithful elder statesman. It is fitting to recall one of his speeches, delivered in 1918, as testimony to his remarkable foresight.

The failure to hold the further conference, as determined by the decision in 1922 at Washington, for revision of customs tariff and regulation of internal taxation has caused loss of confidence, though many Powers are concerned. Great Britain's rôle is to lead internationally in Asiatic affairs—not only are her interests greater, but her record is superior. Sir Austen Chamberlain's utterances are considerate and friendly. A speech at Geneva from the Chinese Minister to Italy reveals the growing appreciation of our social institutions and the part industry has to fulfil.

China expects to pass a Bill conferring the right of association for workers. Let us hope that America's trade unionism may be followed in preference to our own movements, whose peril to progress is the political connection. Hours of labour have in cases been reduced. In 1923 China adhered to the Berne Convention regarding the prohibition of utilising phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. Labour conditions have been studied. Those relative to the mines are set forth in a Bill:—

Our means of communication and transit are still in an embryonic stage when compared with the immensity of China, our volume of external trade is very small, and we are only at the beginning of the modern industrial development.

The director of the International Labour Bureau has paid tribute to the harmony existing between the Chinese and foreigners to improve industrial relations. Unfortunately there are none conversant with China at the Labour Office. Much criticism has been directed towards the Child Labour Commission at Shanghai, but one wonders whether those who censure look at the problem from a broader aspect. The Chinese have something to teach us in their loyalty to the family as a unit, and the same affinity in industry cannot but help towards mutual confidence, also expansion of commerce.

Do we sufficiently realise what the awakening of 400,000,000 of inhabitants of the Central Kingdom might mean in the solution of our grave problem of unemployment?

The appointment of a commission to investigate the

troubles at Shanghai, and to endeavour to reach an equitable conclusion to the grievances of China, will be watched with a sincere desire to pave the path for stabilisation of that vast country, whose renaissances since the fall of the Manchu Dynasty have been political, intellectual and industrial. China's greatest necessity is to provide strong men of moral worth to create an efficient administration, and, baffling as her evolution has been, you cannot as it were with a flash of lightning transform great conglomerations of peoples unversed in government into well-informed citizens. We as a Christian nation have to answer the call to spreading the message of Christianity.

To leave it unanswered will, with passage of time, be a rebuke to our religion, and possibly lead to other influences. China wants aid from our best. The youth of China are gradually becoming her masters, but there is a book which some English friend might write, one depicting the labours of Irish-Scottish men who have devoted their lives to promoting a better understanding between East and West, as the young, with exuberance of youth, may forget that nations, to make history, must read history. To comprehend their position in the family of nations maps must be studied.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DOUGHTY

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

THE first problem which confronts us in considering the case of Charles Doughty is the problem of style, for it is largely, it seems, his style which excludes Doughty, the poet, from that appreciation which his work so richly deserves: and if the comparative inaccessibility of *Travels in Arabia Deserta* is not the only cause of its not being widely read, the archaic quality of his prose style can be the only other.

Not that Doughty is unique among modern writers in being difficult. Few of us have learned to enjoy, for instance, Henry James and Meredith in prose, Browning and again Meredith in verse, without a more or less irritated apprenticeship. It is worth while to look into the difficulties presented by Doughty and these others, for in so doing we shall lay bare a significant fact about Doughty's style which is, I think, the one mainly responsible for his failure of appreciation. I take, at random, a typical passage from Henry James:—

Everything as he passed through the place went on—all the offices of life, the whole bustle of the market, and withal surprisingly scarce less that of the nursery and the playground, the whole sprawl in especial of the great gregarious fireside. . . .

The difficulty of such a passage is, one might almost say, mathematical. It consists, does it not? in the effort involved in the accurate evaluation of each of those terms—*withal*, *surprisingly*, *scarce*, *less*, and *especial*—of apportioning their respective functions in the phrase, and then of extracting the correct result. What of Meredith? I quote him at his most Meredithian:—

Fenellan then . . . fell to work on the absent Miss Priscilla Graves and Mr. Pempton, with a pitchfork's exaltation of the sacred attachment of the divergently meritorious couple, and a melancholy reference to the implacable obstacles in the principles of each.

Here, too, we are confronted with the dazzling flicker of qualifications, though in much less complexity than in James; but, lest we should escape too easily, there is added, in that *pitchfork's exaltation*, one of Meredith's agile metaphors, so familiar and often so illuminating to the initiated, so perplexing to the beginner. The difficulties, then, in these two passages are merely a matter of mental gymnastics; we discover, so to speak, the muscles which a reading of either author calls into play, we get those muscles into training, and the difficulties are overcome. And this comes about the more easily because both Meredith's and James's methods of expressing themselves—James's juggling with qualifications and fine shades, Meredith's acrobatic metaphors—are essentially of the times. They are merely an intensification of our own methods; they lie at the root of much of our present-day slang. And where, in James and Meredith, the syntax is perplexing, this is always the inevitable result of those other characteristics.

Now what difficulties there may be in *Arabia Deserta* are of the most elementary description. Doughty's prose contains none of the subtle complexities of James or Meredith; it is direct and transparently simple, and if the beginner finds himself sometimes baffled it is solely either because Doughty has used a coined or an obsolete word, or because his syntax, though simple, is nowadays unfamiliar—unfamiliar, at least, to those who have not read Tyndale and Spenser. Doughty is, in fact, infinitely simpler than James or Meredith, and if he seems more difficult to some readers the explanation must be that, whereas the complicated gymnastics which James and Meredith demand of them require (to continue our metaphor) the strengthening of muscles already in use, the simple reactions which Doughty's prose calls forth employ a muscle long disused, which therefore takes the longer to become supple. Readers of to-day take to James and Meredith naturally; to acquire Doughty they must make a more conscious effort. Moreover, while an intellectual stumbling-block can often be solved by sitting still, an unknown word may present an obstacle which cannot be

removed merely by taking thought. But, so essentially simple is Doughty's prose, that, for the reader who has once caught the manner of it, it is the most difficult thing in the world to remember that it ever had any difficulty at all.

And when we come to the poetry, the difficulties here spring from precisely the same causes, but here they are more real than in the prose, for the archaism of word and syntax is much more pronounced. But here again, except for these external difficulties, there are none. There is never the intellectual problem which confronts us when we first attempt *Sordello*, nor that concentrated allusiveness which, in Meredith, at its worst becomes almost a secret code, and sometimes, when grammatical ellipsis is added, reduces poetry-reading to something perilously like conundrum-guessing.

For, however strangely, however uncouthly Doughty may express himself, the meaning is always fully present; the difficulty, as I have said, lies solely in syntax and the unusual word. Here is an example:—

On heaven their looks be fixt :
Earth's field, whereas the soles tread of their feet,
They see not, so be ravished their twin hearts
Which silent commune with God's holy angels.

No mere rearrangement could make the obscurer poems of Meredith comprehensible to an ignorant person; the only hope would lie in exhaustive annotations. But Doughty's lines, if we altered the archaic *whereas* to *where*, can be arranged so as to be plain to the youngest school-child. I have laboured this point because it is important to insist that it is in externals alone that Doughty's so-called difficulty consists.

One may theorise and dogmatise for ever on what style may and may not legitimately do, but the final test must always lie in experience. A pudding, ideal from the chemical point of view, may yet be inedible; and if it turns out that a work of art which has broken all our critical laws can possess our minds and delight our souls, then we must overhaul our critical laws. All Doughty's prose and the greater part of his verse come triumphantly

out of this ordeal; and, in fact, *Travels in Arabia Deserta* has long been acknowledged as one of the great prose works of the English language.

If the object of a book of travels is to give a vivid and complete impression of the country and its inhabitants, an impression not modified or limited by the prejudices and partialities of the traveller, then this book of Doughty's achieves the ideal. The qualities of the book reveal themselves unmistakably in the impressions retained after reading it. For the first and overwhelming memory is not that of a story told, but of a land seen and persons met. Sense-impressions of an extraordinary vividness remain in the mind: it seems that we have seen Arabia Deserta and talked with its strange inhabitants: and we have seen, too, a figure, dressed as they, talking as they, adventuring among them. That is the only aspect in which Doughty himself appears in the book, and that is the final triumph of its amazing objectivity, its perfection as a work of art. So, miraculously, there is no blurring medium between the reader and the subject; neither Western culture, Western civilisation, nor even Christianity (despite the fact that Doughty is a devout and uncompromising Christian and was continually coming into conflict with Arab fanaticism)—nothing but that illuminating medium, the mind of a good man and a fine artist.

A profound pathos pervades Doughty's book. How should it fail to be pathetic when it displays, so vividly and so simply, life stripped of all its apparent importance, its elaborations, its schemes, the glamour of its achievements—of everything except its so evident transience, and its dignity? For the life of the wandering Arab is a life spent in an unending struggle to make life barely possible, exposing, shorn of all irrelevancies, the ultimate question of life's value.

"Wandering in all the waste Arabia," writes Doughty, "we often see rude trivet stones set by threes together: such are of old nomad pot-fires; and it is a comfortable human token, that some have found to cheer themselves, before us, in a land where man's life seems nearly cast away, but at what time is uncertain; for stones, as they were pitched in that forsaken drought, may so continue for ages. The harder and gravel wilderness is

seen cross-lined everywhere with old trodden camel paths; these are also from the old generations, and there is not any place of the immense waste, which is not at some time visited in the Aarab's wanderings; and yet whilst we pass, no other life, it may be, is in the compass of a hundred miles about us."

Here, where Khalil (Doughty) parts from his friend Amm Mohammed, the pathos takes on a more personal note:—

"Now God be with thee, my father Mohammed, and requite thee." "God speed thee, Khalil," and he took my hand. Amm Mohammed went back to his own, we passed further; and the world, and death, and the inhumanity of religions parted us for ever!

Arabia Deserta is not only a record of things seen and people known, it is a record of things felt and heard, smelt and tasted, of colours and flowers, rocks and mountains, of piercing cold and parching heat, of thirst and hunger, weariness and refreshment, hate and love.

Pleasant, as the fiery heat of the daylight is done, is our homely evening fire. The sun gone down upon a highland steppe of Arabia, whose common altitude is above three thousand feet, the thin, dry air is pleasantly refreshed, the sand is soon cold; wherein yet at three fingers' depth is left a sunny warmth of the past day's heat until the new sunrise. After half an hour is the blue night, and the clear hoary starlight in which there shines the girdle of the milky way with a marvellous clarity.

To read such a book is to go through a complete and vivid experience. I know of none other in which the reader re-lives so profoundly the life and scenes recorded. To discover the influences which have gone to the making of its magnificent prose we must go back nearly four hundred years.

This comfort shalt thou evermore find in the plain text and literal sense. Neither is there any story so homely, so rude, yea, or so vile, as it may seem outwardly, wherein is not exceeding great comfort. And when some, who seem to themselves to be great clerks, say, They wot not what more profit is in many histories of the scripture, if they be read without an allegory, than in a tale of Robin-Hood; say thou, that they were written for our consolation and comfort, that we despair not, if such like happen unto us.

That passage is from Tyndale's *Prologue* to his translation of the Pentateuch, and in it we feel something of the true ancestry of the prose of *Arabia Deserta*.

And, to discover the origins of Doughty's poetic style also, we must go back some centuries—to the centuries, in fact, of Spenser and Chaucer. For just as Spenser in the *Shepherd's Calendar* claims Chaucer as his master, and borrows from him freely, so does Doughty claim both Chaucer and Spenser as his, and forms his style out of theirs. But, curiously enough, all three poets, so consciously and closely connected in style, are in most respects widely different from each other in temperament.

This superficial resemblance of Doughty to his two great predecessors is too obvious to need more than the bare assertion of the fact. A few lines from each will demonstrate it. Here is Chaucer in *The Tale of the Man of Lawe* :—

Wepen bothe yonge and olde in al that place,
Whan that the king this cursed lettre sente,
And Custance, with a deedly pale face,
The ferthe day toward hir ship she wente.
But natheles she taketh in good entente
The wille of Crist, and kneling on the stronde,
She seyde, "lord! ay wel-com be thy sonde."

Compare both the manner and matter of this with these lines from Doughty's *Mansoul* :—

Of Custance, cast away in sea-deeps' waves,
Long buffeted, far from land and human kind,
The noble legend was : for whom with sighs
Surprised be, and suspent that read, our hearts.

Compare, again, the two following fragments, the first from *The Faery Queen*, the second from Doughty's *Titans* :—

Scarce could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of mured men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall . . .

Are common ways strowed with festering carcases,
Where Pestilence with dread sickle in her hand
In town and field, hell-footed, lurid hoves.
Are none to bury and none which carry forth,
Seems all the Earth great laystall of Her dead!

Less specifically, one is aware in Doughty's poetry of other influences—of the spirit which produced *Piers*

Plowman and those exquisite lines written by John Lydgate :—

Tary no longer : toward thyn heritage
Haste on thy way, and be of right good chere.
Go ech day onward on thy pilgrimage :
Thynk how short time thou shalt abyde here.

Thy place is bigg'd above the sterres clere,
None erthly paleys wrought in so statly wyse.
Come on, my frend, my brother most entere!
For thee I offred my blood in sacryfice.

Such is Doughty's immediate ancestry : his verse is simple for anyone who knows that old literature. Like the work of Chaucer and Spenser, Doughty's poetry is deeply English—English in the sense that the folk-songs, ballads, morris dances, and Gothic cathedrals are English. And this quality is not only implicit in his verse, but is expressed specifically in his ardent love for England, rich, humane, and innocent of any taint of Chauvinism. His greatest poem is an epic called *The Dawn in Britain*, and two other poems imagine modern England invaded or threatened with invasion.

Doughty's first book of verse—*Under Arms*—appeared in 1890, a curious phenomenon between *Arabia Deserta* (which preceded it in 1888) and *The Dawn in Britain* (which followed it in 1906), for it reflects nothing of the magnificent achievement of the one and gives no promise of the richness and the technical accomplishment of the second. A large part of the excellence of *Arabia Deserta* is due to Doughty's keen vision. What he saw he saw vividly, and, what is more, he had the power of reproducing it with absolute completeness but absolute economy. In *The Dawn in Britain* we find that his visual imagination is no less sharp than his visual memory. Nature and life, as presented there, live in the mind as visibly as they do in *Arabia Deserta*. It is interesting to compare it with other historical reconstructions. One thinks of Scott, Flaubert, Anatole France's *Thaïs*, Jules Lemaitre's short story *Sérénus*, Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. We recall Scott as stirring drama, accurately and expensively staged. In the three Frenchmen we

admire the pictorial thoroughness, the scholarship whose perfect ease raises it above mere academicism; and if we are delighted it is the masterly artificiality which delights us. Kipling gives a greater sense of reality in those admirable stories of his, but the fact remains that we do just remain aware all the time of how admirably the thing is done; we do not completely resign our critical personalities. But the significant fact about *The Dawn in Britain* is that, for those who have taken the trouble to master Doughty's language, the whole story is real—so real that it is impossible, for instance, to imagine the poet *working up* his subject. One finds oneself simply accepting the whole thing—the long, hopeless struggle of warriors and iron chariots, all the strange paraphernalia of ancient warfare, Brennus, Caradoc, and all those primitive, super-human heroes—without criticism or question. For the completeness of its realism I know of nothing in English poetry to compare with it, for, as in *Arabia Deserta*, it is not only the eye but every sense which is stimulated. To quote from it is to misrepresent it, for the poem is built up of carefully balanced contrasts, and any passage when removed from the influence of its context loses some of its significance. Especially is this the case with what may be called the background passages (the passages, for example, which record the names of men and tribes), purposely colourless and empty of sense-suggestions which are the warp on which all the brilliant variety of incidents and minstrels' lays is woven. A hint of the beauty of some of these may be given in the lines describing the love of Crispin and the nymph Agygia:—

Bow, honeysuckle, down your long sweet locks,
Bower over them, hide from unkindly dread
These which with kiss as breath of summer morn,
Earthling and goddess, lovely wedlock's bond
Breathe blissful in each other's pious arms.

Between *The Dawn in Britain* and Doughty's most recent book, *Mansoul*, appear four poems, each filling a volume, *Adam Cast Forth* (1906), *The Cliffs* (1909), *The Clouds* (1912), and *The Titans* (1916).

From what I have said of Doughty's style, archaic in

word and structure, it may be thought that he has no interest in modern life, or at least that if he had, his style would effectually prevent him from expressing it. And to the reader who, when first reading his poetry, has followed the chronological order of its production, this belief, induced by *The Dawn in Britain*, will be confirmed by *Adam Cast Forth*, where subject and treatment are still more primitive. And even the surprise of the next poem, *The Cliffs*, a drama showing the England of to-day, with motor cars, aeroplanes and telegrams, threatened by a German invasion, will not shake the second half of that theory, for it shows that, though Doughty has a keen interest in modern life and its problems, his style does, sure enough, hamper its expression. For *The Cliffs*, despite many beautiful details and the fine patriotism which inspires it, is as a whole artistically a failure. In it Doughty has attempted the impossible. He has brought upon his scene unidealised twentieth century men and women, amid all the circumstantial details of contemporary life, modern in thought and behaviour, but ancient in speech. For the persons of the drama speak in the same antique tongue as Adam and Eve in the previous poem. No amount of poetic genius could reconcile this incompatibility, or rather, to state the case more accurately, the inherent falsity of the situation suppresses the poetic genius and the style ceases to be a living thing. Only when the persons are not essentially of the time—as in the case of Hobbe, the aged shepherd, who is a creature of the soil belonging equally to all periods, and of the scenes among fairies and spirits—does the style immediately leap into life and the verse grow warm with true poetry. Yet the next poem, *The Clouds*, continues the same subject with surprising success. Here the situation is reversed: the incompatibility of style and subject crops up here and there as a minor blemish, while the poem as a whole is a fine piece of work. This is partly due to the fact that the style here becomes at times more supple and adapts itself organically to the subject; but the chief reason is that the poem is not a drama but a narrative interspersed with dialogue, for though it is possible with-

out inconsistency to put archaic speech into modern mouths, it is not necessarily impossible to narrate modern thoughts and deeds in a language which is not modern. But it would be idle to deny that, despite the more favourable form, the poet, even in the present poem, has not wholly succeeded in solving the problem. Yet here again, in spite of this disadvantage, the peculiar excellence of his genius appears, for when the poem has been read and laid aside it remains in the mind not as an experiment in an unsuitable medium but as an experience remembered. The burning of Easthampton, the noble passage on Ely Cathedral, the contrast of the beauty of pastoral England with the horrors of war—all are real and deeply felt; and (though this does not necessarily affect the poetry) it is a remarkable evidence of the realistic accuracy of Doughty's imagination that, reading the book nowadays after the war, there is little among all its imagined details of dreadnoughts, submarines, mines, air raids, and wireless which in the light of experience seems untrue. It is surprising to find in a poem of 1912 mention of what proved true later, the initial superiority of German naval artillery and armour-plating of their battleships, whose

sides are fenced
With harder tempered plates: the enemies' guns
Likewise, of equal calibres, harder shoot.

It cannot be too often insisted upon that the poems must be judged as a whole and not by passages—not even their most beautiful passages. For Doughty works on large canvases and each poem is conceived architecturally as a single mass, never (as *Endymion* or *The Prelude* and *The Excursion*) as a conglomeration of loosely connected episodes. Even the epical *Dawn in Britain*, a poem in six volumes and twenty-four books, is in no sense a mere chronicle. It is a cathedral with many side-chapels and the numerous beautiful details of windows and tombs. But the details, exquisite in themselves, are, in their position in the poem, always strictly subordinate to the main design.

In the remaining poems the question of incompatibility of style and subject does not arise, for *Adam Cast Forth*, which preceded, and *The Titans*, which followed the two modern poems, both deal with the primeval world.

Much in *Adam Cast Forth* is derived from *Arabia Deserta*. Though the language is starkly simple, the feeling of the poem is warm and rich: its effect is that of a piece of mellow primitive sculpture; there is something, too (in the setting), of the rich colouring, and (in the persons) of the statuesque simplicity of Gauguin's Tahitan pictures.

In *The Titans*, too, we are in an ancient, elemental world, in which at first

Earth's field was desolate, without life:
Yet were there sounds and motions of wild winds,
Rain, rushing streams, waves driven on iron cliffs,
Blind strivings of inconstant elements;
And falling craigs, and roar of that abyss
Of fire beneath, as oft as it brast forth,
Kindling again rent bosom of rock mass.

Then the Titans come to life and the poet, in his vivid way, brings them before our eyes:

As poplars wallowing in the wind they pass
With shoveling soles.

This sharp accuracy of phrase and epithet is one of the chief excellences of his poetry. The hawthorn is *rime-white*; bees have *wings as sheen as glass*; clouds are *udders of heaven*; mountains appear *upleaning in a calm divine*; sheep stand *ewe behind ewe and hang their hornéd heads*; wind-blown clouds are

Fleet, changeful daughters of the liquid loft,
With tawny, outblown locks.

We are shown a sea-beach

Where Sea's eternal flood against herself
Hath heaped long sliding shelves of pebble stones:

a pond of water-lilies

a deep, swart pool
Like liquid flint, which, partly a mirror sheen,
Is else a swimming nap of gracious lilies.

• And here is an exquisite passage about wild doves from *Mansoul*:

I slumbered till a turtle's gentle flock
That feared not yet man's shape, folding from flight
Their rattling wings, lighted on vermeil feet,
Jetting, with mincing pace, their iris necks,
With crooling throat-bole, voice of peace and rest,
All round about me at that their drinking-place.

One is always coming upon passages, such as these two on autumn and winter, which not only visualise, but call up the whole sensation, the very spirit, of the thing described :

Summer is ended ; gins now season sad
When nights increased and weary is the ground,
And hoar dew lies, all day on the cold grass,
And falls the flickering leaf.

Then rage out, o'er waste bent, blood-curdling blasts,
Which blow the poplars bare. Silent from spray
The small fowl flits to covert, and all beasts
Go lean and weary in the empty frost.

Doughty's most recent poem, *Mansoul*, first published in 1920, expresses in the coloured symbolism of poetry his emotional and intellectual attitude towards life—what Croce would call his *mental presumptions*. In it we find resumed and fused together the real and poetical experiences of *Arabia Deserta* and the poetry which followed it. Is the style more difficult or less difficult than in the other poems? I cannot say. Approaching it after all his other work, I could find no difficulty in it at all. The subject—the poet's descent into and return from the Underworld in company with *Mansoul*—suggests a comparison with Dante. When we compare the two poets we soon find that their temperaments are widely different, for there is none of the grimness and bitterness of Dante in Doughty's serene spirit. The immediate resemblance of *Mansoul* to the *Inferno* is superficial :

A fleshless griesly hand laid on the lock :
That hollow-jowled dread Portent of a wight
Spake : Your intent? There enters here no flesh :
Herein no lives-way lieth : and narrowly us
He viewed.

“ E tu che sei costì, anima viva,
Partiti da cotesti, che son morti.”
Ma poi ch'ei vide, ch'io non mi partiva,
Disse : “ Per altra via, per altri porti
Verrai a piaggia, non qui, per passare.”

The similarity is obvious, and probably Doughty's lines are a conscious or unconscious memory of Dante's; but the borrowing by one poet from another is of little real

significance, as we have seen in the case of Spenser and Chaucer, and Doughty and Spenser. A more significant influence, vague but profound, may perhaps be traced in the solemn music of some of the passages in *Mansoul* :

There unhewn sunless labyrinthine crypts
And fearful bays lie ever further forth,
Where in their thousand generations sleep,
From all World's coasts, souls after their deserts,
Laid up, deep under deep, more than trees' leaves
Could they be numbered, and Earth's blades of grass. . . .
Way of the dead, where all day-labours cease,
Is this we living tread with troubled hearts.
We go down to be guests of griesly Death
In Hell's tremendous House, before our deaths.
Full seemed of whispers each new horrid place :
Phantasms flit forth before our fearful steps.

The intonation of these two fragments recalls the famous inscription over the mouth of Hell, or such a passage as this :

Vero è che su la proda mi trovai
Della valle d'abisso dolorosa,
Che tuono accoglie d'infiniti guai.
Oscura, profonda era, e nebulosa,
Tanto che, per ficcar lo viso al fondo,
Io non vi discerneva alcuna cosa.

It is indeed amazing that, at a time when, we are told, there is a widespread interest in verse, this collection of noble poetry should be almost completely neglected. The fact that Doughty's style is always unusual and sometimes uncouth hardly seems in itself sufficient to account for such neglect. I suspect rather that a complete explanation must include the fact that the majority of modern readers of poetry care only for shorter lyrical verse and that, for them, the epic has been ousted by the novel.

NOTE:—As Mr. Doughty's unusual scheme of punctuation in the poems is frequently puzzling to those unfamiliar with it, I have ventured to alter it when quoting.

WOMAN IN THE POETRY OF HARDY.

BY ROWLAND GREY

WITH the exception of *The Dynasts*, standing an impregnable rock above the flood of contemporary caviar, a common title might be given to all those other books of poetry with which Hardy has permanently enriched literature. That title is the well-worn phrase, "the eternal feminine," for despite their women paramount, there are poignant reasons why the name of Venus Victrix will not serve.

Let critics continue to wrangle as to whether posterity will regard Hardy as a great novelist who wrote poetry, or a great poet giving us a further royal gift of romance. It is at least plain Mr. Barton is right in asserting: "These are the poems of a novelist, these are the novels of a poet," and it is more interesting to dwell upon an arresting aspect of genius than to take heed of the bludgeonings of Maurice Hewlett, the damnation of faint praise of Mr. Robert Lynd. Mr. Lynd grudgingly concedes to Hardy "bleak sincerity." He is at much pains to underline the obvious—certain faults of construction, certain unhappy choice of words. Mr. Abercrombie speaks truth: "Hardy's women exist by their own right," and if it is regarding the novels Mr. H. C. Duffin writes "Like John Ford he is a specialist in women," . . . "Hardy is no misogynist, but true lover in very deed," the decision applies to the poems with added force.

The Dynasts, of course, shows mortals mere puppets in the hands of Fate. Men, and not only the ladies of the melancholy flight of Marie Louise, seem, "as it were, ants creeping upon a strip of carpet." The women scurry in and out—spangled toys of circumstance. They dwindle into veritable dolls when great issues are at stake, playthings of destiny flung aside broken when their tiny purpose ends. In the description of the Battle of Trafalgar there is a symbolical glimpse of the frantic nude creature,

swimming for dear life from the *Achille*, sinking in flames.

Before she burst, one of the women there,
Desperate for life, climbed on the gun-room post,
Upon the rudder chains, pulled off her clothes
And swam for the Pickles' boat. Our men in charge,
Seeing her great breasts bulging in the brine,
Sang out, "A mermaid, by God!"
And hauled her in.

Then, in the remarkable scene between the Prostitute and the spirit of Rumour in Paris, after the return of Napoleon, when she is told that, beaten by England by sea, he has really lost all, she answers:

But she's in straits, she's lost her Nelson now;
A worthy man, he loved a woman well.

In the second part women are numerous, yet never wielding more than momentary power. The Spirit of Pities seems to express Hardy's own view:

Queens have engaged in war, but war's loud trade
Rings with a stroke unnatural, rude and forced.
Practised by women's hands.

The Queen of Prussia remains just a lovely picture, although

Her heroism so schools her sense of her calamities
As out of grief to carve her queenliness.

In her despair, political intrigue is lost in most feminine anguish at the failure of her charms upon the Conqueror. A rose given instead of a province. Could irony go further? Well may she wail:

Prussia was blind in blazoning her power
Against the Mage of France . . .
Oh why did not the greatest of the age,
Or future ages, or the ages past,
This one time win a woman's worship,
Yea, for all her little life.

Napoleon himself admits:

My God! it was touch and go that time, Talleyrand.
She was within an ace of getting over me.

In the scene between the Queen of Spain and the infamous Godey, there is a beautiful touch where the

murderous crowd makes way reverentially for Godey's wronged and saintly wife. In the spirited dialogues between Napoleon and Josephine at St. Cloud her character is laid bare with a scalpel. Her death is a ghastly record, as she dies from the effect of wearing flimsy finery in keen May winds, faltering out her half-confession. She lies there stricken, pilloried scornfully, as the faded coquette slain by her autocrat Fashion.

Napoleon treats Madame Metternich alone as an approach to an intellectual equality.

"Well, madame, now I'll put it to you thus:
Were you in the Archduchess Marie's place,
Would you accept my hand and heart therewith?"
... "I should refuse you most assuredly,"

is the glib lie of the cleverest intriguer of her time. Marie Louise herself is here invested with something more of fascination than history concedes. For all his mad haste as a lover, his emotion in the vivid scene of the birth of the King of Rome, with his mind wandering back to dark-eyed Valenska and her son, he still concludes:

But what's one woman's fortune more or less
Beside the schemes of kings?

There is grim humour in the meeting of the two wives of "Prinny" at the Carlton House fête, a whirling kaleidoscope of colour and gaiety:

Where there's war there's women,
And where there's women there's trouble,

is the pronouncement of an old soldier when two English wives of officers lost near the camp in Spain are an excuse for doings in the vein of "Wallenstein's Lager," justified because they accidentally bring news of military importance. The lightning glimpse of the women's camp near Mont St. Jean only suggests a sort of huddled helplessness, in sharp contrast with the calm effectiveness under the Red Cross. Hardy the novelist reasserts himself after the ball at the Duchess of Richmond's. The impression of caprice pulling the strings of marionettes vanishes. The strait-laced mother, the girl aflame with innocent first

love for a hero marching to Waterloo, are alive. There is no veil of mystery about their slight figures. The mother,

With her little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart,

is Tennysonian. The daughter is sister to Amelia of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray would have seen their fitness to comfort one another in the terrible parting hour. *The Dynasts*, in fine, leaves conviction that the world is a poor place for women, though they are essential to its existence.

Whether we love or hate the women of the shorter poems, once known they can never be ignored or forgotten, whether aglow with vitality, on fire with passion, or even 'ghosts with a dreamy, wistful sweetness. The insight of the creator they obsess is manifest in a few lines with the same inevitability as in the subtle, gradual development of elaborated prose analysis. Röntgen rays of intuition pierce to the heart of the matter.

The gallery is crowded with women of all sorts and conditions. Many are instantaneous photographs. "The Rejected Member's Wife," the graceful figure in muslin "On the Departure Platform"; "Julie Jane," the unmoral, the piteous war-victim "Outside the Casement"; the wife "In a London Flat"; the wife looking at fashions for widows, watched by her dying husband; "The Market Girl," and how many more come into this category!

Their variety is infinite, their clean-cut clearness of outline invariable. What matters the occasional intrusion of a wrong adjective, an unconvincing simile? They compel many to echo an American opinion: "The poetry of Hardy is, as in Meredith, likely to outlast the prose." That this writer, Mr. Chew, can be very superficial is evinced by one shallow generalisation, for he says:

The dark-eyed gentleman supports the statement that Hardy is moved to cheerfulness only by the triumphant indulgence of sexual desire.

"The Home-coming" contradicts this flatly; and what of the "Jog-trot Pair"?

Who could these common people be?
Of days the plainest, barest;
They were we,
Yea, happier than the cleverest, smartest, rarest.

Even in "Meditations on a Holiday" he gravitates romance-ward without melancholy:

I'll seek a town sweet,
Aye, a brick-brown street,
Quite a tumbledown street,
Drawing no eyes.
For a Mary dwelt there,
And a Percy felt there,
A Claire likewise.

There is surely no logic in Mr. Clew's theory.

If no single poem of Hardy's burns with the full white radiance of "Love in a Valley," if "Studies in Satire" fail to attain the high level of "Modern Love," there are familiar analogies between two men of genius sharing with Hugo, Musset, and de Vigny the double-woven laurel crown. The real meeting point is their constant proximity to woman in their art; Hardy's detractors do not echo the charge preferred against Meredith of placing them "on an absurd pedestal." "Cherchez la femme" is the cuckoo cry of Hardy, and he justifies his search by making its results illuminative of his entire philosophy of life.

At times the influence of Browning appears strong. Hardy, indeed, might conceivably have written "A Light Woman" or "The Lost Mistress," if he could never draw a Pompilia, hardly an Evelyn Hope. Where these two show real resemblance is that both were inherently makers of plays. The sense that the world is a stage is strong within them. They view life as a drama in which the leading lady is the chief player, attractive by the allurements of her complexity. Both prefer to have a story to tell, and tell it best when it concerns her. To choose but one of countless instances, "The Contretemps" quartette might have strayed from "Men and Women"; these people would be no strangers in that company. They "clasped and almost kissed," when keeping tryst for two others who witnessed their mistake.

What of the chapter so begun?
In that odd complex what was done?
Well, happiness comes in full to none.
Let peace lie on lulled lips. I will not say.

Is it Hardy or Browning questioning?

In the abundant Hardy poetry about which it is really curious women should themselves have written little, there is a single translation of an excellence rare in a desert of perversions. It brings conviction that with the prisoner of the mattress grave this English singer, born under happier stars, has closest affinity. Hardy might in one strange phase be called the English Heine without over-praise, for when he is in his favourite macabre mood his skeletons rattle their grim bones, his churchyards are awful with faint, doleful voices of frail ladies in true Heinesque atmosphere. "The Supplanters" brings the chill of horror more surely than even the whirling figure of Don Ramiro returning from the tomb to compel his false Clara to keep her broken promise by waltzing with him encircled by his icy arm. Heine would have understood the weak Hardy lover bringing his wreath to the grave of his betrothed. He could not have made more sinister the pause to dance—and sin—with the daughter of the guardian of the cemetery keeping her birthday with mad gaiety in the lamp-lit lodge. The heavily scented waxen blossoms of the garland are crushed by their flying feet. A year later the sweet memory of the dead has charmed back the wayward one to his true allegiance. Once again he brings flowers to meet wandering, distraught among the graves, an outcast bearing his child in her arms. For her he has only a cruel taunt. His desire is with the pure maid victorious in her innocence.

"Voices from the Churchyard" is too kindly for Heine's gall. The fancy might have gone to suggest that scene in "L'Oiseau Bleu" with the cry of rapture, "There is no death." The little girl says:—

Now I wave,
In daisy shapes above my grave
All day cheerily.

Stately Lady Gertrude murmurs from below her laurel:—

My leaves now shine
As did my satins superfine.

To this group belongs the striking "Woman I Met." A ghostly light-o'-love flits back from the other world to tell

a clean-liver how she had greatly loved him, and how "God your guardian kept our souls apart"—a beautiful ending to the oft-told unbeautiful tale of the setting of the snare, as old as the hills. Heine could not have done this, yet if nine out of ten were told he had written "I Knew a Lady," they might be excused for believing it. "Heiress and Architect" is another in his vein.

"Another's wife I'll be,
And then you'll care for me,"
She said, "And think how sweet I was."

Few legends die harder than the legend, probably originated by Sir J. M. Barrie, that the Hardy women are all of one type. Survival of this delusion is plain proof the welcome advent of a Hardy selection in the "Golden Treasury" series has not yet won the wide popularity it challenges. "The sympathy and tenderness with which he cries not to Tess only, but all humanity" is real. Witness the pathetic lady selling her father's theological library with a proud jest on her pale lips although she is starving. Or the "Duettist to her Pianoforte," delicate apotheosis of the friendship of woman to woman. "The Dream of the City Shopwoman" pining for country life:

Our clocks should be the closing flowers,
Our sprinkle bath the passing showers,
Our church the alleys willow bowers,
Our theme the truth. . . .
. . . O God, that creatures framed to feel
A yearning Nature's strong appeal
Should writhe on this eternal wheel
In rayless grime.
And vainly note with wan regret
Each star of early promise set;
Till death relieves and they forget
Their one Life's time.

Only Hardy the naturalist could as here have likened the bald heads of the babies to the smooth ivory of the mushroom "puff-balls." Even "Lonely Days Versified from a Diary" is not all pessimism. The solitary life was not in vain "because she bore it well." "The White-washed Wall" is an arresting study of a mother. Someone had drawn the head of her dead son upon it, to be obliterated by a careless whitewasher. Knowing the dear

face was only hidden, she "in a shy, soft way" nightly kissed the bare wall. It is all told with reticent perfection. "One We Knew" is a multi-coloured reflex of a dead past—"M.H., 1772-1857.

She told how they used to form for the country dances,
The "Triumph," "The New-rigged Ship"—
To the light of the guttering wax in the panelled manses
And in cots to the blink of a dip.
She spoke of the wild "poussetting" and "allemanding,"
On carpet, on oak, and sod;
And the two long rows of ladies and gentlemen standing,
And the figures the couples trod.

She said she had often heard the gibbet creaking
As it swayed in the lightning flash;
Had caught from the neighbouring town a small child's
shrieking
At the cart-tail under the lash.

With cap-framed face and long gaze into the embers—
We seated around her knees—
She would dwell on such dead themes not as one who
remembers,
But rather as one who sees.

These are only stray examples of many, proving breadth of vision of a wide field. It may well be that truer appreciation of Hardy the poet will be hastened when the right composer finds his way to the eldorado of his lilting songs. In an anthology concerning music in poetry, Hardy's musical women would be a host in themselves. "On Stinsford Hill" sets itself.

But still the happy one sang on
And had no heed of me.

Then there is the self-less love-song of Marty of *The Woodlanders*, "noblest and purest of all the Hardy women," with the murmurs of the fir trees in the wind. And "Two Serenaders" of an almost Gilbertian contrariety and fascination of metre.

My new love of goodwill to me,
Unlike my old one chill to me.

"The Maid of Keinton," "Should He Upbraid," await their worthy setting. As to the delightful "Market Songs," they should have their cycle after the fashion of Dr. Vaughan Williams and "A Shropshire Lad."

If nearly every great poet has married music to immortal verse, the passion for it has never been better expressed than in "The Chapel Organist." The unchaste woman sins to make her way to her beloved instrument at the chapel where they do not give her enough to pay her fare. Dismissed in scorn, she commits suicide because she cannot live without her art. Every line aches with her pain, compels our pity. Where, too, is the melody for

There caressed we,
There pressed we,
There rest we,

and others of the airy, haunting *Epeisodia*?

If the scanty number of verses in dialect surprises, "The Fire at Tranter Sweatley's" is enough to inspire regret that Hardy has not cared to give us a second Barnes. He prefers the grim touch of satire alien to Barnes, as in "The Home-Coming."

Yet "Time's Laughing-Stocks" is perhaps the true appellation for the majority of these women. It is the originality of the treatment of the old, old story making their misfortune tragic. "The Flirt's Tragedy," "A Tramp Woman's Tragedy," "A Sunday Morning Tragedy," the word recurs like a dirge, "The Dawn After the Dance," "The Girl at his Funeral."

But they stand round with griefless eyes,
While my regret consumes like fire.

"All is vanity" is sternly reiterated. An instant of passion is paid by lasting misery. The sombre preacher clings to the ancient truth, "the wages of sin is death."

In "The Revisitation" old lovers meet illusion in the darkness; it vanishes in the merciless dawn. Here Hardy pays his constant tribute to the superior faithfulness of women:—

Yes, I saw in that emaciate shape of bitterness and bleakness
A nobler soul than mine.

Time that dooms man's love to die
Preserves a maid's alive

says forgotten Polly Beech in "The Enquiry." Relentless time, withering beauty, killing love, makes its inevitable

appeal with fresh force. Even in "The Sigh" and "The Conformers" the moment of realisation is struck by the chill of doubt.

"The Christening" ignores conclusions to paint a heart-searching picture. The children of the poems are often the nameless ones, pathetic martyrs to undisciplined desire. It has been said before that, despite the mastery of such child-portraiture as that of Jude, Hardy writes little of children in the novels. That he can read the thoughts of a little girl unerringly—a difficult feat—is established by "Unrealised":—

Down comes the winter rain—
Spoils my hat and bow—
Runs into the poll of me;
But mother won't know.

We've been out and caught a cold,
Knee-deep in snow;
Such a lucky thing it is
That mother won't know.

Rosy lost herself last night—
Couldn't tell where to go.
Yes, it rather frightened her,
But mother didn't know.

Somebody made Willy drunk
At the Christmas show;
Oh 'twas fun! It's well for him
That mother won't know.

Howsoever wild we are,
Late at school or slow,
Mother won't be cross with us,
Mother won't know.

How we cried the day she died!
All the folks said "Oh,
It's those children's ruin!" Still
Mother won't know.

• Could the meaning of orphanhood be clearer?
In "To Moonrise" Hardy exclaims:—

How well I know your furtive, feminine shape,
As if reluctantly you show you, nude of cloud,
Wan woman of the waste.

Aberdeen is grey and cold in his eyes.

Until a voice passed; behind that granite mien
Lurks the imposing beauty of a Queen.

In "Jezreel" the poet can only ask victorious
Allenby:—

Ah, did the phantom arise
Of that Queen of that proud Syrian woman who painted her face?

It is Jezebel who captures Hardy's imagination at Jezreel, to the exclusion of all other thoughts.

To a close student of the poems as a whole it is amazing that two or three have not compelled more attention, in view of the natural interest in the attitude of genius towards religion. "In the Servants' Quarters" is a singularly modern version of the treason of St. Peter to his Master. The Biblical girl speaks like a barmaid of to-day. Yet the tragic note is struck with sure hand when the cock crows in awful fulfilment of divine prophecy. "Panthera" is daringly founded upon the legend which is blasphemy in all Catholic ears. First met with in the twelfth century in the Talmud, quoted from lost apocryphal writings, contested in *Origen Contra Celsum*, it would fain strike at the root of all faith in the doctrine of the Incarnation. Strauss and Haeckel have used it with adroit effect as a weapon against Christianity. To consult Origen himself is to be struck by the manner in which Hardy has softened the crude details of the legend as accepted, investing it with a certain reverence and dignity instead of the brutality justly exciting the wrath of Origen. Celsus "reproaches" the Saviour "with being born at an obscure village, and having a woman to his mother that got her living by going out to service, who, he says, being convicted of adultery was divorced from her husband . . . for committing adultery with one Panthera, that scandalous wretch."

Hardy makes the teller of the tale a chivalrous Roman. There is nothing coarse in his handling of a subject a single misplaced word would render intolerable to many. Panthera, a centurion, confides to this friend:—

At Nazareth, a vale the fairest I had gazed upon,
he met a maiden,

A slim girl, coy as a fawn, meek and as innocent;
Her long blue gown, the string of silver coins
That hung down by her banded beautiful hair
Symbolled in full immaculate modesty!
. . . Well, I was young and hot and readily stirred
To quick desire. 'Twas tedious timing out
The convalescence of the soldiery;
And I beguiled the long and empty days
By blissful yieldance to her sweet allure,
Who had no art, but what out-arted all
The tremulous, tender charm of trustfulness.
We met and met, and under the winking stars
That passed which peoples earth, a marriage, yea,
To the pure eye of her simplicity.
. . . I made her no rash promise of return as some do use.
I was sincere in that.

After the parting what Panthera owns is mere rumour, and he reports that an old man has married the maid from compassion. Thirty years later duty places him in command of a guard in Jerusalem at the crucifixion of three malefactors. The guard was necessary to ensure order, as one of them had "made an uproar among the people." He recalls the weather, the extraordinary darkness, and at the end

Thrust back by spears, one met my eye
A weeping woman, whose strained countenance,
Sharpened against a looming livid cloud,
Was mocked by the crude rays of afternoon.

In the mother of many sorrows at the foot of Calvary Panthera believes he recognises the maid of Nazareth, in one malefactor his own son, and an eternal remorse gnaws at his heart.

"She marked me not," he admits, and after his death his friend re-tells the story, basing his strong doubt of its veracity upon the certainty that the woman would never have failed to recognise her lover. There is nothing of irreverence in the attitude towards that mother "weeping upon Calvaria." There is profound pathos in the conviction this was not Panthera's love, because a great poet believes a woman never forgets.

"The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall," albeit arranged with stark simplicity as a play without scenery, throbs with that pain of love two Iseults felt for

Tristram which poets have made immortal. It is not the sombre sorrow of Matthew Arnold's Iseult. The mad passion of the *Liebestod* is hot in the insurgent heart of Hardy's stricken queen. Wagner would have found room for her song:—

Could he but live for me
A day, yea, even an hour,
Its petty span would be
Steeped in felicity,
Passing the price of heaven's held-dearest dower;
Could he but live, could *he*
But live for me.
A woman's heart has room for one alone,
A man's for two or three.
Centred is woman's love, and knows no breadth.

Hardy is still loyal to the mainspring of his inspiration; age cannot touch his ardour.

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me.

That this is his final word, a new book with all the old fire has proved since this was written.

THE FRUITS OF LOCARNO

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

It was, I think, Mr. Page, the late American Ambassador, who said that we manage our ceremonies better than any other nation. If he had lived to be present at the signing of the Treaties of Locarno in the gilded room of the Foreign Office, he would have written one of his delightful letters home describing his impressions as to what it all meant in terms of the English character, and he would have been obliged to admit that, in spite of "our mediæval outlook on life," the simplicity of the proceedings were as democratic as any American could have wished. From this Mr. Page would perhaps have drawn a moral as to the change that had come over England since the war, and no doubt he would have expressed his regret that the American Foreign Secretary should not also have been present to take part in the ceremony of laying the foundation stone for the new order of peace and reconciliation in Europe.

The death of Queen Alexandra deprived the signing of the Treaties of many of the ceremonies which had been planned for the entertainment of the Foreign Ministers. But if it had been intended to carry out the actual signing of the Treaties in a more ceremonious way with the chief actors in court or evening dress, and amid all the "royal-aristocratic pomp" which Mr. Page really liked, it could not, I think, have been more solemn and dignified. The very simplicity of the scene was impressive. Someone compared it to a board meeting of directors, and perhaps that is not an inapt description, only the directors were the ruling men of Europe, and showed that they were conscious of the fact. Democratic as the setting was, with the presence of the Press on the raised platform above the big table at which the delegates sat—never before have the journalists been admitted to such a ceremony in the Foreign Office—there was a solemn awe about the proceedings which appealed to the historical imagination and

kindled the vision of the nations working in harmony together.

The speeches which Sir Austen Chamberlain, M. Briand and Dr. Luther, Dr. Stresemann, M. Vandervelde, and the other Foreign Ministers made were tuned to the occasion. They spoke of Reconciliation and Collaboration, of *Versöhnung* and *Zusammenarbeit*. They expressed a hatred of war and voiced the desire to forget the bitter memories of the past. M. Briand's words touched the hearts of all who heard him, as he read the letter of the unknown woman who had written to him to thank him for the hope of bringing up her son in security. Dr. Stresemann spoke in words of deep sincerity of the passionate desire of the great majority of the German people to live at peace with their neighbours. The spirit of solidarity, as M. Briand in that moving, vibrant voice of his said, had taken the place of distrust and suspicion. It was not by the accumulation of strength that it was hoped to render war impossible, but by the bonds of mutual assistance and human solidarity.

"Opposite to me sit the German delegates," said M. Briand, "but that does not mean that I do not remain a good Frenchman as they remain, I am sure, good Germans, but in the light of these Treaties we are all good Europeans."

This was an impressive appeal to the new spirit in which the French delegate signed the Treaty. Dr. Stresemann, leaning forward in his seat and raising his voice in his excitement, while the beads of perspiration stood on his brow as his emotions overcame him, thanked M. Briand sincerely for what he had said, and, taking up his parable about the good German, the good Frenchman, and the good Englishman, he added: "But each one of us also is a citizen of Europe linked together by the great conception which imbues our continent."

Thus did M. Briand and Dr. Stresemann appeal to the ideal of a united States of Europe working together in friendly rivalry for the common good. But all the speakers realised that Locarno was only a beginning. There was still much, as Sir Austen Chamberlain said, to

be done—still many prejudices to overcome and suspicions to be allayed. M. Briand expressed the same idea when he said that he saw in the Treaties of Locarno the beginning of a magnificent work, the renewal of Europe, and its investment with its true character by means of general union in which all the nations would be invited to participate. The Treaties were, in M. Briand's words, the draft of the constitution of a European family, not its consummation. "That which we have just done," said M. Vandervelde in his eloquent little speech, "is only the beginning, although it may be the beginning of very great things."

"It will be obvious," said Dr. Benes, "that the Treaties when signed will be what the nations and the signatory Governments make of them, the texts have no miraculous powers in themselves."

Although they have closed the gates of war, they are no guarantee of permanent peace unless the spirit in which they were conceived continues to inspire the nations, and the utmost, as M. Briand said, is extracted from these conventions to provide against war and in favour of peace.

The fruits of Locarno have still to be gathered, as Sir Austen Chamberlain realised, when he declared that having put his hand to the plough he would not turn back. "For our part," he added, "we are unshakably resolved to pursue the work of pacification in the same spirit which inspired our negotiations at Locarno."

That was well said. No one who was present at the signing of the Treaties and spoke to the delegates afterwards could doubt that the ground had been well prepared. It was no accident that the portrait of Lord Castlereagh, who did such a great work at the congress at Aix-la-Chapelle to bring back France to the comity of nations, should have looked down on the scene in the gilded room. For Sir Austen Chamberlain, who greatly admires Lord Castlereagh's work, is inspired by the same desire for a reconciliation of the nations. The key to his policy is to be found in the words which he spoke before the signing of the Treaties as he looked towards Dr. Luther: "The Conference of Locarno, while strengthening former friend-

ships, has been the basis of a reconciliation with Germany a reconciliation which we are convinced will assure to us henceforth yet another friend." So might Lord Castlereagh have spoken at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818 of France. Dr. Luther bowed and smiled. But he reminded Sir Austen Chamberlain in his answering speech that the way was to be open to the collaboration of the nation without prejudice and mistrust, everything must disappear which has its causes in the after effects, now no longer justified, of war, and he boldly pointed to the continued occupation of the Rhineland as one of the obstacles which stood in the way of the creation of those new values, which would enable the nations to collaborate in the great work of peace.

Dr. Luther was blamed for striking a discordant note. But he was right to insist on the necessity of freeing the Rhineland from foreign occupation if the spirit of Locarno is to prevail. As Dr. Stresemann explained to me, neither France nor England, after entering into Treaty relations with Germany, can expect the Germans tamely to submit to the continued occupation of their territory, as if they were still in the position of a conquered nation. The evacuation of Cologne is all to the good, the carrying out of the assurances which Sir A. Chamberlain and M. Briand gave to the German statesmen at Locarno for a mitigation of the Rhineland *régime* have doubtless assuaged the bitter memories of M. Poincaré's attempts to foment a separatist movement, and all the harsh methods which he employed to break the spirit of the Rhinelanders. M. Herriot did much to check the oppressive methods of General de Metz in the Palatinate, and to persuade the French officials on the Rhineland Commission that they must carry out their duties in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles, which insisted on the purely military character of the occupation, which had nevertheless been used to promote the political aims of a military coterie. M. Briand has gone much further. He has granted a complete amnesty to all those who have been sentenced by the French military courts; he has swept away the hundred and one petty vexations which the special ordin-

ances passed during the passive resistance time inflicted on the Rhinelanders. The German administration is to be allowed to function again in the French area without interference from the military authorities, as, indeed, it did in Cologne during the British occupation, where Mr. Julian Piggott, the British Commissioner, and General Godley scrupulously carried out the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, and respected the personal liberties and amenities of the people. A German delegate is again to be appointed to the Rhineland Commission. The Kreis officers appointed by the Rhineland Commission, who so often performed their functions as if they were the instruments of French political aims in the Rhineland, have been abolished. These local delegates had no legal standing under the Treaty, for it was never intended at Versailles that the occupying authorities should establish a bureaucracy of their own for the control of the civil administration. How far their powers were carried may be seen in the case of General de Metz, who entirely suppressed the local administration in the Palatinate and installed a rag and bobtail of Separatists, the *canaille* of the province, in the *Regierungsgebäude* at Speyer.

Another notable alleviation is the renunciation by the Rhineland Commission, which for all intents and purposes had become a French organisation, of the power of vetoing the appointment of all German officials in the occupied area. This will be restricted in the future to the supervision of the appointment of the highest officials who come into direct relations with the military authorities. If these reforms are carried out in the spirit in which they were initiated by M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain they will bring immense relief to the inhabitants of the Rhineland. They will be able to move about their own business without the fear of arrest or expulsion, their conduct, except when the safety of the armies of occupation is concerned, subject to the control of their own laws alone. They should be able to cross into unoccupied Germany without the petty vexation of passes and visas, and to receive their friends from across the Rhine. In short, they will be free again.

Already a great sigh of relief has gone up from the Rhineland. Some traces of the old *régime* linger here and there. The passport system has not yet been abolished. The spirit of Locarno cannot be expected to inspire every minor French official in the occupied areas. But more and more let us hope that those who were the agents of M. Poincaré and General de Metz in the oppression of the Rhineland will be removed. The Germans must have a little patience; they must not magnify, as they are inclined to do, every petty little incident, such as the case of the man who was arrested for throwing stones at some French children who were worrying his dog. When he pleaded before the French court that he had no intention of hurting the children, one of whom was actually hit in the face, he was allowed to go free. In the days before the Treaty of Locarno he would not have got off so lightly, and his experiences, instead of being a cause of extravagant protest, should, I think, be accepted as evidence of the fact that the assurances given at Locarno are really being carried out.

Patience (*Geduld*) is a virtue which the Germans know how to exercise. But they naturally expect that the armies of occupation shall be reduced so that enforced billeting shall no longer be necessary. There can surely be no reason why the French should keep larger forces in the Rhineland than the Germans maintained there. That the French army should be reduced to 40,000 men is not an unreasonable request. The Belgians have already reduced theirs from 16,000 to 10,000 men, and the British army in Wiesbaden will not be more than 7,000 men. An army of 20,000 French soldiers should be amply sufficient, and with such reduced forces the military occupation would be far less visible than it is at present.

M. Briand, perhaps anxious to make some concession to the military spirit of the French nation, appears to be in no hurry to reduce the French armies to anything like this figure. This is to be regretted, because the more the presence of troops with all the paraphernalia of war is felt in the Rhineland the slower will be the process of healing the wounds left by the war and its after memories.

By far the wisest and best course to adopt would be the removal of all the troops, French, Belgian and British. Even in reduced numbers, with the occupation made as invisible as possible, the presence of a foreign army on German soil cannot fail to inflict a feeling of humiliation on the German nation. Its effect will be to keep alive the spirit of bitter nationalism in Germany, which gained an unexpected strength after the return of the German statesmen from Locarno, owing to the fact that they were unable to bring back with them any written guarantees as to the amelioration of the Rhineland occupation. To declare that it would play into the hands of the Nationalists to release German soil from this foreign occupation, and would be acclaimed by them as an encouragement to redouble their efforts to undermine the Treaty of Versailles, is, I believe, a false reading of German psychology. Although neither Herr Luther nor Herr Stresemann expected that the new era would be established in the Rhineland until the Treaties of Locarno had been signed, the failure to give them any but verbal assurances at Locarno was the main cause of the strenuous opposition which they met from the Nationalists on their return. With the first fruits of Locarno in their hands in the shape of a written pledge that the Rhineland would be freed from the oppression of the military machine which had been forged at Coblenz, they could have gone far to silence the extreme Nationalists who opposed the signing of the treaties.

It is good to read in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* that Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand have now redeemed the promise which they gave at Locarno in a satisfactory spirit, and to find this great German newspaper recognising the difficulties which must necessarily attend the transition period, when M. Briand had to overcome the resistance of his own military and official classes to the changes which have been carried out. This proves that the Germans have learnt something of the art of diplomacy in their dealings with their former enemies. This is all the more reason for considering why a further step should not be taken in the near future towards removing

all possibility of the renewal of that state of affairs which has done so much to embitter the relations of France and Germany since the war. For the Rhineland Commission is still there, and could at any time be converted into an instrument of oppression again. The ordinances restricting the liberties of the Germans could be imposed again on the old excuse that the safety of the armies of occupation required them.

How much wiser it would be, when good relations have been restored and a real understanding between France and Germany seems possible, to remove this symbol of past oppression and bitter memories altogether, and with it the last foreign soldier from German soil, so that Germany might really feel that she was on terms of equality with the other Great Powers at Geneva. But will not the presence of an army on the Rhineland, it may be argued, be still necessary to remind Germany of the punctual payment of reparations? This argument is often heard. But the futility of attempting to collect debts by armed pressure has surely been proved by the Ruhr adventure and the final withdrawal of the French troops from that district. Should Germany default under the Dawes plan, the turning of the military screw in the Rhineland will not extract an extra gold mark from her. It will merely throw Europe into convulsions again. A new Dawes plan may be necessary, but this will not be produced by military manœuvres in Coblenz or Speyer.

She is not likely to default, for the Dawes plan contains the necessary machinery for its own revision, and Germany can make her case heard if there is good reason to suppose that she cannot pay the full amount of the annuity in any given year. If the moral of Locarno is that the Treaty of Versailles can be carried out only in so far as it can be made reasonably acceptable to Germany, we must also accept the fact that the willingness of Germany to pay is the first condition for the settlement of her reparation obligations. We cannot declare on the one hand that Europe must rely on arbitration and the new spirit of good-will created by the Treaties of Locarno to settle the political problems, and at the same time insist

that the whip must still be held over the Germans. The agreement at Locarno went, indeed, a long way to recognise the logic of this argument when Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand consented to recommend to the League an amendment of Article 16 of the Covenant. If the declaration on this subject which was signed in London is accepted at Geneva, as it doubtless will be, it will go far to remove from the Covenant the system of sanctions which were primarily invented as a punishment for Germany at a time when Europe was still under the influence of the war spirit. If we are to rid Europe altogether of the idea that some special disability attaches to the Germans as a conquered nation, if, as Sir Austen Chamberlain said, the Germans are to be added to the list of our friends, we must extract, as M. Briand explained, the utmost that makes for peace from the treaties.

There can be no half measures in this matter. If Germany is to be given the equality which is now admitted to be her right, and is to be free to work out her own destiny, we must do what Lord Castlereagh did when he pursued the policy of bringing back France to the comity of nations. If we cannot do all that he did in a final settlement of the French reparations, we must not forget that the Treaty of Versailles provides for an earlier evacuation of the occupied areas if Germany is fulfilling her obligations, and no one contests that she is not doing so. Great Britain and France might at least say that they intend to carry out the logic of Locarno in this way, if the Germans continue to act in good faith, and that an earlier plebiscite in the Saar district will be considered. If the total sum that Germany has to pay cannot be fixed now we might hold out the hope that a final figure will be determined in the near future, when the whole subject of European debts comes up for revision, as it must do. Moreover, it is useless to think that the present system of controlling German armaments can be continued. The League may undertake the supervision, but if inquiries are to be continually set on foot, if military commissions are still to be sent prowling round factories and barracks, the spirit of Locarno will soon prove evanescent.

Supervision over German armaments is, in any event, useless, for it is the potential power of a country to make munitions by the conversion of its industrial plant to the purposes of war which is the most important factor in estimating its military strength. The industrial development of Germany in her chemical and dye factories and in her iron and steel works cannot be checked. It is idle to suppose that she could be for long prevented from preparing for war if she had the mind to do so. Moral disarmament is the only remedy; so to treat the Germans that they will pursue peace and learn to co-operate with their former enemies is the only safe plan. For this purpose, if Germany is to remain disarmed, her demand that the other nations around her should reduce their armaments cannot be ignored. Her consent to disarm was given in the words of the Treaty of Versailles to make the disarmament of the other nations possible. In fact, in the near future the question whether Europe is to disarm will, in the German view, become the acid test of the sincerity of the Powers which signed the Treaty of Mutual Guarantees.

But the Germans must not be unreasonable. They have gained a great deal in the relaxation of the harsh temper with which they were treated as a conquered nation. If they fill the air at Geneva with clamour about their remaining grievances they will defeat their own purpose. Let them move warily lest they lose the sympathy which they have created by the goodwill which they showed in offering the Security Pact. Disarmament must come, or Europe will become the prey of the war spirit again, for armaments create the jealousies, suspicions, and fears which destroy peace. It will come when France feels that she has really attained the security which is so necessary to her, and already the French are moving in that direction. It will come more easily when a settlement with Russia has been reached, and when the Liberal spirit revives in Italy. For the Germans to force the pace on this question would be most unwise. The League has invited Germany to assist in the work of the newly appointed disarmament commission, which means that German opinion will not be ignored.

SIDELIGHTS ON REVOLUTIONARY IRELAND

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

IN Ireland, during the five years which preceded the complete withdrawal of British troops, the average decent man or woman did not know what was being prepared, could not account for the things which happened—indeed, during great part of the time, had very imperfect information as to what actually happened—and, above all, felt absolutely unable to influence in the least degree the course of events. We begin now to receive the lugubrious satisfaction of learning something about it all. Various gentlemen who took a hand in the *mêlée*, at different points of the field and with differing purposes, now conduct us through the storehouses of their memory and treat us to their reflections. I find it hard to be in love with any of them. But undoubtedly the historian will never be able to neglect any one of the three Memoirs before me. These are, first, General Macready's *Annals of an Active Life*; secondly, Mr. Dan Breen's story, *My Fight for Irish Freedom*; and, lastly, Mr. P. S. O'Hegarty's historical essay, *The Victory of Sinn Féin*.

General Macready's annals cover a great deal besides Ireland, but his command in Ulster at a crisis in 1914, and his later and even more dramatic experience in 1920-22, furnish the most important part of his story. Anyone who ever was in the Army will welcome his praise for the conduct of the British troops, who, morally speaking, were tried more severely in Ireland than ever in France. He does not gloss over the rare instances of indiscipline, but he makes us realise how fierce and constant was the provocation and how often it was resisted. About the R.I.C., "transformed as they were from a police into a purely military force under a police organisation," this is what he has to say:

When the officers in command were equal to the task, the work and behaviour of the men were admirable; but when, as sometimes happened, the officers either lacked the power of command or encouraged the men

to take the law into their own hands, these bodies of police became a danger to their friends and a disgrace to their uniform. The only excuse that can be made for the latter class is that their methods did not surpass those of the rebels, from whom they took their cue.

The first of these two sentences is, I think, a just estimate; the second distorts the focus of history. In such a contest the highly civilised power with overwhelming resources cannot claim to be judged by the same standard as its weak opponents. The men against whom General Macready had to direct war do not merit the tone in which he speaks of them throughout. Major Compton Smith in a farewell letter to his wife, written before he had to face a firing party of the Sinn Feiners, who held him in captivity, is witness: "I leave . . . my watch," he wrote, "to the officer who is executing me, because I believe him to be a gentleman, to mark the fact that I bear him no malice for carrying out that which he sincerely believes to be his duty." That is a truer as well as a nobler judgment than General Macready's.

Those of us who lived in Ireland during that period as civilians—more especially those of us who had been soldiers—loathed quite as strongly as the Commander-in-Chief the state of things which existed. We never could go into the streets of Dublin without risk of running into some killing, where one must either interfere, with walking-stick against revolver, or pass by on the other side: neither of them an agreeable alternative. And that was not all. If you saw, you must skulk away with your knowledge, or give evidence and know that after giving it life would be no longer possible for you in your own country. This was the tyranny of the I.R.A., and we hated it. But we did not think, with General Macready, that those who inflicted it were a pack of cowardly ruffians. As a bare fact, fighting increased and multiplied after the new police got to work with their methods, and ambushing even a dozen of fully armed men is never child's play. General Macready's statement that the attackers always had odds of twenty to one cannot be sustained. Take the incident at Fermoy; a dozen men from motor cars attacked a church parade superior in numbers, and got the soldiers' rifles

away, killing only one man. Again, there were many cases of holding up armed guards by surprise and capturing large quantities of arms; actions which needed nerve, and, even if the risk were not so great, a different kind of nerve from, say, an ordinary wiring job in trenches.

There are two other matters on which the book seems to me less than fair. General Macready comments with asperity on the passive attitude adopted by those who would have wished to be called "loyalists." They took certainly no step to organise themselves for defence; and this was a new thing in the history of their class. But he omits to take account of one fact. Was it fair to expect that resident Unionists should organise themselves in bodies to fight against self-government in a country to which self-government was guaranteed, and in which they hoped to go on living? This is a wholly different matter from the refusal to give evidence, in which, so far as I could judge, the mass of Irish people were actuated by a common motive—fear. But it was no common terror. Those of us who escaped the necessity of deciding whether to assist in convicting a man or no—no matter how abominable his crime, provided it could be called political—escaped the ugliest kind of ordeal. One needs to feel very clear of one's ability to face it before blaming those who did not do what only one old lady did: and she died the death. Of all the things that should not have been done, even for freedom, the killing of old Mrs. Lindsay, who warned the police of an ambush, ranks as the most damnable and demoralising. But, beyond doubt, it succeeded in making the terror more exhaustive and complete, and so it helped the I.R.A. and impeded the British. We are paying now for that success; and so far as General Macready's censure concerns our general lack of civic courage, and the dead submissiveness into which we as a people were cowed, he has his justification.

Yet, even so, there were factors of which he should have taken account. It is demoralising for any people to have a Government which they regard as usurping. From 1914 to 1916 the British rule was by nine-tenths of the people outside Ulster simply tolerated as a stopgap pend-

ing the *de facto* establishment of Home Rule. From 1916 on it was viewed increasingly as a usurpation, and from 1918 that view was general. The attitude of England in regard to small nationalities in Europe emphasised it. General Macready in one passage complains that on his appointment he looked for Irishmen outside the Unionist fold to discuss the situation with him, and that Mr. Devlin and Captain Redmond, then members of Parliament at Westminster, refused to meet him. Sir William Sutherland told him it was because they were afraid. If General Macready had known what everybody in Ireland knows about these two names, he would as soon have adopted one of Sir Hamar Greenwood's statements as this of Sir William Sutherland's. The refusal was part of a deliberate determination in the old Nationalist Party to give neither support nor countenance to the Government or to Sinn Féin. I personally did not act with that party after the close of the war, and such advice as I could give was available, and was never followed. But why should they listen to me who had never listened to Redmond? Lord French, indeed (I follow General Macready in calling him so), was disposed to listen to some of us, but the statesmen did not listen to Lord French. They listened to nobody in Ireland but the people who shot policemen. By 1921 the statesmen, in office and out of office, were breast high for the things they would not hear of in 1918; but in 1921 they were being asked for more. They gave more and were glad to get it accepted.

Still in the end they did something. General Macready reiterates that there were only two things for them to do—"govern or get out." Were there really two? He does not allow for the difficulty there is in undertaking to govern after you have conceded the principle of self-government. Yet he does admit, intellectually, that the decision to do something clear and complete and logical, even if taken late, may ultimately prove to be justified. What is more, and this is why Irishmen ought to be grateful, he succeeded in preventing British statesmen from destroying that decision. After the murder of Sir Henry Wilson, General Macready was definitely ordered to attack the

Irregular forces then occupying the Four Courts; but he obtained a day's respite, in which, happily, the order was cancelled.

The light which Mr. O'Hegarty sheds on our darkness comes from another quarter; but some of it gives new authority for believing what we knew, less completely, before. Sinn Féin, which in 1907 was a menace to the Parliamentary party, had, he says, dwindled, till before the rebellion in 1916 only one central branch represented it. At the beginning of the war Ireland "became anti-German and pro-British." The insurrection was "universally and explosively unpopular," and in Easter week, 1916, "if Ireland could have got hold of Tom Clarke and his comrades they would have been torn in pieces." Mr. O'Hegarty chooses Clarke, not Pearse, as the leading name because Clarke, eighty years old, was of the original Fenians, and the rising was, according to Mr. O'Hegarty, absolutely the work of the I.R.B. In August, 1914, its Supreme Council decided that the European War must not pass, as the Boer War had done, without an Irish revolt. Six of the seven signatories to the Republican proclamation in 1916 were Fenians. "They knew they could not win," he says. "They knew the people were against them and that the people would hate them for it. But they counted on being executed afterwards, and they knew that *that* would save Ireland's soul."

I believe that to be a true account of the motives, and I am certain that Mr. O'Hegarty accurately describes what follows. The British authorities played the Fenians' game; they did all the things that Redmond implored them not to do; they swung popular sympathy round, and then in their Frongoch concentration camp they swept together thousands of young Irishmen to be instructed in the principles and methods of insurrection.

Where I find Mr. O'Hegarty deficient is in his treatment of the conscription episode; but Mr. Breen is pretty full on this point. That threat united Ireland in resistance, for many of those who were actually in the British Army held that Great Britain had no more right to take this step in Ireland than in Australia. The whole country

in May, 1918, was actively behind the Irish Volunteers, a definitely rebel organisation, and the young Volunteers acquired in that year the habit of giving orders to the community, reinforced by a threat.

When the menace of conscription disappeared, the mass of the Volunteers, according to Mr. Breen, virtually disbanded: they "had been only thinking of saving themselves from the trenches in France." Only a hardshell residue was left. At this point Mr. O'Hegarty and Mr. Breen part company. From Mr. O'Hegarty's standpoint the essential thing was that at the General Election of December, 1918, Ireland returned seventy-three members out of a hundred and six pledged to Sinn Féin; that this body met as an Irish Parliament, and elected a President and Ministers of an Irish Republic. "There is no gesture in history quite so magnificent, quite so proud as that." And it did not remain a mere gesture. "The Government of Dail was no less real because it governed—on the run—and with the increasing use of coercion came its answer—war." Mr. O'Hegarty goes on to glorify this fight. But a little later on, he is asserting that after 1916 Ireland "should never have fired another shot or bought another gun." All should have proceeded on the moral plane. One may ask what would have become of Ireland's "gesture" if Mr. de Valera's Ministry had not been able to enforce its decrees through men like Mr. Breen, known as the gunman *par excellence*.

It is clear that at first there were two sections in Sinn Féin, and that one of them was opposed to what Mr. O'Hegarty calls the "Red" policy. This, according to Mr. Breen, started without orders from headquarters through the individual action of a few young men in Tipperary. The first typical act of this "war" was the ambushing of two armed policemen who escorted a cart-load of gelignite to a quarry. There was no special grievance against the police: simply, they were enemy forces. Nobody told the group to shoot them; but once the deed was done a problem for the Irish Republic presented itself. Mr. Breen makes it plain that the official headquarters of the Volunteers—not yet known as the Irish Republican Army—gave the fugitives little counten-

ance. When one of the band was captured and his comrades succeeded in rescuing him from an armed escort of police at a railway station (killing two policemen), matters advanced somewhat: the rebels were more feared and, no doubt, more admired. Mr. Breen is not so detailed in his description of other events which followed; for instance, the shooting of a police inspector in the middle of a crowd at Thurles. But already, when the crowd left Inspector Hunt lying there in his blood and never put a hand near him, Mr. de Valera's Government had the full sanction behind it: it was feared. Nobody knew exactly the relation between the doers of these deeds and the Dáil or its Ministers. Nobody knows exactly now. But Mr. Breen and Mr. O'Hegarty agree that Michael Collins pushed on the "war." Mr. Breen says that he was the only high-placed man from whom they got sympathy and assistance. Collins was, like Mr. Breen, a realist: he willed the means to his end and he succeeded. Yet I think it very possible that if he were alive now he would say with Mr. O'Hegarty that "there are certain things one must not do, even for freedom."

Irishmen—assisted by Irishwomen—did them, and Mr. O'Hegarty tells his readers with terrible eloquence the price paid in demoralisation, especially of women. It is true he blames Mr. de Valera for prolonging the process. If we had stopped in July, 1921, if we had only murdered Englishmen, or such Irishmen as were policemen, magistrates, or other traitors to their country: then, he says in effect, we should have come better out of it. Yet, one would suggest, the indicated penalty for these deeds was that we should not be able to stop.

All these authorities are very unclear about the circumstances which led to the truce in July, 1921. Mr. Breen says that he heard in June of that year that "a movement was on foot to effect a compromise with England." The truce was no surprise. "In many respects we welcomed the respite, though we had no thought it would end as it did. For some time our area had been running short of munitions." Mr. O'Hegarty says: "In the summer of 1921 the prospect was of the blackest. On the military side there was shortage of arms and of ammunition, and there

was increased British activity and a general circumscribing of the area within which the various Volunteer units could operate. On the civil side the strain was telling. The strain on the military man was slight. Save during an operation he lay hidden in some secure place, or comparatively free in territory where there were no British; but the civilian worker—the Dáil member or official—cooped up in Dublin felt the strain."

"And then," Mr. O'Hegarty goes on, "when the outlook was at its blackest, England surrendered . . . they said in effect, 'All right, we give in. We've had enough.'"

There is no indication in General Macready's book that the military did not then feel themselves able to deal with the situation. Why, then, exactly did England "surrender"? And is "surrender" the right word? Undoubtedly England withdrew one demand which had been made (during informal negotiations in the close of 1920), that the Volunteers should give up their arms. General Macready makes it plain that he did not suggest this condition, nor did he think it possible of fulfilment. But, apart from this, is it certain that England's demand altered in those six months?

The truth is, I think, that Mr. Lloyd George had made up his mind to accord Dominion status as soon as he found the Irish ready to accept it; and that readiness only came when their military position was hopeless. Any Unionist who had been Prime Minister at the moment would almost certainly have taken military advice, and military advice would probably have been "Crush them when you can." Few military men would have seen, as General Macready does, that such a finish would not have ended the trouble.

In certain moments Liberalism expresses the mind of England much better than Toryism, and Mr. Lloyd George saw, I think, that England did not wish to win, in a military sense. Revelation of the things which had been done by British forces had rendered the public conscience uneasy. Such men as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Grey of Fallodon do not lightly (when their country is in a struggle) speak as they spoke then. I think that the English public preferred the appearance of being beaten to that of winning by such methods as had been employed.

What they retained may have been only nominal, but it stood to them for something a good deal more than "saving of face." They gave up all that they could consistently with their notion of honour: and they gave generously, in a good spirit, without grudge or rancour.

The essential quality of England's action in 1921 has been proved by succeeding events. A people grudgingly forced into concessions will never generously interpret the obligations that arise from them; but by the repeated testimony of Irish Ministers England, under a series of changing administrations, has consistently been loyal to the utmost limit whenever a question arising out of the compact had to be dealt with; and, finally, four years after the Treaty was signed, its conditions have been altered by agreement at a moment when Ireland found itself in a position of the worst embarrassment. More than strict fidelity was needed to clear up those entangling difficulties; and England brought to the task not only good faith but good will, and in no common measure. The supplementary pact is a true index of the change which has taken place in our mutual relations. But it by no means stands alone as an indication.

Mr. O'Hegarty's book, in certain well-marked aspects of it, affords an illustration of what I mean. Up to 1921 nearly all literature dealing with Ireland was considered from the standpoint of propaganda. A book which stigmatised faults in Irish character fell under Irish condemnation because it afforded weapons to be used against Ireland; and I doubt very much whether Mr. O'Hegarty would ever have written as he has done were Ireland still under external control. Now, he stabs and lashes his own countrymen as if he were an accredited justiciar in the very Palace of Truth. The moral results of such revolutionary methods as were used in Ireland were not pleasant to look at, but Mr. O'Hegarty insisted on stripping them bare, plainly because, in his judgment, it was necessary that Ireland should look in an unflattering mirror. If the outside world looked too, that was no affair of his; at least, the outside world would be made aware that the Irish spirit did not willingly acquiesce in its own corruption.

He judged, no doubt, that it was no longer possible for effective use to be made against Ireland of such admissions as his book contains. Not only he, but Irish writers as a body feel themselves at entire liberty to picture Irish life as it presents itself to them without the least extenuation. Apart from the volumes which may be regarded directly as contributions to contemporary history—such as those with which I have so far dealt—stand the novels and plays that throw a grim light on Ireland of the revolutionary period.

Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's recent novel *The Informer* is a conspicuous instance, but I should not insist upon it as a document. The imagination which is at work here to present human beings who live, move and have their being as agents of a secret society is allied to a power of writing comparable to Victor Hugo's; but the relation to reality of what it creates is no closer than in the great Frenchman's work. *The Informer* is not going to tell you what Dublin was like in "the shooting" (as we now call it). But if ever the atmosphere of a human society in abnormal and inhuman conditions was rendered, Mr. Séan O'Casey has done it in a series of plays. Two of them, *The Shadow of the Gunman* and *Juno and the Paycock*, have been published in England; the third, *Nanny's Night Out*, has been played in Dublin. But *Juno* is to be seen in London while I write, and for my present purpose I am concerned only with its reception. Everywhere in the Press there has been a chorus of praise for the playwright and the actors; but nobody, so far as I know, has gone out proclaiming to the world that now at last we have the truth about Ireland told by the Irish themselves, and that such grown-up, vicious or hysterical children should never be trusted with anything that can be kept from them. On the contrary, Mr. O'Casey is better understood, if the demeanour of an audience be the test, across the Channel than at home. People in Dublin crowd to see his plays; for the first time in its history the Abbey Theatre has the experience of turning money away; but they crowd there to laugh; they take Mr. O'Casey for a comic author, and they laugh when laughter is an indecency. All that Mr. O'Hegarty says about the present demoralisation of Irish feeling seems

true when one watches the reception of one of these plays. In London, people, more normal and more sane, recognise which mood prevails in the artist's work. They cry where Dublin laughs, and they are right and Dublin is wrong. But they are kept back from any expression of contempt for what is so unsparingly presented because Mr. O'Casey's compassion reaches beyond his scorn. *Juno*, as Miss Sara Allgood brings her before us, is more than the pivot of this play: she is the heart of Ireland, there in that squalid tenement, torn between the drunken phrase-making waster of a husband and the hysterical, shaken revolutionary who is her son. I defy any intelligent person who has seen Miss Allgood acting in that play to think altogether ill of Ireland. She and her comrades show there superbly what Ireland has been through, not in one generation only, and what evil marks it carries; but she, interpreting Mr. O'Casey as few authors have been interpreted, brings out the courage, the gaiety and the compassion that are in Ireland's heart. Mr. O'Casey is unsparing in his satire of the men in his country; but he keeps his gentleness for the women. Even the crazy street walker in *Nanny's Night Out*, maddening herself with methylated spirit, whose chief boast is that it always takes six policemen to take her to the lock-up (a strange ironic parody of the unconquerable race), even she redeems the credit of her people when everybody else is cowering before the pointed revolver.

For what Mr. O'Casey presents is a society revolver-ridden. There are three successive phases of it—first the time of the Auxiliaries and their raids, seen in *The Shadow of the Gunman*; then the war of the Irregular (Dublin's "die-hards") against the Free State, seen in *Juno*; and, lastly, in the unpublished play, the petering out of revolution when the Gunman became a common robber. These works tell more of the truth about revolutionary Ireland, as manifesting itself in the capital, which was its centre, than all the Memoirs and other "documents," and the interest which they have for the ordinary reader or playgoer is far greater and far less morbid, even though they are studies of a diseased society.

BULGARIA IN TRAVAIL.

By H. CHARLES WOODS

FROM the time of her creation in 1878 until the year 1913 Bulgaria became more and more successful and important, but the Second Balkan War resulted in a turn of the tide and the Allied victory of 1918 reduced her from a position of considerable Balkan importance to one of comparative insignificance; it robbed her of a territorial access to the Ægean and it rendered more remote, if it has not for ever jeopardised, the chances of a, to her, favourable settlement of the Macedonian and Eastern Thracian questions. Moreover, although M. Stambolisky secured an enormous mitigation, the burden of reparations constitutes a heavy weight upon the people of a country which has never been rich. And then, whereas disarmament of the ex-enemy countries figured prominently in the Allied programme, the facts that Bulgaria is only permitted to maintain an army of 20,000 men, and that this army has to be recruited on a voluntary basis, are responsible for a fundamental change in the whole situation and for consequences and dangers which it is difficult to exaggerate. Nobody without, or even within, the country complains seriously as to the enforcement of penalties upon a defeated people, but the army authorised is not sufficient, considering that the neighbours are armed to the teeth, that Bulgaria has a very long frontier to police against revolutionaries, especially against Macedonian revolutionaries, and that the discontent based upon present-day conditions may at any time give rise to internal troubles against which it is necessary to safeguard. Furthermore, the voluntary system is entirely opposed to the spirit of the people and it entails very heavy pecuniary responsibilities. And then, whilst a compulsory army, composed of the whole nation, is a training ground and continuation school for the manhood of a country like Bulgaria, and even if relatively high pay attracts recruits for a time, a voluntary army is always liable to include just those elements upon which it might be unsafe to rely in time

of need, and it is now no uncommon thing for its members to commit offences with the object of trying to obtain their discharge.

Although the vast majority of the population has always lived in the country, before the war the administration was really left to the townspeople. But the disgust created by the Second Balkan and the World defeats, the disappearance of the autocracy of King Ferdinand and the world-wide demand for the government of the people by the people have created an entirely new situation. Instead of living the life and pursuing the policy of his father, the young King has met what was really the peaceful revolution of seven years ago by making no attempts to control the actions of his Governments and by adopting a purely constitutional attitude. M. Stambolisky, the famous leader of the Agrarian Party, although he did not at once fill the position of Prime Minister, became the real power from the moment of his liberation from prison just before the Armistice. Thenceforth and until his death in June, 1913, that politician endeavoured to combat the critical foreign and home situations by bowing to the wishes of the victorious Powers and by the adoption of a policy which grew more and more advanced. In favour of peace at any price, he rightly accepted the Treaty of Neuilly, he passed revolutionary legislation, he persecuted his political opponents, and he relied upon the support of subordinates, who fell seriously short in the performance of their duties. In the end a programme, probably designed to resist Bolshevism, actually encouraged those in sympathy with revolution, created widespread ill-feeling among the better educated elements of the population, and favoured the objects of the military and formerly military sections of the community.

These developments, coupled with M. Stambolisky's firm determination to oppose any movement in favour of a change in the *status quo* in Macedonia, with his modifications in the electoral law and with his formation of the so-called Orange Guards, intended to protect the interests of the Agrarian Party, led to the *coup d'état* of June, 1923, to the death of M. Stambolisky, and to the advent to office

of M. Zankoff, whose power and position depend largely upon the support of the Officers' League, and upon the prestige of General Vulkoff, the Minister for War. With certain minor changes the same Government has been in office for the last two years and a half, and for that time it has ruled by methods directed from the extreme Right. The Communist rising of September, 1923, when 5,000 people probably lost their lives, was put down with great, though perhaps advisable, severity. During the year 1924 drastic measures were taken against the Communists, volunteers were enrolled, and in August orders were given for the arrest of certain Agrarian and other anti-Governmental leaders. On April 14th, 1925, when the Conference of Ambassadors had already given leave for the enlistment of 3,000 extra soldiers as a precaution against Communism, an attempt was made to ambush and assassinate the King, and this having failed, General Georgieff, a well-known citizen, was killed in the street immediately afterwards with the principal object of collecting a large and influential congregation at a funeral. But judging from information secured in Sofia in June last, it seems to me that the bomb outrage, which took place on April 16th, did not depend upon ordinary public discontent or political opposition, and that it might well have occurred whatever Government had been in office. The most systematic means had been taken to prepare the Cathedral for destruction, the outrage was not the work of ordinary Socialists, and its instigators were not among the recognised Bulgarian agitators. Moreover, some of the criminals, and particularly the verger, who allowed the conspirators access to the roof of the building, where the infernal machine was placed, are known to have had relations with Russia, and, even if no proof exists that money was furnished directly by that country, it is pretty evident that financial support was secured from Vienna, where the Bolsheviks appear to have an important centre. And, lastly, the events in Sofia were not accompanied, and so far they have not been followed, by any serious developments outside the capital—developments which would probably have occurred had the explosion formed part of

a carefully drawn up and widely developed internal plot to overthrow the Zankoff régime.

Whatever arguments may be used against the Government for its everyday policy, it was necessary to take precautions for the public safety in April. Permission for the enlistment of a further 10,000 men was given by the Conference of Ambassadors, but this permission was made subject to a proviso for their disbandment by May 31st.¹ The members of the Government, five of whom were wounded, acted with great precision and bravery, and, having adopted the measures necessary to safeguard the immediate peace, martial law was immediately introduced. There followed widespread house-to-house searches throughout the country, the arrest and imprisonment of at least 5,000 people, and the trials of those conspirators who had not already perished during the days immediately following the disaster. Probably too many people were arrested; even the preliminary investigations, which led to the establishment of the innocence of many an imprisoned person, were often too long postponed, and the death sentences were carried out in public and under circumstances which bear no repetition here. Unfortunate as are such mistakes, and desirable as it is to put an end to abnormal conditions as soon as possible, M. Zankoff and his colleagues had great provocation, and consequently it is unreasonable to blame them for a severity which is necessary in the Balkans, or for the arrest of anybody even remotely suspected of any complicity in a crime which led to the death of about 140 persons and to the injury of a further 300 human beings.

But even if the events of April last were not the outcome of the present internal situation, they must certainly enhance the interest of, and draw renewed attention to the position in Bulgaria. The conditions which I found existing in June were more unhappy, more complicated and more critical than those prevailing before the independence from Turkey, during the interval between the

(1) These troops were disbanded by about the required time, and therefore, should further trouble arise, grave responsibility must rest with those responsible for the making of such a condition.

time and the outbreak of the World War, or even soon after the signature of the Treaty of Neuilly. The people were, as usual, working hard, and the farm buildings and peasant dwellings appeared to be in good order, but Sofia and other parts of the country are in a very bad state, and the buildings and streets of the capital are in sore need of repair. Almost the whole social and political worlds were either recovering from shock, going through personal suffering or anxiety, or in mourning, as a result of the April disaster, and the inhabitants generally seemed more dispirited and more impoverished than five years ago. The Prime Minister still bore scars upon his somewhat bald head, a prominent political leader described to me the manner in which his overcoat had been torn from his back by the violence of the explosion, and young M. D. Madjaroff, who succeeded to the office of mayor when his chief was killed, and who was himself murdered in Sofia on November 13th, told me of his almost miraculous escape, due entirely to the fact that he had gone to the door of the cathedral to make arrangements for the progress of the funeral procession on its way to the cemetery. Suchlike stories, which might be repeated without number, may sound superfluous here, but they serve to bring home the reality of the prevailing atmosphere, and to suggest the origin of measures for which there would otherwise be little excuse. From the economic standpoint, too, the situation is extremely bad; the burden of taxation bears heavily upon the whole of the population, and the salaries which can be afforded for the Government officials are such as to make it difficult for them to live. For these reasons, and because of the urgent necessity for repairs to the railways and other public works, a loan is urgently required, and it is in this direction that the Bulgarians are looking to the League of Nations and to their friends abroad for facilities of which they are in such immediate need.

The political situation is more electric and more strained than in the times of King Ferdinand or M. Stambolisky, a wide division exists in home and foreign circles as to the causes of the present crisis, and the refugee and

Macedonian problems are more than ever to the fore. The present Government, which assumed its position as a temporary measure, though it has the nominal support of a fusion of parties, and though it has a majority in the Chamber, really depends upon the military classes of the community, and it is boycotting not only the Communists and the Socialists but also the Agrarians, who still represent a very large element of the population. There are those who contend that the country is threatened by Bolshevism, fostered by Russia and encouraged from Vienna and elsewhere, and there are those who affirm that M. Zankoff and his colleagues are exaggerating these dangers for the purpose of bringing pressure to bear upon the Western Powers and of justifying a repressive policy carried on with the principal object of maintaining themselves in power. Each of these arguments is extravagant, and each of these suggestions contains an element of truth. Bulgaria is a country in which there are practically no rich and where peasant proprietorship is almost universal. Consequently the vast majority of the people can hardly become Bolshevik in the ordinary sense of the word. But Bolshevism is a germ which takes different forms and adapts itself to existing conditions, and the Bulgarian ground is now particularly suitable for its cultivation. The existing Government, which overthrew a much more advanced predecessor, is one of the most reactionary in Europe, and for that reason it is an attractive target for those in favour of revolution. The international position became bad after the war. Nothing has been done to realise the promised access to the *Ægean* or the fair treatment of the Bulgarian minorities in Macedonia, and there is a general desire for change. Moreover the people are generally sympathetic to Russia and to things which are Russian, and the importance of this fundamental condition has now been greatly increased by the presence in Bulgaria of about 30,000 Russian refugees, many of whom were allowed to enter the country under the persuasion of the Allies and after the defeat of General Wrangel. These refugees are all discontented and a cause of discontent, and they can easily be employed as

agents, even if they are not Bolsheviks themselves. Thus their residence in Bulgaria constitutes a great danger for the country, who is willing to pay for their transference to some other location, and who has already endeavoured to ship them back to their native soil, where I believe that they were not permitted to land.

The Balkan situation, the Macedonian question, and the broader refugee problem have a very wide influence upon conditions in Bulgaria. Relations with Roumania are good, for the Bulgarians in the Dobrudja are well treated. Greece has been, and is, passing through a critical period in her history, and the very serious incident which occurred in the Struma Valley area at the end of October has naturally postponed the possibility of a good understanding between Sofia and Athens. With Jugo-Slavia, or more correctly with Serbia, there are constant difficulties because of the justifiable, or unjustifiable, suspicions existing in Belgrade as to the real attitude of the Sofia Government, because the Serbs appear to be giving a free hand to the Bulgarian opponents of M. Zankoff's administration, and because of the never-decreasing complications in Macedonia. Here, that is to say in regard to the Macedonian question, the outstanding factors are that the Bulgarians within and without Bulgaria are all one people, that since 1903 immigrants have been constantly arriving, and that, consequently, Macedonian blood can be found in all classes in the kingdom. For these reasons the Government at Sofia, whether it be reactionary or Liberal, pacific or bellicose, is often swayed by the Macedonian feelings of its members, and it (the Government) simply dare not adopt a policy contrary to the sentiments of the Macedonians at home or abroad. The Macedonians themselves are divided into the Federalists, who show signs of being in sympathy with Russia, and the Autonomists, who desire the adoption of that policy in Macedonia, and this division, coupled with the present situation in Bulgaria, is responsible for the constant murders which take place even in the streets of Sofia. Conditions are rendered more acute by the fact that during, and since, the year 1913 over 400,000 refugees

have arrived in Bulgaria, principally from areas which are now Greek, Serbian, or Turkish. A protocol was signed between Bulgaria and Greece and the League of Nations in 1924, but Greece, apparently fearing the ill-favour of Jugo-Slavia, has so far refused to ratify that protocol. Consequently, when Bulgaria would in any case be beset by widespread difficulties, her position is still further complicated by the obligation to try to keep these newcomers alive, by endeavours to settle them upon the land, and by the political attitude of a vast horde of people who are naturally opposed to their present position, and who are therefore willing to lend an ear to any argument, however dishonest that argument may be. For these reasons the Rumbold Commission, appointed to inquire into the Græco-Bulgarian incident of October, rightly recommended that the convention for the voluntary exchange of populations should be completed as soon as possible, and that the Greek Government should compensate the Bulgarians, who have a right to return to Hellenic territory, where there is now no room for their accommodation.

Considering that the stability of Bulgaria is in the interest of Europe as well as in that of the country herself, the remaining questions for discussion are the methods by which the existing situation may be improved by the Government of Sofia and the ways in which that Government can be assisted from abroad. Admitting the provocation and recognising the political strife largely created by the policy of M. Stambolisky, M. Zankoff should not be criticised for his earlier attitude towards the extremists, for any measures necessary of adoption after the Cathedral outrage, or for his disinclination—for instance, in the latter half of 1923 or during the months which followed April last—to reconstitute his Ministry. But the existing Government came into office as a result of a revolution, and therefore by unconstitutional means, and the elections of November, 1923, which gave the Cabinet an overwhelming majority, convey no real idea of its strength or weakness in the country. Consequently, in the opinion of the present writer, the Prime Minister ought either to have retired or to have secured the active collaboration of some

of the leading politicians within, at most, a year of his access to power, and it would be in the interests of the country for him to pursue one or other of these courses to-day. Such a change could be carried out in one of two ways. The King, who was almost too constitutional during the Stambolisky *régime*, and who appears inclined to adopt a corresponding attitude to-day, might send for some other statesman, who would then hold elections, as a result of which he would, as usual, obtain a majority. On the other hand, if M. Zankoff desires to remain at the head of the Government, he might endeavour to secure the inclusion in the Cabinet of at least well-known mouth-pieces of M. Malinoff and of M. Liaptcheff, and of the Moderate Agrarians, since the actual leaders would be unlikely to serve in subordinate positions. The voluntary acceptance of either of these alternatives would help to calm the internal situation before it is too late, it would remove the excuse for fear and for hostility on the parts of the neighbours of Bulgaria, and it would reassure the Great European Powers, whose principal interest is the peace of the Balkan Peninsula.

Coupled with, or closely following upon, such a change the maintenance of law and order in Bulgaria would be greatly facilitated by a withdrawal of the condition that the army must be recruited upon the voluntary principle—a condition apparently now only insisted upon by one or more of the immediate neighbours. Moreover, since a commercial access to the *Ægean* has been promised, if Greece persists in contending, as her representative contended at Geneva on December 7th, that it is chiefly the territorial aspirations of Bulgaria which have prevented the fulfilment of this undertaking, surely it is the duty of the Great Powers to see that their obligations are carried out. By so doing they would encourage the commercial prosperity of Bulgaria and strengthen the hands of whatever Government may be in power. Furthermore, considering the difficulties which must continue to arise in reference to the Macedonian question, and especially in regard to the traffic across the Bulgarian frontier from that zone, the Rumbold Commission has performed valuable

service in recommending the formation of a special body of frontier guards, with a neutral officer attached, and of a Conciliation Commission which may be in a position to localise any minor incidents likely to occur. Such arrangements, if adopted, would be useful as between Greece and Bulgaria, and they might well constitute a precedent to be followed in case of future trouble elsewhere in the Balkans. And, lastly, now that various other smaller countries have been set on their feet by foreign financial assistance, it would seem justifiable to assist Bulgaria not only to put her house in order, but to overcome the pitiable conditions created by the wholesale incursion of thousands of people for whom she has but little room and no visible means of support.

In the foregoing remarks I have purposely avoided any detailed reference to the Bulgaro-Greek crisis, arising out of the fighting which took place in the latter half of October, because the matter has been, and at the time of writing (December 8th) is still, in the hands of the League of Nations. The very prompt and highly praiseworthy action of the Council was the sole apparent means of preventing the expansion of that crisis into what would probably have become a serious Balkan conflict, and the appointment and the recommendations of the Rumbold Commission have been, and will undoubtedly be, the means of bringing home the blame to the Greek authorities, who, although they may have had genuine fears of an invasion in force, acted before unfounded news had been verified. It therefore only remains to repeat that the danger in Bulgaria arises from discontent and from disasters rather than from a general approval of Bolshevism, and that this danger can only be reduced by the adoption of an internal policy of moderation and by the treatment of Bulgaria with sympathy and with friendliness abroad. That country is too small, too primitive, and too poor for the prolongation of political strife, which has become particularly marked since the Armistice. Harmony, even temporary harmony, would mean strength. Violent division, injustice and persecution must lead to disintegration and to still further disaster.

ARE SUBMARINES WORTH WHILE?

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE salient facts established by the history of the submarine campaign in the Great War have been, in large measure, ignored during the discussion which has arisen as a result of the suggestion of Mr. Percy Mackinnon, the Chairman of Lloyd's, that submarines should be abolished by international agreement.

(1) During the course of the war, though it lasted for upwards of four and a half years, *not a single modern unit of the Grand Fleet was destroyed by submarines*. The vessels, under the successive command of Admirals of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and Earl Beatty, steamed in the submarine-infested waters of the North Sea a distance equivalent to the circumnavigation of the globe. The conditions were favourable to the successful use of submarines, since the enemy could employ them at short range. The only men-of-war which were sunk were old vessels which did not belong to the Grand Fleet. They were built before the menace of the submarine was appreciated. They were slow, and speed is a most important factor in evading submarines; they were not provided with defensive bulges; the depth charge had not been invented, and zigzagging in order to avoid attack had not been thought of. At the Washington Conference Lord Lee of Fareham, First Lord of the Admiralty, was consequently justified in claiming that the submarine was unable to destroy great groups of naval units.

(2) In spite of the dependence which the Germans placed upon the submarine for harbour and coast defence, the naval forces, under Lord Beatty and Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt to the north, and under Admirals Sir Reginald Bacon and Sir Roger Keyes, successively, to the south, were not prevented from carrying out repeated operations within close range of the enemy's submarine

bases. The Bight of Heligoland was successfully invaded without loss from submarines, and the Belgian coast, where the Germans had formed a well-defended submarine base, was repeatedly bombarded with impunity, and eventually Zeebrugge was raided and the canal blocked. Enemy submarines were not, moreover, a decisive influence in bringing about the withdrawal of the Allied forces from Gallipoli, though the British naval forces operated in the Mediterranean under exceptional disadvantages. It was in knowledge of these circumstances that Lord Lee declared at Washington that submarines were powerless against a big naval attack.

(3) The fortunes of the Allies depended, in large measure, upon their ability to transport troops overseas and, though the enemy concentrated attention upon the heavily laden transports which were continually moving across the Channel, as well as between home ports and distant theatres of the war, and from the Dominions to European waters, the stream of men and munitions was never interrupted. The German naval authorities, when their confidence in the submarine was highest, boasted that it would prevent American troops intervening on the battle-fields of Europe. But, nevertheless, they crossed the Atlantic in tens of thousands, and the loss of life sustained by enemy action was smaller than by ordinary disease! From the opening of the war to its close we carried about 25,000,000 men, and 48,000,000 tons of military stores for the use of our troops were transported by sea in safety in face of the enemy's submarines. This miracle of successful transportation supported Lord Lee's declaration at Washington that submarines cannot stop the movements of troops overseas.

(4) One of the primary lessons deduced from the history of the war was the extent to which not only island Powers but all civilised nations are dependent upon overseas supplies, consisting either of food or raw materials for the making of ammunition or the purposes of industry. Though France and Italy possessed mercantile marines of considerable size, the main burden of this essential task of carrying cargoes fell inevitably upon British shipping.

At the time of the Armistice 45 per cent. of the imports of France and 51 per cent. of the imports of Italy were being carried in British merchant ships, because the mercantile marines of those two countries were inadequate for their needs. Great loss of life was sustained, but the stream of traffic never ceased to flow, even though during the earlier phases of the submarine campaign the merchant ships were without means of defence.

(5) The blockade of the Central Powers by the surface ships of the Allies, and in particular by the ships of the British Navy, became increasingly effective as the war drew to its close, though simultaneously the enemy was concentrating increasingly on the construction of submarines, which, according to the theories now held in some quarters, should have been able to break this iron constriction.

The blockade of the enemy Powers by the Allies was, in spite of the submarine, the most conspicuously successful blockade of which history holds any record. It contributed more than any other factor to their eventual victory, while, on the other hand, the intensive submarine war, which was also in the nature of a blockade, was a failure. In spite of the losses of merchant ships and the sacrifice of the lives of 20,000 passengers, merchant seamen and fishermen, the tactics pursued by the enemy failed, although the code of humanity was ignored. When the Armistice was signed the Admiralty were able to proclaim that, though the improved defensive measures which it had developed had not been fully carried out, the submarine had been mastered. During the later months of the war the losses of German and Austrian submarines mounted up rapidly, and proof was subsequently supplied that upwards of 200 of these vessels had been destroyed, their officers and men in almost every case being condemned to the most horrible of deaths. The longer the war lasted the less influence the submarine exercised on the fortunes of the Allies. The submarine menace was broken. But that is not all. The tables were completely turned on the Germans. So great was the terror created among German naval officers and men owing to the effec-

tiveness of the defensive methods employed, that crews for new submarines could be secured only with difficulty. The efficiency of the enemy submarine service was at a very low ebb when the war ended. Its spirit had been broken.

It would be a travesty of the truth to declare that the submarine is valueless when employed in legitimate war-like operations, but an altogether exaggerated importance is attached to it by those who are not familiar with the course which events took during the war. In particular, it is repeatedly stated that the submarine is the cheap and effective agent of the lesser and poorer Powers. The belief that, as warships go, the submarine offers to the lesser Powers a particularly cheap and easy means of defence is a complete misconception. In proportion to their displacement, submarines are the most costly vessels to build. Submarine X1, just built at Chatham Dockyard—a particularly large one, it is true—was estimated to cost £941,794,¹ excluding the expenditure for guns and ordnance stores, while a submarine of normal size costs about £400,000. Those figures compare with an expenditure of about £750,000 on each of the battleships of the Naval Defence Act, and even to-day a flotilla leader, with five 4.7-inch guns and a speed of 36 knots can be built for much less than a large submarine, and two well-armed and speedy destroyers for about the same amount. Submarines are also the most costly to maintain. The crews have to be paid extra allowances, in view of the risks they run; the vessels become obsolete sooner than other warships; and they are far more liable to be overtaken by disaster in ordinary peace exercises, as events have shown. Since the war closed such disasters have occurred in most foreign navies, as well as the British Navy, and in every case heavy loss of life has resulted. When it is stated that submarines offer an easy means of defence to the smaller Powers it is forgotten that service in these craft requires special training, in addition to the ordinary training which all naval officers and men undergo. The operation of submarines demands, indeed, a very high order

(1) Navy Estimates for 1925-26.

of technical and seamanlike skill. It may be doubted whether the navies of the lesser Powers, with necessarily small resources, could operate submarines anything like as successfully as they were operated by the Germans under the most favourable conditions, since from 1914 onwards the submarine constituted a new factor in naval warfare and the defence measures against such craft were only very gradually evolved.

It has been suggested that in urging that submarines should be abolished by international agreement the British people are exposing themselves to a charge of hypocrisy.¹ Mr. J. Alfred Spender has given expression to this view.² Asking why there is so little response to the proposal, he has come to the conclusion that the answer is that "several Continental nations, including our own friends and Allies, regard this proposal as equivalent to the stabilisation of the British sea power at a point at which it would be unchallengeable by the rest of the world, and that they do not trust us to exercise this power unchecked." Mr. Spender added, in the same connection, that "it will be pointed out to us that our Admirals and Sea Lords proclaim not only the right but the necessity of expanding our above-water fleet, though there is no enemy in sight; and we shall be asked whether we expect the weaker nations to sacrifice their one means of keeping our power in check unless we, too, are prepared to make some sacrifice on our side."

What is the answer to these suggestions? All who take this standpoint towards the proposed ban may well be asked to explain, in the light of the experiences of the Great War, to what extent the submarine is a check upon the blockade or other naval operations of surface craft—capital ships, cruisers, or destroyers. Germany devoted

(1) "Is this really a fair charge to make against the Power which, almost single-handed, kept the sea routes open for the Allies for four long years, at a cost of men, ships, and money which can scarcely be computed, and without whose exertions and sacrifices in the common cause neither armies, nor other supplies from America could have reached Europe at all?"—Lord Lee of Fareham, *The Times*, Nov. 27, 1925.

(2) *Westminster Gazette*, Nov. 18, 1925.

practically the whole of her shipbuilding resources during the later months of that struggle to the building of submarines, and she had at her disposal a large, highly disciplined, and well-trained *personnel*. Was the Allied blockade broken? Were we defeated? Did not the submarine in fact defeat Germany, and not the Allies, owing, first, to the psychological effect of her considerable losses on her own naval *personnel*, as well as on the civil population, and, secondly, to the antagonism of neutral Powers which the unrestricted use of submarines developed?

The further suggestion is that we claim the right and even the necessity of "expanding our above-water fleet." That is a contention which was categorically denied in the spring of 1924 by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald when, as Prime Minister, he defended the laying down of five cruisers, which he stated were in replacement of vessels which had become obsolete. The most conclusive commentary on the suggestion that there has been any movement towards "expanding our above-water fleet" is supplied by official figures of the number of ships, apart from small auxiliaries, on the effective list of the Royal Navy of March 31st, 1914, and on October 31st, 1925:—

	Mar. 31, '14.	Oct. 31, '25.
Battleships	59	18
Battle cruisers	8	4
Cruisers	96	46
Aircraft carriers	—	4
Small seaplane carriers	—	2
Monitors	—	7
Flotilla leaders	10	17
Destroyers	187	172
Torpedo-boats	75	—
	435	270

It is true that the new cruisers which are being built will be more powerful than the cruisers they are to replace, but that statement applies equally to the American, Japanese, French, Italian, and every other navy,¹ and it is applicable to this country less than to others, because on the eve of the war we possessed 34 armoured cruisers, vessels of great

(1) Cf. *Brassey's Naval and Shipping Annual*, 1926.

offensive and defensive powers as well as high speed, which are not being replaced.

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In foreign countries as well, unfortunately, as in this country, the significance of the work done at the Washington Conference has not yet been fully apprehended, and this explains, probably, the attitude which is assumed when it is suggested in this country that submarines should be abolished. The Washington Conference did not assemble to deal only with naval armaments, but with all armaments, armies and air forces, as well as navies. The larger hopes had to be abandoned at an early stage, with the result that no limits were imposed upon any armaments except naval armaments, though naval armaments are an antidote to the peril of military invasion, which gave us our volunteer force in the past, and air power is, in a sense, the enemy of naval power. In spite of the failure to realise the larger hopes which were entertained when the Washington Conference met, this country not only abandoned the two-Power standard which applied to all capital ships, but it agreed to limitations applying to surface craft and to surface craft *only*. Under the Treaty capital ships may not mount anything bigger than the 16-inch gun or displace more than 35,000 tons, though we had already built the *Hood* of 41,200 tons and were laying down four more vessels which were reputed to have been designed to displace 45,000 tons; the tonnage of aircraft carriers, essential to the successful defence of a fleet against aeroplanes, was restricted; no cruiser—and cruisers are not only “the eyes of the battle fleet,” but the guardians of merchant shipping—may in future exceed 10,000 tons or mount any weapon more powerful than the 6-inch gun. We have built in the past, in view of our world-wide responsibilities, cruisers of 15,000 tons or more. In face of the failure of the Conference to place any limitation on the surface ships’ enemies—submarines or aircraft, to which such importance is attached abroad that no agreement could be reached as to the limitation of either one or the other—the naval authorities of this country accepted rules and regulations impeding the inevitable development of all types of surface

ships. Consequently the position, as established at Washington, is as follows:—

1. Our efforts to protect every type of surface ship against aerial or submarine attack are restricted, while the offensive developments directed against surface ships, whether men-of-war or merchant vessels, remain unrestricted.

2. Owing to the increased proportion of weight in the capital ship which has to be devoted to defence against aerial bombs—that defence taking the form of heavy deck protection—and to defence against submarines, consisting of the bulge or other anti-explosive cushion, a displacement of 35,000 tons for the capital ship is too little. It constitutes a handicap on the naval designer, since a quart of defensive and offensive power cannot be pressed into a pint measure. In consequence of the extent of the British Empire, British men-of-war must have high speed and large steaming capacity, which involve many big boilers and powerful engines, as well as large reserves of fuel.

3. Though the peril of the invasion of this country, or any other parts of the Empire, may appear negligible at present, it cannot be entirely ignored for all time, and we must keep in view any development along this line which may be contemplated in any part of the world, for our naval responsibilities extend over all the seas and oceans. Nevertheless, we consented to restrict our defensive measures against invasion.

Is it not apparent that the charge of hypocrisy rests on no foundation, since we made at Washington greater sacrifices than any other Powers? We abandoned our traditional naval standard, and, in face of the refusal of other Powers either to abolish or limit the expansion of submarines and aircraft, we consented to limit the power of defence against both these agents. Our naval authorities declared that their faith in the capital ship and the cruiser remained, in spite of all that had occurred during the war, but they did not for that reason refuse to restrict their development. Were the naval authorities mad, or had they reached already a more correct appreciation of the importance of the submarine and aeroplane than

other naval authorities, which had fewer opportunities of studying the problems raised by the evolution of the submarine and the appearance of the bomb-dropping aeroplane? It is not a justifiable assumption that the experts who represented this country at Washington had taken the true measure of both the submarine and the aeroplane before they accepted the limitations which were placed upon all types of surface ships which bomb-dropping aeroplanes and submersible vessels are intended to attack. Was their action hypocritical or were these experts convinced in their hearts that too high a value was being placed in many quarters on the submarine in its legitimate sphere, and that the claims which were advanced on behalf of the bomb-dropping aeroplanes were excessive?

* * * * *

When we pass on to consider the submarine, not as a man-of-war, but as a pirate vessel, we are confronted with other considerations which are not purely naval. We cannot forget that the Conference, with the concurrence of the delegates of all the Powers represented, came to a definite agreement "to protect neutrals and non-combatants at sea in time of war." The Conference was impressed by one outstanding fact. About 20,000 men, women and children, including a large proportion of peaceful passengers of all nations, as well as merchant seamen and fishermen, had been put to death during Germany's submarine campaign. In particular, it recalled the sinking of hospital ships with sick and wounded on board. Every nation, allied as well as neutral, had had to make its contribution to the toll exacted by piracy—for the Conference held that the Germans had been guilty of piracy—and every nation had at some time or other declared that never again should such barbarism by sea be permitted. And so a treaty was drawn up in which it was specifically laid down that submarines were not exempt from the universal rules governing visit and search, and it was also agreed that "any person in the service of any Power who shall violate any of those rules, whether or not such person is under orders of a governmental superior, shall be deemed to have violated the laws of war and shall be liable

to trial and punishment as if for *an act of piracy*, and may be brought to trial before the civil or military authorities of any Power within the jurisdiction of which he may be found."

But the Conference was not content to leave the matter at that. It accepted another clause to the following effect:—

The signatory Powers recognise the practical impossibility of using submarines as commerce destroyers without violating, as they were violated in the recent war of 1914-1918, the requirement universally accepted by civilised nations for the protection of the lives of neutrals and non-combatants, and to the end that the prohibition of the use of submarines as commerce destroyers shall be universally accepted as a part of the law of nations they now accept that prohibition as henceforth binding as between themselves, and they invite all other nations to adhere thereto.

Those declarations were not drafted either by the Earl of Balfour or Lord Lee of Fareham, who had urged that submarines should be abolished. They were drawn up by Senator Root, of the United States, and agreed to by the delegates of the United States, Japan, France, Italy, and the British Empire, and were presumably endorsed by the naval advisers. The treaty in which those declarations were embodied has not been ratified, because the French Government has failed to implement it. But whether it be ratified or not, its condemnations stand on record for all time. They cannot be expunged from the proceedings of this Conference. Has the world repented of the humane sentiments which found expression at Washington? Is the torpedoing, at sight, of liners crowded with passengers, and merchantmen with their defenceless crews, to be regarded as an ordinary and legitimate incident in any future war? That is an assumption that may be drawn from the failure to ratify this treaty. There are 341 submarines afloat, and upwards of 70 more submarines are building or have been authorised. How will they be used in the next war?

* * * * *

Sir Austen Chamberlain recently observed that "it is a commonplace that fear and suspicion are at the root of all evils as between nation and nation." Must international relations continue to be poisoned by the fear and suspicion

that the submarine may in some future war be used as the Germans used it? That is a prospect which should move all governments to study the problem afresh. They may well ask: Is the submarine worth while? This country is not the only one possessing merchant shipping, as might be imagined by much that is written. In that respect its predominance is not what it was, as the following statement showing the amount of tonnage owned by the principal Powers, first on the eve of the war, secondly in 1921, when the war was over, and thirdly at June last, indicates.

SEA-GOING STEEL AND IRON STEAM AND MOTOR TONNAGE OWNED BY THE PRINCIPAL MARITIME COUNTRIES.

(Thousands of gross tons, i.e., 000's omitted.)

Country.	June, 1914.	June, 1921.	June, 1925.
Great Britain and Ireland ...	18,877	19,288	19,274
British Dominions ...	1,407	1,950	2,230
British Empire ...	20,284	21,238	21,504
United States ...	1,837	12,314	11,605
Austria Hungary ...	1,052	nil	nil
Denmark ...	768	866	1,008
France ...	1,918	3,046	3,262
Germany ...	5,098	654	2,993
Greece ...	820	576	890
Holland ...	1,471	2,207	2,585
Italy ...	1,428	2,378	2,894
Japan ...	1,642	3,063	3,741
Norway ...	1,923	2,285	2,555
Spain ...	833	1,094	1,120
Sweden ...	992	1,037	1,215
Other countries ...	2,398	3,459	3,413
Foreign Total ...	22,230	32,979	37,281
World's Total ...	42,514	54,217	58,785

It is also assumed that this country, because it happens to be an island and the centre of a maritime empire, is the only one dependent upon overseas supplies. The remarkable revelation of the war was that France, Italy, and indeed every country, lives in varying degree on the seas. If we had not kept our shipping moving during the struggle, in face of all the horrors of the submarine campaign, our seamen refusing to be cowed by the enemy's menacing threats or intimidated by their bitter experiences, every Allied country on the Continent

of Europe—France, Italy, and the rest—would have been starved of munitions as well as food, and would have stood defeated even though the armies of the Central Powers had remained inactive, resting on their arms. The submarine, as it was handled by the Germans, and might be handled by any other Power in the future, must be regarded not as the enemy of any one Power but of all Powers which use the seas. In the Official History of Sea-borne Commerce, Mr. C. Ernest Fayle, after digesting all the facts and figures bearing on the influence of the war by sea on the nations of the world, records:—

In the first place, the course of the war emphasised beyond all precedent and beyond all general expectation, the importance of maritime communications. The dependence of Great Britain on oversea supplies was an accepted axiom, but the extent to which that dependence was shared, at any rate under war conditions, by other nations had hardly been sufficiently appreciated. The dependence was, however, the inevitable result of the economic developments of the century preceding the war, the increasing importance to industrial countries of raw materials and fuel, and the increasing tendency of such countries to rely on foreign sources to supplement their own production of food stuffs. In Germany, where the process of industrialisation had been very rapid during recent years, it had been accompanied by an intensification of agricultural development, but this agricultural development itself was based on large oversea supplies of artificial fertilisers and concentrated feeding stuffs. Indeed, the extent to which European food production depended on imported fodder and fertilisers was only one of the lessons most clearly brought out by the war.

For all the belligerents alike this dependence on oversea supplies was greatly accentuated by the character of the war itself. The development of naval and military material, and the direct demands of the fighting armies on the products of industry, exceeded anything that had been known or anticipated, and those demands increased, both directly and indirectly, the importance of maritime communications; directly because no country produced in itself all the materials necessary to the arming and equipment of its forces; indirectly because the diversion of labour to the war industries as well as to the fighting line inevitably reacted on the home output, whether of food or of the civil industries.

To France and Italy the freedom of overseas communications was as vital as to Great Britain herself, and though Germany's balance of agricultural and industrial strength fitted her to endure a prolonged period of isolation better than any other European Power, she was able to hold out for four and a half years only at the cost of a complete economic and social collapse, which was indeed precipitated by military defeat, but had already become inevitable.

It may be urged that we have least to fear from the misuse of the submarine, because, first, we have many ports and it is difficult to blockade them all simultaneously,

and, secondly, because our resources for defence are immeasurably greater than those of any other nation. We have not only an immense seafaring population, but we possess also a vast array of small craft and unrivalled shipbuilding resources which, as the Great War showed, can speedily be mobilised in an emergency. When the Armistice was signed we had nearly 3,000 surface craft engaged in hunting down submarines, and hunting them down successfully. What this country has done once it could do again, and with better effect, since it has accumulated a larger volume of experience than any other country.

It is no idle question when it is asked "Is the submarine worth while?" As a man-of-war pitted against other men-of-war its failure has been conspicuous, and as a pirate ship it not only brought no victory to the Germans but was directly responsible for embroiling her with every neutral Power, and proved at last the agent which dragged the United States, unwilling to intervene, into the war. The submarine is not cheap to build or maintain; it is not easily handled; it becomes obsolete rapidly. It stands alone and apart because it can never serve the purposes of civilisation, as, for instance, the aeroplane and airship may serve them. From the humanitarian point of view, which is that of ordinary men and women, it has been exposed as the weapon of barbarism, which, when it is employed as the Germans employed it, and as any Power, in desperation, may conceivably employ it in future, out-rides anything done by pirates of the past, whom it was the universal custom to treat without mercy.

THE FRATELLINI

BY JOHN PALMER

ONE is at the outset oppressed by a melancholy doubt. Is it safe to assume that the Fratellini do not need an introduction to the city in which Grimaldi delighted our great-grandfathers? Is it possible to speak of the Fratellini to English readers as friends of all the world and a household delight? These are questions as sad as they are rhetorically expectant of a negative. And yet the Fratellini, if they had happened to choose London for the city of their adoption, instead of allowing Paris to choose them, would now be as familiar to us all as Mr. George Robey, and for reasons just as prevailing. Let me confess at once that this article is topically inspired by the hope that we may yet be able to remedy a grievous error. There is no reason, as I hope to show, why London should not share with Paris the pleasure of affording hospitality to the most accomplished clowns of their generation, or why the Fratellini should not be as beloved by the people of England as by the people of France.

It is now two years since the French Academy, with a bold and liberal gesture, admitted these admired comedians among its officers, perhaps the most popular and generally applauded act of grace ever performed by a learned society. "Je vous félicite cordialement," said the Minister Léon Bérard, who received them into this distinguished company, "au nom de tous les petits enfants de Paris dont vous faites la joie et aussi de leurs pères, ces autres grands enfants qu'on appelle des hommes." Among the grown-up children to whom allusion was intended must be included most of the theatrical producers, men of letters, and deputies of Paris. For the Fratellini unite all ages and classes in a common pleasure. The simple public laughs without desiring to know the reason. Its more sophisticated members may seek to know the reason, and may even discover it, but they laugh none the less easily for that. Psychologists seeking a text for a treatise on laughter might with advantage take the

Fratellini. Such a text would at least drive them towards a very broad conception of this very curious phenomenon, challenging them to explain a mental gesture that can simultaneously afflict every age, sex, race and condition. The Fratellini elicit laughter from the most stubborn individuals. They make women laugh just for the fun of the thing—a much more difficult achievement than is commonly supposed. They provoke laughter in a French civil servant as easily as in a Russian peasant. They have made even the Spaniards laugh, though it hurt them terribly. They are an adequate test of the capacity of laughter in any man, woman or child, and I should have considerable hesitation in trusting anybody who failed to respond. There would so obviously be something lacking in his humanity. God or beast was Aristotle's dilemma for the solitary man, and the same alternative must hold for anybody who fails to delight in the Fratellini. At any rate he is no fit companion for ordinary human beings. I am not an intolerant father, but if ever I were so unfortunate as to have a son who failed to laugh at the Fratellini I should feel it necessary to beat him.

For the last few years travellers through Paris have always been sure of finding the Fratellini at home between the hours of nine and half-past ten in the evening in their underground retreat at the Cirque Médrano. The brothers rarely entered the ring before eleven o'clock, and, while converting their very individual faces into those familiar masks with which they meet the world professionally, they were always ready to tolerate an intelligent invasion. There is a famous picture of that little cave of mirth showing the brothers at ease, waiting for their call into the ring, among all the grotesque implements and devices of their craft, so thickly hung or strewn about the shelves and tables that it seems as though all the jokes of all the clowns who ever lived had taken shape and feature, as though old witticisms that had set a thousand tents a-roar were there preserved like flies in amber. It was with something of a shock that I saw from the newspapers during my last visit to Paris that the Fratellini had left the Cirque Médrano and were performing at the Cirque

d'Hiver, and I went at once to inquire. It was too true, and in deference to old associations I was inclined to receive the information sadly. It has, however, its brighter side. The spacious and well-appointed dressing-room at the Cirque d'Hiver may be less picturesque than the cellar in Montmartre; but it is more convenient and more accessible, and it represents a change for the better in worldly fortune. The Fratellini are now directors with a policy and a programme of their own, and for us the change is of some importance, as it would enable them, if the invitation came, to divide their time between Paris and London. The Fratellini have always looked longingly at England, though hitherto they have been unfortunate. They came to London at a time when the circus was completely out of favour. It is true that they have made one or two appearances at English theatres of variety. But their art, unlike that of Grock, is not of the theatre, it is pre-eminently of the circus, and in any case they were never long enough in England to establish that complete and intimate sympathy between themselves and the crowd which, as we shall see, is the essential secret of their success. Should we, however, ever have a permanent circus in London, it would be the obvious mission of the Fratellini to restore amongst us a vanished art, thus repeating the achievement which they have during the last ten years performed so successfully in Paris.

To-day in Paris there are three circuses permanently open. To go to the circus is a family institution, one that contributes largely to the friendliness and harmony of the Paris home. For here is something that unites parents and children in a common pleasure, shared by all to the same high degree. We have nothing analogous in England, where children who try to share the pleasures of their parents run the risk of becoming prematurely sophisticated. Hardly any institution in the world can have contributed so generously to maintaining and publicly exhibiting the unities of family life than the Paris circus. A child who has seen his parents laugh at the Fratellini can at least be sure that they belong to the same order of humanity.

To what are we to attribute the decay of the circus in England?

One of the reasons, peculiar to England, was the wave of gentility that passed over the middle classes of English society towards the end of the nineteenth century, a movement which swept away the old music hall, the living product of a popular inspiration, in favour of the pretentious and ostensibly more respectable theatre of varieties. Even the pantomime, where the old popular spirit might at least have been expected to survive for the sake of the children, was affected. The old harlequinade, with its red-hot poker and sausages, succumbed to the false æsthetic snobbery of the camp followers of the musical and decorative arts, who carried away the pantomime and most of the lighter forms of entertainment into the Babylonish captivity from which they are only just beginning to emerge. The decay of the circus and the music hall was a movement which corresponded with the rise of the restaurant with marble pillars, where at popular prices the public may enjoy a *grandeur* which would be so delightfully exclusive if only it were not so terribly accessible. There was nothing to correspond with this movement in Paris, the most snobbish of whose citizens would never regard a marble balcony as a desirable substitute for a good dinner. The generation which made the fortune of Sir Joseph Lyons, and which abandoned the old Tivoli for the new Hippodrome, was unlikely to seek its pleasures on the benches of a circus, or permit itself to shake with laughter at the antics of a clown. That is the worst of social dignity. There are so many things at which "we are not amused." The companionable laughter of the ring is a dangerous solvent of the snobbery of classes. One may find oneself laughing with a grocer, or suddenly become aware of kinship with the errand boy. *Noblesse oblige*. Remember Lord Froth of Congreve's comedy: 'But to laugh at the joke of a common person or when no person of quality laughs with one, ridiculous. . . . Now when I laugh, I always laugh alone.' There is always a large class of people in England who would rather be bored with the best people than amused in the company of

their natural friends. And always they are the worst enemies of art in all its manifestations.

But the decay of the circus was not peculiar to England. There was a general cause common to most European countries, a cause which was comprehensively embodied in the egregious person of the late Mr. Barnum. Barnum killed the circus by developing its least attractive elements. The circus under his influence became a monstrous menagerie of tame beasts; an exhibition of vulgar and frequently revolting curiosities; a loud, distracting and bewildering display of tedious virtuosity. This kind of circus still survives in Germany, where it travels from town to town, bragging of its three rings where simultaneous performances are continually in progress, of its huge and varied collection of animals, acrobats, jugglers, fire-eaters and equestrian experts. French and English taste was rightly offended, and the circus died. In France, however, it has risen again owing to the tact and enterprise of directors who remembered the old traditions, and of one or two artists of genius who inherited its special gifts. Of these the Fratellini were easily the most remarkable. These men remembered, to begin with, that the whole secret of the circus lay in concentrating the attention of the crowd, of bringing its members into touch with the performer and with one another, so that anything in the nature of a show, of display or distraction, was foreign to its spirit. The idea that three rings was better than one could only have occurred to a megalomaniac insensitive to the most elementary realities of his craft. The circus, to succeed, must bring all eyes and minds to a focus, and this, above all, is the true function of the clown and one that has never perhaps been more completely fulfilled in any generation than by the Fratellini. It is this which distinguishes the art of the circus from that of the variety theatre. At the Coliseum or Hippodrome there is an audience which watches a spectacle or performance more or less remote, proceeding in a little world of its own on the further side of the proscenium and footlights. At the Médrano there is a circle of spectators actively participating in the play of the ring, sharing its sentiments and vicissitudes,

provoked into companionable laughter, contributing to the atmosphere and progress of the evening by being brought into communion. No one has put this more eloquently or sensitively than Jacques Copeau, the famous producer and actor of the Vieux Colombiers, one of the most constant and enthusiastic admirers of the Fratellini :—

Vous êtes des acteurs populaires. Tout Paris vous connaît. Quand vous mettez le pied sur la piste, les hommes, les femmes, les enfants, de toutes âges, de toutes classes, qui emplissent les gradins de Médrano, communient instantanément dans le geste d'accueil qu'ils vous font. Ils ne sont plus séparés les uns des autres. Ils ne se jugent plus les uns les autres. Leur âme est avec vous dans ce cercle de lumière qui accompagne chacun de vos mouvements. François, Paul, Albert, n'est-ce pas un grand bonheur? J'ai vu quelquefois des larmes dans vos yeux.

Copeau goes on to speak of the purity of style of the Fratellini (of which more hereafter) and of a quality at present more immediately to the point, which he calls their *gentillesse*. This *gentillesse* is merely another aspect of the popular side of their art, of its comradeship with the spectators, its sweet and genial accessibility. It is the quality intended by the Elizabethans who referred so continually to "gentle" Shakespeare, an epithet, much misunderstood by the critics, which was intended to convey precisely this *gentillesse* that goes straight to the minds and hearts of children and of all who have temporarily put away the dull complexities of modern life and are seeking refreshment in simple pleasures. There is in *gentillesse* a familiarity which is never vulgar, a freedom which is never indiscreet, an enthusiasm which is never loud, an innocence which is never foolish, an extravagance which is never irrational. It is the quality that stands for everything that is most attractive and necessary in a child. In France children are *gentils*, or, if they are not, they are horrid and ought to be smacked. And *gentillesse* is the quality most of all desirable in the comedian or clown. The clown who has it subtly conveys in his art an indestructible sense of its dignity and significance. It keeps him free of malice and all uncharitableness. We feel that his mask is not a mere flouting of humanity, but a significant expression of the human comedy.

All this may seem excessive, perhaps, to those who

remember the circus mainly as a derelict entertainment for the village green, but to French critics familiar with the work of the Fratellini it will all be so obvious as to be scarcely worth recording. It is, moreover, historically quite inevitable. The art of the Fratellini is no rough-and-tumble product of an institution which recently rejoiced in the Siamese twins or in a pig born without any toes. It is in kind and quality a derivative of the old Italian comedy, the *commedia dell'arte*. The old Italian comedy presented certain traditional characters or types, and the actors assuming these characters extemporised appropriate speech and gesture within the limits of the tradition. The comedy thus combined fidelity to tradition with individual freedom. The art was an art of improvisation restrained and kept within appropriate limits by a definite style. It combined purity of form with exuberance of spirit. It was at the same time precise and enthusiastic, formal and free. It selected the significant points of a human character, converted them into a type, but allowed the type to abound and develop according to the inspiration of the moment. It caught at human features, fixed and converted them into a mask; but the mask, portraying essential characteristics, became more humanly expressive than any of the individual faces of which it was composed. It is this art of the mask or type which the Fratellini have inherited, together with that gift of individual improvisation which permits of infinite variations appropriate to the character. Paul Fratellini presents the ordinary man of the world, of anxious intelligence, artful and serious, an epitome of the majority of men who tread the middle ways of life. François, with his white face, delicately pencilled brows, sensitive mouth, and brilliant eyes, is the artist or poet type. He has a curiously enthusiastic detachment, enjoying feverishly his own failures and successes. And in all that he does there is a fantastic, often a distressing, beauty which endears him, above all, to the children who, satisfied in their instinct for significance and simplicity of line and effect, never fail to be fascinated. Albert is the "Auguste" or buffoon, his face presenting the very ecstasy of folly, preserving through all his inconsequent acts and all the

vicissitudes of his career the same idiot smile, the same ingenious and serene eagerness of mien, an unconquerable fool, embodying the eternal charity of God for his cherished imbeciles. These are types which, if deliberately chosen to present an epitome of human life, could not have been more discreetly selected—the man of small affairs, the artist and the fool, simplified down to their essentials, fundamentally unchanging but expressing themselves in perfect freedom and in a hundred different ways.

It is in their fidelity to the types they have chosen that the Fratellini show their purity of style to which allusion has already been made. They show it also in the economy and precision of all their effects, which are never more nor less than are required to deal with the audience surrounding them. Their work has the unfailing beauty of a perfect adjustment of means to ends. And the end is invariable: to keep in tune and touch, within the limits of the characters they present, with the people. Partly the effort is instinctive. Their art rests upon a continuous communion and sympathy with the crowd, and quite unthinkingly they hasten or retard, emphasise or attenuate, their appeal in accordance with the atmosphere of the ring. But the Fratellini are artists whose intelligence, vigilant and aware, actively assists their instinct. At the end of every performance, whether the programme be old or new, they record in a diary its effect upon the audience. Perhaps something has failed of its old effect; or perhaps an unexpected inspiration of the moment has gone home unusually well. The fact is recorded. There is an excited discussion of the reasons why this has failed or that succeeded. And the remedy is sought and usually discovered. One has only to compare this procedure with the mechanical repetition for a hundred nights, each repetition tending to be more perfunctory than the last, of a fashionable comedy in the theatres of Paris or London to realise the essential difference between the art of the clown in the hands of the Fratellini and the art of the modern actor.

An art of this character clearly requires a fertility of

invention, a readiness and responsiveness, which is only possible in the rarest of comic spirits. The invention of the Fratellini, their ability to improvise something novel and unexpected every week of the season, is a thing at which I marvel increasingly as the years go by. I never fail to see them whenever I am in Paris, and I have never seen them twice in the same programme. This exuberant creativeness is imposed on them by their continuous sojourn in the same city. The artist of the music hall goes on tour. The circus usually travels from town to town. But the Fratellini are at home in Paris for the greater part of the time. It is a terrible test which few men who have to be their own authors and producers and actors are asked to undergo; but it is a test which the Fratellini triumphantly survive, and one which keeps their art alive and simple, preserving that element of freshness and adaptability which is the secret of their success.

There is perhaps no better way of appreciating this quality than by comparing their work with that of Grock, a clown more familiar to the English public. Grock is a comic artist of the first rank, but his talent is as limited and as inelastic as that of the Fratellini is boundless and free. Grock has built up his performance, which played at the right tempo should never last more than twenty minutes, through a lifetime of care and reflection. He is slow of invention and can leave nothing to the chance of the moment. He cannot vary his behaviour or adapt his temperament in accordance with the mood or character of his audience, and for all his talent he was never really successful in the circus. He is an artist of the variety theatre. He gives a performance to be watched in a spirit of detachment. We laugh at Grock, but we laugh with the Fratellini. He will often, in order to lengthen his programme, repeat a trick till his audience is weary of it; and, if asked to go beyond the limits of the performance which he has so laboriously established, he will not only fail completely but, what is even more significant, he will not know to what extent he has failed. The Fratellini may fail in one of the hundred experiments they try upon the crowd in the course of the season, but they are immediately aware

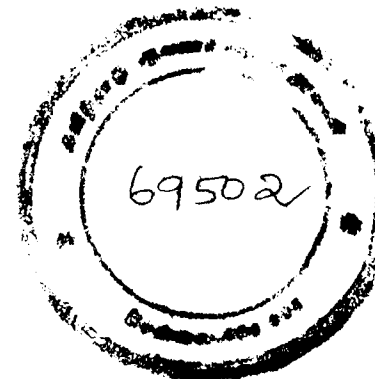
of it, they correct the item at once, and invariably snatch a victory from the jaws of defeat. They cannot remain for one instant in the ring without becoming sensitive to the mood of the audience and realising the effect they are achieving.

Of the success of the Fratellini in England, and their ability to revive in this country the art of the circus in accordance with the classic tradition, there can be no possible doubt or misgiving. Paris has established a prior claim, partly owing to the fact that her people are readier for simple pleasures than ourselves, but largely owing to the mere accidents of geography. The Fratellini are no more French than English. Before settling down in Paris they wandered at large through every country of Europe, following in the steps of their Italian father, Gustave Fratellini, whose traditions they inherited, and whose craft they have practised from childhood. They thoroughly understand the English mind (one of the brothers has an English wife), and their English accent is neither more nor less quaintly comprehensible than the Florentine intonations which fall so pleasantly on the ears of the Parisians. Their view of the circus as directors is as enlightened as their practice, and they are never likely to repeat the blunders that brought it into disrepute. Were I Maecenas, I would dedicate an English circus to the Fratellini, and live for ever afterwards in a glow of conscious rectitude, sure of being blessed by an increasing generation.

In concluding an article which has become much more personal in character than I intended, it may be well to point out that the Fratellini, having inherited and restored an old tradition, have taken care to ensure that it shall not again die out. The three brothers have between them eleven children, several of whom have already stood with their fathers in the ring. Already we can see that the succession is assured. The sense of dedication, without which no clown was ever born or made, is perpetuated in certain of the youngest members of the family, and there could be no more touching expression of the permanence and con-

tinuity of their art than to behold the Fratellini in the ring mocked by a repetition of themselves in miniature.

The revival in Paris of the tradition which this family down to the third generation have in their keeping is the second restoration of the old Italian inspiration. The first revival was in England towards the end of the eighteenth century, and it culminated in Grimaldi. We accordingly have every right to claim a share in the Fratellini. The home of the modern clown for several generations was in London, and the debt to England in the development of his art is recognised throughout Europe, wherever a ring may be established. It is clearly recognised by the Fratellini, who would regard the revival amongst us of their ancient mystery as an appropriate climax to their astonishing career.



REGENT STREET AND ITS MEMORIES

BY E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

ALTHOUGH Regent Street owed the beauty of its famous curve and the width of its thoroughfare to John Nash, it must not be supposed that he ran his surprising innovation through houses and byways as Haussmann was permitted to do in the Paris of the Second Empire. For there had always existed a relatively considerable street here from so far back as Elizabethan days, when, from a rare plan dated 1585, we see that an important highway joined Piccadilly with Oxford Street (described as the "Waye from Colbrooke," and the "Waye from Uxbridge"), following a course not dissimilar from the present Regent Street. This thoroughfare was known as Great Swallow Street, and that earlier suggestions had been made to widen it and to lessen the sharp angle where it joined Marybone Street, as well as to make its continuation, Little Swallow Street, of uniform size, is shown by those "improvements" which John Gwynn adumbrated in 1766, and of which it may, parenthetically, be remarked that nearly every one was destined to materialise, on more or less similar lines, in the hands of other and later town-planners. Nash's scheme is therefore chiefly notable for the way he carried it out, a way in which his originality of treatment was all his own.

The dominant idea in his mind was to run a wide and splendid thoroughfare from Carlton House, which Holland had reconstructed in 1783, to the Regent's Park, then recently laid out by Mr. James Morgan, from Nash's own designs, in 1812. The original scheme included St. Albans Street, facing the Regent's palace, through St. James's Market to Castle Street, where it was to form a quadrant, intersecting Swallow Street, and thence following the line of that thoroughfare to Oxford Street; and so north, through Foley House, to Portland Place. Foley House (not the residence so called which still exists, but

one on the site of the Langham Hotel) was purchased for this purpose, but some of the ground not being required, Sir James Langham bought it, and employed Nash to erect a house for him on the site. It is probable that Nash, having his pet scheme in mind, designed the house rather to suit that scheme than Langham's convenience; in any case, Sir James was so dissatisfied that he dismissed the architect, who thereupon completely changed the outline of his new thoroughfare, so that it ran as it does to-day, with the amazing church as a kind of termination to a vista which would otherwise have been a rural rather than an ecclesiastical one.

An Act of Parliament having been obtained in 1813, Regent Street was forthwith begun, and by 1817 the portion as far as Piccadilly, now Lower Regent Street and Waterloo Place, was completed. It was obviously the most difficult part of the task, for while this relatively short distance occupied some three years in getting itself completed, the entire remainder of the thoroughfare took exactly the same time; and it was only in 1820 that it was practically finished.

Hitherto the streets of London had been all brick, and Nash's stuccoed and classic convention was hailed with a complacent satisfaction which is reflected in the contemporary criticism passed on it, in both books and newspapers. To-day many of us are bemoaning the loss of this later Georgian atmosphere in a thoroughfare bearing so outstanding a Georgian title. Perhaps we are rather apt to over-estimate the beauty and dignity of these earlier structures—now they are gone; but there is no doubt that what is to be for ever regretted is the loss of that unique and amazingly graceful semi-circular entrance to the street, which the very uniformity and comparatively dwarf character of Nash's edifices accentuated. The passing of this is indeed to be lamented; although it might have been foreseen when the Piccadilly Hotel began to tower aloft, and Norman Shaw sounded the death knell of the Nash convention.

Nothing is more difficult for the mind to recapture than a building that has disappeared and been replaced by

something alien in outline; and so already are we forgetting the features of the Regent Street once so familiar.

As an aid to recalling it, however, we have happily those remarkable elevations of London streets, which Tallis began to publish in the year 1838, and which reproduce for us with infinite pains and accuracy the exact appearance of London's buildings. By them we shall see that so far from being merely a street of shops (although that has always been its outstanding characteristic) Regent Street contained churches and clubs and private houses (Nash himself lived at its lower end), and that in this respect it may be regarded as the most catholic-minded of thoroughfares, and were it not for Piccadilly, which begins commercially and ends in an aristocratic aura, unique among London's highways.

One somehow always seems to forget that that lower portion of the thoroughfare which runs from Pall Mall to Piccadilly, and of which Waterloo Place is the widest part, is Regent Street at all. But it is really its noble beginning, and here the Athenæum first had its headquarters; here the *London Magazine* was first published, making known to the innumerable readers of the day the charming whimsicalities of Lamb and the exquisite style of De Quincey; and here the Guards' Memorial is flanked by Sidney Herbert, in bronze, and Florence Nightingale with her historic lamp. Nearly the whole of this part of the street has been rebuilt, and Nash's own house stands in a truncated state as almost the last vestige here of his handiwork which a century ago was rising all over London. Another feature of the thoroughfare long since forgotten was St. Philip's Chapel, which Repton designed in 1819, and which stood between Nos. 11 and 13.

It is, however, with the Quadrant, as it was called, although the colonnade which formed it can be remembered by few, that Regent Street seems naturally to begin. That double row of 270 columns was the outstanding feature of the thoroughfare; and curiously enough its genesis was due to a change of plan necessitated by the erection of the County Fire Office, designed by Robert Abraham, at the spot where Nash had intended his street

to run due north. Colonnades are not greatly affected, or, indeed, needed by us as they are in warmer countries, and in consequence of the darkness caused to the shops within them, and perhaps for other reasons, Nash's cast-iron columns were removed in 1848.

Contemporary writers on London remark on the number of gaming houses that clustered then about the Quadrant, a fact which appears in the pages of Thackeray and others; but they also note the presence of splendid shops, the windows of many being sometimes "formed of a single pane of plate glass, so beautifully transparent as almost to induce the spectator to doubt its existence as a barrier to the touch," as one of them writes in something like a rhapsody of admiration.

The gambling houses were not, however, confined to the Quadrant, and we know that several managed to squeeze themselves into the exiguousness of *Air Street*, a street, by the way, which the rate books show to have been in existence in 1659, and which was then the most westerly one in London, *credite posteri*. In 1671 Colonel Panton, that inveterate builder, applied for a licence to finish certain houses as a continuation of Windmill Street, and *Ayre Street*, as it was then called, is incidentally mentioned in the petition. When Nash began his great scheme he ran his colonnade across the byway, on both sides of the main thoroughfare, and a portion of it remained at these points long after the rest had been cleared away. To-day heavy rusticated archways give entrance to the street.

It is always amusing to read the descriptions of old writers concerning architectural features which our enlarged ideas on such subjects have relegated to the limbo of well-nigh negligible things. Thus we are told that *Glasshouse Street* "is a respectable street (which one never doubted) of large houses and shops" (which would have taken some finding before the present buildings sprang up in it)—a long cry from the days when mounds were thrown up hereabouts in 1642-43 to protect the city from the Royalists, and formed part of the fortifications at which the citizens and their families worked so feverishly.

As we round what was once the famous curve, the whole

length of Regent Street stretches away before us. Rising on both sides are the great piles of buildings with which contemporary architects have replaced those structures of Nash, each of which in its day was regarded *are perennius*, and which excited so much enthusiasm that one writer remarks, "there is not another city in the world which can boast of a street possessing the architectural beauties of Regent Street, which has justly been termed a continuation of Palaces."

Among the thoroughfare's many by-ways Foubert's Place is one of the most interesting, for it takes its name from that Major Foubert who, in the days of Charles II., set up here his Riding Academy, in a long, low, red-brick building, destroyed when Swallow Street was done away with. It was a regular resort for the gallants of the time, and Mr. Evelyn, who took much interest in the venture, was to be seen here in talk with Prince George of Denmark; while the King spared £100 from his never very overflowing treasury to forward Foubert's good work.

Almost opposite Foubert's Place *Conduit Street* perpetuates in its name that Conduit Mead, as the 27 acres field through which it was formed was called, a field described as Conduit Meadowe in the plan of 1585 to which I have already referred. The street had been begun before 1691, for Evelyn refers to it by name in that year, and speaks of going to a service in the then newly erected Trinity Chapel there. It was not, however, completed till 1713. The chapel, originally of wood and slate, had served for James II.'s camp at Hounslow, and had afterwards been removed hither; it may be seen indicated as standing at the end of Old Bond Street, in Morden and Lea's plan of London. The chapel of Archbishop Tenison, in Regent Street itself, which was pulled down in 1877, was a sort of successor to the earlier wooden structure, but on a very different site, *i.e.*, two doors to the north of Chapel Court.

Conduit Street has many memories. Here it was that that fire-eater Lord Camelford, who lodged in Bond Street, had his quarrel with Captain Best, which resulted in the duel in which he was killed; and Carew Mildmay, according to

Pennant, remembered shooting woodcocks in these fields before Lord Burlington, who was the first to build here, developed his property. When houses were erected the street was purely residential, and such as the Earl of Macclesfield and the notorious Duke of Wharton lived in it, as did Boswell and Wilberforce at a later day. Still later it became a favourite with physicians, and Sir Walter Farquhar, Pitt's doctor, Sir Astley Cooper, and Dr. Elliotson, to whom in gratitude for his services Thackeray dedicated *Pendennis*, were among them. A tablet on one of the houses tells us that Canning lived in it; but perhaps the street's principal claim to fame is the fact that here Charles James Fox was born on January 24th, 1749; his mother, Lady Caroline Fox, being then in lodgings while Holland House was preparing for her reception. The thoroughfare, of course, had its tavern—"The Prince of Wales"—where, by the way, the Royal Literary Fund was inaugurated in 1772, and where Camelford's quarrel with Best came to a head.

Argyll Street, opposite, was formerly called Little Argyll Street, and takes its name from a plain residence "with a small area and wall before it," which once belonged to the ducal family of this name, where the beautiful duchess, the younger of the Gunning sisters, died in 1790. Later, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, the "Athenian Aberdeen" of Byron's verse, purchased it, and on his death in 1860, it was sold and demolished, and eventually became the site of the building known to one's childhood as Hengler's Circus. Argyll Street has a Johnsonian flavour, for here Mrs. Thrale lived at one time, and before her marriage with Piozzi, wherever Mrs. Thrale was, the great man was not far off for long. Northcote, too, lived here before he went to Argyll Place; and the street is further notable as having been the birth-place of Sir Joseph Banks and the lodging of Madame de Staël. That once famous musical haunt, the Argyll Rooms, was housed in the building with its classic semi-circular front, at the north-west corner of the street, and here the Philharmonic Society gave its concerts; here Liszt appeared as a youth; and here Mendelssohn conducted,

and, on one occasion, led his great C Minor Symphony. In the February of 1830, the Argyll Rooms were destroyed by fire, but the premises were rebuilt on practically the old lines, and in Tallis's day were occupied as a business house.

On the opposite side of Regent Street, almost facing Argyll Street, once stood the Hanover District Chapel, a structure surmounted by two square towers or turrets, designed by Cockerell, and opened in 1825. The Ionic portico of this building was copied from that of Minerva Polias, at Priene; but always looked rather out of place in this alien environment. In view of the fact that Northcote lived opposite, it was appropriate that his "Agony in the Garden" should have been presented to the chapel by the Royal Institution. The building was demolished many years ago, and one cannot think that Regent Street had much reason to bemoan its loss, at least from an architectural point of view; even contemporary criticism, so lavish generally of epithets, could think of no more impressive one than "tasteful" to apply to it.

This chapel, or church as it later became, was flanked on one side by Princes Street, and here resided, we are told, "Mr. Joseph Merlin, an ingenious mechanic, who formed a museum here consisting of automata and other specimens of mechanical ingenuity. Among the great number of ingenious inventions, the following are the most remarkable: A new invented clock, the hydraulic vase, a barrel of mechanical music, a mechanical cruising frigate, the Temple of Flora, and a Merlin's Cave," etc. One can imagine our forbears, who were less sophisticated than we, and had a childish delight in such toys, crowding to see these curiosities, and, no doubt, when on the appropriately named Merlin's death in 1803 his collection was sold by auction, rushing to Christie's or wherever the sale took place, to grab up these very much considered trifles.

In pre-Nash days a small street known as Bolsover Street (where David Wilkie once lived), leading into Ogle Street, occupied the site on which the upper portion of Regent Street was to be formed; and in Rocque's plan of 1746 these relatively exiguous thoroughfares are shown

cutting through Castle Street, Margaret Street, and Mortimer Street, as the main thoroughfare does to-day. The present Market Place (at the east end of what is now Great Castle Street) and Titchfield Street meet at a point on which approximately stood Oxford Market, founded in 1731 by Edward, Earl of Oxford, who obtained permission for himself and his heirs to hold a market here three days a week. For many a long year it was a very flourishing concern, and although in later times its activity diminished, it actually survived till 1876, in the beginning of which year it was closed and its buildings and site sold; some four years later the former were demolished and a structure known as Oxford Mansion was erected in their place.

Castle Street is notable as having once contained one of the many London lodgings of Dr. Johnson, who was residing at No. 6 in the year 1738. But one has to go to the eastern end of the thoroughfare to find the site of his one-time house as well as that of Barry, the painter, who lived at No. 36, for the twenty years preceding his death, in a house which, according to one authority, had become proverbial for its dirty and ruinous state. Hardly anyone was admitted by the eccentric artist; but Burke did once dine with him here, and helped prepare the meal of chops while Barry ran out to get beer from an adjacent tavern!

All this part was the property of the Cavendish-Harleys, and Margaret Street perpetuates the name of the member of these two families who linked them up, Margaret Cavendish Harley, heiress of Edward, second Earl of Oxford of that creation; the "lovely little Peggy" of Prior's verse.

Margaret Street is best known by its church—All Saints, which Butterfield designed and which was consecrated in 1859. This structure is notable from one point of view, for it may be said to have revolutionised English ecclesiastical architecture, and no less an authority than G. E. Street, speaking of the sacred edifices that were arising at the time, remarked that "it was not only the most beautiful, but the most vigorous, thoughtful, and original of them all." Before it came into existence there stood

here an ugly brick building known as Margaret Chapel, which had been erected by Dr. Disney, and which, in 1776, David Williams, who had founded the Royal Literary Fund four years earlier in Conduit Street, opened for morning services; later it was taken by a mysterious sect who called themselves *Bereans*, a society that may be added to those innumerable cognate ones which gave Voltaire the opportunity for his famous *mot*.

It is usually overlooked that just as the present revival of the de Veres' title is that of Oxford and Asquith, so the earlier one, in the eighteenth century in favour of Edward Harley, was Oxford and Mortimer, *Mortimer Street* being one of the few obvious records of the fact.

At one time this thoroughfare was chiefly residential, and here it was, at No. 9, that Nollekens lived and, in 1823, died. All who know that rather bitter account of the sculptor written by his disappointed friend, J. T. Smith, are acquainted with his description of the house and the eccentric and penurious ways of its owner. Here Dr. Johnson sat for his bust, that bust which he once told Mrs. Porter had been unanimously condemned by Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Reynolds, and Mrs. Garrick, and with which the great man himself found fault, as being too overloaded with hair and making him look "like an ancient poet."

The church in Langham Place was erected in 1822-24, and was intended as a fitting end to Nash's new street, hence its shape and position. When it was in course of building it was subjected to much adverse criticism, and a Mr. H. G. Bennet even asked a question about it in the House of Commons, when he denounced it as "a deplorable and horrible object," asserting that he "had never seen so shameful a disgrace to the metropolis." Use, however, reconciles, and to-day we can look upon this confessedly strange object rather as a curiosity than a cause for contumely or abuse.

Now we have no new churches in Regent Street on which to flesh our critical blades, but we are confronted with a mass of commercial architecture which, taken as a whole, has, I think, done no little to vulgarise the thoroughfare. Much can be pointed out that is good; here and

there are structures whose architectural features are excellent; but it is in the *ensemble* that we seem to have passed from dignity to an ostentatious seeking after effect. There is something rather meretricious in this piling up of huge edifices which out-Vanbrugh Vanbrugh in laying their burden on the long-suffering earth; such things as are likely to impress those who find in mere massiveness a source of satisfaction, and on whom a gentler, more urbane, influence appears to be lost.

If we compare some of these vast structures with Nash's more moderate creations, the latter, especially in their dingy stucco-dress, are apt to suffer. But there was a restraint about the earlier work, and above all a homogeneity which is wholly lost in the rebuilt street; for instead of that exquisite curve, those regulated sky-lines, that happy mean in height which gave to a wide thoroughfare a still greater sense of width, we have now a double row of ponderous edifices which tower up to and obliterate much of the sky, automatically lessen the once gracious proportions of the street, and, in the words of Pope, written concerning his ducal contemporary who was bitten with a similar *cacoëthes ædificandi*, "bring all Brobdingnag before your thought."

TOWN GOVERNMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

BY WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON

THE need for a large extension of the powers and functions of local government authorities has long been recognised by those who know something of the crippled and truncated system under which our large municipalities are still administered. Visiting all the capitals and many other towns, large and small, in the course of a recent sojourn in South Africa, it was a revelation to me to find how much the youngest of the Dominions can teach us in relation both to the theory and the practice of town government, while the experience forcibly brought home to me anew our servile yet needless deference to tradition and convention.

The broad basis of the South African system of municipal administration is British, to the extent that the governing authorities work under enabling laws. Their powers, however, are frequently extended by Ordinances which can be obtained from the Provincial Governments at little expense, and as a rule without that time-wasting and tantalising manipulation of red tape which obstructs British local authorities at every turn. For the rest, much in the system is indigenous, the result of experience, though features of the rating system have been borrowed from the United States, and one capital town in particular has clearly benefited in several directions by German example.

Incorporation is granted more readily than in England. Indeed, in two of the provinces, the Transvaal and the Free State, there is no intermediate local authority between the village council and the municipal council, though local boards interpose in the Cape and Natal provinces. The control of local government is one of the functions of the Provincial Councils, whose chief executive officers are the Administrators, who answer broadly to the Chief Presidents

of Prussian provinces. In theory the Administrator's power is considerable, though the extent to which he uses it depends largely upon the strength of his personality. The town councils and their mayors are chosen pretty much as at home, but the number of members appears to be arbitrary and varies greatly in the several provinces, and there are no aldermen.

What impresses one at once is the large extent of the normal municipal area. This feature is doubtless due in large measure to the pastoral character of the early communities, and to the fact that they were often established in sparsely populated native territories, of which the Government, such as it was, claimed control and right of disposal. For example, the administrative area of Capetown, with a total population, European, coloured and native, of 206,000, is 60 square miles, and it has 290 miles of streets and roads; that of Johannesburg (combined population 293,000) is 82 square miles, with 770 miles of streets and roads; that of Pretoria (population 94,000) 40 square miles, with 180 miles of streets and roads; that of Pietermaritzburg (population 32,000) 42 square miles, with 130 miles of streets and roads; while Krugersdorp, a rising town on the Rand (population 42,000), has an administrative area of 90 square miles, with 60 miles of streets and roads.

Another interesting characteristic closely related to, and probably arising out of, the one just mentioned is the large extent to which the administrative area consists of town land or commonage. In this respect most municipalities of any age and consequence have benefited greatly. The practice of conferring upon a new municipality on its incorporation what may be called a dowry in land by way of hostage to fortune appears to have been followed by the Governments of all the former States. Thus, in spite of wholesale alienations in the course of years, Pretoria has still an estate of 18,000 acres, Bloemfontein one of about the same area, Pietermaritzburg one of 27,000 acres; while the little market town of Graaff-Reinet, in the Cape Midlands, with its population of 4,500 Europeans, owns 45,000 acres. The original idea of the land dowry may

have been to ensure ample grazing and arable land for the use of the inhabitants, but the town founders of those days built better than they knew, and in many places their foresight has greatly facilitated the tasks of administration.

Nevertheless, it strikes the visitor as anomalous that, with so much public land at disposal, the municipal authorities in general have not planned their towns on more spacious and more artistic lines. The usual "lay-out" of the streets, roads, and building blocks is rectangular, and, whether you like it or not, it has a justification in old Dutch tradition; while it must be admitted that a town which has been formally planned in straight lines cannot at once change over to curves, even if it had the wish, as South African towns clearly have not. An outstanding feature of both large and small towns is the high quality of their public buildings. These are, as a rule, planned on bold, dignified, and often stately lines, betokening a local pride and a spirit of emulation and enterprise which mean much for civic progress. The town halls of Cape-town, Durban, and Johannesburg are the more remarkable since, unlike the imposing town halls of some towns, which served State purposes in the past, they have been built at the sole cost of the municipalities. Even the smallest of towns make it a point of honour to house their administrations and centralise their public life in beautiful and costly buildings, even though efficient sewerage, good water supply, and other more prosaic undertakings have in some cases to wait as a result.

The essential public utility services are as a rule altogether in municipal hands, though there are notable exceptions; but the economic activities of most towns go far beyond these. Even the small towns have their public markets, abattoirs, baths and wash-houses, swimming baths, parks and playing grounds, besides libraries and reading-rooms, and in some cases beautiful botanical gardens.

It is when we come to their rating systems, however, that it is seen how entirely South African towns have forsaken British example and gone their own way. The basis of local rating is not the rental value, as with us, but the full value of the property assessed. In most towns land and

buildings are both rated, in some only sites, while in others there is a differential rate as between sites and buildings or "improvements." Where buildings are rated no deduction is allowed for repairs, and unoccupied dwellings pay the full rate. At Johannesburg the assessment is of site values only, all "improvements" being ignored; with the proviso that the official valuation may not exceed the value of the property in the open market. This method of rating has been chosen in the Golden City as affording encouragement to industry, which in consequence is not directly rated on buildings and machinery. The rates are paid almost invariably by the owner, who is left to recoup himself in the rent. In Durban, however, the tenant is responsible in the first instance, but in the event of his default the owner is liable, and the method of recovery by distraint is very summary, no civil action being necessary.

The municipal system of Bloemfontein, known as the Centre City, is particularly interesting. There I was delighted to meet a town clerk who had not only worked out a rational theory of urban government, but had succeeded, with the encouragement and support of a progressive town council, in carrying his ideas a long way into effect. It should be made clear, however, that in specially mentioning Mr. J. P. Logan, the official in question, who, it may be noted, went to South Africa from London, though without actual experience of municipal administration, I do not presume to institute invidious comparisons between Bloemfontein and other South African cities, still less between their municipal administrators. I merely single out this town as exemplifying a far wider conception of local government than we have yet grasped, in practice at least, in this country.

Bloemfontein was, of course, the capital of the Orange Free State in the old days, as it is now the capital of the province which perpetuates the familiar name. In consequence of the Union of 1910 two of the four capitals were required to renounce much of their political and administrative importance, but each of them received a share in the new honours and privileges which had to be distributed. Bloemfontein, though geographically in the very heart of

the country, failed to be chosen as the capital, but it was given the Supreme Court of Appeal and was made the centre for the instruction of the Defence Force. Wisely the city determined to rely more than before upon its own energies and resources, and in so doing to leave nothing to chance. A new era of development and progress did, indeed, open for it at that time. It is now a town of some 19,000 European and 20,000 native inhabitants; it is well built, intersected by beautiful avenues, and adorned by a full complement of the stately buildings which are the pride of all South African towns.

Standing on Naval Hill, the onlooker surveys a vast plain, every square yard of which, in every direction, is or was municipal property. Here is one of the secrets of Bloemfontein's prosperity. When granted about 1860, its land and dowry had an area of 27,000 acres, comprising the entire periphery of the town, with a radius of several miles, except in one direction. I heard the interesting story of its purchase. It is said that when the town was incorporated the Government commissioned a trusted agent, experienced in land purchase transactions, to buy land on its behalf largely and cheaply, and that when his commission was completed he returned home disappointed and disgruntled, complaining that the nature of his business had leaked out, with the result that ill-conditioned profiteers had inflated the price, so that for this little share of territory he had had to pay the inordinate figure of £250.

Since that time sites for all sorts of purposes have been sold, given, or leased to the value of about a quarter of a million pounds, all the money received therefrom being expended on public improvements, but the 18,000 acres which remain have an estimated value of at least the same sum. The major part of the land is available for town extensions, including sites for commercial and industrial works, these being, as a rule, adjacent to the railway, and for recreative and other miscellaneous purposes. Here it may be noted that for some time factories have been relegated to a special industrial area outside the town proper. A large acreage is set apart at convenient points as grazing

camps, for the use of which rents are received. Land is sold on a freehold or a leasehold basis, in either case at a moderate price as compared with what would have had to be paid if Bloemfontein had not a practical monopoly. When land is sold for building purposes it is subject to the condition that erection shall be begun within twelve months, for there can be no holding of land for a rise in value at Bloemfontein. In default rates must be paid not only on the land, but also on the value of the structure which should have been built.

A student of municipal government cannot be long in the town before he recognises that there is in operation here an administrative system which has been thought out and systematically built up, in most un-English fashion, on definite sociological principles. It is true that these principles have not been carried to any logical extreme, and in their application there is nothing that savours of the crude Communism of Hyde Park Corner oratory; yet within the limits that have proved practicable they may be said to represent a serious attempt to express local government in terms of social service and betterment. Broadly, the Bloemfontein conception of municipal government is that a town council is not an impersonal "authority" set up above or outside the community, but a condensation, an epitome of the community itself; hence that its policy and actions should be a faithful expression of the needs and aspirations of the citizens. A town council should regard itself as an agency of helpfulness, doing things in virtue of its collective power and resources which the individual citizen cannot efficiently or advantageously do for himself. Mr. Logan's view is that municipal policy should be directed towards two main aims: (1) to increase the productive resources and stimulate the productive activities of the community, with a view to extended commercial relations with other communities outside, and (2) to promote the efficiency of the general body of citizens, not only as men and women, but as units in the economic system.

A municipality may achieve the first of these objects (a) by performing services and providing conveniences "in bulk" wherever these things can be done better and

more economically by one hand than by many, so releasing a vast amount of individual energy and capital for more profitable employment in other directions; and also (6) by controlling the land, in virtue of public ownership, with a view to ruling out speculation, keeping down the costs of sites, and to that extent minimising the tribute paid by productive enterprise to money capital in the form of rent, leaving so much more capital in the hands of the men who build houses and factories, construct and employ machinery, and develop the industrial and agricultural resources of the country, and by so doing create new wealth instead of merely accumulating it.

The second object is to be achieved by the pursuance of a bold and well-considered policy of social welfare, by which the life of the citizens is kept at a high level, both physically and intellectually—a policy covering a wide range of activity, *e.g.*, efficient sanitation, housing, facilities for sport and recreation, hospital service, education, including technical training, etc.

Such are the theory and the ideal. How far are they translated into practice? From the economic standpoint municipal policy at Bloemfontein is governed by the idea of making the way plain for wealth-producing trade and industry, and one way of doing this is to relieve the wealth-producers of functions which impede their proper function and are not worth their while. For example, Bloemfontein provides water, electricity, and transport, and why? Because these enterprises, though so necessary, are not directly wealth-creating. Let business men devote their talents and capital to production, leaving the mere mechanism of social life in public hands. It is significant of the municipality's concern for the encouragement of business of all kinds that no trade licence fees are levied here, as in many South African towns. Mr. Logan himself is in favour of rating on land only, as at Johannesburg, but though Bloemfontein has not yet gone as far as that the change will come in time.

Other trading enterprises carried on by the municipality are cold storage works, a cattle market, stone quarries and sandpits, and brick and tile works; like Doncaster, Bloem-

fontein owns the local racecourse, though it does not appear to make as much money by it; and until recently it ran a picture-house, still called by the more refined name of bioscope in South Africa. It has also obtained power to keep a pawnshop, and intends to exercise it as soon as the necessary arrangements have been made. The possession of so much land has enabled the town to engage in forestry on a commercial scale. Some two million trees, largely pines and gums, have been planted on town lands, and it is estimated that in ten or twelve years' time their value will exceed the town's debt, already amply covered by income-producing assets.

Coming to measures of social welfare, we shall see that here again Bloemfontein goes far beyond the conventional limits of municipal concern for the public health. The water supply is derived from the Modder River, and though it is said to be extracted in the form of a yellow soup, after a fourfold treatment it reaches the public in a condition of excellent purity. As to sanitation, Bloemfontein makes the claim—which I am in a position neither to accept nor dispute—that it is the only town in South Africa that is fully sewered on modern principles, and it has never grudged the outlay of a quarter of a million pounds expended upon the work. The sewage fertilises the municipal farms and orchards, in area 100 acres. There is a public washhouse and steam laundry, the washing being done by native servants, who here work in sanitary conditions and under due control.

The utmost care is taken to ensure the purity of the meat supply. No meat may be sold to the public which has not passed through the municipal abattoir and been there killed under supervision, examined by an expert, duly certified as fit for human consumption, and finally kept in cold storage for twenty-four hours. There are municipal regulations imposing on butchers the duty of exercising the utmost cleanliness in the handling of meat, and so far does solicitude for the public health go that the town supplies the butchers' boys with smocks free, and both repairs and washes them without charge. Farm produce, fruit, vegetables, and other foodstuffs are

retailed under perfect hygienic conditions at commodious morning markets, at which housewives are able to obtain a large part of their supplies direct from the producers, to the great relief of their purses. Bloemfontein has, in fact, lower retail food prices than any other of the nine larger towns of the Union for which official returns are periodically published.

In the use made of its land reserves great importance is attached to the physical welfare of the community. Health and pleasure are promoted by a lavish provision of parks, gardens (including botanical and zoological gardens), and sport and recreation grounds of all kinds. The aim has been to meet, as far as possible, the special tastes and needs of all classes and ages. There are municipal cricket and football fields for the stalwarts, tennis courts for the devotees of mild athletics, croquet courts for those of the gentler sex who are not too modern to play an old-fashioned game, and boating in one of the parks for the nautically-minded; there are two golf courses, one at each end of the town, and the railwaymen have a course for themselves, likewise on town land; while bowling greens (eight of them) are at the disposal of the rotund, if not too stiff-jointed. A closed swimming bath of noble proportions, said to be the largest in South Africa, to which are attached cubicle baths of various kinds, is largely patronised by both sexes.

Special attention is paid to the interests of youth. Bloemfontein is a town of clubs, and the largest and most distinctive of them is known as the Ramblers' Club. Here young men and maidens are able to consort, engage in indoor and outdoor games, hold their reunions, and in general cultivate the social side of life on neutral ground and in pleasant surroundings. Not only did the municipality dedicate a large acreage of land to this novel institution, but it guaranteed a loan of £26,000 needed for building and equipping it. Surrounding the handsome and spacious club buildings are cricket, football, and hockey fields, a golf course, tennis and croquet courts, bowling greens, and a miniature rifle range; while inside are a number of billiard tables, smoking, reading and

writing rooms, a library, a refreshment room, a drawing-room with piano for the special use of lady members, and a theatre, concert and dancing hall. The club was immensely popular from the first, and it pays its way; a membership of 800 is convincing evidence that it fills a useful place in the social life of the town.

That Bloemfontein, as the monopolist landlord of the district, should be in the van of housing reform was to be expected. The municipality has spent over £40,000 in building small houses for its workmen, and it lends money to builders and individual householders for the same purpose. More than £600,000 has been advanced in this way, and so far without loss. It has also established on its estate a settlement for ex-soldiers. I have not space in which to describe the model native location which the municipality has set up, but can only say that it was refreshing to visit it after one had seen the miserable shacks and shanties in which the native workers are herded in many places. The town's social welfare work in the narrower sense includes the maintenance of a corps of lady visitors, including one with medical qualifications, an excellent nursing service, and a *crèche*.

That all these activities and agencies have reacted beneficently upon public health will be readily believed. It is easy to juggle with statistics, and it would be unjustifiable to attach too great importance to crude records of mortality. Nevertheless, there must be significance in the fact that while twenty years ago the general death-rate, taking a mean of three years (1903-1905), was 13 per 1,000 inhabitants, and the infant mortality 177 per 1,000 of all born, the corresponding means for the past three years were 8 and 68.

After physical welfare comes mental and intellectual—the healthy mind in the healthy body. In South Africa education is the affair of the Provincial Councils, local committees assisting in the management of the schools. But if a municipality cannot directly educate the rising generation, it can assist in the work by providing sites and playing-fields for schools and colleges, and this Bloemfontein does generously. To the Grey College, for

example, it gave a spacious site, together with three hundred acres for a campus and sports fields. The town's concern for the religious and moral welfare of the community is evidenced in the same way. Sites for churches and philanthropic purposes are invariably granted free, no distinction being made between the various confessions and denominations. I observe that the land grants and concessions made during a recent year included sites given or leased free for a native church, for schools, for a hospital, for golf grounds, and for an institution for the deaf, mute and blind. Money grants are also given with a free hand in support of social, educational, religious, and philanthropic organisations and objects, the total of thirty donations of this kind made in a single year being between £6,000 and £7,000.

Enough will have been said to establish the claim that, in its various activities and invasions of some spheres of action which in this country are usually left to private initiative, the Town Council of Bloemfontein is ruled by the idea of service and helpfulness, as vital factors in municipal development. The community cordially approves the progressive policy pursued on its behalf, and, in spite of the cost, is ready to wait patiently for results. For not all the town's trading enterprises are profit-making. What is lost in one direction, however, is gained in another; thus the large profit made on the public market more than covers the deficit on the public baths, the housing scheme, the native washhouse, as well as the non-gainful expenditure on social welfare in the narrower sense. The trackless trams regularly show a heavy deficit, but they are continued by the express wish of the community, which finds compensation for the loss in the convenience offered, not the least valuable feature of which is the cheap and efficient service for scholars.

The financial position of the municipality is distinctly favourable. It has trading and revenue-yielding enterprises to the value of £966,000, and other assets to the value of £978,000, with sinking and depreciation funds of £454,000, so that, in spite of a debt of one and a quarter million pounds, it is over a million pounds to the good as a

going concern. In South Africa, as at home, municipal expenditure has increased greatly since the fateful year 1914, yet I learned that at Bloemfontein the rates are now only thirteen per cent. higher than ten years ago. Many English towns would be grateful for an equally favourable experience.

Let me, before closing, recall a significant episode in the virulent epidemic of influenza which visited a part of the country in the last quarter of 1918. Bloemfontein was one of the towns which suffered most severely, but the community's necessity was the Town Council's opportunity. When, owing to the ravages of the epidemic, the great mass of the inhabitants were helpless, the life of the town threatened to be paralysed, and there seemed a fear that in the absence of extraordinary measures disease might run riot to the bitter end, the Council stepped into the breach, set up a sort of *ad hoc* Soviet system, and added to its already multifarious activities the organisation of the medical and nursing service and of the food supply. A body of eight hundred enthusiastic workers gathered round the resourceful Town Clerk and his loyal associates of the municipal corps. They fed the entire community; they saw that doctor and nurse were available for every stricken household; they buried the victims of disease, of whom there were six hundred Europeans and nine hundred natives from first to last; and each morning every house in the town was visited in order to ascertain its bill of health and its special needs. A more practical example of Communism of the right kind was never known. Hearing of what was going on, the local M.P., who is to-day the Union Prime Minister, went down to his home in the Centre City and "did his bit" as one of the indomitable band of mercy. After the epidemic had subsided in the town the rural district had its turn, and the same workers and machinery performed once more the same services under more difficult conditions.

If in speaking of Bloemfontein's administration I end as I began, with a reference to the Town Clerk, it is because he has been the moving spirit in the ambitious work which has been done, and in the laying of foundations

for still greater developments in the future. Mr. Logan possesses the true civic spirit, and possesses it in a high and uncommon degree. For him a Town Council is no mere piece of machinery; it is the community organised for common service. And because it is a living organism it must ever be in flux, ever adaptive, ever ready to meet changing needs with changing forms, new demands with new resources, ever reflecting the plastic mind, the progressive aspirations and morality of society as it painfully struggles onward towards the still far-off ideal of which Mazzini spoke as "the great and beautiful ensign of democracy"—"the progress of all through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest." Hence his eye is directed always to the future and the next step, and the fresh calls which to-morrow and the day after to-morrow will assuredly bring.

And all that Bloemfontein achieves is to him quite natural and matter-of-course. To him the question is not How came these things to be? but Why should they not be?—how could it be otherwise? When you express surprise at the recital of the conveniences and amenities provided by the Town Council for the citizens, he quietly stops you with, "But why? We (the Council) are the citizens—it is all done for ourselves." Tell him that the policy of making free grants of land to schools, boys' and girls' clubs, and any institution or agency that serves the welfare of the young shows a generous spirit, and he answers, "Not at all—they are our own children—it is really only a family matter." Do we not know it to be true and right, this view of the municipality as a larger household, and its administration as the ordained civic agency of mutual helpfulness, when we trouble to think about it? But how few of us, our minds enslaved by imposing preconceptions and misconceptions, have grasped an idea so obvious, rational, and fruitful? The physical atmosphere of Bloemfontein, situated on the windswept high veld at a height of 4,600 feet, is exceptionally bracing; but I confess to having found its civic atmosphere the most stimulating I have ever experienced.

"FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" STORIES

CATHERINETTE

A fairy tale by LOUIS DELATTRE, translated from the French by MARY KELLY WALKER

I—CATHERINETTE COMES INTO THE WORLD

WHEN Catherinette came into the world, of course she was not yet called Catherinette, but already everyone was pleased to see her.

A kind old woman, one of her mother's neighbours, seeing the little pink face of the baby, puckered and wrinkled like a round apple, exclaimed:

"She will be pretty, quite a beauty in fact, just like a princess!"

Upon which Catherinette's mother raised her eyes, which had been gazing upon the treasure lying swaddled on her knees; and, clasping her hands, she held them out to her neighbour pleadingly, and asked:

"And happy, neighbour? Will she be happy, as well as beautiful and good?"

The woman looked at her with the gentle piety with which women who have lived a long time often look at young mothers. And she answered:

"Are women made for happiness, in this world? Your daughter will be a princess, neighbour. She will be a queen!"

"Oh, yes!" said the mother, hugging her child to her breast. "I can easily believe that. My little girl, my princess, my treasure!"

"Of course!" cried the father, who up to then had been silent. "She is my daughter. She will be beautiful and good, and a princess, and happy. Everyone around me must be happy. I cannot stand sadness. My mother's name was Catherine, and she was always laughing, so my daughter shall laugh from morning to night, and shall be called Catherinette."

"Oh, what a pretty name!" cried the little mother. "Long live Catherinette, her mother's little princess!"

"And her father's treasure!"

At the christening the whole street went merrymaking. There are still, in the old quarter of the town where Catherinette was born, some old people who keep, tucked away in a drawer, the pierced and beribboned coins which her godfather and godmother threw in handfuls from the steps of St. Christopher's Church after the ceremony.

II—CATHERINETTE IS LEFT ALONE

Catherinette, the little fair-haired girl, was the beginning and end of her parents' every action and their every thought. The father worked day and night in the great factory where he was clerk, in

order to bring home a little extra money with which to buy some trinket for the child.

From the day of her birth the mother's hands, eyes, and thoughts never left Catherinette for the space of a minute. When she carried her daughter in her arms, it seemed to the mother that they were alone, far from the world, shut into a diamond sphere, warm and safe and glittering. She held the universe against her breast, the whole universe with its bursts of harmony, with the bells of heaven, with the dreamy sweetness of the moon, and the ardour of the sun, and the scent of blooming gardens, and the wealth of golden fields, and the freshness of fountains, and the mystery of great woods. And it was Catherinette!

The child grew to be one year old, then two, then three. The world unfolded itself before her day by day, in a continual enchantment. Every morning it was a fresh joy to her to open her eyes, to feel the light of day upon her, to stretch out her arms and clasp her mother, bending over her little bed.

But the most terrible misfortune was hanging over the head of the little girl who was to be a princess.

For a long time her mother had been suffering from an illness which the doctors could not hope to cure. For months the laughing child lay on the breast of a mother whose heart only was alive. At last, the poor woman died. The father followed her to the grave a few months later. And Catherinette, who was to be so beautiful, so good, and a princess, was left, at three years old, poor and alone in the world.

One day she was taken away from her parents' house. She disappeared from the town where she was born, and very soon no one remembered her there at all.

III—CATHERINETTE IN THE VILLAGE

Little Catherinette lived with a distant relative, in a country village.

She was now ten years old, and, though the old people who kept her were full of kindness, it always seemed to the child that her heart was hungry for true affection.

When she had finished her daily tasks in Cousin Zoë's cottage, it was Catherinette's habit to go, at dusk, with her knitting, to the bottom of the garden, in the angle of the stone wall, behind the rabbit-hutches and the chicken-run. There, while rubbing her needles one against the other and counting the stitches of her work: "One, two, one, two, one purl, one plain!"—she would think about the little she knew of her darling mother.

She shivered at the thought of the gentle touch of those long ivory fingers, which used to smooth her hair when she came to the foot of the bed, for the poor invalid to kiss her forehead. . . . That was years and years ago. . . . How tender and deep were her mother's eyes. . . . How many tears she had seen drop from those eyelids, bruised by suffering. . . . How many sighs she still seemed to hear shaking the sick woman's chest. That was in the town, far away, long ago. . . .

Through the windows of her mother's room Catherinette used to see, in the vast depth of numberless streets, the never-ending hurry and bustle of busy people, galloping horses, trams, dogs, and carriages. . . . Catherinette could not remember clearly anything but that.

But the long, smooth fingers of hallowed memory caressed the curls on her forehead. And often, hearing a rustle behind her in the little garden, the child would turn round quickly, her heart beating with the hope of seeing the gentle blue eyes of her dream, the sad, tearful eyes of the beloved dead.

Alas! It was nothing but the wind in the leaves.

But Catherinette, like the brave little girl she was, would smile for a moment at the fleeting vision, and take up once again her task and her song in the midst of the noisy, busy little world of rabbits nibbling cabbage-leaves, and hens pecking at seeds and pebbles.

Truth to tell, these innocent creatures spoke little. They never told the shortest fairy-story. Dusk fell at last.

"Trinette!" called old cousin Zoë, from the threshold of the cottage. "Come to supper, my child."

"Yes, Cousin Zoë."

Catherinette ate a potato and drank a little coffee. The lamp was put out; and one more day had gone by, in the same way as all the other days.

IV—ST ROCH'S HOUSEWORK

On Saturdays, however, there was a treat for Catherinette, to which she looked forward during the whole week.

On that day, after tea, Catherinette drew a little bucketful of fresh water from the well. Armed with a sponge and a piece of linen, she walked along the lane at the back of the cottage, till she came to a little shrine at the corner of the road just where, from a cleft in the white rocks of the mountainside, thin streams of water escaped into the ditch below.

There, Catherinette put down her implements. Lifting her skirt, she drew from her petticoat-pocket a little key, wrapped in a coloured handkerchief. It was the key to the grill of the shrine.

Catherinette stood on the top of the steps which served as prie-Dieu; she opened the lattice and found herself face to face, just as if she were at home—think of that!—with a Madonna painted in blue and gold, and a St. Roch, his pilgrim's staff in his hand, his little dog at his heels. It was the greatest moment in the child's week. The most costly toys of the richest children in the town could not have given Catherinette as much joy as that which she felt before the altar of the Virgin and St. Roch on the high road.

Little friends, run about your nursery! Open wide the doors of the dolls' house. Touch every piece of furniture, the bits of real coal in the cellar, the lace hangings over the doll's bed. Turn out the cupboards stacked with finery, the drawers of the little grocer's shop, the marionnettes of the toy theatre! Scream aloud your delight at seeing Fanchette, the big pink-and-white doll who knows you and is holding out her arms to you! You are very happy? Catherinette is just as

happy, alone in the mountain lane, crossing herself and curtsying reverently to the holy statues which she is going to wash.

To the little peasant girl this was "doing God's housework."

She cleaned the pale-blue and bright-pink Virgin with fresh water. She scrubbed, with a sponge, those tireless travellers, St. Roch and his dog; she polished the copper crucifix with rottenstone, and gently rubbed the two tapers in the glass candlesticks with glass-paper, in order to whiten them.

Every now and then she paused, to gaze at the work accomplished. But it was not yet finished, thank God. She still had to throw away the contents of the two flower-vases, to fill them with clear water from the ditch, to arrange in them the bunches of fresh flowers she had picked by the roadside or in the neighbouring fields.

These were, according to the season, white lychnis, frail and smiling; mauve centaury; sprays of honeysuckle, elaborate and dainty; tufts of elder with red berries; cornflowers and dog-roses.

When, at the end of summer, there were no more flowers to pick, she would cut sprigs of mint or vervain, sharp-scented like the breath of dawn; tufts of holly with coral berries; or a branch of fir with golden cones.

Tell me, were not these very sweet prayers that Catherinette prayed in the very heart of winter?

When she had finished tidying the rustic shrine, the child shut and locked the lattice door, carefully rolling the key up again in her handkerchief and putting it back into her pocket, for this key was her whole fortune. Catherinette had never possessed a brass farthing of her own.

Then, very reverently, she curtsied to the chapel, and took her way back to Cousin Zoë's cottage.

V—THE CAVE OF THE GNOMES

Now, in the rock just above the stone chapel, a large hole could be seen from the road, but nobody knew how or by whom it had been made.

In the summer the opening was hidden by bushes and wild grasses, but in the winter it looked like a great dark mouth, gaping between the dead branches. This hole was so high up the face of the rock that the most daring hunter of jays' nests in the whole village would not have even attempted to reach it; and as to what it might contain, nobody had the remotest idea.

It was said, however, that one morning, many years before, a white goat had been seen perched on the stone at the mouth of the cave, bleating plaintively.

None of the peasants claimed her as his property, and no one could understand how she got up there. To rescue her, the local slater had to fetch his longest ladder and bring down the mysterious goat in his arms.

The tongues of the village gossips wagged untiringly, in the vain endeavour to solve the mystery. Then gossips, goat, and slater died one by one, and the story was forgotten.

Catherinette, who was later than usual, had just finished "the good

God's housework." The night had already lighted her most beautiful stars in the blue velvet sky. The little girl was looking upwards when she perceived, on the threshold of the cavern, between the leafy cornel-bushes, a tiny human figure waving to her.

It was a being of the size of a little boy who has just made his First Communion, and yet it was not a child, but a queer and puny old man. A long beard rippled down his chest; his head was covered with a pointed hood, of which the collar hid his shoulders.

"Catherinette!" cried the little man, from his perch far above her, waving his arms like those of a windmill. "Catherinette!"

But the little girl thought that what she heard was the warbling of the last wren awake on the mountain, singing because the night was so fine and beautiful.

"Catherinette, Catherinette," continued the queer creature. . . . "Come up near me, won't you?"

It is very strange to tell, very strange to explain; the little girl, who fled when she heard a mouse nibbling in the wainscoting of Cousin Zoë's attic, was not in the least afraid of the little man. Instead of running away, she answered quite calmly:

"What for, sir, if you please?"

"Oh! Oh!" cried the shrill voice from above, as if speaking to unseen companions. "Oh! Oh! Pretty Catherinette calls me Sir! Sir! Ha, ha! Did you hear that, my brothers?"

At these words a volley of tiny laughs burst into the air.

"What for, sir?" repeated Catherinette, making a speaking-trumpet of her hands.

"To visit our house, my darling, our pretty little house. Will you come? You will enjoy yourself, Catherinette. You shall have everything you want, cakes and beautiful clothes. We will be your kind and loving friends. . . . Will you come, Catherinette?"

"Yes, I'll come," answered the innocent child. "But how can I get up to your house? Don't you know that it is very high?"

"Nothing could be easier," cried the little man with the long beard, stamping his feet. "Give a little jump, Catherinette, just one little jump, and you will get up here without difficulty."

Catherinette obediently took off her wooden shoes, and jumped as if to pick a nut just out of reach in the hedge. Hop! And so, without ladder, stair, or helping hand, she found herself standing in the cornel-bush at the entrance to the cavern, a hundred feet above the ground. In front of her a little dwarf, pulling off his hood, saluted her ceremoniously with one hand while he held out the other to help her across the threshold.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the little girl, "I have lost my wooden shoes."

"Never mind, Catherinette, you will not need them in our house."

I should think not, indeed! The cave was lit with a soft silver glow. Along a carpet of the finest red and green moss, Catherinette, dazzled and excited, followed her companion, walking carefully as on state occasions.

All at once she found herself surrounded by a crowd of sturdy dwarfs, as kind as the first, who all began to dance round her, leaping high with their twisted legs, shaking their pointed hoods, shouting with laughter, and cheering vociferously!

"Ha, ha! She has come, she has come! Here is Catherinette! . . . Ha, ha! The valley has sent its most beautiful flower to the little men of the mountain! The kiss of the sun, ha, ha! to the little men under the earth!"

VI—CATHERINETTE, QUEEN OF THE GNOMES

Never did a pack of young dogs gambol and bark more joyously in the grass at the feet of their mistress on a fine morning! The little men seemed mad with joy. At last the being for whom they had waited so long had come to them; and it was Catherinette.

She walked on. Soon, the cavern widened in front of her. The roof grew higher, rounded into a graceful dome, and she found herself in a pretty chamber furnished with dainty chairs and tables of carved ivory wood; lit up by an infinity of candlesticks, chandeliers, crystals and carbuncles, which filled the whole room with a soft, glowing radiance.

On a table covered with a white cloth countless places were laid, each with two little plates, a little fork, a little spoon, and a little mug. In a trice the room was filled with a miniature crowd, frisking and fluttering about, and the cries of "Long live Catherinette!" were taken up again, more joyfully than ever. The Gnome who had welcomed the little girl at the mouth of the cavern led her to an armchair, on which she very courteously sat down. Each member of the company sat down at his appointed place.

The Chief of the little men struck several times with his knife on his goblet, which rang clear and shrill. Everyone was silent, and the Gnome spoke:

"Dear Catherinette, you have deigned, this evening, to visit our kingdom. We shall always be grateful to you for this honour. But, if you wish to do still more for us, your servants, if you will stay with us and be our Queen forever, there is nothing, body and soul, that the Gnome people here assembled will not do for your pleasure. Catherinette, we beseech you! Deign to accept the crown we offer you! Alas! you must know that for many years our domain of the underworld has been without a sovereign. Since our fathers died, no one has seen these vaults gladdened by the smile of a woman. . . . And our hearts are well-nigh breaking with sorrow. . . . Stay with us! Be our Queen! Do not forsake us! . . . You alone, in the kingdom, can bring happiness to the Gnome people. We have known you for many years; we have seen you at work. We know with what love and care you tend Cousin Zoë's rabbits and hens. For a long time we have seen you clean and care for the chapel of St. Roch and the Blessed Virgin! But, above all, we know that no piece of money has ever touched your hand. For the law of our people can only admit into our kingdom a woman

who knows neither gold nor silver. . . . It is fate which sends you to us. If you consent, you will be the Queen of our dreams. Each one of us will swear joyfully to think of nothing but of how to make you happy in this kingdom under the earth."

The little Gnome, while saying these words, lifted from a silk cushion a crown carved from a single diamond. . . . With both hands he held it towards Catherinette, while great tears poured down his cheeks. He wept for joy at the thought that a queen would soon belong to the Gnome people, and he wept for fear that Catherinette would refuse his offer. The whole company threw themselves on their knees, crying:

"Catherinette, Catherinette, be our Queen!"

"But why not?" asked the child, naïvely. "Why not? With pleasure, since it will please you so much, my good friends."

That was all her speech from the throne. The diamond crown was at once placed upon her head by the Chief of the Gnomes, Bodomme, who then prostrated himself on the ground before the Queen. And the wonderful diadem made the little girl's face glow as if with the light of her pure soul.

At last the cries of delight ceased. Strains of soft music expressed the thanksgiving of the people, amid a devout silence, while the Gnomes, holding each other by the hand round the table, made a chain of hearts, full of love, of which the pretty clasp was Catherinette herself.

VII—CATHERINETTE'S KINGDOM

A delicious supper was served by the Gnomes in honour of their Queen.

These little people live in the hollow of the mountain; their work is to make the metals of the earth, to cut out of crystal the precious stones that men seek for in the depths of the soil. They drink the clear spring water, and feed upon truffles and buried roots and honey gleaned from clefts in the rocks. The lips of these kindly little workers are never soiled by the flesh of any living thing. Instead of drinking wine to bring good cheer to their hearts, they sing; instead of smoking the bitter leaves of plants, they dance in their leisure hours.

They were, however, afraid that Queen Catherinette might not at once understand and appreciate these habits and customs, so different from those of the world of men which she had so lately left.

It was thus with a solicitude full of anxiety that they offered her, for her evening meal, the many dainties specially prepared for her. The rarest fruits, the most delicious cakes, the choicest fragrant creams and most refreshing syrups were set before her. The number of dishes and baskets from which Catherinette had to make her choice would have appeased the hunger of all the schoolboys in the world, even on Christmas Day.

But the greatest wonder of all to Catherinette was that all the wild creatures of the woods moved about happily among the Gnomes, who played with them and seemed to love them: frisking hares, moles with skins of the softest velvet, bats with delicate wings, silver slow-worms,

wise-looking screech-owls, all those silent beasts and birds that we are accustomed to look upon as wild and untamable, so that we may have an excuse for tormenting them without remorse.

These creatures of night and shadow were all perfectly friendly, gracefully frolicking about in peaceful security.

In the Gnome Kingdom Catherinette henceforward passed many happy days. From night to morning—for the Gnomes work and play during the part of the day that we call night—from night to morning, one or other of the company made it his business to take the Queen all over the domain and to display all its curiosities and treasures.

She was shown the veins of gold hidden in the rocks and forever inaccessible to the greediest of men; the blocks of silver sparkling like moonlight on the meadow. This is where the Gnome smiths come to replenish their store of materials for making jewellery and all kinds of dainty objects. For they never tire of working. In some parts of the Gnome Kingdom the ringing of tiny hammers on the anvils is incessant, like the drops of a storm of rain on the forest leaves.

In truth, it is hard to tell what becomes of all these trinkets once they are completed.

Catherinette was also brought to see great hollow grottoes, at the end of immense and winding caves, stretching far under the houses of men, who know nothing of them. It is there that the mountain springs take their source; from there the streams escape to the surface of the earth, where they water our fields and become great rivers. These springs are in the keeping of the good Gnomes. A little ill-will on their part, or simply the desire to pay back to us men some of the evil we so often do to the rest of Nature, and the dwarfs of the underworld could, in one moment, poison the waters with which we refresh ourselves, and bring us death.

VIII—THE WONDERS OF THE SHADOWS

Thus, every night, Catherinette was shown all kinds of wonders of which men take no heed, for want of the spirit of innocence and simplicity.

One night, the Gnomes brought her to the forest, to see the hidden and knotty roots of an oak-tree more than a century old. This was a familiar excursion to them, for Nature has made the Gnomes responsible for the roots of all the plants of the earth, and they are bound to inspect them regularly and strengthen and tend them if necessary.

"You see, Queen Catherinette," said one of her guides, "up there, far above our heads, on the surface of the earth, stands a beautiful green tree, which sings with all its leaves in the wind, and throws its happy arms up to the sky. It is the oak, the forest king. See how he twists his feet, how he creeps and glides, how he works and strains with every root. He must put forth his million mouths to suck the water which forms the sap, the blood of the oak. You see now what patient efforts are needed, under the earth, to make a fair and mighty tree stand in its beauty, under the sky!"

Another night, the Gnomes led their little Queen as far as the drifts of a coal-mine. In the bowels of the earth, bathed in a hot and heavy air, was spread out a kind of town, with narrow streets eternally crossing and re-crossing. Machines and engines hummed and roared; black men, lowered from the surface of the earth in iron cages, with a little lamp strapped over their hearts, worked with pickaxe and hammer.

"Let us look at them, Queen Catherinette. Under our protection they are obtaining fuel to warm the men of the world above, in winter, and to feed the furnaces in their factories. The trees that grew in the light of the sun, thousands and thousands of years ago, sleep here in the form of coal, lying in great seams where men come to seek for it.

"Oh! what weary work! . . . It is true that we help them as much as we can, but still theirs is a heavy toil. In spite of all the Gnomes who spend their lives sealing up the gas-pockets, stopping the sides of the pits from falling in, damming up the underground streams, and preventing many other dangers unforeseen by men, we do not always succeed in saving the miners from death by fire, suffocation, or drowning. We often see many of them perish without being able to bring them relief.

"Tell us, Queen Catherinette, do the men of the world above realise what they owe to those of their brothers who spend their lives seeking for coal in the depths of the earth? Do they treat them as heroes when they return to the world of light from the world of shadows?"

Catherinette dared not answer that these workers, whom the Gnomes so much respected and admired, had long been treated almost like beasts of burden by their fellow-men. And she sighed.

She marvelled and was sometimes moved to tears at the sight of all that the men of the earth ignore or trample underfoot. She wept at the thought of so much love, so much goodness, so much work and toil lying hidden from the light of the sun.

She was greatly moved at the sight of the thousand things which fill the underground Kingdom of the Gnomes, without which life would be impossible to men, and yet of which men take no heed.

IX—THE LITTLE MEN AT PLAY

But, of course, Queen Catherinette was not always weeping. At night, when the weather was fine, she often went, with her little subjects, up to the surface of the earth. She took part in their merry dances, and joined their wild gambols in glade or meadow. She also shared in many escapades, when the Gnomes, giving rein to their Puckish, teasing spirit, took innocent revenge on dull or evil men.

They would punish the miserly farmer's wife who had refused a crust of bread to a poor beggar, by opening her rabbit-hutches and letting the rabbits escape.

They would hopelessly entangle the hempen skeins of the village ropemaker, guilty of whipping the schoolboys who had only pretended to turn the wheels of the machines in his shop window.

To avenge the choir-boy, whose ears had been almost pulled off on

suspicion of having stolen the altar wine, they would hide the sacristan's keys under the confessional-box.

Or, again, in kinder mood, they would swiftly complete the repairs of all the shoes piled up on the shoemaker's table, so that the old man should have a few spare pence to spend at the village festival.

They would neatly finish sewing the linings, sleeves, collars, and buttonholes of the dresses that the busy housewife had tried in vain to complete on a Saturday afternoon. . . . To-morrow takes place the Corpus Christi procession, and she falls asleep to dream that her little daughters are faced with the dreadful necessity of carrying the banner dressed in their soiled and stained frocks of last year, to their mother's everlasting disgrace. . . . But, in the morning, she wakes to find all the dresses beautifully sewn and ready to wear.

The Gnomes took great pleasure in letting Catherinette share in their artless plots; in hearing her speak of men in those friendly, gentle, loving words which came so much more readily to her than to them, because she was one of the daughters of men. . . .

She was, indeed, petted and loved by all her little people, more than any other queen in the world.

A troop of Gnomes, chosen among all the others for their good looks and manners, were appointed to her special service. One of these brushed her clothes in her dressing-room, another combed her hair, this one tied her shoelaces when she wished to go out, that one filled her glass at table. There was one to carry her handkerchief when she went for a walk, and another to hold her scent-bottle in readiness during the concerts which were often given in her honour.

And all, many times a day, cried with the greatest enthusiasm:

"Long live Catherinette! Long live our Queen!"

Catherinette, however, had taken on the responsibility of many serious tasks in her underground kingdom. Among other things, she had greatly improved the style and fashion of the hoods worn by her subjects, and had also invented a special cape for cold days, which pleased them enormously.

"Oh, what a kind Queen we have!" they exclaimed. "She even thinks of protecting the shoulders of her little Gnomes!"

For their concerts, Catherinette adapted some of the village songs and children's dances, which were quickly taken up by the little singers.

Using honey found in the clefts of the neighbouring rocks, Catherinette made the most delicious sweetmeats, flavoured with mint, elderberries, acacia-blossom, and violets. In one part of the cavern, where the walls were seamed with threads of gold, silver, and copper, and the roof was of sparkling mica set with emeralds, she had installed a very original kitchen for her own private use. Coal was not wanting for the cooking-stove, from which the smoke escaped through a fissure in the rock above.

The most cunning goldsmiths in the Kingdom used their utmost art to fashion the cooking utensils, hammering and beating them into the quaintest shapes. There was, in particular, a great, deep preserving-pan of beaten gold, which the ingenious workers had surrounded with

a dozen handles, so that the Gnome-scullyons appointed to help the Queen in her kitchen might be able to carry the heavy saucepan. A small parapet was also fixed all round the edge of this basin, to prevent any clumsy functionary from falling into the jam. When Catherinette had made her peppermints, a solemn and necessarily restricted distribution took place—one peppermint to each person, according to size—among the dignitaries of the Court and the citizens who had distinguished themselves by some deed of merit since Catherinette's accession to the Throne. Each one sucked and munched his prize, with evident delight and relish.

Finally, among the most popular innovations of the little Queen, we must mention the foundation of hospital wards, where sick, wounded or aged Gnomes were cared for by Catherinette herself and a staff of dwarfs specially trained for this work of mercy.

Remembering the herbs, ointments, and syrups with which Cousin Zoë used to cure colds, inflammation, and colics, Catherinette quickly acquired the reputation of universal healer. The "Catherinette" lotion, infusion, and ointment cured every ill! and all sickness soon disappeared from the little Kingdom.

In this way, giving love for love to her friends with all her heart, Catherinette lived serenely and happily.

X—THE SECRET OF THE GNOMES

At last, one day, the Chief of the Gnomes, Bodomme, leading Catherinette through certain passages of the Kingdom, stopped before a stone slab in which was fixed a thick golden ring.

"Lady Queen," he said, "the Gnome Kingdom belongs to you. You can lawfully dispose of anything it contains, and none of us will ask you to give an account of your actions. At the same time, you must know that our people are governed by inviolable laws. It is in obedience to these laws that we keep hidden certain idols that are said to have brought evil into the world."

So saying, the little man struck with his foot the slab with the golden ring.

"To avoid the dread results of hatred and envy, we have therefore decreed, on pain of forfeit or death, that these idols of men be forever banished from our midst. We hold imprisoned, under this stone, masses of these evil fetishes, fearing to do harm by letting them loose among men.

"Oh, Lady Queen! By the love you have for us, tell us that you too acknowledge the statutes of our people; that you will never worship these images stamped on little discs! All our peace and happiness depend on your oath."

Kind little Catherinette, though greatly intrigued by the Gnome's strange words, which, truth to tell, she had not completely understood, promised everything that was asked of her, and together they left the stone.

For some time after this Queen Catherinette thought no more of her

people's mysterious secret. She continued to lead a serene and joyful life among her subjects, until, one day, no one knows why or how, she paused on her way to gaze at the gold-ringed slab.

"I am not inquisitive," she said to herself, like all women who are devoured by curiosity, "but I should so much like to know what is hidden there!"

Poor little Queen Catherinette! The first time this thought crossed her mind, it passed like a flash of lightning. At once she was filled with shame, and fled, breathless and blushing, from the forbidden stone.

"No, no," she said to herself, over and over again, "I won't think about it any more. I mustn't think about it at all."

Alas, she did think about it. Alone in her room, the idea she strove to put from her took root in her mind. The more she fought with her desire, the more persistent it became, like a wasp returning undaunted and menacing after each repulse.

Soon she could think of nothing but the wretched stone. Moreover, instead of confiding her trouble to her friends, who would soon have reassured her, she chose to keep it to herself. The Gnomes were quite aware that something was on her mind, but what could it be?

"Perhaps she is thinking of the green earth?" they said to one another, when speaking of the Queen's distress. "Perhaps she wishes to see once more the sky, the sun, the stars? . . . It seems that human beings love the sight of these far-off things that they can never possess."

"Or perhaps she is longing for the birds and flowers," suggested another.

The little men now tried harder than ever to please their Queen, and surpassed themselves in providing amusements for her.

The summer-time of men had returned, and every night Bodomme, the Gnome Chief, organised the most delightful pleasure-trips. In the moonlight, on the heath or in the forest glades; under the flowering fruit trees in some orchard, at dead of night, the little people held their revels with their Queen, so that she should not be deprived of all pastoral joys.

XI—CATHERINETTE'S TEMPTATION

But, day by day, the little Queen's trouble threw an ever-darkening shadow on her pale brow. Curiosity was gnawing at her heart. Nothing else in the world mattered at all.

"What is under that stone? What can the Gnomes have hidden there? If I am their Queen, what is this that does not come under my sway?"

Such were Catherinette's thoughts, day and night, eating, sleeping, and dreaming. At last, one day, mad with impatience and no longer able to resist her desire to solve the mystery, she went in secret to the stone. Kneeling down, she seized the ring with both hands and lifted the slab.

What did she see?

Nothing, or almost nothing. A few handfuls of gold, glittering in the shadow.

All would yet have been well if Catherinette had not touched the gold, but she, whose subjects were forever handling the richest metals and the choicest jewels, the very door-handles of whose rooms were made of finer diamonds, than ever graced the crowns of Indian princes, obeyed the instinct of the human race to which she belonged and dipped her hand into the mass of gold. She snatched a handful of the coins and, dropping the slab once more into place, fled from the spot.

But her action had not been so secret as she thought; one of the Gnomes had seen her.

Soon the news spread from mouth to mouth in the underground Kingdom: Queen Catherinette had touched the evil gold!

Catherinette had, as we know, been elected Queen solely because she had never, up to then, held the smallest coin in her hand. But now the very existence of the Gnomes was threatened! In spite of their wish to keep their pretty little Queen, whom they all worshipped, they could do so no longer. Their happy time with Catherinette had come to an end.

A doleful chorus of lamentations, tears and sobs filled the echoing vaults, which, only a few minutes before, had been ringing with cries of joy and happy songs.

The Chief of the little men, kneeling down before Catherinette, spoke thus:

"Alas, Catherinette is no longer our Queen! The love of the Gnomes is still hers, but they can no longer obey her. Oh, Catherinette, why have you wrought the sorrow of our people?"

Tears poured down his cheeks. He tore his beard and struck his breast, moaning softly in his despair.

"Ah, we are filled with sorrow!" went on Bodomme, on his knees before the troubled Catherinette. "We, who love you, must lose you. Adieu! Keep what you have taken; let us see no more those wretched coins which you like better than us. Adieu, Catherinette!"

XII—THE WHEEL OF FATE

It was on a summer's evening that Catherinette found herself, once again, on the road to the village, opposite the little shrine under the hole in the mountain. Her wooden shoes were there waiting for her. She put them on; the wood was warm, as if with the warmth of her feet. Sick at heart, she bent her steps towards Cousin Zoë's cottage.

But the old woman had died and the house was deserted.

Lifting the latch, Catherinette entered the room. Everything was in perfect order: the lamps were lighted, the curtains drawn, the bed made. And then, oh, wonder of wonders! she saw a great heap of gold glittering on the shelves of a cupboard.

The little Gnomes had taken care of Catherinette's home during her absence. It was they who had brought this treasure. For, if Fate had taken away their Queen, they still held Catherinette in respect and affection, and wished to help her as far as was in their power.

Soon the news spread through the village that Catherinette had returned and that she was well provided for. Everyone bowed low

before her, as she passed in her rich clothes. All now wished to be friends with the little orphan, who had once been so neglected. In order to entertain those who sought her acquaintance, Catherinette built a great castle and filled it with rare and costly furniture; marble pillars, richly coloured carpets, and hangings of the finest silk.

But, alas! Catherinette was not happy in her palace. She was for ever thinking of the tender love of the Gnomes, who had welcomed her when she was poor, who had chosen her for their Queen when her soul was her only treasure. Soon she began to understand the evil wrought by money. Every day she realised more sadly that the smiles of the world were for Dame Catherinette's riches and not for herself, and she grew to hate her wealth.

Lonely despite her great possessions, she was slowly dying of grief. Many times, escaping from the lords and ladies with whom she had been feasting in her castle, she would run, under cover of night, to the little shrine of St. Roch, in the hope of seeing, behind the cornel-bush at the mouth of the cave, some Gnome of her lost Kingdom. Often and often she would fly to the meadows, fields, and glades, seeking for the spots where, in company with her strange little friends, she used to dance among the dew-sprinkled heather in the light of the silver moon.

But never again did she meet one of her whilom subjects, so that at last she understood that they had abandoned her to the common fate of men.

XIII—LIFE IS LONG

Life is long when the heart is aching. Happiness does not return when our dream has flown.

Day by day, Catherinette's existence seemed to grow sadder. Everything troubled her. Soon she grew to detest even the simplest food and to neglect the barest necessities of life.

In her splendid dwelling, among the tiresome and elaborate inventions of her Master of Ceremonies, Catherinette was unhappier than ever she had been in her lonely childhood.

Catherinette the great lady would willingly have set fire to her palace, and dressed herself in the sackcloth rags of a beggar, if by so doing she could have recaptured for one moment the innocent joys of the child Catherinette who had done "St. Roch's housework," of the Catherinette who had listened smiling to the merry laughter of the little Gnomes.

At last, by the mercy of God, she died. It was found that, in her will, she had left everything she possessed to the poor of the village, on the sole condition that none should receive his or her portion in the shape of money. It must take the form of pretty or useful things, of food or clothing.

Kind Catherinette had endeavoured, in this way, to spare her needy friends the unhappiness that money had brought into her own life.

She also desired that her body should be brought to the hole in the mountain hidden by the cornel-bush above the ruins of a little chapel, which was none other than the altar of St. Roch and the Virgin.

With the help of ladders and ropes, nimble men hoisted the body of Catherinette up to her last resting-place.

XIV—FORGIVENESS

In this manner did Catherinette return to the kingdom of hidden love, which she had lost by her human frailty. The Gnomes have forgiven her at last.

These clever little men have embalmed her body, making it incorruptible. The sweet-faced Queen lies with folded hands in a coffin of purest crystal, which rests on the Throne in the Hall of State.

Sometimes, forgetting that the woman in their midst is dead, the little Gnomes smile happily at the thought that their Queen is once more among them.

Having despaired of finding a daughter of men who would love them enough to obey their laws, they now cherish as an even greater treasure the body of Catherinette, who died of sorrow for having left them.

Knowing that one cannot have everything in this life, the wise little Gnomes have found happiness in keeping her memory green.

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

It is a rare treat to receive yet another volume of song and verse by Mr. Thomas Hardy.¹ His latest collection shows undimmed the sterling hall-mark we have known and valued through many years; the profound quality of his thoughts upon the problems of life and death, and the brave, sad resignation with which the poet faces the mutability of earthly existence, remain ever the same.

In Mr. Hardy's poetry there seems to me the concentrated essence of all the beauty and sadness of life, together with a reiteration on many a varied note of the fact that the paths not only of glory, but of every human pursuit, in joy or in sorrow, lead but to the grave. This may be an obvious truism, but there is more. Death is not merely the cessation of breath and bodily existence: there are all the thousand and one little personal traits and qualities and tastes which make up the individual—create his personality—and these perish with their possessor. Would-be consolors have it that the future existence will be far finer and more complete: but that is no answer of assurance. It is the little things of life we have loved and must inevitably lose at the advent of death: that is the pang for the sensitive. Mr. Hardy voices this thought more poignantly than he has ever done before:

Not only I
Am doomed awhile to lie
In this close bin with earthen sides;
But the things I thought, and the songs I sang,
And the hopes I had, and the passionate pang
For people I knew
Who passed before me,
Whose memory barely abides
And the visions I drew
That daily upbore me!

And the joyous springs and summers,
And the jaunts with blithe newcomers
And my plans and appearances; drives and rides
That fanned my face to a lively red;
And the grays and blues
Of the far-off views,
That nobody else discerned outspread;
And little achievements for blame or praise;
Things left undone; things left unsaid;
In brief, my days!

"In brief, my days!" Those days, brief truly, however long the span of human life. Again and again, Mr. Hardy offers a sad little

(1) *Human Shows, Far Phantasies*, by Thomas Hardy (Macmillan & Co., 7s. 6d. net).

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song, telling of some happy outing in the past, when no shadow was visible. But the shadow was near, and the one who is left remembers in the after years:

Four climbed High-Stoy from Ivel-wards
Where hedge meets hedge, and cart-ruts wind,
Chattering like birds,
And knowing not what lay behind. . . .

The moon still meets that tree-tipped height,
The road—as then—still trails inclined;
But since that night
We have well learnt what lay behind.

For all of the four then climbing here
But one are ghosts, and he brow-lined;
With him they fare,
Yet speak not of what lies behind.

The twin motifs of Life and Death run through most of these poems. There is the one picturing a horseman and a waggon meeting at sunrise near Dogbury Gate. The rider announces the birth of his son, and the waggoner tells how he carries "a coffin for old John Thinn: we are just going to put him in." And in *The Later Autumn*:

Gone are the lovers, under the bush
Stretched at their ease;
Gone the bees
Couch-fires abound
On fallows around,
And shades far extend
Like lives soon to end.

In *A Night of Questionings*, Mr. Hardy sounds an echo of the fantasy of his famous poem of *Friends Beyond*:

On the eve of All-Souls' Day
I heard the dead men say
Who lie by the tottering tower,
To the dark and doubling wind
At the midnight's turning hour,
When other speech had thinned:
"What of the world now?"

This volume is rich in narrative poems, full of pathos. Such are *The Turnip-Hoer*, *The Mock Wife*, *The Fight on Durnover Moor*, *At Shag's Heath* (relating to the Duke of Monmouth), and *The Bird Catcher's Boy*. The last named, in the simplest phraseology, tells one of those sad little tragedies of life which only Mr. Hardy can present in a word or two. The only child of a poor couple has gone away to sea, and no news of him has ever come. The years go by, and one wintry Christmas-tide the parents, lying awake, hear a sound—"some one seemed to flit in soft below," but alas!

There on the empty bed
 White the moon shone,
 As ever since they'd said,
 " Freddy is gone ! "

That night at Durdle-Door
 Foundered a hoy,
 And the tide washed ashore
 One sailor-boy.

An interesting poem in this volume from a bibliographical point of view is one which preserves an episode in the story of *The Poor Man and the Lady*—the novel Mr. Hardy sent to Chapman and Hall in 1868. It was rejected by the publishers' reader, George Meredith, who, however, gave the author a personal interview, when he advised him to write a novel with " a sensational plot." The result was *Desperate Remedies*. *The Poor Man and the Lady* was never published, and now we learn the manuscript was ultimately destroyed. A matter for regret.

There are many poems in this book expressing Mr. Hardy's love and pity for the animal creation—particularly those animals who are victims to man's need of food and desire for blood sports. The drenched sheep sold in the rain at Pummery Fair; the driven cattle at market; the hunted fox with no chance of escape from his doom; the horses shipped for war service abroad; a starving cat in the snow—

Mild creatures, despot-doomed, bewildered, plead
 Their often hunger, thirst, pangs, imprisonment,
 In deep dumb gaze more eloquent.

Mr. Hardy has a noble compassion for all suffering things, and infinite sympathy for the toiling peasant :

Who loved his wife and child, and worked amain
 In the turnip-time from dawn till day outwore
 And night bedimmed the plain.

As I have said before, he faces with brave resignation the fact that all our earthly joys are bounded by the green, rounded heap in the churchyard. And after? He supplies the answer :

You have dropped your dusty cloak and taken your wondrous wings
 To another sphere,
 Where no pain is. . . .

MORE HARDMAN LETTERS

BY H. M. WALBROOK

Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman. (Second Series.)
 Annotated and edited by S. M. ELLIS. Cecil Palmer. 25s. net.

MR. STEWART M. ELLIS has given us a second instalment of the letters of Sir William Hardman to his friend in Australia, E. D. Holroyd. They are as vivacious as the first and as ably edited. Once more Mr. Ellis leaves nothing out—or almost nothing: there is a hiatus in a letter on an early American Féministe for which we may, no doubt, be grateful—and the final impression of Hardman is still that of a mixed, energetic, and by no means profound personality. He was fond of sketching, could evidently play the piano well, and was a rapturous botanist, yet his letters are void of any artistic or scientific criticism worth noting down. He must also have had literary taste, for he was beloved of Meredith and many other writers, yet here again the revelation is of the scantiest. Even his political outpourings strike one as emotional rather than intellectual, and his Toryism seems to emerge from the heart rather than from the brain. Through the book, too, runs the Rabelaisian stream of humour which was a feature of the earlier volume, reminding middle-aged readers to-day of the sort of conversation which used to be fashionable at dinner-tables after the ladies had retired. No doubt, Hardman's " funny stories," backed up by his boisterous laughter, amused his contemporaries, but in cold print they seem nowadays rather childish, though Mr. Ellis acts rightly in including them, for they help to mark not only a man, but a period.

The letters here cover from April, 1863, to April, 1865, and among the matters discussed are the social gaieties of the young Prince and Princess of Wales, regarding whom Queen Victoria is amusingly quoted as saying: " I cannot think what has come to Wales and his wife. If they go on in this way they will become as common as the Cambridges ! " The parting of Charles Dickens and his wife, the famous visit of Garibaldi to England, the *Alabama* agitation, Meredith's marriage to Miss Vulliamy, the curious Codrington divorce case, and the death of Thackeray, are also among the topics dealt with, and Hardman and his editor are always amusing. We wish, perhaps, that Mr. Ellis had cut out some of the letter-writer's " gossip " on the causes of the death of Thackeray—" boozing " had certainly nothing to do with it. In one of Mr. Ellis's footnotes it is rather saddening to find Dickens apologising for the famous tribute he had paid his great fellow-novelist in the *Cornhill* for February, 1864. Such a note certainly sheds its light on Hardman's estimate of Dickens: " As a writer I admire him; as a man I despise him." Some of the most attractive pages in the book describe visits to Switzerland, and there is an interesting letter from the guide, Alexander Albrecht, on the death of the famous J. J. Bennen, Tyndall's favourite guide, on the Haut de Cry in February,

1864. It is characteristic of Hardman that, in view of its quaint English, he describes this letter as "most laughable," and transcribes it for his friend's "amusement," and it is also odd to find him, an Alpinist, transcribing the Diablerets as "the Dinhlereets." The whole book, however (which is well illustrated), is exciting in one way or another, and once more Mr. Ellis has to be thanked for gaily lighting up an age of extraordinary vitality, good and bad.

CORRESPONDENCE

JOSEPH CAILLAUX

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

DEAR SIR,—As there is some confusion in the public mind as to why M. Caillaux was omitted from the new Ministerial combination, I may add to my article in the October number of this REVIEW why it was so. He was opposed to a levy on capital or any measure which would be equivalent to it, on the one hand, and to inflation of the currency on the other. He proposed reimbursement of the short loans for the time being, by a conversion into redeemable stock on favourable terms of redemption to the lenders. Between the two methods the majorities of the Parliamentary groups preferred the one which, in spite of inflation of the currency, would give the lenders the nominal value of their money and avoid explanation. This they regarded, in fact, as the lesser evil. M. Caillaux's view was different.

That he returned from Washington without a draft settlement had only a distant connection with the crisis. His mission was not expected to result in more than preliminaries of settlement. It was more especially designed to show that France was not endeavouring to shirk her obligations and allay American irritation provoked by injudicious language of some too loquacious patriots. His visit in this respect was successful.

I take this opportunity of correcting a mistake made in a footnote to my article. M. Caillaux's father was not a high functionary of the Treasury, but a Government engineer in the Public Works Ministry, and after the war of 1870 was in turn deputy, senator, and Minister of Public Works and Finance.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS BARCLAY.

*** 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 type-written.

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

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EUROPE, TURKEY, AND MOSCOW

By "AUGUR"

ON January 1st *The Times* published a document of an unusual nature. It was the statement of the Turkish official view on the question of the Iraq frontier. The language in which it was couched was as violent as it was undiplomatic. On the next day the Turkish Ambassador hastened to disclaim responsibility for the authorship of the statement, but—and this is worth noting—he made no effort to deny the truthfulness of its contents. Commenting upon the Ambassador's letter, *The Times* drily remarked that, while the Turkish Ambassador was not the author, still the statement had been correctly described as official. All this indicates to those who understand the ways of diplomacy that here we are confronted with a remarkable "diplomatic" event.

The contents of the statement mentioned have a direct bearing upon the political situation which we intend to discuss; they are so unusual and remarkable that it is well to quote them *in extenso*. They are unusual, because of the directness and violence of the language employed; they are remarkable, because they convey a picture of a state of affairs which is well known to political observers, but which has never before been presented to the public in such a complete way. The statement is as follows:

The British Government has stated that the decision of the League Council provides a suitable basis for negotiating a settlement of the question of the Mosul vilayet. The Turkish Government denies this contention: the decision of the Council was made to suit the views of the British Government. Less than ever, therefore, is there a basis for compromise. The British and the French Governments have themselves worked out the terms of their mandates and adjusted the geographical limits of their mandatory spheres without consulting the interests or the vested rights of Turkey. Mosul is north of the original line drawn at the Armistice by the British military authorities, and was occupied later on

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the pretext of a temporary military necessity. Under the Sykes-Picot Treaty Great Britain had left Mosul in the sphere of French influence. All this was done without consultation with the Turkish Government.

The Republican *régime* in Turkey is not sufficiently popular to face the wave of public indignation which a withdrawal of the demand for Mosul would provoke. The League Commission, which visited Iraq, was ready to make the Lesser Zab river the frontier. That was a fair suggestion. But the Turkish Government is ready to concede more: it only asks for the city of Mosul, the rest of the vilayet may go to Iraq. This proposal was made during the Constantinople conference, which broke down solely through the obstinate refusal of the British Government to consider any such solution.

The Turkish Government is obliged to conclude that its chief enemy is Great Britain, whose policy is inspired by persistent Turkophobia at the Foreign Office. In 1914 it was Great Britain's fault that Turkey threw herself into the arms of Germany, and in 1925 Great Britain again is driving Turkey to throw in her lot with the Soviet Union. The treaty between Turkey and the Soviet Government, the text of which has been published, and other agreements are of great advantage to Turkey, whose rear is covered in the event of war by the benevolent neutrality of Russia.

Time is on the side of the Turkish Government. It can afford to wait until the favourable occasion arrives to take what belongs to it by right. Turkey will not fight when it suits her opponents. She will leave the whole issue in suspense and prepare to act at an opportune moment. The pressure she can exercise in many points is considerable. The weakest link of the anti-Turkish front is in Syria, where 300,000 Turks (not Arabs) are waiting for their liberation near Alexandretta. The indignation of the nation is directed against France even more than against Great Britain. The French Government is the obedient handmaiden of the Foreign Office, and has broken the promises which M. Briand himself gave when M. Franklin-Bouillon signed the Treaty of Angora and the special Protocol by which France engaged herself to guarantee the sovereignty and territorial integrity of Turkey.

The Turkish Government is aware that if, some day, there is a conflict it will have to reckon with the intervention of the Italians, who are anxious to colonise the Smyrna region. But it holds, whatever European military experts think, that the Turkish Army is strong enough to deal with the Italians as it dealt with the Greeks.

The Turkish Government is indifferent to the outcry in Europe over the alleged atrocities perpetrated upon some Christian tribes. These people are the servants of Great Britain, and have been armed by her. It is comprehensible that the Archbishop of Canterbury should want to intervene in their favour, but in the eyes of the Turkish Army, when it advances, they are simply traitors.

The diplomatic world positively gasped when the above statement was published, and, though it knew that it was essentially true, it expected an official denial of its contents. Nothing happened, except a gesture of the Ambassador to safeguard his person. So now we know

exactly where we stand with Turkey! In the absence of Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Baldwin had taken up himself the thread of negotiations and had made to the Turks a generous offer. He suggested that, in exchange for the recognition by Turkey of the frontier awarded by the Council of the League of Nations, the British Government should provide financial facilities which, by the exploitation of suitable concessions, would assist the economic development of Asia Minor. After nearly two weeks of absolute silence, the Turkish Government at last accepted, but with bad grace, to initiate conversations in Angora with Sir Ronald Lindsay, the British Ambassador. It is clear that the Turks do not desire a final break just now. The eventual outcome of the whole business is doubtful. No great prophetic talent is needed to foretell that if Great Britain and France remain united the final result must be favourable to this country. The only chance which the Turks have of winning is to divide Paris and London. This should not happen, for at present the Entente, cemented by Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand, is too powerful.

No wonder that, although "the Turkish Government is obliged to conclude that its chief enemy is Great Britain," yet the indignation of Angora is chiefly directed against the French. The Turkish Republic owes the continuation of its existence to the discord which reigned between Great Britain and France at the time of Chanak. Military experts and diplomats know that at that time the Turkish show of force was a great bluff and could not have resisted a united Franco-British effort. Chanak was the beginning of the strenuous conflict between M. Poincaré and Lord Curzon which in the end has caused in Asia, and elsewhere too, incalculable harm to both Governments. Chanak is a symbol of disunion. So much so, that one of M. Briand's most prominent collaborators at the Quai d'Orsay to mark the re-birth of the Franco-British Entente exclaimed: "There will be no more Chanaks!" Then came the Franklin-Bouillon adventure. Unfortunately, the position of M. Philippe Berthelot, the Secretary General at the Quai d'Orsay, was diminished at that

critical moment by personal troubles, and M. Loucheur was able to exercise unchecked his influence over M. Briand. The consequence of this was the Angora Treaty and the special Protocol guaranteeing to Turkey French support for the maintenance of her territorial integrity. One understands the chagrin of the Turks when they see the Franco-British Entente re-born and France standing shoulder to shoulder with her British Ally. The Turkish Ambassador in Paris had bitter words to say to the French Government after the award of the Council of the League of Nations had been given. . . .

In the Near East the interests of Great Britain and of France are so closely interwoven that, without exaggeration, Iraq and Syria, as far as opposition to Turkish encroachments is concerned, form a single front and cannot be considered separately. Mosul in Turkish hands means the end of the French mandate in a large part of Syria and, *mutatis mutandis*, the same applies to Iraq in the case of a return of the Turks to Northern Syria. The Turks know this and always speak of one anti-Turkish front. In addition to the menace of Franco-British unity they now apprehend that Italy will join any action against them if invited. They pretend to despise Italian intervention, yet they watch with anxiety the military or naval movements at the Italian base in the Isle of Rhodes, not far from the city of Smyrna. In this respect the rumours which arose at the time of Mussolini's interview at Rapallo with Sir Austen Chamberlain concerning a definite agreement for Italian participation in the eventual coercion of Turkey are certainly exaggerated. The Italian newspapers have spoken loudly about a military convention, but from what Sir Austen reported home it is clear that the conversation between the two statesmen was of a general and vague nature. Nevertheless, one may take it for granted that if the quarrel between Turkey and the League of Nations ends in war—for Mosul is a quarrel between Turkey and the League, of which Great Britain is only the mandatory—Italy will be found ready to take a share in the tussle. Of course, nobody wants war, the Turks not more than anybody else. But, as is the case

in Eastern affairs, if sufficient firmness is not shown war may come about, and nobody will know exactly how it happened. In the East the way of preventing warlike developments is to show a firm front. A Russian diplomat insisted that the only way to prevent the Turks from mistaking politeness for weakness is to let them know about the big heavy stone held in readiness to break their heads if necessary. The chief trouble, naturally, with the Turks is that behind them stands the Soviet Union. In the statement quoted in the beginning of this article the Turks complain of the British policy which throws them into the arms of the Soviets. The complaint is ill-founded, because the Turks have all the time been in the dependence of Moscow. The Turco-Soviet Treaty was published immediately after the Council's award on the Mosul frontier, so as to remind Europe of the force of Moscow and of its pretensions to play the part of arbiter in the Eastern Mediterranean.

The signing of the Locarno Treaties in London on December 1st marked the end of a period of six years in Europe when security was the chief problem in international relations. At the Conference at Locarno when these Treaties were in course of preparation it was felt that political energies were being set free which would necessarily seek a new problem upon which to concentrate. It becomes apparent that the new problem will have to be the question of disarmament, that is of the limitation of armaments in the group of States in Western and Central Europe. But before disarmament can be carried out on a useful scale a series of questions must be dealt with. Among these questions the most important is the problem of relations between Europe and Soviet Russia. Until the menace of unrest on the Eastern border is laid by peaceful means or by force there can be no real disarmament. Under the influence of the spirit of Locarno Europe prefers to have recourse to peaceful means only. In this direction the field of relations with Moscow is now being explored.

When the German Ministers came to Locarno intent on making a real peace with Western Europe they

explained that it could not be their intention to break the ties which since 1919 had been established between them and Moscow. On the contrary, so they explained, Germany was destined to be at the present juncture a bridge connecting East and West. The Allied members of the Locarno Conference did not disapprove of the German frankness or of this attitude towards Moscow. The Germans were told that their assistance would be appreciated in the work of bringing gradually the Soviet Union within the framework of a Europe organised according to the Covenant of the League of Nations. Therefore rumours which have been floating about that the Locarno Treaties should be looked upon as the nucleus of an active alliance for the encirclement of the Soviets are devoid of foundation in fact. The principal source of these rumours has been the guilty conscience of the rulers of the Kremlin themselves.

A clear understanding of the relations between Berlin and Moscow is necessary for the comprehension of the position to-day in regard to the relations of Europe with the Soviet Union. The origin of the present Germano-Soviet relations is to be found in the period of the Genoa Conference of 1922, when the late Dr. Rathenau concluded the Treaty of Rapallo with M. Chicherin. From the very first the German delegation at Genoa was under the impression that Germany could have no friends among the Western nations. This preconceived notion was strengthened as the Conference went on by a series of misunderstandings and, let us say it, by tactlessness in several quarters. The Germans began to consider the Bolsheviks as the only people with whom they could treat international affairs on a footing of equality. One fateful night Dr. Rathenau, who had been awakened suddenly and upon whom had been sprung the false news of an anti-German move by Mr. Lloyd George, accepted the proposal of the Bolsheviks to conclude the treaty which is known by the name of Rapallo, the little Italian town where it was signed. Conversations followed between German and Soviet delegates, which became later on the foundation of a sort of political agreement, the chief

points of which have been kept secret. An interesting comparison can be drawn between the two Conferences—Genoa in 1922 and Locarno in 1925. At Genoa the Bolsheviks were in close contact with the German delegation, remaining all the time, so to say, at its elbow. At Locarno the Bolsheviks figured merely as observers sitting at the Iles Borromées just across the Italian border. So weak was their contact with the Germans that on the day when the Locarno Treaties were initialled the two principal Soviet agents were convinced that such a thing could not possibly happen.

It is now known that the rumours which circulated about a secret military convention between the two Governments were not true. It is equally certain that, by the force of circumstances and under the pressure from the preconceived notion about Germany's isolation in Europe, the talks which took place in Rapallo and the development given to them later through diplomatic channels produced an agreement between Germany and the Soviets on several important points. It is immaterial in what form exactly these "secret clauses" were drafted. The important fact is that their existence is beyond doubt. Between the two Governments an agreement was reached for (a) a concerted attitude towards the League of Nations, and (b) a common policy in regard to Poland. The secrecy which was maintained was natural. The Soviet Government dared not confess to its Communists in Russia that it was considering, *even* academically, the question of the League of Nations. Germany, on the other hand, could not afford the accusation, however unfounded, that she was organising a joint offensive with the Soviets against Poland. However that may be, it is certain that in the period which elapsed between Genoa and Locarno, though for economic reasons the relations with the Soviets gradually became less cordial, Germany kept to her policy of relying on the support of Moscow. After the departure in 1923 from the Wilhelmstrasse of Baron Ago von Maltzahn and his replacement in the post of Permanent Secretary of State by Herr von Schubert (a gentleman with Anglophile views) the

policy of co-operation was, it is true, applied with less exuberance, but, nevertheless, it remained a live thing. The negotiations for the Pact of Security opened new vistas for German diplomacy. The possibility was seen at last of an honourable settlement with the Allies, and confidence was born in the peaceable intentions of Paris. Yet the idea was not given up entirely of using the Soviets as an element of reinsurance for the German political position in Europe. But the nearer came the moment of fulfilment for the Pact the greater was the desire in Berlin to alter the form of relations with Moscow in a way which would make them compatible with the new state of affairs.

Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Ambassador in Moscow, may tell some day the long and disagreeable story of the negotiations which took place between the two Governments. The culminating point was reached a few days before the German Ministers were due to leave for Locarno, when M. Chicherin arrived in Berlin for a heart-to-heart talk. He had been previously to Warsaw, the visit there being intended more to impress the Germans than to really improve relations with Poland. M. Chicherin's attitude in Berlin was characterised by bluster and copious menaces. Yet behind these bombastic utterances he had undoubtedly a strong case based on real political values. German Ministers assured M. Chicherin that their plans for the Pact were in no way intended to alter the good relations existing with Moscow. To placate M. Chicherin and to obtain his consent to the desired changes in the political agreement the German Government was obliged to pay a ransom. This took the form of a hasty signature of the same Commercial Treaty which had been held up for a long time because it was objectionable to German pride and contrary to German interests. The Commercial Treaty was the ransom paid to Moscow for the alterations in the form of the political relations which had grown up out of the Rapallo Treaty. Upon what took place after this there is some mystery. Herr Stresemann certainly discussed with M. Chicherin the terms of a new political agreement in many respects similar to the old German-Russian Rückversicherungs

Vertrag of 1887. An indication of its contents is also to be found in the new Turco-Soviet political agreement, the terms of which were made public in the end of last year. It is alleged that before going to Locarno Herr Stresemann and M. Chicherin signed a so-called "punktation" of the new treaty, that is a protocol in regard to the contents of its most important points. The principal of these was a solemn declaration by both contracting parties that neither of them belonged or would belong to any political combination the point of which is or would be directed against any one of the two parties. This amounted really to a declaration of benevolent neutrality. The presumption is that the new Treaty in its final form was to have been signed after the Locarno Conference, when M. Chicherin would be on his way back to Moscow. In contrast with the Turco-Soviet Treaty, both the German and the Soviet Governments have refrained until now from making any official announcement on this subject.

At Locarno the German delegation, instead of meeting antagonists bent on disputing each sentence, found friends anxious to come to a final settlement. There is no doubt that Dr. Luther and Herr Stresemann furnished to their colleagues at the Conference explanations in regard to their relations with Soviet Russia. In fact, they made a point of meeting in all sincerity the questions asked on the subject. From that time the question of relations with Moscow may be said to have come within the purview of Western European politics. It is equally certain that, while the problem of bringing Germany into the League of Nations was successfully solved under the leadership of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the new question concerning Soviet Russia attracted principally the attention of M. Briand, who in this matter seems destined to play a prominent part.

The scene shifts to Paris, where M. Chicherin had contrived at last, after great trouble on his part, to be invited to meet M. Briand upon the latter's return from Locarno. The outcome of his conversations at the Quai d'Orsay is well known: the French Government has

agreed to a Conference for the settlement of the question of the Russian debt to France and of other points on which a conflict exists. This Conference will fare probably as did the one which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald had in London in 1924: there will be much talk, endless procrastination and delay. It is true that the Soviet Government in 1926 is in a much more compliant mood than it was two years ago, and that this may help somewhat. What is interesting is the effort made at the Quai d'Orsay to speak with M. Chicherin of other more general questions in which the whole of Europe may be said to be interested. M. Briand was anxious to probe the attitude of the Soviet Government towards the League of Nations. He discovered that, in spite of the loud "never" of the official Soviet utterances, M. Chicherin was not averse from discussing ways and means for finding a way for bringing his Government into closer contact with the work of the League of Nations. He even spoke of observers in permanent residence at Geneva if such an arrangement could be made. What M. Briand considered important from the practical point of view was to obtain the participation of the Soviet Government in the work of the preparatory Commission for Disarmament, which is to meet at Geneva under the auspices of the League in the second half of February. M. Chicherin declared that Moscow would send representatives if they were assured of an equal status with all other delegates from the point of view of diplomatic immunity. The French Government, after getting into contact with the Secretariat of the League and with the Swiss Government, was able to send the assurance to Moscow that diplomatic immunity was assured to the Soviet delegates. Then M. Chicherin evidently became frightened of having gone too far, and especially of having acted too swiftly; he put up a new demand: he wanted to receive first of all the excuses of the Swiss Government for the murder in 1923 at Lausanne of the Soviet Ambassador in Rome, Vorowsky. The Swiss informed M. Briand that they could not comply even to get Soviet participation in the Disarmament Commission. The matter rests there at

present, but it is a sign of the change in the intransigent attitude of Moscow towards the League of Nations.

M. Chicherin, during his stay in Paris, spoke abundantly of his hate of Great Britain. But if he had any idea of enlisting French sympathies, he failed signally. He was informed by M. Briand that the *entente* with Great Britain is the key to the foreign policy of France, and that Sir Austen Chamberlain is kept informed of the development of conversations between Paris and Moscow. M. Chicherin pretended in Paris that his Government looks upon Great Britain as the attacker, especially in Asia. In China, said M. Chicherin, for example, Soviet propaganda is only undertaken as a measure of defence! Yet during his stay in Paris M. Chicherin demonstratively signed with Rushdy Bey, the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had come specially from Geneva for the purpose, the new political treaty of which mention has been made above. The object of the signature, and especially of the publication, which took place soon after, was to strengthen the hands of Turkey in the dispute with Great Britain over Mosul; it cannot be said that M. Chicherin acted exactly in the spirit of his pacific explanations. Nevertheless M. Briand is convinced that there is a change in the attitude of Moscow, in spite of all provocative manoeuvres. The reports received from M. Herbette, the French Ambassador in Moscow, point to a desire of the Soviet Government to come to terms with Europe. There is no doubt that this desire is not inspired by any real change in the mental attitude of the Kremlin Communists. But the economic and financial needs of the great country the rule of which they have assumed make imperative a *rapprochement* with the countries which have some money. A small detail throws a curious light on the present state of affairs in Moscow. To pay a compliment to the French Government, and to show its appreciation of M. Herbette, the Che Ka has been ordered to remove the agents which, according to the invariable Communist custom, are stationed outside the buildings occupied by foreign diplomatic missions to control all those who come and go. Those who have had the occasion of living for a period of

time in Moscow know the importance of this concession. The Che Ka exercises an intolerable control of all foreign diplomats. Its agents can be seen not only hanging about the entrances to the Embassies and Legations and following diplomats all about town, but under various pretexts they introduce themselves inside the missions and try to discover what is going on in the chanceries. No servant employed by the foreign missions is free from the suspicion of being a servant of the Che Ka. Some time ago a kitchen maid was dismissed from the staff of a foreign mission because it was discovered that the Che Ka had arrested her parents as hostages to ensure the carrying out by her of her duty as a spy. The mystery of the disappearance of a private diary from the pyjamas breast-pocket of a British diplomat has never been solved. Examples in scores can be given of this ceaseless and cruel spying on the part of the Che Ka. The honour shown to M. Herbette will, therefore, be understood. Moscow wants to curry favour with Paris.

But human nature remains unchanged through all times. While Moscow needs the co-operation of Europe and aspires to it, it cannot give up, on the other hand, the subversive practices to which it has become accustomed through all the years of the revolutionary period. We see, therefore, how the same Chicherin who speaks conciliatory words in Paris and Berlin and Warsaw sends out at the same time his ally Rushdy Bey, the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, on a tour of the Balkan States to investigate the possibilities of getting the principal States in that peninsula away from the influence of the League of Nations and of the Franco-British *entente*. In Belgrad Rushdy Bey offered the whole of Greek Macedonia as the price of Yugoslav co-operation with Turkey and with M. Chicherin. But Belgrad refuses to receive the much-desired port of Salonika out of the hands of Angora and Moscow. The Bulgarian Government was no less drastic: it has let the Turks know that it stands firmly by the Covenant of the League of Nations. The German Government has informed Angora that it recognises the justice of the Mosul award. This is a direct result of Locarno.

Now that Western Europe is settling down, international attention is directed towards the eastern part of the Continent. Wherever one looks, from the Baltic to the Black Sea and to the Ægean, whether one considers the general question of disarmament or the case of some individual State, the necessity of finding a solution for the problem of the relations of Europe with the Soviets becomes apparent. As I have mentioned already, the spirit of Locarno promotes the desire of a peaceful settlement, and it is in this direction that the statesmen of Europe are at work. But, without being pessimistic, it certainly can be predicted that if the Soviets do not accept the chance which is being afforded to them of joining the Concert of the nations of Europe, if they neglect to prove their desire for a peaceful settlement, they will inevitably be cast out of the community of the nations of Europe, and, if they misbehave, will expose themselves some day to the application of means of defence which, "to protect peace, are not of peace."

THE RED REACTION TO LOCARNO

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

DANGER to the peace of the world lies no longer in the West. Appeasement and reconciliation, in the noble words of King George to the delegates who signed the Locarno Pacts in London on December 1st, are the notes of the new era, as Dr. Stresemann called it, the era whose inception was seen in the little Italian-Swiss city on Lake Maggiore some four months ago. What comfortable words after those seven discomfiting years since the Armistice: appeasement—the burying of the hatchet; reconciliation—hands shaken in friendship across the frontiers. How full of promise for the pursuit of the more excellent way; how fine, how fortifying to all men of good will; but how much the reverse for men of the opposite sort! What the Pacts do is to provide, to quote the King again, a foundation for a sincere friendship between seven nations—a very big thing in itself, seeing who these seven nations are. But, constructively, the Pacts do a great deal more than that, because by means of other regional understandings or pacts already entered into, or in course of being come to, such as those of the Little Entente and of the Baltic States, which may rightly be regarded as supplementing and completing the Treaty of Locarno, the area covered by the whole series includes all Europe, except Soviet Russia. To put the matter but a little differently, and at bottom not differently at all, the Europe that orients itself to the League of Nations has for its eastern boundary the line running from Finland on the north to Bulgaria on the south, that is, the line of the “Border States,” on the other side of which is the Soviet Union. In this connection it may be noted that Rykoff, the President of the Council of the People’s Commissars at Moscow, when speaking to a representative of Turkey, denounced in the same breath the League of Nations and the Locarno Pacts as being equally directed against Soviet

Russia—and Turkey; hence the new Soviet-Turkish Treaty, which is symptomatic of the general Red reaction to Locarno. The immediate point here is that the Pacts and the League, which stand together (for the Pacts are broad-based on the League), are alike under the ban of the Soviet, which realises thoroughly that the new solidarity of Europe presents a most serious obstacle, perhaps insurmountable, to the success of its plans in that quarter for the world revolution and the rest of its programme. In strict accordance with the peculiar logical processes of the Bolshevik mind, the Soviet Union complains loudly that it has been isolated. A high authority on the other side has stated that the isolation of the Union through the Pacts was not intentional; it is, in truth, consequential, eight years’ experience of Bolshevik aims and methods having left no room for doubt of the real character of Sovietism and of the necessity for opposing it. Locarno is an indication, and the Soviet is well aware of it.

Before the first meeting of all the delegates at Locarno Soviet Russia did what it could to wreck the Conference by putting pressure on Germany. Chicherin went in hot haste to Berlin, but did not succeed in preventing German representatives from attending the Conference, though he did obtain a new commercial treaty, which was more favourable to Soviet Russia than to Germany. It must be supposed that this treaty replaced that of Rapallo, which was concluded in April, 1922, and which provided for the mutual assistance of Germany and Soviet Russia in all economic undertakings that could contribute to a *rapprochement* between them. But as soon as the Treaty of Locarno was initialed the organs of the Soviet Government and of the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party angrily cried out that a “united front” had been formed against the Union owing to the “capitulation” of Germany, it was said, to Great Britain, who was pictured as dominating the Conference, and scoring a great diplomatic triumph. These journals went so far as to suggest that there was being prepared a “new war against Soviet Russia,” in which Germany might participate. It was very evident from all this that the Treaty of Rapallo

had had its political as well as its economic side; it also appeared from the outpourings of its Press that Soviet Russia, who had looked on Germany as an ally, must now cease to do so. In brief, it was admitted that a new international situation had arisen which was extremely detrimental to the Union. Later, however, a more subdued tone was noticeable in the Moscow papers. Still later it was stated in *The Times* — after the signing of the Treaty in London — that Germany, before accepting the Treaty, had agreed to a new convention proposed by Chicherin by which she had bound herself not to enter into a combination directed against the Soviet Union, her attitude being that of a neutral, not of an ally now. The statement may or may not be well founded; if it is correct it cannot but suggest that, unfortunately, there may be some uncertainty whether Germany really is to be counted among those who seek peace and ensue it, and is bent on the carrying out of the programme of appeasement and reconciliation, which is certainly not the programme of Soviet Russia. A more liberal view is that in accepting the Locarno Pacts, and by securing at least a partial release from her commitments to the Soviet, Germany has gone as far as is reasonably to be expected of her in present circumstances, and that the future will see her drawing farther away from the Bolsheviks. There is still another view, and it is a sufficiently remarkable one, namely, that Germany, retaining something of her Rapallo political connection with Moscow, but being at the same time a signatory of the Locarno Pacts, may become a "bridge between Russia and the West" (*The Times*, December 3rd, 1925).

Russia and the West is a phrase of the deepest political significance. It separates Russia from the West; it differentiates them. Is this just? Is Russia of the East or of the West, Asiatic or European? In the jargon of our day, is she Nordic or Mongol? In the course of her history she has been Western and she has been Eastern; she has had Nordic Czars and she has had Mongol Khans; but she has always been more Eastern than Western. There is no uncertainty respecting what she is under her

present rulers; she is Eastern. Lenin was a Mongol, as his face showed very distinctly, and Bolshevism is Eastern. Soviet orators frequently speak of the "bacillus of European civilisation," and it is of course the West that is meant by European civilisation. Greeting the Japanese aviators who were in Moscow some time ago on their flight from Tokio to Paris, the spokesman of the Soviet Government said: "In the old days, when anyone wished to insult a Russian, he called him an Asiatic. To-day we are proud to be included among the countries on Asiatic soil." To a Japanese journalist Stalin declared, "I, too, am an Asiatic." In that sense Asiatic is equivalent to anti-European, and is the antithesis of the spirit of Locarno. If Soviet Russia is Eastern, and is, in fact, the enemy of the West, how can Germany in the nature of things become a bridge between Russia and the West? The Slav peoples outside Soviet Russia strongly dissociate themselves from Easternism. During a recent tour through Central Europe, of which I gave some personal impressions in the November issue of this REVIEW, I was greatly struck by the fact that the leading men I met insisted that they and their peoples were Westerns or Westerners, and not Easterns or Easterners. "We are of the West—our culture is Latin," said M. Grabski, then Minister of Education in the Polish Government, and a brother of the ex-Premier. "The orientation of Czechoslovakia is European, not Asiatic; occidental, not oriental," said Dr. Benesh. Colonel Stodola, a Slovak deputy, spoke very similarly to me. What they meant by their deliberate choice of these terms was that they and their peoples consider themselves as part and parcel of Europe and its characteristic civilisation, as opposed to Bolshevism, which seeks to overwhelm and destroy it. For obvious reasons the Poles and other Europeans are anxious to have trade relations with Soviet Russia, with all these may imply in the economic sphere; but there the thing stops: they will have nothing to do with Sovietism as such. They are under no illusions about the unchanged nature of the Reds; trade, yes; but Bolshevism, no. That is the position.

If the leaders, peoples and proletariat generally of

Europe have not followed the example of Bolshevik revolution it has not been because the Soviet Union, whether directly through its own officials or indirectly through the emissaries of the Third International, has not made every effort within its power to bring about the contrary result. It is the Soviet that has been beaten in the struggle. All the time its propaganda was virulent and menacing, though more so in some countries than in others; but it went far beyond propaganda, as was seen last winter. Two years or so before it had had a notable success in Georgia; under the pretence of freeing people oppressed by anti-Bolsheviks it had put down the Caucasian republic and Sovietised the country, to the accompaniment of the usual massacres and atrocities. In December, 1924, it tried to play the same game in Estonia by promoting a rising in Reval, but the Estonian Government proved equal to the occasion, and, acting with swift decision, quickly suppressed the conspiracy. Estonia is a small country and Reval is not a great city, but the affair was strikingly typical of Bolshevik methods and of the manner in which they should be met. If there had been any faltering or paltering on the part of the Estonian Government Estonia might have gone the way of Georgia. Having failed in its attack on the northern wing of the Border States it turned its attention in the following April to the southern wing—to Bulgaria, where it did some mischief, but again was defeated, thanks to the courage and resolution of the Zankoff Government. In addition to these two main occurrences there were "incidents" and outrages on the eastern frontiers of the other Border States, as well as discoveries and arrests of Bolshevik plotters in some of these States, but none of these affairs was of very great importance, and certainly none gave any advantage to the Soviet Union. As a matter of fact, its various attempts in Europe were frustrated.

Perhaps it was to account for or explain its failures, but it was during last winter, 1924-25, that the Soviet spread abroad the accusation that Great Britain was conducting a strong campaign against it. It said through its Press that England had succeeded in uniting Rumania, Bulgaria

and Jugoslavia in a Balkan League against Bolshevism, and that she was trying to combine Finland, Estonia and Latvia in a Baltic League with the same object. It stated that England, for the same reason, was busy promoting friendship between Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Poland. It declared it was easy to see that Britain was preparing a widespread offensive against the Soviet Government. Somewhat later it alleged that information had been received from an "absolutely authentic source" that Britain had secured a long lease from Estonia of the islands of Dago and Oesel lying near the sea-lane to Kronstadt and Leningrad, and intended to establish a naval base in the Baltic. All these charges were false. But the enmity to England of Soviet Russia was not a new thing, nor was it the first time that Britain had been traduced and vilified by Moscow; the process still continues, and now revolves round Locarno, that is, at the moment, the Pacts being represented as victories for England's anti-Soviet policy, instead of victories for European civilisation, as they are.

It is not in the West but in the East, particularly in the Far East, that danger lies to the world's peace; it is in Asia that the main Red reaction to Locarno will be seen. Baffled in Europe, the Soviet Union is concentrating its chief energies on China, the disorganisation of that vast country, owing to the rivalry of its fighting Tuchuns and Tupans, giving the Bolsheviks extraordinary opportunities of which they are making the most. If the Soviet cannot be charged with causing all the trouble in China, it can be charged quite justly with fostering, fomenting and exploiting every element of disorder there. Chicherin has the hardihood to deny this. A short time before the Conference met at Locarno he said:—

Victims of political oppression on the part of the Great Powers, victims of economic exploitation on the part of capital from more developed countries, victims of the direct manifestations of ferocity on the part of these Powers in China, the Chinese people rose up against this yoke through mass strikes connected with various forms of political demonstration. None other than Senator Borah, one of the most prominent men in American public life, declared in answer to a resolution of the American Chamber of Commerce in Hankow, "There will be no disorders in China

if foreigners respect the rights of the Chinese people." But a certain extreme section of the British Conservatives, Lord Birkenhead included among them, desiring to maintain the foreign yoke over the Chinese people, are looking for some scapegoat to sacrifice, with an eye to the public opinion of their own country. However, the charges which they are making against the Soviet Government are false from start to finish.

Now, in Britain and in the United States a great deal of information regarding what goes on and is said at Moscow is given in the newspapers, and, Chicherin notwithstanding, there is no doubt whatever of the course the Soviet is pursuing in China. There is really nothing secret about the attitude and aims of the Bolsheviks in the Far East. Some weeks before Chicherin made the above statement Stalin told the students at the University for Oriental Nationalities in Moscow that it was their business to create a yearning for emancipation among the Chinese people, and to use as a lever anything, no matter what, that would bring about revolution. This seems plain enough. But acts are more eloquent than words, and the action of Soviet Russia concerning China and the Chinese people is decisive of its policy. That policy was well in evidence before Locarno, but Locarno will intensify it, and all the more because through China the Soviet can strike at Britain.

Not long ago Chicherin declared that Soviet Russia and China were natural allies. He had forgotten, apparently, that the Soviet had showed the kind of ally of China it was by Bolshevising and virtually annexing Mongolia. By the Treaty of Kiakta, 1915, Mongolia recognised Chinese supremacy, but was allowed to become autonomous. Four years later China rescinded the treaty, and reassumed full authority over Mongolia. After the Far Eastern Republic, which consisted of Eastern Siberia with Chita as capital, had been eaten up by the Soviet and incorporated in the Union, Moscow did with Mongolia exactly what it did with Georgia. Under the same pretence of liberating an oppressed people, Red troops invaded Mongolia and occupied it. The Soviet Government alleged that these troops were sent at the request of the Mongolian people, but there is little doubt that the request emanated from Moscow and not from Mongolia.

That country has been Bolshevised. China protested, but, distracted by internal strife, was powerless to do more than protest. In 1923 Soviet propaganda was increasingly active in China, especially in Canton, where the Reds found a tool in Sun Yat-sen. In the north, in Manchuria, Chang Tso-lin successfully resisted Soviet pressure, which was directed to regaining control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, and he was supported in this by Japan. Joffe, an adroit and plausible man, who had negotiated most of the Soviet's early treaties with foreign lands, was then the Bolshevik representative in China, but was not particularly successful in that rôle. He was succeeded by a man of a different stamp—Mikhail Karakhan, a lawyer by profession, who when only a lad was assistant editor of a revolutionary paper in the Far East. Karakhan succeeded where Joffe had failed. In May, 1924, he considerably enhanced the prestige of the Soviet and his own position by concluding a treaty which, among other things, secured from China the official recognition of the Soviet Government. Among the other things was the surrender to China of the extra-territorial concessions and privileges in the Treaty ports and elsewhere that had been obtained by the Czarist régime. Mongolia, however, was not restored to China, nor was all claim to the Chinese Eastern Railway abandoned. In giving up extra-territoriality for Soviet Russia Karakhan's object was sinister. He was playing up to those members of the Young China movement who even then advocated the summary cancellation, not only of extra-territoriality but of all the foreign treaties they considered detrimental to their country. He made a great point of denouncing the Imperialist policies of the West and of America towards China, but naturally said nothing of the Soviet's Imperialism, which, as most observers agree, is quite as active and strong as was that of Czarist Russia.

When this treaty was negotiated the Chihli Party, headed by President Tsao Kun, with Marshal Wu Pei-fu as its military backer, was in power at Peking. It is difficult for English readers to find their way through the bewildering mazes of Chinese politics and movements, or to identify

the Chinese leaders, some of whom flit across the stage like shadows and are gone. The very names of most of these figures are hard to remember. But some stand out and are still on the scene. Among them is Wu; a second is Chang Tso-lin of Manchuria; and a third is Feng Yuxiang, the so-called Christian general. Sun Yat-sen, a name once tolerably familiar, was deemed of much less importance by the Chinese, but in the retrospect he may appear important enough, as it was he who gave the Bolsheviks a real opening in Canton, of which they have not been slow to avail themselves. The chief names are Wu, Chang and Feng. In the autumn of 1924 civil war broke out again, with the unexpected result that Wu, because of the treachery of Feng, was defeated by Chang, and had to take refuge in flight up the Yangtse. Feng and Chang soon quarrelled, but before their rupture Chang was instrumental in saving the "Boy Emperor" from death, which Feng, at Bolshevik instigation, sought to compass. From this time on Feng comes into the picture as tainted with Bolshevism, and more than any other Chinese he encouraged the anti-foreign agitation which was very marked throughout last winter and increased in intensity as last year advanced. Early in the summer the anti-foreign sentiment reached a high pitch in the riots which took place at Shanghai, Hankow, Canton, and even in the British colony of Hong-Kong. In the House of Commons the Foreign Secretary stated that the disturbances in China were being fostered and aggravated by the agents of another Power, meaning thereby Soviet Russia. Unquestionably the troubles at Shanghai were the result of Bolshevik propaganda backed by Bolshevik money. The nationalism of Young China, as voiced by the students, now expressed itself in the phrase "Down with Imperialism and unequal treaties." Feng christened his forces the Kuominchun, or National Army, and in a telegram ranged himself on the side of an "outraged people." He spoke strongly of the "bloodthirst of the British."

On the other hand, Chang showed himself resolutely opposed to Bolshevism in any shape or form, and was denounced by Feng and the students. But war did not

follow between Chang and Feng; there was a curious lull—a temporary dying down of the anti-foreign agitation, the explanation being that Bolshevik subsidies were being withheld. It was during this interval that the Chinese Government issued invitations to the interested Powers to participate in a Conference on the Customs tariff. That Conference was summoned in accordance with the treaty signed in Washington in February, 1922, and the Government of China which issued the invitations was the creation of Chang, not of Feng, and Chang himself was the only convinced supporter of the Conference. But in October, while the delegates were on their way to attend it at Peking, the situation took another extraordinary turn, the civil war being resumed, with Chang, Feng and Wu as the principal figures again. Soon it was manifest that Chang's power had been over-estimated. A partisan of Wu drove Chang's troops out of Shanghai and north along the littoral towards Manchuria. In that area Chang had had to contend, latterly not altogether successfully, with increasing Bolshevik pressure, and Bolshevik money secured the defection of one of his generals at a critical moment, which, in the surprising upshot, turned to Chang's advantage. Though his armies captured Tientsin, Feng has unexpectedly determined to "withdraw into private life," and is said to be going to Moscow to get first-hand knowledge of Soviet institutions! The position in North China is very obscure. South China is becoming more and more Bolshevik, the infection spreading from Canton. What Wu will, or rather can, do is uncertain, but at present he seems to control Central China. All observers in China now report that Bolshevism is gaining ground everywhere. A year ago it seemed incredible that a system so alien to the Chinese character and instincts could have much success in China. But the question must now be asked in all seriousness: Is China going Bolshevik? This is what Moscow hopes, and there is no need to point out the danger to the world's peace of a Bolshevik China.

THE COLOGNE EVACUATION

BY JOHN BELL

THE passing of the British Army from the Cologne zone is an event of historic significance, for it marks the fulfilment by Germany of the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty, without which the evacuation would not have been possible. It is the first stage of the evacuation of the Rhine that has been effected, and it has taken seven years instead of five to bring it about. Let it be recalled that fifteen years is the stipulated period during which the Rhine has to be occupied, but he would be a bold man who dared to suggest that French, British and Belgian soldiers will remain in German territory for the full term indicated in the Peace Treaty. The Locarno agreements and the spirit they have produced are, in the German mind at any rate, against continued occupation. This is a delicate point to which I shall refer later.

In taking stock of the British occupation of the Cologne zone one fact has impressed itself on the minds of observers who have watched our Army discharge its duties in accordance with the Peace Treaty. It is this: it was an occupation marked by firmness tempered with justice. Duties were discharged conscientiously and therefore thoroughly, and yet in a way to make the presence of foreign troops felt as little as possible. It was not an easy matter to create an impression of this sort among the Germans of the Rhineland, but the chiefs of the Occupation Force and the British civil officials of the Rhineland Commission succeeded so well in their task that it is not surprising their departure should be regretted by a not inconsiderable section of the population.

It was inevitable that the British should encounter difficulties when they occupied Cologne after the Armistice. Think of the spirit that prevailed in that city and throughout Germany when the significance of the military defeat was fully realised. The appearance of khaki uniforms in

the streets of Cologne furnished the last touch to the German military *débâcle*. It was a rude awakening for the Germans, a proof that the European hegemony of which they had dreamt had not to be. They were sullen, and it can be readily understood that they were not disposed to forget readily and to settle down to peaceful pursuits.

There were exciting times in Cologne in those early days of the occupation. The victorious troops, flushed with their triumph, had to be kept in hand. It was at first a mixed Occupation Force, but the sorting-out process was speedy. The first preoccupation of General Sir Charles Fergusson, Military Governor of Occupied Territory, was to get the inhabitants of the zone back to work as quickly as possible. Germans returned from the battlefields, and, smarting under defeat, did not take kindly to work. Pretexts for labour disputes were easily found. Strikes occurred in Cologne and in various parts of the zone. Industrial discipline was at a discount. Employers and employed were unable to settle their quarrels, and the British Army had to step in and devise means. It was a case of exerting firmness if civil strife had to be averted. So we established arbitration courts before which representatives of employers and employed had to appear and compose their quarrels.

It says much for our fair and patient administration that these arbitration courts were entirely successful. One dispute after another was settled, and the time came when the German machinery for settling trade differences was ignored, and the aid of the arbitration courts set up by the British invoked, for they had obtained a reputation for giving fair-minded judgments. It was the same with the British military tribunals. During the period of occupation there had never been any serious criticism levelled against these courts. On the contrary, the Germans themselves have paid tributes to the even-handed justice dispensed. The biggest man in Cologne is naturally its Oberbürgermeister, Dr. Adenauer, and his views on the British occupation are worth recording. On one occasion he remarked that when the British left Cologne it would

be a worthy act to erect a monument to commemorate the justice of their military courts.

During the period of evacuation I paid several visits to Cologne, and had a long conversation with Dr. Adenauer, who, as head of the town, was best qualified to speak on the relations between it and the British Occupation Authorities. The Oberbürgermeister is not an expansive man. He weighs his words. He told the story of the occupation from beginning to end. The initial stage was marked by unpleasant incidents. He spoke of some Germans having been robbed and others who had been done to death, but he did not see how such deplorable incidents could have been avoided at a time of tremendous excitement when it was difficult to institute immediately a *régime* of control. He admitted, however, that the British were not long in restoring order, and he paid a warm compliment to our officers, whose attitude, he said, had always been correct. From the beginning it was their desire to make the occupation if not invisible at any rate as little irksome as possible. The utmost consideration was shown to the inhabitants of Cologne consistent with the strict performance of the duties imposed on the Army.

A striking example of British forbearance, of a desire not to do things which might wound the susceptibilities of a people who had just lost their military glory by defeat, has to be cited. The Oberbürgermeister was asked to have certain placards posted in the town. One of these posters laid it down that the population had to salute officers. The Germans themselves, when they occupied a town, insisted on the salute of the inhabitants. Dr. Adenauer hinted at difficulties. He could not think that the British would persist in their demand. We did not persist. The placards were not posted in the town, but British officers were saluted all the same.

The settling down in the Cologne zone was rapid. It was effected in good order and with a precision which astonished the Germans, adepts in organisation. The necessary services for enabling the Army of Occupation to fulfil its mission were speedily created. The Army was greatly assisted in its task by the British officials of the

Rhineland Commission, who were the intermediaries between it and the population. First Colonel Ryan, then Mr. Julian Piggott, and finally Colonel Birch dealt with Dr. Adenauer, and Graf Adelman von Adelmansfelder, the *Regierungs-Präsident*, the chief official of the Berlin Government in the Cologne zone, and their relations were never at any time strained. Both sides grasped the situation and decided to make the best of it and to co-operate in a spirit consistent with British and German interests. Our civil officials did their work well, but they had their difficult and trying moments, particularly during the occupation of the Ruhr, and it is to the credit of the British name that when the order was given for the evacuation of the zone, which meant that the British section of the Rhineland Commission at Cologne ceased to operate, the German functionaries were warm in their praise, distributing compliments alike to the successive commanders-in-chief of the British Occupation Force and to our civil representatives.

The German praise was justly merited. The British had assumed their task guided by certain well-defined rules. There had not to be anything else than a circumspect demeanour towards the population. Anything in the way of fraternisation had to be avoided. We had to be fair and just, but we had to be firm. The Germans realised that the Occupation Authorities were firm, that they would tolerate no nonsense; and the vast majority of the population accepted the presence of British troops in their midst without demur, without seeking to create difficulties, for it knew that any trouble, fomented by Nationalists on the one hand or Communists on the other, would be rigorously suppressed. The Germans knew that if the sight of foreign uniforms was a constant reminder that their once vaunted military power was no more, that they were undergoing a mild punishment for the egregious mistakes of those, from the ex-Kaiser downwards, who had directed their destinies, they were, at any rate, living in a sense of security.

One reason why the British Army was able to discharge the duties imposed upon it by the Peace Treaty with com-

plete satisfaction, as the Germans themselves will readily admit (for their leading officials have never had any reason to complain of the attitude of the Commanders-in-Chief, General Sir A. Godley and General Sir John du Kane), was the spirit of colonisation inherent in our race. British habits and customs were introduced into the Cologne zone. The officers pursued the same recreations they indulged in at home. They found a nine-hole golf course and were not long in transforming it into the regulation course of eighteen holes. They created a fine polo-ground, and they availed themselves to the full of the fishing facilities afforded by the Rhine. It will not, of course, be assumed that the life of the British officers at Cologne was one long round of sport. A visit to the Excelsior Hotel, the headquarters of the British Command, revealed a hive of activity. There was work for everybody, and it was done with efficiency. It was always possible to obtain an idea of the activity at headquarters by the number of motor cars parked in the shadow of the cathedral.

The soldiers, too, had their sports, which they indulged in with zest in the intervals of training. Each battalion had its football teams, and matches were frequent during the season. Our soldiers have given a fillip to football in the Rhineland. The Rhinelanders are now enthusiastic footballers, but they have not yet penetrated what to them are the mysteries of cricket. The troops were well provided with the means of recreation. The Y.M.C.A. had a very large establishment, which was admirably managed. The soldiers could obtain meals at moderate charges; very interesting cinema shows were organised; they had probably one of the largest billiard rooms in Germany; concerts were frequently arranged; and there were the Sunday evening services, at which addresses were delivered by people well known in the religious world, while the music, invariably selected with care, was furnished by the regimental bands. There was also a Rhine Dramatic Society, which presented a variety of pieces, and a Choral Union, the members of which were drawn from all ranks of the garrison and the British colony.

During the first years of the occupation nothing of an

eventful character happened. Now and again the Communists tried to cause trouble. The Army Authorities left no doubt about their attitude towards the Bolsheviks in the zone. Would-be disturbers of the peace were promptly dealt with. Their organs were suspended and their ring-leaders expelled. It is an interesting fact that with the exception of a single Nationalist, who endeavoured to distribute propaganda literature, the only persons expelled from the zone were Communists.

The period of anxiety and uncertainty came when the French and Belgians occupied the Ruhr. There were moments when the British found themselves in a difficult situation. It had always to be borne in mind that we were the Allies of France and Belgium; that if we disagreed with the move made for making Germany pay we had to remain strictly neutral and do nothing that could be interpreted by the French and the Belgians as an attempt to frustrate their efforts to obtain what they went into the Ruhr to seek. The British were put to considerable inconvenience. The Cologne zone was hemmed in by Customs posts, and at one time it looked as though it would be isolated. What increased the difficulties and embittered the position was the foolish decision of the German Government to embark on a policy of passive resistance. During the seven months I spent in the Ruhr in 1923 I had opportunities of noting the effects of this policy, and I expressed the opinion in this Review at the time that it was a dishonest policy, since Germany, having given her word to pay, had adopted dishonest means to avoid payment. The German Government of that day thought it was thwarting the French and Belgians by printing notes and giving them to workmen for doing nothing. Apparently it did not occur to it that the only result of its action would be to stiffen the backs of the French and Belgians. Economic chaos and financial ruin followed the policy of passive resistance. Germany had cut off her nose to spite her face.

There were exciting days in Cologne when inflation was at its height. Prices in the shops, hotels and restaurants were changed almost hourly. Calculations in marks were

made in billions. The British soldier had at his command the spending power in marks of between three and four pounds a day. He had a glorious time. He was able to eat and drink of the best and to buy things to which he had rarely been accustomed. Many Anglo-German marriages took place during the inflation period. German women did not hesitate to throw in their lot with British soldiers who were billionaires and who could give them appetising dinners, choice wines and pretty dresses.

It was a rule that everything possible should be done to discourage marriages between British soldiers and German women, but according to figures supplied to me by the *Regierungs-Präsident* at Cologne the number of unions from 1920 to the end of September last year was 748, which represents about ten per cent. of the garrison as it was when the evacuation began. The introduction of the Rentenmark had an immediate effect on the Anglo-German marriage market. In January, 1924, the British soldier found to his amazement that his pound note was worth only 17s. 6d. in Cologne. The boot was on the other leg. The Germans were in a position to say that English money had depreciated. There were signs of elation and confidence that the bad days through which Germany had passed were at an end and that the sun of prosperity would shine upon her again.

This confident hope has not yet been realised. The fact is that Germany, bankrupt one day, was not in a position to accommodate herself to the gold standard on the morrow. The effect of basing prices and wages on the gold mark was not long in making itself felt. Exports to countries with depreciated currencies were immediately decreased, and the spectre of unemployment appeared. There are more people out of work in Cologne this winter than at any other period during the occupation. Germany is paying to-day for the foolish policy in 1923, which was the consummation of her bankruptcy.

If the Germans committed a blunder the French made a mistake in giving encouragement to the Separatist movement, which was intended to divorce the Rhineland from Germany. The French had hopes that the institution of

a Rhineland Republic would solve the problem of their future security, and encouragement was given to manifestations organised by persons who could not by any stretch of the imagination be considered to represent the aspirations of the real Rhinelanders. There was a Separatist movement before the French and Belgians entered the Ruhr. Men of substance and position belonged to it, but they would have nothing to do with the would-be *coups-d'état* engineered by rabbles. The British Authorities in Cologne were kept on the alert during these days of intermittent upheaval. Their attitude towards the Separatist movement was correct and strictly in keeping with the Peace Treaty. Cologne breathed freely when the movement collapsed ignominiously.

It would not be difficult to argue that the trend of British policy was making itself felt on the German mind. The Germans now saw that further opposition to the Peace Treaty, in so far as the reparation and disarmament clauses were concerned, was useless. They accepted the Dawes plan with the reservation that they were not sure whether it could be executed, and after much tergiversation and delay they finally decided to execute the military clauses of the Treaty. After the agreements reached at Locarno the promise was given to evacuate Cologne, and the British Occupation Force made preparations for the flitting. A plan of gradual evacuation in accordance with the terms of the Note of the Ambassadors' Conference to Berlin was drawn up. The British Command had prepared a timetable by which the 8,000 troops could be moved to the new area at Wiesbaden, but it had to be altered. Our troops had to occupy barracks vacated by the French. It was not a case of the French troops quitting immediately. Accommodation had to be found for them in other parts of occupied territory, and even before the barracks were free it was discovered that these were not in a fit state for the reception of British soldiers.

Reparations had to be effected in accordance with British ideas of hygiene. It came to this: the British troops could only leave the Cologne zone as accommodation was prepared for them. The German comic papers

were quick to seize upon the departure of the French from Wiesbaden and the arrival of the British, and one of them published a drawing which gave great offence, and steps were taken to stop the sale of the number. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden and district welcomed the change of foreign occupiers for reasons of a material character. The famous spa had not done good business during the last few years, and it was thought that the coming of the British would effect a desirable change in its fortunes. It has to be said that if Wiesbaden and the spas in its vicinity had not enjoyed the prosperity of other days the fault could not be laid at the door of the French; if fewer people were making cures it was because the economic conditions of Germany were such that even reputedly wealthy folk paused at the prices they were called upon to pay.

The difference between the value of English and French currencies was shown in the prices asked for accommodation. In this respect Wiesbaden was living up to its reputation as a town *de luxe*. The rents demanded for some buildings were fantastic. For a building suitable for housing the Y.M.C.A. a yearly rent of £6,000 was asked. Evidently the proprietors of houses and hotels required by the British considered that the pound could rise to the occasion.

The evacuation was effected in bad weather, the first sections of the troops leaving Cologne in blinding snow-storms. Our troops took everything with them, except their beds. Even the brooms for sweeping out the barrack rooms were included in the baggage. The various battalions left very quietly. There was no military show of any sort. Headed by their bands they marched from the barracks to the station and entrained for their destination.

Now that they are installed in the Wiesbaden area the question arises: how long will they remain there? A year has been mentioned by the Germans, probably eighteen months. The Locarno agreements do not satisfy all the Germans. The Nationalists do not like them. But a very large section of Germans sees in them a very strong argument for bringing the occupation of the Rhine to an end.

"We have accepted a pact of security of the West," they say. "We have buried the hatchet. We are, with you, partners in a combination of Powers for ensuring peace. Therefore the presence of French, British and Belgian troops in the Rhineland is not consistent with the spirit of Locarno. The maintenance of these soldiers on our territory is calculated to make us believe that you still distrust us. If that is so, why was the pact of security made? If it is not so, if you have confidence in our word, the logical thing to do is to withdraw your troops."

A campaign for the evacuation of the Rhine has already begun in Germany, and it will increase with the passing of the days. There is to be a reduction of the French forces of occupation. It is in the German mind that this process of reduction will continue. The German Government is pinning its faith to Left opinion in France. If it discharges its obligations in the sense of executing the Dawes plan it will, after Locarno, be strengthened in its demand for the evacuation of the Rhine. There is a difficulty. The economic situation in Germany is getting worse. There are more than a million unemployed in the country, and there are ominous hints that the execution of the Dawes plan may be interfered with. In that eventuality even a Government of the Left in France, sincerely imbued with peace ideals, would hesitate before it sanctioned the withdrawal of French troops from the Rhine.

SHAW, WELLS, AND CREATIVE EVOLUTION

BY H. E. L. MELLERSH

Author of "Let Loose" (Selwyn and Blount)

BERNARD SHAW has definitely nailed the flag which represents his religious convictions to the mast of Creative Evolution. Moreover, having, as usual, to tell us things about his own writings which we ought to be able to see for ourselves, he assures us that Creative Evolution has always been the rock of his faith. As for H. G. Wells, perhaps it has been possible to hear him grow in his religious as well as in his other convictions. Those convictions, however, have not so much changed as become deeper and stronger.

And between the faiths of these two men there is much similarity. . . .

The creed of Creative Evolution is, essentially, that man's destiny and man's vindication of his existence have been given into his own hands, and that if he will only want and try hard enough he can so evolve as to gain by the aid of the Life Force—or, in other words, the grace of God—complete power over himself and his surroundings.

Samuel Butler, that so very troublesome amateur, "took up" Evolution. And found himself, to his own dismay, falling foul of the already immensely popular Charles Darwin and, particularly later, of the crudities and the narrower outlook which Darwin's disciples, following the apparent practice of all disciples, displayed. Heredity, Butler came to hold, was only another name for memory. And memory was the accumulator throughout the generations of experience, what was done unconsciously being that which has been done so many times before. Therefore, said Butler, following Lamarck, what one generation wants and tries to do the next may do a little better. But Natural Selection, on the other hand, the survival of the fittest, the blundering ruthlessness of animals, if it was to account for all, as the Neo-Darwinists held, could do without accumulating memory, took no cognizance of object

or aim in the world, left all to luck and nothing to cunning—"banished mind," in fact, "from the universe."

This crude materialism of the scientists met on the other side the ill-tempered conservatism of the Established Church; met it and quarrelled with it—violently. It created something of the atmosphere which now exists in America to produce such books as *God—or Gorilla?* and the "Monkeyville" trial.

It is in the description of this atmosphere and the appreciation of the moral collapse that ensued that Shaw and Wells, the one in his preface to *Back to Methuselah* and the other in his *Outline of History*, may be said first to coincide. The bogey of a cruel and un-understandable God, Shelley's "Almighty Fiend," was by the Darwinians beautifully and popularly dispersed. Or if not dispersed, at least rendered down and divided into mere "iron laws." And nobody but Butler apparently saw that one devil had been driven out to let in a worse one!

Then, worst of all, the new devil got hold of those who ruled, so that they lost any lingering conception of being guided by the will of God and became at the last merely political opportunists *in excelsis*. To quote Wells, just at a time when men had been brought to a greater closeness of contact and power of mutual injury than ever before, there was fostered an idea that competition and survival were the natural laws of life. There grew up, in Europe at least, a scorn of democracy and melioration, a systematic heartlessness, a worship of the cruel and overbearing, and the formation of a series of militant loyalties for races, kings and countries which of necessity had to be antagonistic to something. The final result was that we wandered blindly into a war so exhaustive that not even the victor could hope to be anything but half ruined by it, and that we are now, to quote Shaw, after this most unedifying "struggle for hogwash," sitting and hoping to be Naturally Selected out of our troubles.

A gloomy picture, fit for gloomy times. But—and here lies the point—it is men like Wells and Shaw who can still, despite their appreciation of our present miseries, entertain a passionate hope for the future, just because

they can see reason for that hope in the creed they profess, a creed in its essence as far as the poles apart from the basic idea of men's minds in the past.

The Science of Religion, with other social sciences, is in this century experiencing an emancipation similar to the emancipation of material science by the power of such men as Bacon and Galileo. We are now at last gradually dragging ourselves, as if from the primeval slime, from the savage conception of life as governed by fears and punishments and rewards. We begin to turn at last away from the fakir and the ascetic, from the slighting of God by self-suppression and privation, towards the more abundant life of Christ's teaching, towards the life fuller and less restricted which Mr. Preemby-Sargon (of Wells's *Christina Alberta's Father*) felt was but his own and his world's due.

Wells and Shaw are merely the most pressing of all those who bid us turn more quickly.

Shaw was perhaps led to his present position because one of his main theories has always been that man will only change from a coward and a dullard to a hero and an enthusiast by one means only, that is by means of an "idea" which pervades his heart. And that pervading idea, Shaw feels, should be obviously the highest; that is to say the true spirit of religion. And so he wrote his *Androcles and the Lion*, where, because he thinks the teachings of Jesus to be economically and biologically right, he called us, as Wells too has called us, away from the worship and praise of Christ to the much harder task of obeying him. Then he wrote his *Back to Methuselah*, the whole purpose of which is, he declares, to show people where the spirit of religion may be found; and at last he tells us of Saint Joan, the maid whose greatness can only be explained by this selfsame spirit of religion which inspired her. But Wells, too, has come to the same conclusion; and, Utopist by nature and biologist by training as he is, it is only natural that the religion which he propounds might almost equally well come under the name of Creative Evolution as that of Shaw's. The writings of both lead at a hundred points similarly to the same new faith.

The creed of Creative Evolution is above all a non-fatalistic one. Shaw and the Vitalists, unlike the Neo-Darwinists, who can see no hope for mankind except in fortuitous changes which lie outside his control, see great hope in that they believe that the moulding of our own selves and our own future lies in our own hands. "With God as our guide all things are possible" assumes for them a new and deeper significance. Wells has expressed the same idea from a little different angle. "I will not argue," he says virtually, "as to how much the factor of Natural Selection has entered into the evolution of the lower orders of life, but I do insist that to pretend that man's power of self-improvement is governed solely and completely by this blind external force is ridiculous. Man is a being of intellect, who chooses his own path. The story of Evolution is not one to produce horror in its hearers' hearts, but rather humility and illimitable hope. As Joseph McCabe has said, 'Humanity may choose its own purpose and set up its own goal.'"

If ever the new faith should need a slogan it might indeed use the command, "Take hold." "Man must take hold and direct!" And this is the idea running through *The Undying Fire*, showing ever and again in *The Dream*, and finding full expression in *Men Like Gods*. Dame Nature can no longer in the light of present knowledge be looked upon as a kind mother leading her children by her apron strings, but as a heartless hag, cruel, inefficient, disorderly, who has to be be-stridden and tamed. The present habit of mankind, asserts Wells, is to deny responsibility for its present muddle and wretchedness, and beneath a surface adulation to blame God for it all. "But that's questioning the ways of Providence," is the pious self-rebuke of Henry Mortimer Smith's father. And, similarly, "Evolution was our word," is the comment of Mr. Barnstaple when he is told of a similar lazy refusal on the part of the Utopians to disbelieve that the universe was being managed for them better than they could possibly control it for themselves. Take hold, is the cry of Don Juan, too. Shaw, drawing into line, exhorts us through the mouth of this faith-full reprobate to steer "divinely conscious," not taking the line of least resist-

ance; and seventeen years later, in the preface to his *Metabiological Pentateuch*, declares—the essence of his faith—"If Man is to be saved Man must save himself."

Wells's religion, like Shaw's, is of the future and not of the past. The story of Evolution shows us as nothing else has that Life on this world has a common past, is "something gathering itself adventurously towards the future," a common future with a common aim towards power. Not tradition, not sentiment, is drawn from the past, but this single idea of all Life as one great whole needing one all-embracing effort, which drove Wells to the task of writing his *Outline of History*. Wells looks forward to a time when men will cease to fight against each other, not to lapse into lethargic ease, but to fight *for* each other. Calling it at one time the New Republic, at another the World State, and again the World Utopia, he has consistently, and indeed passionately, held to this ideal. Service, and service alone, Wells is never tired of telling us, must replace self-seeking and competition. The effort to make must supersede the effort to get. And then, in final explanation, and using Shaw's very word, he talks of "Creative" Service. . . .

Religion, Shaw is convinced, must cease to be "Salvationist." We must forgo, sternly if reluctantly, the "Redeemer, for the propitiation of our sins"; we must cease that cheap bargaining as to the "charge for admission into Heaven" which drove Ibsen in scorn to define the Christian God as "an old man whom you cheat." Much thinking of Heaven and Eternity can only lead, if followed logically, to the attitude of the Inquisition—that what happens to the individual in this "vale of woe" matters by comparison not a pinprick. And so Shaw and Wells seem to say always, it is *this* world that matters—matters obviously and practically and very urgently. They are led by their Socialism to religion and by their religion to a Socialism which has little in common with the fatalistic planlessness of Marx, and which is neither destructive nor revolutionary but evolutionary and creative. They desire a religion which touches and pervades all human activities.

Instead of a mere platitude, it must be realised as an intense menace that religion enters very little into "business" at the present time. (Who, for instance, though Shaw and many others have shown them the power for good or evil that lies in their hands, think of making their investments "*ad maiorem Dei gloriam*"?) And it was just this realisation that Ruskin tried to foster over sixty years ago, when he surprised and scandalised many of his worthy readers by holding, among other impossible notions, that the merchant and manufacturer had a duty for which they might even have to die. . . . His words seemed to have little effect at the time; yet we have perhaps progressed since then. "The confused struggle of commerce," says Wells, "becomes synthesised into the development of the world kingdom of God."

The new religion, or, if it will offend fewer susceptibilities, "the redistilling of the eternal spirit of religion," cannot help but be optimistic and Utopian. As for Wells, nothing will ever stop him being a Utopist. As for Shaw, no amount of disregard, faint praise, or misunderstanding will stop his attempts at amelioration by instilling some sense into the "Yahoos" who inhabit this world. His *Back to Methuselah*, similar in its ending and in so many of its ideas to Wells's *Men Like Gods*, cannot be called anything but a Utopia and a book of Hope. It is only through hope that the flowing-haired Eve sitting by her spinning-wheel can bear to live out her thousand years. "The serpent," she naively confides to her Cain and Adam, "said that every dream could be willed into creation by those strong enough to believe in it." Both writers, since they have the vision to see what Man could make of himself and of his world, feel even in their blackest moods that there is the "small excess of good," the "small balance in brute facts always favourable to the side of reason," of which Emerson, a good Creative Evolutionist before his time, has spoken.

Indeed, like something in Emerson's religious views, Creative Evolution appeals to the reason. It does not seek to use that nervous perversion of the soul and body called ecstasy, but rather Man's courage and Man's intellect. If ever the species mankind be supplanted as other

species have before it, it will only have itself to blame, for we have against such a catastrophe the weapon of defence in our own possession. It is our brains. . . . Mind is the Saviour.

It is because Wells believes Mind to be the Saviour that he has arrived at the conviction that the office of teacher is "first in the world." He has written with more detail on education than on any other subject, from the time when he was himself a teacher to the time when he makes Lion tell the Earthlings triumphantly, "our Education is our Government." Yet Shaw had said definitely, "there is no way out through the schoolmaster." An obvious difference here. Is it great? But Shaw only has in mind the fact that schoolmasters of necessity—unless they wish to lose their job—cannot at present teach anything that is very subversive of the existing order. However, there is education other than through schoolmasters; and every age, presumably, gets the teachers it deserves. There is still a way out through education, even if at present the schoolmaster is not the instrument. Indeed, as Shaw himself says later, "The real Class War will be a war of intellectual classes; and its conquest will be the souls of the children." The difference, then, is really one of temperament only. In Wells there seems more of the practical reformer tacked on rather incongruously to the creative artist.

But something more than education is needed. And that is something to which education by the knowledge it gives can lead—an inner conviction and a passionate will which amounts to a religion. "Religion and education are the powers for a better world," says Wells. The will to live, the will to power, preaches Shaw, the student of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, "we must desire with an energy of will." Anyone can *show* the way, cry Shaw and Wells in exasperated unison, but what we want is the *Will*. Why, even Mr. Sargon-Premby could see that. Indeed, if the Creative Evolutionists should ever stand in want of a creed they might well take for it the proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way"—a sufficiently simple one—with perhaps added as a corollary, "and we believe in wisdom to guide that will and knowledge to light that wisdom."

Shaw has damned all those who are not by conviction "Life Forcists." His Hell is the home of sentimentality, pseudo-culture, and slimy romance. It is *Heartbreak House*; and it is also many a home a little lower down the social scale. (Incidentally, and happily for the point of this article, Shaw makes his Clara in *Pygmalion* escape from this Hell by—reading Wells.) Brains used to acquire knowledge which is but self-adornment and elegant trimmings, enthusiasm perverted to effecting social palliatives, wisdom deadened into sterile wit, all are waiting to be galvanised by the Life Force, by the religion which is creative, by the all-pervading idea which turns man's seekings from material wealth to that which Ruskin held to be the only true wealth—Life—the production of value by the "valiant." Creative Evolution is the religion *for* life; it seeks the death of the worship of death, the demise of the funeral benefit; it looks forward with Wells to the time when "warrior and lawyer give place to learner and creator," when man has mastered his environment because he has mastered himself; when the lion shall lie down with the lamb only because man has tamed the lion after he has purged the animalism out of his own soul.

So the upholders of creative evolution must of necessity face bravely the problems of Eugenics. They believe essentially in breeding the race; they have no use for *Father Amertons*. It is apparent that we must have either natural or artificial selection. At present we stand midway, calling natural selection a law but not daring fully to obey it, yet too superstitious and too half-hearted to face the problems of possible restricted liberty and the present lack of knowledge inherent in artificial or intentional selection. The author of *Back to Methuselah* states that democracy will ruin us if our citizens are ill bred, and goes on to say unequivocally that such institutions as marriage and property must be regulated and judged of fitness by this better producing of mankind. We haven't as yet, he has said plaintively, made a very good job of ourselves. The author of *Mankind in the Making* asserts that this world must be looked upon as fundamentally a vast tissue of births; and proceeds to outline a whole system of conduct

and administration with that idea as its base. To make ourselves "different in kind," to improve our stock, to weed our strain, is the consummation both feasible and devoutly to be wished. We both can and must control our own evolution.

But, it may be said, these theories, however inspiring they may be, and in spite of all assumptions, do not constitute a religion. There is no God in them. Wells, however, is very definite in asserting that there is a God. There is something behind the Life Force which gives it an aim, and that is God, the God of the human heart, the Promethean rebel, who is against the forces of death and the "Veiled Being"—that unknowable who is neither good nor evil since he is incomprehensibly above them both. "There is nothing but the God of faith and courage in the hearts of men. . . . The God in man's heart is the creative desire," says Job Huss, in whose own heart burns the undying fire which no "heaven-sent" punishment can quench.

Shaw, too, insists on a God. Disgusted with the anthropomorphic idea and with a most annoying orthodoxy, he is never tired of insisting on the first article of the Church of England, the article which proclaims that God has "neither body, parts, nor passions." His God is not a person but, as Lavinia sees, a spirit, a force—but none the less a God. Shaw speaks very definitely of "the true joy to be used for a mighty purpose," and of "our God who is using us as His labourers," and has come at last—it seems inevitably—to portray for us a Joan of Arc whose almost every word is redolent of God. And he has a favourite self-quotation, put into the mouth of Blanco Posnet, of which perhaps he is fond for the reason that it shows that he has not changed his faith: "It was early days when He made the croup, I guess. When it turned out wrong on His hands He made you and me to fight the croup for Him."

It is the same God, the God who is within and for us, who has set us here not to worship Him, but to help in His empirical method, to be engulfed in His aim of ascending effort. God is not the master who from an

impossible omniscience rains down in magical and disorderly fashion punishment and reward; He is rather the leader, leading us through a dark jungle to great conquest. God is not a moody, jealous God, against whom a personal or theoretical sin is possible, but rather inspirer, friend, fellow-fighter, and co-creator.

To Wells, God is a personal God—"closer He is than breathing and nearer than hands and feet," is *his* favourite quotation. He has found his God through biology, through the Utopian spirit, through his intellect. And as for Shaw, it is enough that he has drawn with such truth and depth of sympathy a character whose whole greatness and whose whole sin, in the eyes of such as the Bishop of Beauvais and her Inquisitors, was that she put the instructions of the Church Militant second to the instructions of her own most near and personal God. And so through this God who is incarnate in us we seek ever greater knowledge and ever greater power, striving to realise godhead in omniscience and omnipotence. Man must be taught the way to release from self, the way towards the common mind of man, the common racial purpose, the mighty purpose which is God in man. He must overcome the servitude of his body. He must learn self-forgetfulness, for he will never find time or thought to spare for the divine aim while his over-prudent mind (refusing to "consider the lilies of the field") is filled with its own affairs, and while, like Job Huss's comforters or Shaw's Charles VII, he is content throughout his life to "take this world as he finds it." These are the lessons of such books as *The Undying Fire* and *The World Set Free*. These are the lessons of *Back to Methuselah* and *Saint Joan*.

Never, say Shaw and Wells, does effort end. Never does Utopia become the Lotus Land. Only more and more do we conquer the limitations of the flesh, to come to our inheritance, to creep nearer into the purposes of God. . . . Read and compare the last words of Job Huss before he surrenders himself to the operator's knife, the last words of Macrus Karanin before he, too, surrenders himself to what he knows is death: "Old Sun, I gather

myself out of the pools of the individual that have held me dispersed so long"; the last words of Sungold, the Utopian who is already reaching out towards the stars: "Some day here and everywhere, Life, of which you and I are but anticipatory atoms and eddies, will awaken indeed, one and whole and marvellous, like a child awaking to conscious life"; and, finally, the last words of brooding Lilith: "Of Life only is there no end, and though of its million starry mansions many are empty and many still unbuilt, and though its vast domain is unbearably desert, my seed shall one day fill it and master its matter to its uttermost confines. . . ."

Thus the creed of two men; the one simple-minded, uncynical and so constructive, the other moralising, scornful, the informed in the ways of all the world because all the ways of the world are his interest, each supplying his theories as his mind and his character dictate. It is a creed of many besides themselves, a creed which, instead of antagonising science, uses it, uniting physics and metaphysics, biology and metabiology, a creed finally which arises from the stresses of our times and the light of our new-found knowledge.

Wells and Shaw are both teachers. But the world is an unwilling pupil, reluctant particularly to learn from mere "novelists and playwrights." These two men strive in a battle which is at bottom a fight between the light of modern knowledge and the darkness of modern ignorance, an ignorance, be it noted, not empty as an open box which may be filled by whatever hands will pour the treasure, but an ignorance overlaid with prejudice, superstition, stubbornness, pseudo-education, and sentimentality, as a box hermetically sealed.

Without religion democracy is unfocussed, is a danger; without religion the world remains inexplicable chaos. Suffering from a century's thinking that man is by nature no more than a self-seeker and a struggling competitor, the world now flounders waist-deep—deeper than ever before—in the Slough of Despond, crying out for faith in itself, for the way of Life. . . .

With *Joan* the saints cry, "How long, O Lord, how long? . . ." The answer lies with mankind.

THE POETRY OF EDITH SITWELL

AN ESSAY

BY BENJ. GILBERT BROOKS

THOSE who are inclined to sneer at the work of Miss Sitwell should remember that it has not yet been settled to the satisfaction of the critics what importance should be attached to purely verbal brilliance and experiment in the art she exercises. Wordsworth's division of poetry into "fanciful" and "imaginative" was made with the emphasis on the "imaginative" species: the "fancy" being treated as a sort of licensed poetical frivolity. Paul Verlaine, on the other hand, has asserted that the accidental "finds" imposed on the poet by the need of fulfilling the condition of a metrical pattern have in themselves as great a value as the primitive meaning intended by the poet. And it is not without significance that many of the lines which are recognised as touchstones of English poetic feeling depend to a scarcely recognised degree upon rhetoric. This is specially true of the work of Shakespeare and Milton. Every fine phrase is a combination of imagery and sound which is a creation of the artist's—a completely new and brilliant vision, not the felicitous recalling of a carefully stored memory for things seen.

It is rather along these lines that Miss Sitwell writes. Her poetry seems at times a species of gymnastics—the pleasure of its perusal lying largely in the triumphant resolution of the problems imposed on her by metre and rhyme and the deft assimilation of the discoveries by the way into the main body of the poem. She has seized upon the neglected and unregarded mode of the fancy and made it her main weapon both in tackling her literary problems and in her attempt to steal past the vigilant intelligence and assail the vital unconscious mind. The new fantastics, metaphysicals (or whatever group-name is most in favour for the moment) are not so naïvely freakish as their critics are apt to imagine; and their strange

utterances are directed with a subtlety and acumen that guide them to their mark, even in their moments of apparently most unguarded insouciance.

In respect of her restless experimental brain Edith Sitwell is not unlike Pablo Picasso. The different styles successively adopted by the great painter during the twenty years that he has been before the public have only the very slightest relationship one with the other; yet collectors cherish examples of his work in at least a dozen different "periods." And in the same way as certain figures, details or patterns seem to haunt his output for a time and then apparently vanish, only to reappear in a subsequent phase in a slightly altered form, so in Edith Sitwell's poetry one is conscious of certain images or phrases which recur in different poems or in different versions of the same poem. Is it because of a sort of obsession which they exert upon her, or does her finicking craftsmanship lead her to test the effect of these particular word-groups in all kinds of surroundings?

The earliest work of *The Wooden Pegasus* reveals three distinct tendencies. First of all there are poems in a very bare and fleshless style. The emotions, which are objective in character, are presented with a terse passion whose abrupt nudity reminds one perhaps of Charles Vidrac, or of Ralph Hodgson in *The Bull*, or even at times of Edwin Arlington Robinson. The influence working behind all these is probably Baudelaire, for this dictates the subject matter. The following quotation from "The Spider" may serve to illustrate this rarely noticed aspect of Miss Sitwell's writing:—

Each day he watched my gaiety.
It's very difficult to die
When one is young . . . I pitied him,
The glass I filled up to the brim,
His shaking fingers scarce could hold;
His limbs were trembling as with cold . . .
I waited till from night and day
All meaning I had wiped away,
And then I gave it him again;
The wine made heaven in his brain.
Then spider-like, the kindly wine
Thrust tentacles through every vein,

And knotted him so very fast
I knew I had him safe at last.
And sometimes in the dawn, I'd creep
To watch him as he lay asleep,

And each time, see my son's face grown
In some blurred line, more like my own.

There is here none of that intense interest in the quality of words which was to become so vital at a later stage; but other poems of the same period make us aware of a very different attitude. Haunted by the *Poèmes Saturniens* of Verlaine, we find, on the one hand, mordant etchings in the bitter romantic manner, only more deft than the decadent poet cared to make his, and delicate pastoral sketches in limpid water-colour such as one can imagine to be surrounded by faint floral decorations. Here is an example of the former:—

Blow out the candles. Let the dance begin.
Already, pale as Sin,

The candles weep and pry like living things . . .
They dance, who have no wings.

More vast and black than endless sleep, this room.
Time beats his empty drum

Whose hollow sound is echoed in our eyes—
Deep wells where no moon lies.

A crumpled paper mask hides every face—
Creased with a smile of grace,

With eyelids gilded, so the bitter tears
Make music for men's ears.

At this point in her development there comes an irruption of jargon and jaggedness into her poetic method. Terms of modern science, phrases modelled on corresponding visual impressions of cubism and futurism jostle one another in this new attempt to present life directly with the *naïveté* which she proclaims in her *Children's Tales* to be common to the artist and the child. People appear as machines, trees as toys. The influence of the Russian Ballet is very prominent. The tone of the poems is generally satirical. For the most part she deals with intellectual episodes and crises, and, from the oddity of

her interests and preoccupations, tends more and more in the direction of the fantastic. "Apricot Jam" provides an instance of her attempt to render impressions in such a way as completely to disengage them from the sophisticated associations in which long acquaintance has embedded them:—

Smooth india-rubber leaves reflect
Their parrot-green on circumspect
Glazed china, where the negroid tea
Reflects the world's obscurity
In high lights such as pince-nez see.
And all the sheen of shadows feather
Muslin frocks like plumes.

The only virtue of this poem is its peculiar vision. Here, for the first time, we meet with that voluntary and defiant identification of the artist with the child which is at the root of much of the more difficult symbolism and imagery of Edith Sitwell's work; and here also we have (in the last two lines) a foretaste of her subsequent fanciful style.

Her new aims can perhaps best be studied in her own poem—"Stopping Place"—where the fresh, personal view is indicated by references to the cubist perception of mankind (resulting from analysis by the unsullied intellect) and the conventional view represented by the ordinary mode of "painting." Perhaps, technically, the most perfect of this group is the "Portrait of a Barmaid," which achieves a beautiful unity of proportion and development. "Materialism" is interesting because it adopts a method similar to that of Mallarmé in his later sonnets, where he so uses impressions as to convey by inference the reality to be presented. Thus:—

Our faces coloured by their sheen,
Seem objects under water, bent
By each bright-hued advertisement

Whose words are stamped upon our skin
As though the heat had burnt them in.

The bald statement of the satirical purport in this particular poem is rendered doubly ineffectual by the delicate handling of the earlier section. Sometimes, however, her satire (even openly proclaimed) is more success-

ful, as in the description of a cheap seaside resort in "Pedagogues," or in "Messalina at Margate"; but it is at its best when, as in "Pedagogues and Flower Shows, I," it is conveyed rather by the fantastic juxtaposition of images and impressions.

This development was fostered by excursions into the realm of the nonsense—or nursery—rhyme, the progress of such poems being freely retarded and diverted by the vagaries in which her metrical form involved her. As a poetic exercise they are invaluable, and to the resulting "finds" much of the flavour of her more recent style is due. It reappears in *Façade* and plays a very important rôle in the creation of that delightful *Commedia dell'Arte* series which opens *The Wooden Pegasus*. Here, indeed, are found delicate and fairy-like qualities which link her work with the long tradition that runs from Christina Rossetti, through Pope and Herrick to Drayton and Shakespeare. There is nothing essentially satirical in these poems; the characters are the conventional ones from the theatre of the Improvisatori, such as one finds depicted in miniature eighteenth-century prints, such as Marivaux made the basis of his comedies, and such as those upon whom Severini loves to lavish his dainty modern colourings. Verlaine has done the same kind of thing in his *Fêtes Galantes*, but here the puppets live in a bright, clear, crystalline light and act with the mechanical precision of the dolls in *La Boutique Fantasque*. There is no veiled regret, no nostalgia, the whole atmosphere is electric with intelligence; and there is no touch of the attenuated, almost effeminate decadence of the French poet.

The technical perfection of Miss Sitwell's first large volume is best seen in the *Bucolic Poems*—a type of poem which is intensely personal to her and in which she develops her most daring originalities of style. It is a type not easy to define. The material to which shape is to be given is indeed bucolic, but the wit which is at the core of the poem is generally subtle and profound, while the actual treatment of these elements is directed by the impact of a naked sensibility, endued with all the technique of the most advanced modern artistic perception. There

is something austere and classical about the best of these poems: the fancifully satirical note of No. I ("What the Goosegirl said about the Dean"), the unquestionable beauty of No. III ("The Girl with the Lint-white Locks"), No. XII ("The Ape sees the Fat Woman"), No. XIII ("The Ape Watches Aunt Sally"), and No. XIV ("Springing Jack") are wonderful and new elements in English poetry. I have no intention of exaggerating when I apply the word "perfection" to these poems. To me it signifies a very definite quality, and one which is largely consumed away in the added richness and brilliance which characterise the *Bucolic Poems* of the second volume.

Before coming to this, I should like to take three couplets from "Singeries," the first poem of *The Wooden Pegasus*, to illustrate the progress from explication to implication, which is one of the outstanding features of Edith Sitwell's work. In all three cases the image used is daring and vivid. But when she says, in the last lines,

Down comes every spangled shutter
With a sudden noise like rain,

everyone is at home with her meaning: her mind is working normally, though freshly. The phenomena thus brought together are of the same class: to a blind man they might even be ambiguous. When, however, she says,

. . . Green fruit-gems that glitter
(Twinkling sharp sounds like a zither),

she is working in a more complicated and disturbing way. The mind has rapidly to summon up (or maybe create) its impression of what the sounds specially characteristic of a zither would be (and even here there is the jolt of "twinkling" as applied to sound . . . though this word probably serves as a "bridge" word to travellers inexperienced in these realms), and then transpose the whole of the conception into a corresponding optical impression. Finally, we arrive at the stage of obscurity when she makes observations such as how

Flames . . .
Whistled waves as shrill as grass
(Landscapes clear as glittering glass),

The bridge word here is "shrill," but the connection between the bridge word and the image of "grass" is so purely personal that it forces us to construct a whole series of hypothetical bases for the simile. I should say it is probably pictorial—the last line practically asserts this: some painting of bleak landscapes, with the grass of that green that brings a sudden memory of cold winds and damp earth, pinched white faces and bright cold colouring in the houses and trees: something "shrill" in the colouring . . . and there comes the aptness of the words.

This, then, is the outcome of Edith Sitwell's poetry. From the comparatively simple association of the simile she has developed a style which forces us to create of our own will a whole hypothetical universe within her own rules to explain it. To create such a world out of their own consciousness is given to few poets. Edith Sitwell forces you not only to enter into it, but to become collaborator with her in its further exploitation.

The difference in style between *Bucolic Comedies* and *The Wooden Pegasus* is that the exercises in the Italian Comedy, which have developed her visual keenness and her fondness for rich fruit similes and half-forgotten words, for colour and sound adjectives compounded in startlingly original ways, all react upon her normal satirical type of poem, making it more directly emotional and sensuous, and less purely intellectual. Phrases like

(The dull ancestral memory
That is the only property),

and

Narrow long eternity
Is but the whip's lash o'er our eyes
Spurring to new vitalities,

become rarer and rarer. They are transfused into sensuous visions, as in the poem of "The Five Musicians." Here the whole thing has the inconsequence of dreams. The body of the vision changes with every twist of its thought, and as the thought tilts slightly the whole of the imagery is hurled into a different sphere. First comes the world of pagan laughter, sunny and unconscious:—

The blue-leaved fig-trees swell with laughter,
Gold fissures split the rife fruits after,

And like a gold-barred tiger, shade
Leaps in the darkness that they made.

The long-ribbed leaves shed light that dapples
Silenus like a tun of apples;

Gold-freckled, fruit-shaped faces stare
At nymphs with bodies white as air.

Then the house wherein they creep to be embalmed in the
dust:—

For glistening fruits and Ophir's gold

Are gathered there to wake again
In our flesh like a tune's refrain.

Suddenly the romance of dead beauty ("King Pharaoh,
gay lad") is reawakened to life by the "bray" of the Five
Musicians.

Their faces, wrinkled, kind and old
Are masked by the hot sun with gold;

Like fountains of blue water gush
Their beards. Strange feathered birds that hush

Their song, move not so proud as these
Smiles floating ageless courtesies.

The poem concludes with the interference of prim social
life (symbolised by the familiar Sitwellian myth of Miss
Nettybun) with the dreaming of the child, or the artist,
shall we say, who is

On that music floating, gone
To China and to Babylon.

There are in this book two extremely fascinating
"Promenades Sentimentales." The first of these, "Rain,"
shows a temporary return to the emotional thrill of the
earlier work of *The Wooden Pegasus*. Its technique is,
however, of the most brilliant, while the sheer beauty of
its conclusion indicates a recrudescence of the classic
dignity and restraint which intervening development
seemed almost to have effaced from her style:—

No yesterday and no to-morrow
Know we—neither joy nor sorrow,

For this is the hour when like a swan
The silence floats so still and wan

That bird-songs, silver masks to hide
Strange faces now all sounds have died,

Find but one curdled sheepskin flower
Embodied in this ghostly hour . . .

The second poem, "The Professor Speaks," opens with
a delicious picture of the parched professor, whose face is

As spined and brittle
As the tall fish, tangled in a little

Dark weed, that sea-captains keep
In bottles and perpetual sleep.

My face seemed the King of Spain's dry map
All seamed with gold,

he remarks, with a grotesque reminiscence of Malvolio's
smiling, and tells of his morning walk,

With my black cloak—(a three-tiered ship on the Main),

and how

The small flowers grew to a hairy husk
That holds Eternity for its musk.

The satyr's daughter inspires him to Romance, but as he
approaches she flees

To where like golden bouquets lay
Asia, Africa, Cathay.

The professor does not follow her to these realms of facile
beauty, which from their reappearance in the "Hornpipe"
seem to suggest Victorian standards, but turns to realise
the hard, brittle beauty of to-day,

Where rain falls with tinkling notes and cold
Like the castanet-sound of the thinnest gold

In chessboard gardens where, knight and pawn
Of ivory, scentless flowers are born.

The group of poems known as *Façade* is among the
most interesting, technically, in the whole volume, and it
is probable that in their verbal fireworks and Skeltonic

rhythm many readers will find more genuine, spontaneous enjoyment than in the more abstruse pieces. They have the quality of a twisted branch, or an antler, which the artist has carved to a recognisable shape, while at the same time using every device of the graining or natural distortion to guide him in his arrangement of the object he is to present. Some are Spanish, some eighteenth century, some modern, some Victorian. The last group includes the celebrated "Hornpipe," wherein the encounter of the Queen and Lady Venus is described in words which insist upon being spoken to the tune of the dance:—

Queen Victoria sitting shocked upon the rocking horse
Of a wave said to the Laureate, "This minx, of course,
Is as sharp as any lynx, and blacker—deeper than the drinks and
quite as

Hot as any Hottentot, without remorse!

For the minx,"

Said she,

"And the drinks,

You can see

Are hot as any Hottentot and not the goods for me!"

This is only one step removed from the high foolery of the "Fantasia for Mouth-Organ," which closes the *Bucolic Comedies*, and which seems to be a kind of travestied "Ancient Mariner"—written in a spirit akin to that of Edward Lear.

The strange and seemingly chaotic dream world of Miss Sitwell's next book, *The Sleeping Beauty*, is very difficult to comprehend at first glance. Of the poem's twenty-six sections, many treat episodes embroidered upon the main story. This is worked out as follows: The first section, after a brief prelude, gives an account of the fairy christening, leading up to the unexpected arrival of the forgotten Laidronette, her malediction, and the return to her abode, which is described in a manner reminiscent of Aubrey Beardsley's:—

There in her room, . . .

. . . Ethiopian shapes

The heat had kissed, with lips like burning grapes,
Unwigged her for the night, while her apes beg
That she will leave uncurtained that Roe's egg,
Her head, a mount of diamonds bald and big
In ostrich feathers that compose her wig.

Her dwarfs as round as oranges of amber
Among the tall trees of the shadow clamber,
And in Night's deep domain she monstrous lies
With every little wicked dream that flies
And crawls, with old Bacchantes black with wine,
Whose very hair has changed into a vine,
And ancient satyrs whose wry wig of roses
Nothing but little rotting shames discloses.

The spindles are banished by the "ancient Chamberlain" (II), and the life of the Princess filters through a series of barely connected poems in which the Dowager Queen with her stuffed parrot restored to lifeless immortality, her destiny clipped and reduced like her bird, and her melancholy walks at Easter time, wise with the knowledge of the twisted and gnarled root of life, is contrasted with the Princess Cydalise. The whole of this part, some of which might well stand in rivalry with Mallarmé's "Les Fleurs," culminates in a poignant and passionate lament for the "lost and terrible innocence" of youth. The bleak negation of vision in some of the lines is almost too painful to dwell on:—

We are one now with the lonely wise
Knowing the spring is only the clear mirage
Of an eternal beauty that is not;

and again—

Summer only seems the sad,
Mechanical dull action of the light
And shadow playing over a dead world.

The similarity of this mood with that rendered by Alfred de Vigny in his "Maison du Berger" might prompt an interesting discussion as to how far some similarity in their epoch has led two artists so different in their technical processes to meet on this ground. The philosophical attitude presented by Miss Sitwell is certainly the more desolating of the two, for she does not even admit the dignity of human suffering:—

Hell is no vastness: it has naught to keep
But little rotting souls, and a small sleep.

From this despairing cry the threads of the story are drawn together in No. XII, where the Governante invites

the Princess while on a walk to enter the still-room (where the fairy Malinn is living), in order to taste the cream. While there (XIV) she seizes the spindle, pricks her finger, and falls immediately into her death-like trance. A wonderful phantasmagoric view of the world she has missed—the reality which the Princess has transformed into an ageless dream—follows in section XVI. The world becomes a country fair; and motives from Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* are freely used. Embedded in this section is a great deal of the imagery and symbolism originally found either in the essays on *Children's Tales* or in the prose passages inserted here and there as introductions to some of the *Bucolic Comedies*. But for this, one would scarcely have thought that so special a flavour could be preserved in so different a medium. Almost every phrase is so wonderful that quotation is scarcely possible. The finest lines, to my mind, are those which speak of the effect of age on the tragic mood:—

But age has brought a little subtle change
Like the withdrawal caused by the slow dropping
Of cold sad water on some vast stone image:
A slow withdrawal, a sad gradual change
O'er tragic masks through which strange gods have cried—
Till seen through death-cold rents in saturnine leaves
They seem, almost, to echo in their form
The saturnine cold laughter of the water.

A contrasting picture is presented in No. XVII—a picture of the alembicated and richly artificial existence of the court-world, haunted continually by the memory of death:—

Who is it harkens at their doors,
In the vast rooms and endless corridors?
It is goat-footed, mincing Death, who presses
His muzzle at the keyhole, hears their dresses
Rustling like rose-leaves. . . . They hit him with their fan,
Through scented moonlight move to their sedan.

The graces these ladies have known:

The poems of Queen Marguerite of Navarre
(Narcissus-petalled, perfumed like a star),
Or the Pleiades' citron-scented poems, fading like the snows,
Perfuming their long fingers till their eyelids close,

what are they but so many delicious artifices to deck out the bitter reality?

What would these ghosts do, if the truths they know,
That were served up like snow-cold jewelled fruits
And the enfeathered airs of lutes,
Could be their guests in cold reality?
They would be shivering,
Wide-eyed as a negro king
Seeing the evanescent mirage snow—
They would be silenced by the cold
That is of the spirit, endlessly
Unfabled and untold.

Only, they prefer to lie

Lotus-eaters in a dreamful ease,
Perfuming their cold lips with silence and the past
Beneath the Asian darkness of smooth trees.

Fantastic gaiety reasserts itself with the appearance of some belated suitors—the Soldan and the Man from a Far Countree—and this is followed by the gradual falling asleep of all the remaining inhabitants of the palace, including “cross Poll Troy,” who has a surprising and disastrous encounter with the malevolent Laidronette. All this is picturesquely protracted through several sections till the growth of the enchanted forest, which occurs in No. XXV, after which the poem concludes on the same note as it opened. There is no Prince Charming in this tale; it is simply the tragedy of lost youth. And the emotional core which is present even in the most tricky of its rococo ramifications gives the poem its extraordinary unity of tone.

In *The Sleeping Beauty* Edith Sitwell at length finds herself dealing with a subject-matter which provides unlimited scope for the exercise of her peculiar gifts. The story is a fairy story, so that her talent for the freakish and elfin is free to do its will. The period she elects for her setting is the eighteenth century—the eighteenth century of Benois and Bakst; and therefore she has a beautifully unreal world to hand, a world where delicate perceptions and fanciful costumes and an allusive refinement of speech are not out of place, a world already approached by Verlaine in his *Fêtes Galantes*, a world

whose most characteristic music is appealing in some odd way to our own day, and whose *décor* has provided the Russian Ballet with one of its most elaborate successes. In the strict outlines of the poem many characters of the Sitwellian mythology intrude—people like the Governante, Poll Troy, Jane, and the Country Gentleman will not be strange to those who are at home in this dream-world. The metrical suppleness of *Façade* is given the fullest possible licence, while the tendency to use more and more fantastic verbal effects is most pronounced. The gradual abandonment of the intellectual preoccupation has accompanied an increase in purely lyrical and emotional force, and the result is seen in the two great sections Nos. XVI and XVII, where the modern consciousness finds, I think, its most gorgeous and subtle expression.

REBUS IN ARDUIS

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

ARE the gloomy prognostications which we so constantly read in American and Continental newspapers about the state of British trade and the spirit of the British people justified? Paralysed by unemployment, rent by class divisions, and with her costs of production so high that she cannot sell her goods, Great Britain is said to be gradually sinking into a decline which will bring about the downfall of the British Empire.

I think that it is time that we Britishers had something to say to all this. We are partly responsible for the existence of this widespread belief. It is an ingrained habit with Englishmen to depreciate their own country, and to talk as if it were going to the dogs. They forget that other people are listening to what they are saying, and they are surprised and even indignant when their words are taken literally. Thus, when a big industrialist wrote to the Prime Minister the other day, drawing such a gloomy picture of the prospects of British trade that it really seemed that nothing could be done to save the country, few people in England took any notice of him. We knew what he was after. He was just out to make us sit up and put more energy into our jobs. He wanted to scare employer and workman alike. Quite a good idea in its way, and this ringing of the alarm bell was not without its effect in waking some sleepers up. But the effect of all this croaking on foreign countries is to make them believe that England is really down and out, and this has a depressing effect on British trade. Naturally the foreigner who has a big order to give is less inclined to place it in England when he hears that in the opinion of British industrialists themselves the country is on the verge of ruin. One does not want to do business with a man who may go into the bankruptcy court, or who may not be able to deliver the goods because his costs of production are too high, and his workmen may go on strike. Thus the spirit of

confidence which is all-important for trade is undermined, and business is actually lost to England in this way, which unfortunately appears to justify the gloomy predictions of our croakers.

Now I am not saying that all is right with British trade. Great Britain has been passing through a bad time. For the first six months of last year unemployment went steadily up—the improvement since has been very slight—and in order to prevent a strike in the coal industry the Government were obliged to subsidise the mines. This seemed to touch the rock bottom of our industrial troubles, for the industrial prosperity of England was built up on a cheap and abundant supply of coal, alike for home use and foreign consumption. The subsidy was given in order that the Government might have time to examine all the facts and figures relating to the coal industry. Why is coal so much dearer to produce than before the war? We know that everything is dearer, the index figure of the price of the necessities of existence being 76 per cent. higher than in 1914. But coal has soared beyond this, and its high price enters into the cost of production of every manufactured article. Get coal down and you can cheapen production. That is the first necessity, and for that reason the Coal Commission is sitting and examining into every nook and corner of the business of producing and selling coal.

When the Commission has finished its labours it will be then up to the mineowners and the miners to put their heads together and to consider what can be done in the light of the published facts and conclusions. We want to hear first of all what they have to say and what remedies they have to propose. They are more inclined to do this than they were, for the Commission has dealt with both sides to the question in the spirit of fairplay, and it has brought a searching light to bear on the question of the working of the mines and the marketing of the coal. Undoubtedly many of the present methods of extracting coal are out of date, while there is no question that the miner could produce more, either by working harder or extending his hours to eight hours a day.

The existence of the present Government in Great Britain will largely depend on how they handle the question. To continue the subsidy would ultimately prove ruinous. If the mineowners and miners cannot agree how the mines shall be worked so that production may be cheapened, the State will have to step in and devise a scheme. In the meantime the Government is working in its laboratories at the problem of extracting oil from coal and making better use of the by-products. A stage has been reached when almost any day now the welcome announcement may be made that the treatment of coal by low-temperature carbonisation has been solved on a commercial basis. That would mean a revolution in the cheapening of fuel for manufacturing and domestic purposes which, in the words of the Prime Minister, would have as great an effect on the revival of British industry as the application of steam power to industry had in the early part of the last century.

Now the Britisher may croak about his country going to the dogs, but he is never more resourceful than when he has his back to the wall. He has the habit of sinking his differences and pulling with his fellows when he is really convinced of the necessity. It is going to be hard to get the mineowner and the miner to work together, but there are already signs of a new spirit abroad. The Labour leaders are beginning to tell the working classes that increased production is the first step to better employment; the heads of great firms are approaching their workmen in a more sympathetic spirit. A national conference of the representatives of employers and employed is being talked of, in which differences of opinion as to the payment of labour and the division of profits would be threshed out.

Armistice Day, on which we all stood shoulder to shoulder during the touching silence in commemoration of the dead, could not fail to bring back some of that wonderful spirit of unity and solidarity that we felt during the war. It came last year at a moment when the first gleam in the dark depression that has haunted England for so long had appeared. And I believe that the psychological effect of that day, when rich and poor, young and old, pass

in ceaseless procession round the Cenotaph in Whitehall, is of the utmost importance. For some reason, perhaps because we have all been trying to work together better, perhaps because when the outlook seemed darkest a Conservative Government did not hesitate to make provision for the widow and the orphan, thereby proving that the richer classes were not without feeling and sympathy for the poorer, for these and other reasons difficult to discern, but lying deep in the heart of the nation, Armistice Day, 1925, had a special significance. But, excellent as this sentiment may be, what proof have you to offer, I shall be asked, that there is a change for better in the fundamental conditions of British trade?

My answer to this question is first of all to point to the fact that, in spite of the exceptional difficulties which have faced British trade since the war, the British proportion of the whole world's export trade has risen to 14 per cent., as compared with 13 per cent. before the war. The total bulk of the trade is smaller, but Great Britain has more than held her own in competition with other countries, in spite of the tremendous rise in the price level of her exports, which is 90 per cent. above that of 1913.

At the same time British imports show only a rise of 50 per cent. in prices, and therefore in sterling values England has been able to continue to show a favourable trade balance in spite of the great volume of her imports, and has been able to supply herself with food and materials in exchange for a smaller volume of higher-priced manufactured goods and other material.

But this, of course, has not assisted unemployment, which was bound to exist in any case owing to the falling-off in the real volume of international trade, the total of which is considerably less than in 1913. But that Great Britain should have increased her proportion of the world's trade in spite of high taxation, industrial unrest, and the wild fluctuations in the foreign exchanges is no small achievement, especially in view of the fact that other countries are now manufacturing the goods which she produces to an increasing extent.

If these figures are correct, and they are taken from

official sources, it will be seen at once that the British industrialists who have been shouting to the world that Britain is on the road to ruin, because her export trade is disappearing, have been overdoing their lamentations. The relative position of Great Britain from the viewpoint of international trade has not only been left unimpaired, but has slightly improved. German exports, on the other hand, show a large decline as compared with 1913, and the only country which can boast of a considerable increase is the United States. Of the European countries France alone has done better than Great Britain since the war. But in so far as she has increased her exports owing to her demoralised currency, this advantage is not likely to last. She has, however, gained a permanent advantage in the re-equipment of her factories on modern lines in the devastated districts and by the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine in her territory. Nevertheless, Britain still holds her own in the continental markets in spite of high tariffs and the increase in the manufacturing capacity of other countries. She has done so by concentrating on the high quality goods in which her reputation stands so high. It is strange to note that in supplying other countries with machinery to build up their manufactures, which might at first sight seem a suicidal policy for England, she has, by stimulating their prosperity, created a demand for her own goods. This is particularly true of British trade with the United States, where there has been an extraordinary development of manufacturing power since the war. The great increase of prosperity in the States has given rise to a demand for luxury articles which British firms have been able to supply.

Britain could do a much larger trade in these luxury and high quality articles if she could reduce her cost of production, and her profits on this trade might be very much higher if she could solve the root problem of cheaper fuel for her industries. In that event she would also gain a larger proportion of the world's trade in iron and steel and all those articles which do not require the highest skill, for in her slow methodical commonsense way she has learnt during the time of depression what is wrong with the

organisation of her industry, and is busily putting it right by greater concentration and combination and the introduction of the methods known as mass production. It is true that the British mind moves slowly to the need of improvement in industry. But no one who, like the writer of this article, has visited the North of England lately could fail to be impressed with the fact that the British industrialist is waking up and putting his house in order. New machinery is being installed, large combines are being formed, financial methods are being improved, greater interest is being shown in the marketing of goods, overhead charges are being cut down.

Moreover, the British working man, in spite of the agitators who urge him to break the capitalist system, is turning away from revolutionary ideas as the vote in Annual Conference of the Labour Party proved, when the Communists were expelled by an enormous majority from the membership of the Labour Party.

He is, however, determined to maintain his standard of life, which he considers is too low at present, and any attack on his wages or hours of work will be met by the combined resistance of the trade unions. My investigations in the North of England convinced me that as far as the skilled worker is concerned in the trades which are called "unsheltered," because they are faced with foreign competition in an open market, wages could not be driven down without depriving the worker of the bare necessities of existence. There is no question of trade union restrictions in the iron and steel trade, where the workers are on piece rates, and it is only by working overtime that they can buy sufficient food, shelter and clothing for their families. The American working man would laugh at the wages which are paid in Sheffield. The average is about £3 a week, the unskilled men making about fifty shillings. There are very highly skilled men, such as the men who mix the ores in the furnaces, who make more. But for the great majority of the workers in the great steel factories of Sheffield there can be no question of lower wages, for already they are far too low. Indeed, some of the best of the skilled workers have been driven overseas in the

hope of finding better paid jobs in America or the British Dominions.

The British worker has another reason for refusing to accept a lower wage, for he believes that if his wage is reduced it will result only in further reductions in the wages of the continental worker. This, in fact, happened when the Britisher consented to take a lower wage after the war. In Sheffield and in the steel and iron centres the employers make no complaint about their men. For the most part they realise that they cannot drive wages any lower. There is no question of trade union restrictions interfering with output in the steel industry, as is the case in some branches of the engineering trade and ship-building. Minute division of labour is more responsible for this than any desire on the part of the men to go *ca' canny*. With good will this difficulty can be overcome, and already discussions have taken place between the employers and the unions for the removal of these restrictions. This would doubtless help to cheapen production. But this would not solve the problem of selling the products of Sheffield and the Clyde at a price which would restore prosperity to these districts. The manufacturers will tell you that if this is to be done the cost of coal must be reduced, for it amounts to fifty per cent. of the cost of producing a ton of steel. The German, the French, and the Belgians by producing coal and coke more cheaply are able to undersell British iron and steel, and until something can be done to reduce the cost of British fuel the manufacturers see no hope of the revival of British trade in these important industries. The coal subsidy has done something to remove this handicap, but with no real advantage to British trade.

But in the meantime could not a great deal be done to reduce costs by the better equipment of the factories by standardisation and concentration of effort? There are some of the best equipped factories in the world in the North of England, in which the methods of mass production are practised. But in the majority of the factories there is still a great deal to be done before the reproach can be removed that British industry is behind the times.

I was particularly struck in going round the workshops of a great firm at Sheffield by the fact that a number of different processes were being carried out in the same shed which involved loss of time and energy, especially in the assembling of parts, and I looked in vain for what I had seen at Krupp's in Germany—a more orderly sequence in the manufacture of the various parts of the machines which were being turned out. Nor was there an exhibition room of finished parts, or of the machinery itself. At Krupp's you get the idea of the raw material going in at one end of the works and coming out in finished products at the other end, and you can see samples of everything that is being made, from an axle or a spring to a locomotive or sewing machine.

In many British factories you get no such sense of the orderly sequence in the manufacture of articles. Half a dozen different processes appear to be going on in the same workshop, when it would surely be better to adapt each workshop to the making of one article. Moreover, the parts have to be sent away to be assembled elsewhere, which adds to the cost of manufacturing the finished article.

I was informed that a great deal of this was inevitable. British industry has grown up in crowded towns gradually, according to the individual genius of the race. You still find in Sheffield scores of small firms making cutlery in the old way and using machinery and means of transport that are hopelessly out of date. These firms are calling out for protection. But a fifty per cent. tariff would not save them. They need to be swept away and new factories with new machinery set up in their place where the cutlery trade could be conducted on modern lines.

The difficulty is to find the capital for all this. Only ruthless scrapping can in many instances save an industry of this kind, and manufacturers in the North of England are slowly waking up to this fact. They must learn or perish, and I believe that in most cases they will adapt themselves to the necessities of the time.

This has been done in the textile industry, which is well equipped with the latest machinery and which is learning the methods of standardisation and mass production. The

use of artificial silk and its mixture with cotton and wool have given a great fillip to Lancashire trade, and if cheaper cotton can be obtained there will be a great revival in the sale of textiles. A good harvest on the Continent has increased the purchasing power of Europe. Moreover, the return to the gold standard in Great Britain, which, in spite of adverse criticism, is having a beneficial effect on trade in the creation of greater confidence in the stability of British credit, and which has been followed by the reduction of the bank rate and plenty of cheap money, and the progress which has been made in the settlement of international debts and the clearing of the political horizon by the negotiations for a Security Pact, are all factors which are helping to lift the cloud of depression.

Great Britain has no reason to despair. For the first time for many months employment has been on the mend. Employers and employed are discussing their differences in a more reasonable spirit. Demands for higher wages are not now accompanied by immediate threats of strikes or retaliatory measures. Little by little the country is beginning to learn that the interests of the worker and capitalist are the same and that the great need is for more production and cheaper production.

Gradually, too, Europe is beginning to learn that the present cut-throat competition which is compelling many countries in the Old World to sell their products at a loss, thus enriching their rivals in the New World at the expense of their own trade, is a foolish policy. Great Britain and Europe will never recover their former prosperity by reducing their peoples to poverty by the intensity of their after-war competition. They have already enriched the rest of the world while they fought out their quarrels on the battlefield. To pursue this quarrel in the economic sphere would be simply to take the final step on the road to ruin. M. Loucheur, the great French industrialist, pointed the way to safety in his speech to the Assembly of the League of Nations this year. He urged the necessity for Europe getting together and working out its economic problems in a spirit of international co-operation. His speech, with its facts and figures as to over-production

and lack of purchasing power in Europe at present, made a great impression, and led to the Assembly passing a resolution for an economic conference and to a committee being appointed to draw up the agenda to be discussed.

This conference may prove as important for Europe as the bankers' conference at Brussels which prepared the ground for the Dawes Plan, and which, by settling the quarrel between France and Germany on the question of reparations, led the way to the Pact of Security. Having removed the danger of war by the Rhineland settlement, European statesmen can now devote their attention to the hardly less important problem of an economic understanding between the nations. The international congress of financiers at Vienna has prepared excellent data for this purpose. Speaker after speaker pointed out that Europe should be regarded as an economic whole and that international agreements for adjusting supply to demand and regulating prices and hours of work should take the place of the present intensive competition, which, by aiming at production at any cost, is destroying the market on which the manufacturer depended. A great deal was said about the injury which tariffs inflict on European trade. America, it was pointed out, owed her prosperity very largely to the fact that complete free trade existed between the States of the Union, thus permitting of a vast unrestricted area for the development of industry, rendering great undertakings and methods of mass production and mass distribution far more feasible than in Europe. If Europe were to pay her debts to America, and have sufficient surplus to live in decent comfort, she must, it was argued, follow the same methods in the combination and standardisation of industries, and have a similar unrestricted area in which to trade. It is strange to think of the United States being quoted as an example of the blessings of free trade. But the fact that there are no tariffs between any of the States of the Union is undoubtedly one of the main causes of the great prosperity of American industry.

The great lesson which the United States are teaching us is that what we must aim at is not reduced wages and longer hours for our workpeople in order to sell our goods

more cheaply, but higher wages and shorter hours, which can be brought about by improved industrial methods, by standardisation and mass production, the saving of waste and better co-ordination. Above all, European countries must cease to think in the narrow parochial way which regards the prosperity of one country as a danger to its neighbour, as if the fact that California was doing well could be anything but a benefit to Michigan. They must learn to think in the American spirit, of Europe as a number of States whose interests are as closely linked together as those of the States of the great Union across the sea. The proof that we are beginning to do so is afforded by Mr. Baldwin's scheme for providing electrical power in bulk under a central authority. If at the same time the problem of the smooth working of the coal mines can be solved British industry will obtain a new lease of life.

W. H. HUDSON, AS I SAW HIM

BY HENRY S. SALT

"AH, did you once see Shelley plain?" will perhaps occur to the reader; and such was lately the thought in my own mind when an enthusiast made a special appointment to meet me, in order that she "might see someone who had seen Hudson." Thus vicariously I tasted the sweetness of fame; but now, sated with the experience, I confess I have no desire that this article on Hudson as I saw him should bring other votaries to my door.

I first met Mr. W. H. Hudson, some thirty-three years ago, at the house of Mrs. Phillips, a lady who was connected with the Society for the Protection of Birds, and also with the Humanitarian League, of which I was then acting as honorary secretary. The love of birds at once became a link between us, for the newly established League was already working for a reform of the plumage trade and other objects which Hudson had deeply at heart. Strangely enough, the term "murderous millinery," first used in my book on *Animals' Rights*, had rather troubled our friend Mrs. Phillips, who did not feel sure that any but a human being could be "murdered." Hudson, it need hardly be said, was undisturbed by such doubt.

I reviewed his *British Birds* in the League's journal, and when I next saw him he came up to me chuckling with laughter at my saying that a prefatory chapter by a distinguished zoologist on "The Anatomy of a Bird" might well have been spared us. "Didn't you know," he said, with evident delight, "that Mr. —, whom you treat as an interloper, is the great man, I the nobody? It's *his* chapter that is expected by the publishers to make the book sell."

In view of Hudson's later fame it is curious to reflect that thirty years ago he was almost unknown, and was grateful for appreciation even in the least influential quarters. "For some of the things your letter contains," he wrote to me in 1894, "it would be impossible to thank

you in words"; and again a few years later: "My idea is that your love of animals has caused you to take too favourable a view of that book of mine (*Birds in a Village*). Alas! it is not the book I want to write: I wonder if anyone ever succeeds in doing what he wants to do?" Yet *The Naturalist in La Plata* had already been done by him!

The most remarkable chapter in *Birds in a Village* is that on "The Eagle and the Canary," which describes the effect of a great preacher's eloquence in picturing a captive eagle. A likeness in Hudson himself to a great sad raptorial bird has been noticed by many of his acquaintances; it occurred to me strongly when I saw him from time to time in the 'nineties, for though his reticence about himself was unbroken, it was evident that his life in London was that of a prisoner pining for the wilds, nor did his eyry in St. Luke's Road give a more cheerful impression. On the first occasion when he invited me there he alluded to its inconvenience. "I am sorry that it is a long way up the stairs to my topmost top rooms in this house. I occupy them not for the sake of the pure air at this altitude, but because being poor I cannot afford to live on a lower level." He was, indeed, like "the eagle in his cage" whom the preacher portrayed for the congregation, the great raptor in his life of hopeless captivity, with "deep-set, desolate eyes looking through and beyond us." No one who knew Hudson can have failed to feel this.

I am reminded of another prisoner, a real eagle, about whom I consulted him at a somewhat later date. A friend at Sheffield, troubled by the sight of a golden eagle caged in a bird-fancier's shop, had offered to buy the bird if I could arrange to set it at liberty in some suitable place; but Hudson's opinion was against the plan. "I cannot advise you," he wrote, "to advise your correspondent to buy the eagle. The bird, after four years of captivity, will stand no chance at all, for even if released in the wilds of Scotland, where the bird is protected, the other free eagles would probably persecute it to death. In any other part of the country it would be promptly shot."

About the time of which I speak the Humanitarian

League rather daringly arranged to have a weekly tea at a vegetarian restaurant, with the object of enabling its friends to meet each other personally, and so to discuss the various questions in which they were interested. This purpose was successfully accomplished, and Hudson was often of the party; but, incidentally, there was another result which had not been fully foreseen, viz., that the tea, when the news of it spread abroad, served as a sort of ground-bait for the queer fish that hover and nibble round every social movement. In Mr. Morley Roberts's book on Hudson an amusing story is told, in Hudson's words, of a young devotee who had come to the table because "he so terribly wished to see Edward Carpenter and other famous people." I can well believe it, but Hudson's further remark, "It was a vegetable place; I always had indigestion after dinner," makes me wonder whether his selection from the *menu* can have been as confused and incongruous as his own dietetic philosophy. "I can eat sheep and pig and some other beasts," he wrote, "always excepting cow; also fowl, pheasant and various other birds, wild and tame, but I draw the line at wild geese. I would as soon eat a lark, or a quail, or a nice plump young individual of my own species, as this wise and noble bird."¹ Well might Mr. Morley Roberts call him "a bird-man without morals," or rather, I should say, without logic. But I take his remarks about the "vegetable place" as at least a compliment to our company, for, whatever his sufferings, he continued for a long time to be one of us.

His conversation was full of interest. I remember asking him whether he intended to reply to certain contemptuous remarks which President Roosevelt had made about a passage of *The Naturalist in La Plata*, where it is stated that the puma, or lion of America, never attacks a human being. He said that he would not enter into any dispute, but that it was easy to understand how an animal unmolested in one part of the world, and constantly hunted in another, might differ greatly in disposition, and that he fully maintained the truth of the strange anecdotes given in his book. In a letter dated April 15th, 1908, he

(1) *Adventures among Birds*.

wrote: "I met Thompson Seton for the first time the other day at our annual bird meeting, and had an interesting talk with him about the cougar or puma."

I once asked his opinion as to the merits of that American school of natural history, chiefly known in this country through the writings of Thompson Seton (or is it now, once more, Seton Thompson?) and W. J. Long, in which the lives of wild animals are treated as a novelist treats human lives, that is, by piecing together incidents which, though real in themselves, did not happen to one individual—a method bitterly reprobated by John Burroughs in a famous controversy. Hudson said that, like Burroughs, he distrusted that manner of writing; but he spoke with appreciation of the books of the Canadian author, Charles G. D. Roberts, as the best of their class. This struck me, because there is a curious likeness in the plot of his own *Green Mansions* to that of Roberts's book published a few years earlier, *In the Heart of the Ancient Wood*.¹

Hudson, though by no means an all-round humanitarian, was to a considerable extent in agreement with the League, and on several subjects co-operated with us willingly. His principle as regards the treatment of animals, "an impartiality that pets nothing and persecutes nothing," made directly for humaneness, and on various occasions he signed memorials against certain forms of "sport," among them that of the Eton Beagles. He was amused when I told him that we had discovered a new British mammal, an unknown lady having written to me to express commiseration not for the hare, but for "the poor little beagles," whom she apparently imagined to be some species of small quadruped maltreated by Eton boys, and found running wild in the neighbourhood of Windsor.

In 1900 I was asked to edit a quarterly magazine, under the title of *The Humane Review*, and Hudson was one of the first invited to be a contributor. "I shall be glad," he replied, "to have a say about something in your pro-

(1) Roberts's heroine Miranda, in not being made the subject of sculpture, has been more fortunate than Hudson's Rima, the bird-maiden who is represented as (apparently) a harpy in a recent work of art.

jected magazine. Your prospectus is admirable. I have not the faintest idea whether there is room for such a periodical or not; I sincerely hope there is, and that you will make it a success." The first number contained his very beautiful essay on "The Dartford Warbler: How to Save our Rare Birds," and two or three other articles were afterwards contributed by him. It may be noted, too, that one of the early appreciations of his works, "The Nature Books of Mr. W. H. Hudson," from the pen of Edward Garnett, appeared in the same journal. The *Review* lasted for ten years, and, if not exactly a "best seller," had at least a considerably longer life than most periodicals of its kind, thanks chiefly to the occasional friendly assistance it received from such writers as Bernard Shaw, Edward Carpenter, Elisée Reclus, Sir George Greenwood, Frederic Harrison, Sir Sydney Olivier, Ouida, Edmund Selous, and W. H. Hudson himself.

Hudson also showed considerable interest in a small volume of poems of animal life, *Kith and Kin*, which I was preparing for Messrs. George Bell's series of Life and Light Books, and at his suggestion I included a poem by Leitch Ritchie, entitled "The Beetle-Worshipper," the last stanza of which he described as "one that sticks in the mind":

Learn farther, that one common chain runs through the heavenly plan,
And links in bonds of brotherhood the beetle and the man;
Both fair and foul alike from Him, the Lord of Love, do spring:
And this believe, he loves not well who loves not everything.

He allowed me to quote from his own very characteristic poem, "The London Sparrow." I had some difficulty in obtaining a copy, but the poem has since been reprinted in full in Mr. Bertram Lloyd's *Anthology of Humanitarian Poetry* (*The Great Kinship*).

My little selection has long been out of print, but some of the remarks about it made by Hudson in one of his letters may be of interest, as throwing light upon his own tastes. "I like your anthology," he wrote, and the preface to it. "It was not an easy task, and I daresay that you made a wry face over some of the verse that had to be included. If I had to make a collection on your lines,

and could afford to publish it myself and cared not for the public, I should throw over all the detached passages, the gems and quotations from Cowper and others, and give only complete poems. That you could not do; you were bound to be somewhat unjust to your authors. . . . Apropos of your remarks about the better knowledge and feeling of modern times with regard to our poor relations, resulting in a better poetry, it is curious to find one of the gems of the collection in that very old poem by Andrew Marvell ('The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn'). . . . I am glad you had the courage to include the 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright,' the best animal poem in the language. Your morbid friends will probably quarrel with you for that." He went on to remark the absence of any poem about his "bruised" friend the snake, and to describe Hake's "Dying Serpent-Charmer" as "the most perfect, the snakiest, of all snake poems ever written."

During the last twelve or fifteen years of his life I saw little of Hudson personally, as he ceased to attend the weekly gathering where we had met so often, and was absent from London for longer periods than before. My correspondence with him thenceforth was chiefly concerned with wild nature or books about the wild. I had written of Richard Jefferies, in whose tragic life Hudson felt a deep interest. "The other day," he wrote to me, "I called at Sea View, Jefferies' cottage at Goring, where I stayed some days in September, when Mr. and Mrs. Wright told me of your visit long ago. In September I went there casually, and, finding that I could stay, was glad to do so. It is a sweet, quiet spot, and I wish they had buried poor Jefferies in the churchyard close by, in the shadow of that beautiful grove of evergreen oaks."¹ He had forgotten that Goring churchyard, as is recorded in Besant's *Eulogy*, was "a horror" to Jefferies, who himself desired to be buried in the Broadwater Cemetery near Worthing. That is where Hudson himself now lies.

In reference to my book on *Cambrian and Cumbrian Hills*, he wrote to me in 1908: "Of course you are right

(1) See *Nature in Downland*, pp. 16-17, where this visit is referred to.

about the Raven, and I was wrong in saying what I did about its rarity. But there is one thing in that charming chapter ('Wild Life on the Hills') with which I am not in agreement, and you know what that is. I do not want to see the large rapacious birds and beasts removed. . . . I wish I could go and climb mountains too, but I must be contented with chalk hills, I suppose, and I think of going to the Wiltshire Downs for the spring." Here Hudson a little misunderstood me. I did not *wish* to see the banishment of the larger "banditti," but, regarding it as inevitable, felt that it was vain to affect regret.

A year or so later I wrote to tell him how I had accidentally discovered a breeding-place of a certain very rare and beautiful bird that has been greatly persecuted by collectors. I learnt from his reply that more than ten years earlier he had heard of the spot and had often wondered whether the birds still bred there, but had feared to make the locality further known by speaking of it. "I am glad," he wrote, "that they are still there, in spite of the rage of collectors; and if I were not bound to Wiltshire for the present I would go and see them 'with my own eyes.' Still, I may be able to go there later in the autumn. For God's sake, don't tell people about it. We are finding it very hard to save the few birds left."

The nature-writer who knew of the breeding-place referred to had himself shot one of the birds, which he showed to Hudson as a stuffed specimen, with many excuses for what he had done. This leads to the remark that Hudson had a very poor opinion of the ordinary "naturalist." "About nature-writers," he said in one of his letters, "it seems to me that the last place where one would look for the feeling for nature which gives flavour to the writings of Thoreau, Jefferies, Melville, etc., would be in the works of the naturalists so called. Robert Mudie, the ornithologist, is an exception; just now, in referring to his description of the bittern, it occurred to me that the enclosed passage would interest you."

The passage which he had copied for me is from Robert Mudie's *British Birds*, volume II, p. 148:

Upon such a day it is not unpleasant to ramble towards the abode of the bittern; and, to those especially who dwell where all around is art, and

where the tremulous motion of the ever-trundling wheel of society dizzies the understanding, till one fancies that the stable laws of Nature turn round in concert with the minor revolutions of our pursuits, it is far from being unprofitable. Man so circumstanced is apt to descend in intellect, as low, or even lower, than those unclad men of the woods whom he despises; and there is no better way of enabling him to win back his birthright as a rational and reflective being than a taste of the ways of wild Nature, even though its acerbity should make him writhe at the time.

In the same letter Hudson gave me the pleasure of hearing that the appreciation of Herman Melville which he liked best was an article of mine printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in the early 'nineties. That, of course, was long before the revival of interest in Melville had done some justice to his genius.

The term which best describes Hudson himself is that very expressive one which was first applied to Thoreau, "poet-naturalist." He saw things with the eye of an extraordinarily keen observer, but also, with the poet's eye, in "the light that never was on sea or land," and this rare faculty divides him at once from all but the very few writers who have been similarly endowed. For Thoreau he felt and expressed the highest admiration; and *Walden* was to him "the one golden book in any century of best books."¹ I tried to get him to come and speak at a meeting held in London on the date of Thoreau's centenary; and had not his doctor's orders forbidden it, I think he might have done so; as it was, he sent a letter to be read, in which, after referring to Thoreau as at present a "little known and un-human sort of person," he concluded thus:

Nevertheless, I will stick to my belief that when his bi-centenary comes round, and is celebrated by our descendants in some Caxton Hall of the future; when our little R. L. Stevensons are forgotten, with all those who anatomised Thoreau in order to trace his affinities and give him his true classification—now as a Gilbert White, now as a lesser Ralph Waldo Emerson, now as a Richard Jefferies, now as a somebody else—he will be recognised as simply himself, as Thoreau, one without master or mate, who was ready to follow his own genius whithersoever it might lead him, even to insanity, and who was in the foremost rank of the prophets.

There are many passages, and some whole chapters in Hudson's book relating to wild flowers; and I once suggested to him that a volume composed of such excerpts

(1) *Birds in a Village*, p. 190.

would make welcome reading for flower-lovers, the folk whom Thoreau named not botanists but "botanophilists." To this he gave no reply; but when my *Call of the Wild-flower* was published he wrote about the book as follows:

I wish you had made it twice as long and said more about the common flowers we (or most of us) get the most pleasure from. I fancy the quality in flowers that gives me most pleasure is their colour, but there is something more in it, since my greatest delight is in vast tracts of colour of some wild flower, while sheets of colour in cultivated flowers repel me. . . . Blue is divine, but there are many other colours almost divine, and I would put the reds even before the yellows—the reds, for example, of the tall willow-herb so common in Downland.

I don't agree with your objections to planting wild flowers in places where certain species are wanting. Why, for instance, should we not have the flowering rush in all the suitable watercourses in South and West England? No doubt many of our common wild flowers were originally planted by man, by the Romans especially, and I look on our wild Columbine as having come to us in that way. For some reason it has continued extremely local, while other exotics like the wild musk (*Mimulus luteus*) have spread all over England and Scotland, and that since the first half of the nineteenth century. And now we see other garden exotics becoming naturalised, the red valerian, for instance. . . . The only criticism I have to make is about the Samphire. You speak of two kinds as though they were one. The Samphire of Shakespeare, the gathering of which was a "dreadful trade," is not used for pickling now, because it is so rare. I wall, but I have never met with any Samphire-gatherers from the cliffs on our coasts. There is another plant also called Samphire, which grows on the saltings, a dull-green fleshy plant, which is the Samphire now used for pickling.

Hudson was in error about the Samphire; and as he had known Shoreham well in former years it was rather odd that he should have been unaware that the true Samphire grows by the shingles in that district and elsewhere on the coast, and not only on sea-cliffs. I think I did not tell him of his mistake; I hope I did not, as he was ill and worried at the time, and I ought to have remembered what De Quincey said of Bentley, that even if he were wrong in his dispute with Trinity College, Cambridge, it would be better to pronounce him to have been right and the College wrong, on the ground that a little dog ought to be sacrificed to a great one.

But this reminds me of the only thing for which I can never forgive Hudson—his slighting references to De Quincey as an "insincere" writer. Hudson himself had

humour, and might have been expected to see that it was De Quincey's humorous fancy which so often caused him to write with seeming flippancy when he was very much in earnest.

The last of Hudson's letters from which I will quote, and almost the last I received, was written in reply to a question I had put to him after reading *A Traveller in Little Things*, that strangely named book in which he treats of such far from little things as the subject of death. Not fully understanding what impression he meant to convey, I asked him whether he agreed with me that the best hope for mankind of victory over death seems to be in a future widening of the affections, so that the grief, insoluble now, which results from the breaking of a long companionship, may then be less devoid of comfort. Referring to the solace which some find in Nature, he wrote:

But it is not enough, not enough of itself, to give us any consolation when we think of the vanished ones whose lives were interwoven with ours, and whose presence and love were more to us, even more than the Being who created us in His own image—when we believed in His existence. No, there must be something more than that memory which gives an expression to Nature, and is like the diffused presence of our dead, yet living and near us. And I take it that the something more is just the undecayed interest in Nature, in all life, and in those aspirations you speak of, that in ages to come man's affections will be more social, that he will love more of his fellow-beings. I do think that the gain would be greater than the loss. The more they are that one loves, the less he will grieve at the losses.

The subject was perhaps not of the sort on which Hudson was best qualified to be a helpful counsellor. It seems to me an error, on the part of some of his admirers, to claim for him the reputation not only of a brilliant writer but of a clear thinker. A thinker of course he was, and a great one, in his own province, the study of Nature and man's relation to Nature; but outside that sphere his thinking was often very vague, at times even petulant and perverse, as in the remarks made in some of his published letters, about the beneficence of war. On ethical and social problems his opinions were of little value; and as a critic of books—always excepting those concerned with Nature—his judgments seem to throw more light on his

own peculiar tastes and prejudices than on the merits of an author. As in the case of De Quincey, so in that of Meredith and Edward Carpenter, he spoke irritably and without weight. He had little of the sympathetic understanding which can illuminate or interpret.

If I am right in my view, it is not as a thinker or a critic that Hudson will be remembered, but as a poet-naturalist, an artist in words, and writer of some of the most beautiful prose in the language; not least, as a highly original and forceful personality. That is how I saw him: wayward and incalculable in his moods, never fully revealing himself, but always friendly and kind; the "bird-man without morals"—or, shall I say, with just sufficient lack of them to make him a delightful companion.

THE SPANISH MONARCHY

A DEFENCE OF KING ALFONSO

By W. H. CARTER

AN article in the *New Statesman* dealing with the Italian monarchy in its relations with Fascism has called attention to the combination of circumstances which impelled King Victor Emmanuel III to submit, however grudgingly, to the dictatorship of Benito Mussolini. For better or for worse the King has hitched the waggon of the House of Savoy to the star of a dominating personality who professes nothing but scorn for the constitutional principle upon which the Italian monarchy is based.

These revelations have aroused considerable interest among that section of the public which is disposed not so much to inquire into the rights and wrongs of Fascism as to speculate upon its ultimate effect on the foundations of the State.

It was therefore suggested to me that for the benefit of that same section of the public I should set down the reasons that induced the King of Spain to make a similar sacrifice of the constitutional principle in favour of the Directory.

During a considerable period of residence in Spain I met Spaniards of widely different political views and discussed with them this particular aspect of the situation. Moreover, I was an interested observer of the effect on the national consciousness of the latest version of *l'Accuse*, namely, the bitter denunciation of King Alfonso XIII and his henchman, Primo de Rivera, in the manifesto by the novelist, Blasco Ibañez.

Just as in 1878 the attempt on the life of Alfonso XII by a Catalan Socialist provoked an imposing national demonstration of attachment and scenes of wild enthusiasm, so in January of this year the Directory took advantage of this insult to the Crown and to the King's person to organise at Madrid a similar manifestation of loyalty to King and country.

To an Englishman the procession of mayors, town councillors and local representatives from every one of Spain's forty-nine provinces was a most impressive sight.

In the motley column two miles long there were flags and emblems galore, mace-bearers, heralds, trumpeters, pages, stewards, mounted guards and "somatenes" in gorgeous mediæval or modern costume, men of all social ranks in top hats and fur coats or in workaday clothes mingling together without a trace of awkwardness.

The special feature of the great gathering, as of similar demonstrations in Barcelona and Valencia, was that it was in the nature of a national rather than a political demonstration, at the same time a tribute of loyalty to the King and a splendid example of national unity.

It is a fact that the municipal governments can hardly be said to have been freely elected by the people, for almost without exception these men were carefully selected by the Directory and appointed to fill the vacancies of the discredited professional politicians swept away at the outset of the present *régime*.

The cynic may add that the expenses of the jaunt to Madrid were duly paid from the State coffers. But these are considerations for the politically minded, and that is what the average Spaniard is emphatically not.

That the Directory has been guilty of abusing its power in its zeal for political reform no one will deny, and any intelligent Spaniard will enlarge on the subject with a wealth of picturesque language, punctuating his remarks with the delightful phrase "No hay derecho" (best rendered in the vernacular "It's all wrong").

But because he is not really politically minded Juan Español adopts an attitude of genial fatalism and apathy, and will not easily be worked up into indignation. From long experience of civil strife he has come to find a certain contentment in discontent, and to console himself with his favourite proverb, "Dios nos guarde este señor no sea que venga otro peor" ("May God preserve our present ruler—the next one will only be worse").

This apparent digression is really essential to the thesis I would put forward, because the lack of political sense of the Spanish people counted for a great deal—if it was

not the determining factor—in King Alfonso's decision of a little more than two years ago.

As a result of my sojourn in Madrid I have satisfied myself that the King was fully alive to the fact that he did a very risky thing in throwing in his lot with the Directory in defiance of constitutional rights—that he accepted the consequences of his action as being salutary for the State in the long run—and that he was justified in taking this step by the distinctive character of the Directory movement as well as by the traditions of the Spanish monarchy.

Consider for a moment what was the trend of affairs in Spain in the period before the *coup d'état* of September, 1923.

In April of that year King Alfonso signed a decree dissolving the Cortes and ordering general elections to be held at the end of the month. It was even proposed to make some such alteration in the unsatisfactory Constitution of 1876 as would effectively prevent the suspension of the constitutional guarantees for any prolonged period.

As ill-luck would have it, a series of internal troubles, together with the disastrous turn of events in Morocco, precipitated a crisis which rendered these honest attempts at constitutional reform ineffective.

What is more, those who were responsible for the social unrest and Communist outrages in Catalonia played into the hands of the reactionaries, who were only awaiting their chance to rally public opinion to their side.

It may be safely assumed that in the autumn of 1923 the man in the street was ready to welcome anything that made for strong government and was likely to ensure the stability of the Crown.

Loyalty to the sovereign personally is a deep-seated national tradition, and among so many apparent anomalies in Spanish life here is a characteristic which Englishmen can readily understand and appreciate. In the past this dog-like devotion has been at times really pathetic—for instance during the reign of King Ferdinand VII—and it has frequently happened that the sovereign, by alienating Liberal sympathies, has been largely to blame for the fiasco of political life.

The mass of the people, however, has always been, and is to-day, out of sympathy with reforming zeal, and will instinctively cleave to the established order rather than follow in the wake of those who point to the future and its potentialities. And so when the King in his turn seems to favour reaction and turn his back on those who would seek to bring Spain into line with the other European States he is only following Spanish tradition and holding up the mirror to his country.

It is related in Spain that, as a sequel to the unobtrusive seizure of power by the military chiefs in September, 1923, the King received a visit at San Sebastian from General Primo de Rivera, who placed before him the following alternatives:—

Either he must acquiesce in what was described to him as an experimental dictatorship and accept the consequences of such a breach with constitutionalism,

Or the way was open to him—and a special train opportunely provided—to betake himself and the royal household into voluntary exile beyond the frontier until such time as the machinery of the State should be put into working order again, and the brief parenthesis in Spain's constitutional march should have run its course.

The dilemma presented in this form gives the clue to the special character of the situation in Spain as compared with the position of King Victor Emmanuel, who is sometimes described as Mussolini's prisoner. The Directory is shown, by its own confession, as merely a temporary expedient, a drastic remedy, as it were, for shocking abuses.

Unlike Fascism, the movement in Spain lays no claim to a revolutionary character; in its inception there was practically nothing of the theatrical, nor does it depend upon popular enthusiasm or a rabid nationalism.

King Alfonso is nothing if not courageous, and, fortunately for Spain, he did not flinch from his plain duty, which was to compromise with the Directory to the detriment of his own personal prestige but in the wider interest of national unity.

The "national episodes" of the nineteenth century throw into vivid relief the part played by the Spanish monarchy in the destinies of the nation. Whenever con-

fidence in the royal family abates the nation is torn with civil strife, and all progress is at a standstill. It is time that people in England should realise that King Alfonso had to weigh these and many other considerations in his mind before he made his choice.

And yet it may be asked on what grounds, then, could Blasco Ibañez trump up his extraordinary accusations against the King and the militarist terror in Spain?

The explanation is simple. At the time of the *coup d'état* of 1923 the Court camarilla and military clique, which had been for some time intent on influencing the King in the direction of reactionary measures, thought they saw in the advent of the Directory their chance of playing upon the vanity of King Alfonso so as to secure their position once and for all.

Their idea was that, while ostensibly working in conjunction with General Primo de Rivera, King Alfonso would seek to undermine the authority of the Directory and ultimately place himself in the position of an absolute King much in the same way as his cousin the ex-Kaiser had contrived to do before the war in Germany.

It is said that the King himself for a time cherished some such ambition, but he has certainly thought better of it.

Events go to show that the King, by sheer force of personality, has contrived to work in loyal collaboration with the Directory and at the same time to stave off the forces which would have him wilfully abandon constitutional methods.

It will be the task of the Union Patriótica to re-kindle political life and restore those methods, when there are men to apply them in whom his Majesty can place his confidence.

The King has no reason to fear for himself or the monarchy under the present *régime* or its successor.

He has managed to safeguard the dignity of his office amid the changing scenes of Spanish politics, and those who would judge him harshly should bear in mind that those political phenomena themselves are outside the sphere of interest of the mass of his loyal subjects.

THE CHINESE POINT OF VIEW

BY FREDERICK ANSON

I AM writing this article not with the sole idea of putting forward the minor grievances of the educated Chinese, but with the more comprehensive intention of trying to describe some aspects of the intellectual atmosphere in China with regard to British interests.

As somebody once said, in a moment of irrepressible wisdom: "It is the little things that matter." It is the small, petty grievances and irritants, as well as the more concrete and definite ones, that have brought about the present intense feeling in China. As is well and clearly understood, the Nationalist movement in China has been pending for centuries, but the anti-foreign turn this movement has taken falls to the responsibility of international friction and misunderstanding in, to a very great extent, trivial things.

At the present day a spirit of intense suspicion of everything foreign has gripped the heart of China. It is not the intention of this article to trace the evolution of this attitude; this will be apparent to anyone conversant with Chinese affairs. But this feeling is a very real and a very strong one, and is to a large extent the keynote of the present uproar.

The terms "foreigner" and "British" are almost synonymous to the Chinese mind, especially the less intellectual mind, so that when speaking generally of "foreigners" they mean particularly ourselves. This is one of the reasons why England is bearing the brunt of the storm, and not only suffering for her own mistakes, but, in addition, enduring a flood of calumny that belongs rightly in other quarters.

The first cause for suspicion is the question of foreign penetration, and the aims and ambitions of the Treaty Powers. This is a very difficult question on which to strike a mean, for the reason that the Chinese have so many

conflicting views as to the Treaty rights and privileges of the Westerner. However, they do definitely accuse—this word is perhaps a little too strong—they do definitely suspect England in particular of territorial ambitions in the Celestial Empire. To an Englishman this seems an extreme view, but when the British point of view is put forward, when it is explained that England has already more than her share of the white man's burden—if that burden does in truth belong to the white man at all—when Empire relations and home affairs point conclusively to the fact that England wants nothing in the world less than further responsibility, the Chinese answer from what is more or less a logical, though, unfortunately, distorted, point of view.

The Westerner has forced himself in upon the tranquillity of an exclusive nation, a nation of great traditions and intense pride. This nation lay at his feet, full of promise, full of natural wealth, and—unexploited. With the aid of armies equipped and trained into a machine no Eastern organisation could break, he consolidated his position and forced a weak Government to give him concessions in land and special privileges of all kinds so that he could carry on trade and live with all the advantages of being unamenable to Chinese law. These concessions have developed into small, detached portions of foreign nations.

With organisation at as high a standard as modern civilisation could bring it, the foreigner spread over China like an octopus, and English influence in particular began to be felt in every province. British diplomacy played a large part in what were considered purely Chinese affairs.

China herself has had to look on without a murmur at this gradual spread of foreign influence over which she has been allowed no control. She has not been able to check the flow or even to restrain it. While the foreigner recognised his obligations the Chinese were not desperately anxious to do without him and the increased volume of trade and racial intercourse he brought with him, although their recognised inability to deal with him was a bitter pill. What struck the Chinese as so unequal

was that they had no voice as to whom they wanted in China and whom they wished to expel. Many times individuals have given offence, and it is hurtful to their pride that they have no power to eject those who abuse their hospitality. Foreign sailors, in particular, are apt to create trouble in many ways, and yet the Chinese have no power of themselves to redress their wrongs.

While admitting the good brought to China by British intercourse, the Chinese question what we have taken out, and above all what we ultimately hope to take out. The money invested in railways, education and proselytism, although again admitted as a benefit, is open, in their minds, to the stigma of increased influence with a view to ultimate domination. They cannot, at this hour of fevered spirits, strike the happy mean and thereby the truth of our attitude towards them. Either England, if all that has been said is true, is a gigantic missionary society and a prodigious Mr. Drage all in one, or else she is out for plunder.

On the question of extrterritoriality, pure and simple, the Chinese are very reasonable. They recognise that, though as individuals the better-class foreigners are perfectly confident in Chinese good faith and honour, as a community unprotected by an effective Chinese Government—which they say does not exist—the foreign Governments must take steps to ensure its security. With irresponsible war lords at large in every province, they sympathise with our point of view, but—and it is a very open question—they lay stress on the fact that extrterritoriality is abused. This is recognised now by most responsible minds amongst the British, if not amongst the other nations involved. The Chinese do not ask for the Treaties to be declared null and void, they only ask for a revision, and in this they are perfectly justified.

Extrterritoriality is a very sore point, and from their point of view it is only right and reasonable that it should be a sore point. Within limits it is a necessary evil in face of their own chaotic and unorganised state of society. *Within limits*—but, as can be readily foreseen, when those limits are exceeded an outcry would certainly arise and sweep

the moderates in its flood to extreme views, reconcilable with neither good sense nor justice.

To quote a Chinese thinker: "I had a fine house with many servants. One day you knocked at the door and asked to be let in. I gave you my hospitality. A little later you came to me and said: 'I like this room—you will give it to me. I am much stronger than you—it is no use refusing.' I gave it to you. A little later you insisted that I should hand over my servants to you. Now—firstly, how am I to know how far you mean to go? secondly, now that I am stronger why should I abide by the things I gave you when I was too weak to resist?"

Bringing this feeling into direct association with Treaty Port conditions, the Chinese cannot reconcile with the ideal of British justice they have been taught exists in England and elsewhere the fact that in Hongkong the Council is not elected by the people represented. They do realise that it is important for us to keep a majority vote on questions of international import, but they cannot see why we should prevent them from having a responsible voice in questions of domestic administration. The very fact that the Governor of Hongkong has the right to elect whom he chooses to represent the Chinese element is enough. Any man who lays himself out to be pleasant to H.E. the Governor may in consequence be chosen, irrespective of the likes or dislikes of the body of ratepayers. This is their view.

This applies equally to Shanghai and the other Treaty Ports. The questions affecting them and their domestic relations are dealt with and settled by a body in which they are not adequately or justly represented.

The question of foreign extrterritorial rights and privileges in relation to trade is an important and much-discussed point. To start with, from a purely national point of view China objects strongly to foreigners spreading all over the four kingdoms, taking with them their immunity from Chinese law. They argue that the country belongs to them; the traders deal with Chinese subjects, why should they be above Chinese laws? Why should they thus be placed in an unassailable position, with all the

advantages of modern efficiency, and protected, and to their minds guaranteed, by great and wealthy Powers? They complain that the foreigner thereby makes it impossible for the Chinese manufacturer, with limited credit and abundantly "squeezable," to compete in the open market. They even think that foreign exploitation will bankrupt the country, while millions of Chinese wealth will go overseas. This argument is, of course, economically unsound, but nevertheless it is true in parts and has an appeal to many minds.

This fevered argument is all very well from the Chinese side; from their point of view it is all very laudable—but how does the foreigner look at it? To start with, on being told he is to give up extraterritoriality and become amenable to Chinese law he may very well inquire, "What is Chinese law?" and again, "In what manner and by whom is it administered?"

Chinese law is nearly all under the category of "unwritten." There is no code such as we know it. It is administered with infinite variations in each of the twenty-three provinces; there is no recognised appeal; there is no guarantee of justice; there are infinite possibilities of abuse. Under these conditions, and with no central power to look to for redress, is it possible for the foreigner to resign all his rights in this direction?

China is a single entity, and the Chinese as individuals are totally different propositions. It is all very well to say that England looks upon China as a limited liability company in which she holds the share majority; China must first prove that as a whole, that as a nation, she is capable of governing herself before she can govern us.

The question of returned students is a bitter one. The whole situation pivots on the much-debated point of race equality.

After the disastrous defeats she underwent in the Japanese War and the Boxer Rebellion China began to wonder why the West was so powerful, though in the greatest minority. Just as the Philistines of old sent Delilah to find out wherein lay the secret of Samson's strength, so China has sent out her young men into every

Western seat of learning to imbibe our culture. These, returning, hand on what they have learned in a modified condition to those in the country.

But, apart from passing on their knowledge to others, they find little scope for their own powers in China. They have not the money to start business on their own, and the Chinese firms are mostly too impecunious to offer a career to an ambitious young man. The alternative is a foreign company. Here they find men whom they look upon, perhaps correctly, as inefficient compared with themselves earning more money than they ever will. They soon realise that, though technical experts naturally earn large wages, they can never compete with the ordinary foreigner even, in the race for promotion, on a just footing. They are paid low and held down.

The answer to this is the same again. China is her own salvation. Within the Empire there is every kind of natural wealth—tin, precious metal, iron, coal, and drugs abound. When China exploits these there will be opportunities for everyone. There must be money somewhere in the country to start enterprises of this kind. Foreign credit is still available as long as the country is quiet and offers some sort of security. By inveighing against us they are drying up the channels of international credit, sterilising their own resources, and throwing into discontented uselessness the men they have sent out to pick the foreign flower of learning. They are destroying their own harvest.

Now to come to perhaps the biggest question of all in the relations of Great Britain to China—the question of race equality. The Chinese themselves lay the onus of the present anti-foreign movement to that score. Before, however, going on to discuss this question, a word on the attitude of English public opinion with regard to China will not be out of place.

The Chinese are as alive as we are to the tone of uninstructed public opinion in this country with regard to China and Chinese affairs. Though not exactly antagonistic, it is nevertheless prejudicial. This attitude is of obvious origin, and the Chinese themselves point it out.

Firstly, the Press has published many misleading articles

on China—especially at times of international strain. Authoritative interviews have, in many cases, been so distorted in the process of being prepared for printing as to give a totally erroneous impression. As a tool for the promotion of cordial relations between the Far East and this country the Press has not only lain neglected but has been used in the opposite direction.

Secondly, in things of public interest such as plays, novels, pictures, the Chinaman is never represented as an ordinary mortal, much less as a mortal to be admired. He usually appears as a cold, cruel, cunning monster. The English people, who will not take an interest in the Far East, and who merely take for granted all they see and hear and read, tend to regard the Chinese as a semi-barbarous, treacherous, and diabolically cunning savage, gifted with a wonderful brain and all the mystic lore of antiquity. This mental picture, although on the face of it most illogical, is nevertheless positively no exaggeration whatever.

This tendency of public opinion does not in any way help towards a solution of the present-day difficulties and the clash of colour. The Chinese themselves point out the necessity of correcting the false impressions arrived at as a step towards the gradual swinging of the bulk of public opinion into sympathy with China. They propose to commission a number of well-educated, well-informed, and well-spoken men and women of both nations to go round the country giving lectures—free lectures—on China and the Chinese. Even if a few intelligent men were to tour the public schools, the good accomplished would be beyond computation. This scheme, coming from a Chinese, is both a surprise and a compliment. Even if it succeeds in nothing else, it may at least arouse a certain amount of casual interest, which is infinitely preferable to the indifference the Chinese *causæ* suffer now in this country.

The English are too much inclined to treat all coloured races alike. Because we have succeeded in Africa and India, it does not mean that we shall succeed in China. China requires different treatment from every other

Eastern race, as a study of her history should clearly show even the most uninstructed.

This is the general trend of public opinion in England, and, of course, when discussing race equality public opinion plays a large part.

The Chinese complain that they are treated as a conquered and inferior race. They cannot meet the foreigner on a footing of equality—even individually in a social sense. Everywhere they are made to feel the arrogance, the conceit, and the vaunted superiority of the foreigner. Here in their own land the foreigner must have himself placed on a pedestal above them all. The old saying goes that an Englishman is an Englishman until he is east of Suez—then he thinks he is a god. This is true, perhaps, in most cases to-day—especially amongst the small-minded.

Over here, in England, a Chinaman feels that he may have friends amongst us who are proud to be called his friends. In China he may still have friends amongst the foreigners between nine in the morning and five-thirty at night; after that the foreigner does not wish to associate with him, will pretend not to see him in the street, will snub him if he ventures to speak with him. The Chinese are afraid to make friends now for two reasons: first, they do not want to be snubbed, as the tenderfoot grows hardened by the prejudices of his own people, and so they do the snubbing first. Secondly, if there is anyone who is really sincere and who succeeds in winning their affections they are afraid for his own sake that his own people will cut him adrift. This is no exaggeration.

There is a strong feeling amongst those who think in China that the English gentleman never, or rarely, comes to China. They say that those who come to China to earn their livings are mostly failures in other countries, and come there as a last resort. There they are paid wages out of all proportion to specialised Chinese employees, and they treat the Chinese as "dirt." They say the difference between the Englishman in England and the Englishman in China is as the lines of one hand differ from those of another.

As can be seen from these few causes of racial friction, causes that represent a multitude of minor grievances, the Chinese problem is not merely a national question, but a problem in an individual sense. It is not merely to be dealt with by Acts of Parliament, Armies, and Foreign Secretaries. The onus of our future relations with China, provided the Government does its share, lies upon the individual representatives of our race in the Orient. This is the reason why it is of such vital importance that all the younger generation of men going out to China for Government or commercial appointments should be given some idea before they sail of what China is and what China thinks and does; otherwise the new men fall into the old rut when they get out to China. It is a case of the blind leading the blind.

Lastly, they criticise the British official representation in China. They have several points to make concerning our Consular machinery overseas. They say that the representative in Peking of the British Government has too limited a scope for the proper execution of his duty. His powers are too confined to allow him to deal effectively with a sudden crisis like the last one. England is so far away and so completely out of touch with China. They ask that the British Minister in Peking should be invested with increased power, to enable him to speak with the authoritative voice of the British people in sudden emergencies. By the time, under the present system, the case has gone home for arbitration, and definite instructions have been received, it is then too late to act, and another blot appears upon the escutcheon of British prestige.

The exact demands of China can be found in official memoranda, so that it is not necessary to cover that ground here; but the point to be emphasised strongly is this: that the responsible Chinese do not want to completely abolish the Treaties—certainly not at one fell swoop; but they do think that Treaty conditions should march side by side with Chinese progress. They look forward to a day, not far distant, when conditions in the Celestial Empire will justify the total abrogation of all Treaties granting any sort of privilege to the foreigner. At the moment they

recognise that the time is not yet ripe for any talk of total abrogation, but at the same time they do demand a revision of the Treaties, a remodelling of the Treaties, to suit modern conditions. This, they demand, should be done at once from a standpoint of justice and race equality. This we are bound to give them, and the sooner we comply, and the sooner we cure the stiff neck from which we are suffering through sitting too long in the draughty corner of exclusive knowledge, the sooner will trade resuscitate itself.

It should be borne in mind that China is self-supporting, and does not depend to any great extent on trade with outside countries. On the other hand, the industrialised nations of the West cannot exist without international trade. The Chinese say, "We can exist without having any intercourse with you, but if you want to trade with us you must first seek to know and study us. If you put trade first, mutual friendship second, you will fail in both. If you will seek to establish with us a mutual understanding on a basis of friendship and equality as the first consideration, then trade will come back to you in a healthier state than ever before." The Chinese say there is only one solution to the problem of China—that solution is simply that we all gather round the table and sit down together in the spirit of equality and justice and friendship. Leaving behind all race prejudice, the whole question must be quietly discussed in a frank and open manner by both sides. Sincerity is the only hope left for an amicable settlement. A settlement will have to be reached whereby foreign nationals may find protection without attaching the stigma to China of an arbitrary rule by a foreign power. It will be a test of great tact, great courage and strength. We must not take it for granted that, because there is no authoritative Government at the moment, we shall be unable to find a representation with which we can come to binding terms. Every responsible Chinese, on the other hand, definitely affirms that as soon as we produce a committee ready to partake in a conference the Chinese will in turn elect a responsible body, which will speak with the authoritative voice of the Chinese people. Moreover, their

decisions and their guarantees will be binding in every province in China and will be accepted by every responsible Chinese. They go on to say that we must cut away entirely from previous policy and strike a bold note regardless of the consequences. If we wish to trade with China we must know China. If we would know China we must be friends with China. If we wish to be friends with China we must cast aside all minor considerations and stake new ground.

This is the moment for a bold and fearless policy. The more dramatic it is the more it will grip the people, and if only the public statement of such a policy, a policy that has been already submitted to His Majesty's Government, is followed up, before the Chinese have had time to recover from the shock, by decisive *action*, the problem of China will be more than half solved.

THE KINGLESS MONARCHY

BY LEONARD SPRAY

HUNGARY is a monarchy without a monarch, a kingdom without a king. And an empty throne is an ever-present temptation, a constant lure to any who may be ambitious either to continue or to found a dynasty. When that throne stands as the symbol of a thousand years old tradition, of a conviction that is almost mystical in its intensity, there is always a possibility of the temptation proving irresistible, because those who might yield to it would do so with the knowledge that they were appealing to an emotion that is at the same time a faith.

The paradox of the kingless monarchy—a paradox without parallel in Europe—is the root-origin of the events that occur from time to time in Budapesth, often reflecting an attitude of mind that bewilders the outside world. Of those events the most recent, and the most striking, was the forgery plot the discovery of which shook Central Europe and caused a tremor in France, whose interest in the maintenance of the *status quo* of the Minor Powers is predominant and compelling. It will be remembered that the discovery of that plot led to the arrest of several prominent personages, including a prince and the Chief of the State Police, and the disclosure that the forged French notes, which it was intended to circulate all over Europe, were actually printed in the Hungarian Cartographic Institute—a State establishment.

To realise the true import of this plot it is not necessary to accept, or even to examine seriously, the speculations, many of them wild, that revolved around it in other countries. In describing some of these statements as "incorrect," the Hungary Legation in London issued a *communiqué* that opened with the following sufficiently suggestive, if not completely illuminating, sentence :

It appears that Prince Louis Windisch-Graetz [one of the persons arrested], who has had no influence in the political affairs of Hungary since 1918, when, for a short period, he was Food Minister, conceived the

plan of forging French banknotes in order to obtain funds to be employed according to his own political fantasy. Prince Windisch-Graetz, by appealing to mistaken patriotic sentiment, succeeded in carrying off their feet persons, including M. Nadossy, Chief of the Police Department of the Home Office, and other less responsible people, who appear to have become his tools.

Here, read between the diplomatically worded lines of an official statement, is the clear indication that these persons, "responsible" and otherwise, were engaged, not in a common criminal forgery conspiracy, but in a plot that contemplated some sort of *coup d'état*. The Prince was inspired by "political fantasy," and his associates by "patriotic sentiments."

Those phrases constitute the clue to the whole situation of Hungary. "Fantasy" and "patriotic sentiments," politically interpreted, mean the abrogation of the paradox of a kingless kingdom; in other words, the restoration of a monarchy.

Here is one characteristic example of the almost grotesque anomalies that arise from the present state of Hungary. There was introduced into the Hungarian Parliament a Bill for the constitution of a new Upper House, with a clause reserving seats for "members of the dynastic House."

Hungary having no dynasty, what, it was not unnaturally asked, was the intention of this legislative proposal? To this question the reply was tendered that the Peace Treaty of Trianon, as well as Protocols of the League of Nations, always refer to the "Kingdom of Hungary"; that by the *Statesman's Year Book* Hungary is described as a "kingdom with a temporarily vacant throne." The inference drawn was that Hungary is in the virtual position of electing at any moment a king and a dynasty as she chooses, with the considerable qualification of the knowledge that the Little Entente and the Allied Powers have set their faces against the choice of any member of the Hapsburg family.

It is impossible for any impartial inquirer who visits Hungary and, as I have done, talks with its political leaders and representatives of many classes, to resist the conclusion that the monarchical idea is more deeply rooted

in the past traditions and present mentality of the Magyars than in any race in Europe. Among the peasantry the belief in the sanctity of kingship is mediæval, and behind it is the influence, unshaken by the earthquakes that have toppled thrones and shattered social structures elsewhere, of the Hungarian feudal magnates. This belief and this influence are strengthened by general dissatisfaction with the inevitable conditions in a country that, by the Treaty of Trianon, lost two-thirds of its territories and saw its population cut down from twenty to eight millions, leaving Magyar minorities, that in themselves number millions, under foreign rule.

All this is not to say that there is any visible danger of a concerted movement either to elect a monarch or to attempt a Hapsburg restoration. Count Bethlen, the Prime Minister, is a dominating personality who discourages both Monarchist and Irredentist propaganda and firmly opposes all rival policies that might engender the suspicions of the other Succession States or deflect Hungary from the narrow and restricted path left open to it by international instruments. Admiral Horthy, the Regent, proved his loyalty to those instruments when, in the autumn of 1921, he at first implored the ill-starred Karl not to throw the country into ruin, and then, when the ex-Kaiser was deaf to these entreaties, announced he would oppose his entry into Budapesth with armed force.

Then, too, the Monarchist activists themselves present a confused picture of jealous factions and rival dynastic ambitions. Both inside and outside many of the political parties, even among the Legitimists themselves, are what are known as "Free Choicers." They want an elected monarch, but however deeply one tries to probe their intentions the personality they favour evades identification. There are others who champion the claims of the Archduke Albrecht or some other member of a collateral branch of the Hapsburg family. But by far the most fervent, active and best organised of these rival factions are the Legitimists *pur sang*. For them the question of a monarch does not arise. They have never recognised the validity of the Dethronement Bill. For them Karl was

king up to the moment of his death, crowned with the Holy Crown of St. Stephen, and so invested with all the sanctity attaching to the symbol of the unbroken traditions of a thousand years. In their eyes Karl's eldest son, Archduke Otto, though the Crown of St. Stephen has never rested on his head, became the legitimate King of Hungary in the moment of his father's death.

The leader of the Legitimists is Count Julius Andrassy, once Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. I can best illustrate the standpoint of himself and his fellow-extremists by recalling a conversation I had with him shortly before Karl had died in broken-hearted exile.

"Our policy," said Count Andrassy, "is to repeal the Act of Dethronement. Karl is for us the symbol of our independence as a State. We don't recognise the right of any other country to decide who shall rule us. That is to deprive us of the right enjoyed even by Ashantis."

I asked the Count whether, if his party achieved governmental power, they would take the active step of asking Karl to return.

"No," he replied, "we should wait until the world realises our right to our own dynasty. That is bound to come. The idea of electing a king is nonsense. The Legitimists would still be there, and we should have nothing but civil wars. And we cannot choose a king, because we have a king already."

In that last sentence was expressed the fanaticism, the mystical belief in the sanctity of the Pragmatic Succession, that gives driving force to the pro-Hapsburg movement in Hungary, a movement that, in the eyes of some observers at any rate, is making steady progress, even though the dangers it embodies remain problematical. The Crown of St. Stephen lies in a barred, closely guarded room in the Palace at Buda. Though invisible to their eyes, it is in the constant thoughts of millions of Magyars as a sacred symbol of the inalienable rights of the Hapsburg dynasty.

It is about three years ago that the conversation with Count Andrassy recorded above took place. But nothing has happened in the meantime to indicate that he or his

followers have felt their faith shaken or have modified their intentions. Long afterwards Count Andrassy, addressing a Legitimist meeting, discussed what is called the "Legitimist Programme of Action." Declaring that the election of a king would plunge the nation into an intolerable state of excitement, he said he could not imagine any Hungarian wishing to place a member of a foreign dynasty on the Hungarian throne. Therefore the constitutional monarch, "King" Otto, must be recalled from exile.

Count Andrassy is sufficient of a statesman to realise the difficulties of such a plan and the risk it entails of the hostility of, and a possible conflict with, the Little Entente. Consequently he advocated, by way of preparation for the return of the "King," a carefully considered internal and external policy, preceded by the overthrow of the existing *régime*. Commenting on this speech of Count Andrassy, *The Times* Budapest correspondent wrote: "There has been a notable increase in Legitimist activities of late, but it is extremely doubtful if it has had any effect. That the majority of Hungarians desire a king is probably correct, but the supporters of any Hapsburg claimant do not constitute anything like a majority."

Count Andrassy's is the extreme view of one whose whole life's traditions make any mental adaptation to changed conditions impossible. It is enormously modified as held by Count Apponyi, the veteran Hungarian statesman. An aristocrat of the oldest aristocracy in Europe, Count Apponyi is a convinced monarchist and was a faithful servant of the broken Hapsburg dynasty. But he is a great patriot, as well as a great gentleman. Though profoundly resenting what he regards as the injustices inflicted on his country by the Treaty of Trianon, and convinced of their future peaceful revision, he stands firmly for the fulfilment of all obligations, and equally for an evolved solution, so to speak, of the question of the monarchy. And he accepts the modern standpoint that a monarchy must be based on the popular will.

"As a jurist," he explained to me, "the election of a king is for me impossible. A dynasty can only be

dismissed by a revolution, and we have not had that. But in this question we would not do anything, for the sake of the dynasty, which would harm our country. We hope that in time the Great Powers will come round to our point of view, but until that time comes we desire only a continuance of the present arrangement, though not with the powers of the Governor unrestricted and undefined as now."

That is the voice of the true patriot. Count Apponyi is convinced that the monarchy will be restored in Hungary sooner or later because, as he, undoubtedly correctly, believes, the majority of the people want it and can conceive of the State only in a monarchical form. He has pointed out that there is no republican tradition in Hungary; that the present *régime*, which, though it has now lasted several years, is purely provisional, is not a republic; and that the Government calls itself "the Royal Government of the Kingdom of Hungary." He believes that foreign States have infringed Hungary's rights of self-determination, but is sternly opposed to any attempts to oppose action those Powers have taken, relying especially on the United States and England eventually giving due consideration to Hungary's difficulties and embarrassments in this matter.

That Hungary is legally a kingdom was also laid down by a curious decision of the Budapesth Criminal Court in March, 1923. Dr. Beer, then Vice-president of the Hungarian Republican Party, was charged with having carried on republican propaganda during the Parliamentary elections, thereby committing a breach of a law for the defence of the realm introduced by the then Prime Minister, the late Count Tisza, in 1913. He pleaded not guilty on the ground that after the collapse of the old monarchy everybody regarded Hungary as a republic. When the President of the court proceeded to argue that even after the Act of Dethronement Hungary was still a kingdom, the accused pertinently remarked that a kingdom without a king was as ludicrous as a court without a judge. The court, however, regarded this remark as more impertinent than pertinent, found Dr. Beer guilty, and

sentenced him to eighteen months' imprisonment and a fine. In giving judgment the court declared that Hungary was still a kingdom and that nobody had any right to assail the kingly power.

On Karl's death in April, 1922, there were great manifestations in Budapesth, the character of which clearly suggested that the exiled ex-monarch was still in full possession of regal power and authority at the time of his death. National mourning was ordered, and one of the semi-official newspapers appeared in the same format as on the occasion of the death of the Emperor Franz Joseph, the front page consisting only of an announcement of the death of "his Royal, Apostolic Majesty, King Karl IV."

Following Karl's second foiled attempt to resume the crown of St. Stephen, the National Assembly passed a measure of dethronement and of forfeiture of the rights of the Hapsburg Dynasty. This was, of course, done under the external pressure of the Conference of Ambassadors in endorsement of a Note, or rather ultimatum, presented at Budapesth by the Little Entente, comprising the neighbouring States of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania. By the Little Entente, however, this Act of deposition and forfeiture was strongly criticised, and, in fact, has never been regarded by those States as finally disposing of the Hapsburg question. Its three main provisions were as follow:—

1. The royal rights of Karl IV will cease and are terminated by the present law.
2. The Pragmatic Succession, which fixes the right of succession of the Hapsburgs, is abrogated.
3. The right to choose the king is invested in the nation; the nation maintains the monarchy, but postpones the election of it.

In the eyes of many statesmen of the Little Entente the terms of this Bill do not exclude the eventual election of a Hapsburg to the vacant throne.

When in Budapesth I was told a story which, though probably apocryphal, exactly expresses the mentality that underlies the puzzling paradox of Hungary's bewildering

constitution. Many strange things happened in the days when the Austro-Hungarian Empire was shattered, when the Emperor had fled, and when there was a constitutional vacuum in Hungary. Among those events was a declaration by an improvised assembly that Hungary was now a republic. Legend has it that after this solemn and formal declaration a delegate who had participated in its endorsement rose in his place and said, "Well, now we've got a republic all right, but what about a king?" The story has a mordantly witty flavour that suggests a Viennese origin, but its implications are not far wide of the mark.

By succeeding in forming and maintaining a Government majority favouring a reasonable and common-sense policy, Count Bethlen has so far foiled any efforts of the Legitimists among a very heterogeneous opposition to force his hand on the question of the vacant throne. His own attitude was defined when the Legitimists in Budapest celebrated a mass for Archduke Otto, who was hailed by the Royalist newspapers as "Otto the Second, hereditary King of Hungary." This demonstration was the subject of an interpellation in the National Assembly by a member of the Opposition, who wanted to know the Government's attitude towards the Legitimist movement. Count Bethlen replied that it was against the country's interests to raise the question of the throne. The law of 1921, dethroning the Hapsburgs, would have to be respected by all, but there was nothing to prevent a constitutional campaign for its repeal. To address the Archduke Otto as King of Hungary was incompatible with the existing law. Count Bethlen, however, declined to regard a Mass for the well-being of the youthful Archduke as propaganda, though he promised to draw the attention of the Public Prosecutor to newspapers that used expressions incompatible with the constitution, and to take action against any persons who refused to respect the law.

Hungary's anomalous and paradoxical constitutional configuration is further emphasised by the position of Admiral Horthy, who resides in the former Imperial castle on the hill that dominates the twin cities, and from there

issues decrees, appoints judges and higher officials, and can, if he will, impose his veto on legislative actions of the National Assembly. His official title varies, for by some he is called "Regent," by others "Protector," and by others "Governor."

To that position, whatever or however it may be designated, Admiral Horthy was elected by the National Assembly in March, 1920. He did not seek it, and his worst enemies have never accused him of cherishing anything in the nature of dynastic ambitions. He will vacate it, if and when the moment comes, with the same patriotism and allegiance to duty with which he accepted it, and will serve a new king with the same loyalty and devotion that he gave to his former Emperor. But he, no more than any other, knows on whose dim behalf his "Regency" is exercised.

Parallel with the Magyar tradition of the sanctity of the Holy Crown of St. Stephen is the mystic Magyar belief in the indivisibility of the lands attached to the wearer of that crown. Hungary was dismembered and stripped as was none other of the defeated countries, with the exception, perhaps, of Austria, and those "indivisible" territories were torn asunder. Whole countrysides were transferred to the ownership of former enemies, and their Magyar inhabitants with them.

In the main square of Budapest are four groups of post-war statuary. They are not trumpery improvisations, designed to give temporary expression to a transient passion, but monuments wrought in enduring stone. Each group portrays a Magyar warrior, standing with drawn, "rescuing" sword over a prostrate figure. Each of those prostrate figures symbolises a part of the former Hungarian kingdom ceded, by the Treaty of Trianon, to Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Austria. It is exactly as if, after the Treaty of Versailles, there had been erected in Berlin monuments symbolising, say, Posen or Alsace, and clearly suggesting in their design that those provinces were awaiting a future day of restoration to Germany.

On my first visit to Budapest I was puzzled at the

frequent use of the expression "the occupied territories" in reference to districts beyond Hungary's shrunken boundaries. I found that no other term was ever applied, in popular parlance, to those lost mountains and valleys, forests and fields. That expression is on the lips of the millions, who use it because in their hearts is the conviction that one day, even if that day be generations distant, those lands will return to Magyar ownership. To record this attitude of mind is not to argue for or against its justification. There are many in this and other countries who have openly declared their view that Hungary was harshly treated in the after-war settlement. Not even in Hungary itself were stronger protests made against some of the territorial partitions than here in England by British friends and admirers of the Hungarian people.

Better treatment of the Hungarian minorities in the Succession States, and the passage of time, will, perhaps, modify these intense national sentiments. And at present they constitute no danger to the peace of Europe. But they are deeply rooted in the hearts of the proud race that once stood between the Turks and Christendom. And they are bound up, in millions of those Magyar hearts, with that mystic belief in the Holy Crown of St. Stephen, with the "indivisibility" of the territories of which it is the symbol, and with its future Hapsburg wearer.

IMPRESSIONS OF VILNO

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

OF all the cities of Poland there is none which is more characteristically Polish than Vilno, the Holy City, that old-world town which, like Ragusa or Mostar, was born and bred in war. Nothing is left of its old walls except one gate and part of a campanile, but both within and without are ruins in which one may so read the history of the Polish race that one is left wondering at the amazing fortitude which enabled it to weather so many storms.

Vilno has in reality the kind of life-story which either makes or breaks the spirit of the people inhabiting it, and the fact that it has stood and is standing to-day unconquered and defiant speaks eloquently of the hardihood of the Poles, for what they are to-day is directly traceable to their grievous yesterday, and the men who are now toiling so strenuously to unify the fragments of their land are those who actually suffered the agony of dismemberment.

A visit to Vilno is therefore indispensable if one is anxious to understand something of the highly complex mentality of this attractive people, and it is such a city, even more than Warsaw or Cracow, that symbolises the imperishable soul of Poland.

Set among picturesque hills and cut in twain by the River Vilja, this quaint old-world town with its domed churches and winding streets offers ever-changing perspectives of colour and scenes that cannot but please the fancy and interest the mind by the contrasts which they invariably present; here are picturesquely rustic sites blending harmoniously with venerable ancestral walls hoary with age; here old houses crumbling with decay, side by side with tall new buildings with thin walls and stucco exteriors which modernity is hustling into the place of the older red-bricked or wooden structures; here the golden domes of orthodox churches surrounded by houses dating from the sixteenth century with their characteristic Polish attics, gable extensions intended to conceal the roofs;

everywhere churches of every conceivable type of architecture, some Gothic or neo-classical, others, baroque or even Byzantine. All around the city forests full of birch and pine trees, pleasant orchards and thriving farms.

Travelling, too, to Vilno from Warsaw I came across a country which when I saw it last summer was equally interesting. After traversing leagues of endless meadows that seemed to roll away into horizons where earth and sky melted into an infinite expanse of greenish blue, I reached a land of great marshes, small lakes and countless streams, a hunter's paradise in which abounded otters and beavers, bears and antlered elks, wild deer innumerable, and occasionally even the white bison, that almost extinct species, in some of the many comparatively unexplored fastnesses of the Bialowicz Forest, that favourite hunting place of the late Czar. I shall never quite forget that journey, for though the terrific heat which prevailed at the season of the year made travelling by day very similar to a foretaste of hellish torments, any discomfort which I experienced was more than compensated by the arresting pleasure and interest which I derived from my stay in the town. Of all the Polish cities, in fact, which I have visited none has left me with so marked an impress. It is not that its beauty is beyond compare—there are obviously several Polish towns that are as beautifully situated, and at least one, Cracow, that, architecturally speaking, is of greater interest—it is simply that there is something inherent in its atmosphere that makes one most poignantly conscious of the torment of soul and body which its inhabitants have undergone and of the unceasing warfare which, even more than other Poles, they have waged against those who sought to turn them into a mere depository of foreign culture. Ravaged by war and rarely at peace with humanity, this old town is in reality one of the most *human* cities that exist in the world.

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Rising high before us was Ostra Brama,¹ the Gate of the Virgin, the only gate which remains of the old walls of the city, with its high arched portal and double device

(1) The East Gate.

of heraldry, the White Eagle of Poland and the Horseman of Lithuania, which symbolises the union formed in 1415 between Poles and Lithuanians and sealed in the following words :—

Nor can that endure which is not founded on love.

And after leaving my carriage I stood awhile listening to my guide and began to realise the meaning of the somewhat devious route that we had followed in order to reach the city. I was told that for those who like myself were desirous of feeling something of the soul of the town there was only one way, and that was to approach it by way of the Ostra Brama Gate, as the impression that one received on entering by it was unforgettable. It did not matter whether one was a Roman, or whether one disbelieved in religion, or even was sceptical of immaterial things. One was so overwhelmed by what one saw or sensed that even the more incredulous were soon swayed into emotion. Wondering if this was really the case, I turned to my guide and invited him to lead the way. And passing through the Gate soon found myself in a narrow and crooked street that was thronged with people. I noticed that every man, woman and child whom we passed had bared his head; nay, that even the Jews, conspicuous in their long black *halats*, had removed their small round caps. All those whom we met coming towards the Gate were looking above it with an expression combining the most intense reverence and piety, while here and there were peasants and townspeople kneeling in the streets, their arms outstretched in prayer and their eyes illumined with religious fervour. Like my companion I, too, removed my hat, then, turning round, saw over the arch a chapel and behind its glass doors an altar with many votive lights and offerings, and a large curtained picture at the back.

"Here is the miraculous image of Our Lady of Ostra Brama," my guide whispered. "Come with me and I will take you to the chapel so that you may get a better view of the holy picture when the curtain will be raised. It is just on mass time, so we will not have long to wait."

And leading the way through the crowd he conducted me into the chapel building, where after climbing a few stairs I duly reached the shrine.

We waited a moment; then, while I scrutinised the waiting throng outside and realised the strong appeal that will always lie in a religion where the Madonna and One greater than her are at once high enough to worship and low enough to love, there came a sudden, almost imperceptible, hush over the street, a silence similar to that in which the breath of God must surely first have moved across primeval chaos.

Someone touched my sleeve. I quickly turned, to find myself the only one that stood among the kneeling crowd. Instinctively I sank down on my knees, and looking up saw that slowly and with the least possible movement—as gently, in fact, as Sleep itself—the mystic curtain was being raised. Then came into view a very brown and almost discoloured picture which, owing to my comparative nearness to the altar, I finally recognised as that of the Holy Virgin. It was painted in the Byzantine manner and was covered with gold and silver except as regards the face and hands, and around it were curtains bordered by tawny gold only half displayed by the partial illumination of the chapel. It was the face of the Virgin, not the Virgin whom we know, but the Virgin of mediæval legend, and before it a priest began to officiate and to offer the sacrifice of the Mass to her Divine Son, while faint murmurings came from his lips to thrill the hearts of the faithful inside the chapel. Spellbound, I allowed myself to be drifted out upon the tide of ritual that is characteristic of Rome, and felt the full force of the appeal that she continues to make to any who submit themselves to her yoke, while something of the throbbing current of mystic faith that surged in those around me began to pulse in my brain and body. Looking up at the picture above the altar I almost fancied that the eyes of the Virgin were dwelling on my own and that her lips were moving and sending me an assuaging message of consolation, while the smouldering embers of my wavering faith began to be fanned into flame by the passionate conviction that

I felt radiating around me, and I became immersed in a rapturous ecstasy that made me lose all count of time or place. Then when the Mass was over I gradually staggered back to consciousness and began to feel that during a few hectic moments my own individual volition, my very soul and body, had been gripped by a power immeasurably stronger than they, and that the hold which the Virgin exercises on the Polish imagination is one that time has only strengthened and reaffirmed. Of all the glimpses that I have ever had of the mentality of races alien to my own none has been so arresting as that which I received in the chapel of Ostra Brama on this occasion, and in my dreams I shall often revisit it.

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When quietude returned to me I spoke to the priest and for a time listened to his account of the holy picture, and began to understand better the *rôle* that it has played in the life of the city and Poland herself.

Its origin is uncertain, but according to the generally accepted belief it is held to date from about 1550, when it was hung outside the city walls. It remained there until 1671, when it was suddenly removed and placed in the chapel. Like the miraculous picture of Lourdes, it has saved thousands of authenticated cases which the medical world had been unable to cure, and its healing virtue consequently attracts every year countless pilgrims who, like their French and Western brothers flocking to the Grotto of Lourdes, make periodical visits to its shrine in the hope of averting evil or of curing diseases long deemed incurable. The very mention of its name consequently so fires the very soul of this old city and links it with the great past of Poland that the oppressors of that country soon came to regard it as the symbol and inspiring force of the ardent nationalism which they were unable to assimilate. Accordingly, several ineffectual attempts were made to destroy or remove the ikon in the hope that with its destruction or removal the Polish spirit might be broken. On one occasion during the Russian *régime*, when persecution was at its height and the most strenuous efforts were being made by the Russian Administration to eradi-

cate Polish culture and national feeling, a certain Archbishop was sent from Moscow to Vilno to remove the ikon. On arriving in the town he drove up in a closed carriage from Rue Mickiewicz to the Place Lukiski, but on reaching the University was unable to proceed owing to the pressure of an enormous crowd, which effectively blocked every access to the Ostra Brama Gate. After waiting for a time he finally lost patience, raised the curtain of his carriage window and looked out, only to find himself exposed to a silence so ominous and a glare of such intense hatred on the part of the multitude that he was appalled by its virulence and fell back dead.

Among other stories which I heard from the priest and residents of the town with regard to the miraculous properties possessed by this ikon and other pictures depicting Our Lady is one that relates what happened to a certain wealthy Jew who had bought the estate of a bankrupt Polish landowner. On this land were many venerable old oaks, and among these one especially revered. It was a tree on which had been hung, according to old custom, a statue of the Virgin; and before this ikon the peasants were wont to gather after sunset every May to offer their prayers to Mary and her Divine Son. Now, the Jew, like the fool "who sees not the same tree as a wise man does," possessed in addition to a complete insensibility to nature an equal ignorance of all the subtler and finer feelings of the mind. And consequently, though the man whose land he had dispossessed implored him to preserve the trees whatever else he chose to do, on the ground that he and his family had always revered them highly, he stated that they would have to be sacrificed, as it was high time they became profitable. A few days afterwards he ordered his peasants to cut them down, and his orders were duly obeyed until but one tree had been left, the tree on which the ikon of the Virgin was hung.

"We cannot cut down this tree," the peasants declared, "as it is sacred to the Virgin, and it would bring us bad luck if we removed her picture," and though he remonstrated and threatened them with instant dismissal not one man could he find to carry out his orders. Furious

but obdurate, he then enlisted the services of a Jewish workman, and before the assembled peasantry ordered him to climb the oak and take the image down. The workman started to climb, but on reaching the picture suddenly felt dizzy and, to the delight of the Polish onlookers, fell off the tree, breaking his neck in his fall. Needless to say, the Jew made no further attempts to have the ikon removed. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that I was pointed out the tree, and that many Poles vouch that the story is true.

It is beliefs such as these that provide the touchstone which reveals the soul of a nation, and their truth and fervour are written so large in the records of Polish history that, condemn as some may the apparent feebleness of a race that is ever seeking some maternal hand to which it may cling, it has inspired the fortitude which alone has enabled the Poles to weather unshaken such appalling catastrophes. The love of lovely things that is evidenced by such a cult, moreover, cannot but purify and elevate those who entertain it until the highest moral law becomes a necessity of their being, and consequently, though the Poles cannot pretend to have reached any higher spiritual level than their fellow-men, they have at least been enabled through its possession to maintain a level of constancy in affliction that cannot but command our unstinting admiration. Like the old Gaelic peasant who stood unbonneted at sunrise, and who answered when questioned that every morning like this he took off his hat to the glory of the world, the Polish peasant's worship of the Madonna is in reality only the measure of the vast insensible spiritualism which lies deep down at the root of human society, and, powerless as many of us are to betray any such spiritual sense, we cannot but acknowledge that it is a compensation which all would assess as higher than any material wealth. Even the most sceptical of men will confess that this is the case.

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Again the scene shifts, and I stand on the Zamkowa Hill at the foot of the tower which is all that remains of the old castle and fortress of Gedymin, the last pagan

ruler of Lithuania and the first chieftain of that country to realise the need for uniting with the Poles to ward off the Teuton invasion. Before me is a panorama of surpassing interest and beauty, and one, moreover, in which I can pass in review the whole history of the Polish race from its pagan days to the present time.

At the foot of the hill stands the Cathedral of St. Stanislaus, with its high columns and stately campanile; to my right is the River Vilja, and farther back the famous Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, one of the finest baroque churches of Europe, with its two thousand stucco figures; to the left the severe quadrilateral of the University and the greatly creviced and desolate Court of the Uniat Seminary, with its beautiful superimposed arcades, which are its only decoration. I evoke the many vicissitudes which the University has undergone; how it flourished under Stephan Bathory, its founder, was suppressed by the Russians, and then finally resurrected by Marshal Pilsudski in the first year of the new Republic.

Behind me is the Gothic Church of St. Anne, which Napoleon found so greatly to his liking that he expressed regret at being unable to take it away with him in his pocket; and farther back the River Wilenka winding in and out like a fantastic strip of ribbon and surrounded by the three hills of Bekierz, Stolova and "the Three Crosses."

It is a landscape whose principal attraction at sunset lies in the varied colouring which characterises it. Gleaming like old copper are the roofs of many old-world houses before me, and as I look down upon them I feel that the patina of many centuries has lain over them and caused their pleasing mellowness. Interspersed here and there among the red and bronze are golden bubble-like cupolas which remind me irresistibly of tinsel among old tapestry, while as background to the whole picture are forests whose trees the sun is splashing with saffron, and pleasant little homesteads nestling on the hill slopes whose far-away windows are breaking into flash.

Turning to my guide, I ask why I see so many orthodox churches in a country so Catholic, and hear that they had been built by the Russians in order to deprive Vilno of

its Polish character, a circumstance which immediately reminds me of the fact that they had pursued an identical policy in Warsaw. I recall the beautiful orthodox cathedral which they had erected in the very centre of that town, in the famous Place de Saxe, where from time immemorial every great national demonstration had been held, and express the hope that the inhabitants of Vilno would follow the example set them by their compatriots in Warsaw by immediately pulling down these edifices.

"Vandalism or no vandalism," I declare, "the Poles must destroy every vestige of the despotism which has oppressed them for so many centuries; it is a sacred duty which no consideration must make them overlook."

Eagerly agreeing with this view, Mr. V—— draws my attention to the ruins near which we are standing and to the systematic manner in which the Russians had destroyed every wing of the old castle of Gedymin. He conducts me to an open place near the tower, which is shut off by a wooden railing, and informs me that it was here that the famous general Mouravieff, surnamed the Hanger on account of his savage cruelty, had hung thousands of Poles for treason after the rising of 1863.

"All our memories of Russia are similar to these," he declares. "Can you wonder, then, if we hate anything that is in any way associated with her rule?"

And, pondering on these things, I follow the path that leads from the hill down to the cathedral as the sun sets behind the hills. . . .

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Standing before me is the Cathedral of St. Stanislaus, impressive in its austerity and symbolising a race that ever keeps the flame of its patriotism burning as purely as that of a torch in a mortuary chapel, an imposing neo-classical building with a Doric portico and Gothic vaults decorated in baroque style, in which the Polish nation has enshrined its ideal and sought to give expression to its soul.

This cathedral occupies the very site of the pagan sanctuary of Perkumas, the Lithuanian god of light, and is associated with the earliest history of the Polish race. Here it is that Princess Jadwiga sacrificed her Austrian

lover, Prince Wilhelm, to marry Jagiello, the son of Gedymin, in order to save her threatened country, and that Jagiello himself became a convert to the Christian faith, the rise of Vilno as a capital and centre of Western culture dating from his conversion. Here it is that Barbara Radziwill, the beautiful princess whom Sigismund Augustus wooed and won in spite of the opposition of the Diet, lies buried, and here, again, repose the relics of Casimir, the saint who was only canonised 400 years after his death.

And after standing awhile with our friend and guide Mr. V—— and admiring the stately campanile of the church that was once part of the walls of the city, we walk through the crowd and, seeking the west door, find it open and enter, to find ourselves in a very spacious and lofty building in which every shrine evokes a picture of Polish history.

On all sides vaults in the Gothic style adorned with frescoes of angels and saints in the most pure baroque, wonderful wooden and ivory crucifixes, some of these conveying the most perfect expression of intense spiritual suffering, and to the right of the high altar the famous shrine of Casimir, a rich silver sanctuary of marble and precious stones, in which I am shown the sarcophagus of the saint himself, various tombs of the kings and queens of Poland, and a highly interesting old Madonna, the gift of the Emperor Palæologus.

For over an hour I linger and steep myself in the atmosphere of the sanctuary, and as I listen to the explanations of Mr. R—— am again forcibly reminded of the fact that the religious fervour characterising the Poles can only spring from the inextricable manner in which the fortunes of their Church and country are interwoven. Here is a wonderful old pulpit in the shape of an old chalice over an eagle, symbolising not only the union of Poland and Christianity but also the despotism which Russia exercised over the country, since it was a Russian hand that cut off the head of that eagle as a sign that Poland lay prostrate at her feet; here I see a picture by Altamonte depicting Casimir himself with three hands, and hear that the painter,

being dissatisfied with one of the hands that he had painted, tried to re-draw it, only to find the other reappearing as soon as he had completed it. On all sides romance and nationalism intermingled and the strongest possible appeal to the senses: a *joie de vivre* unlimited and almost boisterous, as shown in statues in which tense nervous strength and material vital beauty alternate with fierce enjoyment of suffering. And, coupled with these characteristics, an accumulation of motifs, gilded cornices and lavish ornamentation evoking the creative frenzy of the Italian artists whose work I had so greatly admired in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul.

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I leave Vilno with the firm conviction that of all cities which I have visited in Poland there is none which is so profoundly imbued with feeling and so strongly nationalistic as the town which Lithuanian propagandists are so intent on claiming as their own.

It is Polish not only because a Diet which was elected by its citizens after General Zeligowski had occupied it at the end of 1920 indicated its preference for that country by a majority of 96 to 6, but because it has throughout its history shown equally warm attachment to the Polish cause and been closely associated with its southern neighbours ever since the memorable day on which it signed the treaty of alliance of which the double device of heraldry outside the Ostra Brama Gate is a symbol.

Nor can that endure which is not founded on love.

And if any partisan of Lithuanian claims makes so bold as to assert that the present union is no longer based on such close ties, I would remind him of the days of the Bolshevik invasion and of the miracle of miracles which took place when, after the retreat of the invading armies, the Polish legions had advanced in pursuit of the flying foe. Recalling the manner in which the great Napoleon had incurred danger in 1812 by sending his armies into the marshy forest that lies almost interminably to the north and east of Lwow in the direction of Grodno and

Lithuania, the beaten enemy sought safety by flying in the same direction. It was a country of woods and swamps that was so hedged in with obstacles of every kind that both the Russians themselves and the Germans during the Great War had been frustrated by it, while its impenetrability had been intensified by the further fact that both these invaders had systematically destroyed every road, bridge, or railway with which they had come into contact. In spite of these difficulties, the Polish troops advanced as if by magic. The bridges were replaced, the railways rebuilt and the roads mended all by the peasantry themselves, this act in itself testifying more eloquently than any words of the unique union which still exists to-day between Poles and Lithuanians, a pacific and cultural absorption of one country by another that I can best compare to that of Brittany by France. Obviously, nothing short of this could have made possible so complete a penetration of Lithuania by Polish troops as took place on this occasion.

But there are many other ways in which the Lithuanian claim to Vilno can be refuted. There is, in the first place, the indisputable fact that all the greatest sons of Lithuania, with the possible exception of Donalithius, a solitary eighteenth-century folk-singer, were all profoundly imbued with the Polish spirit. To mention only a few names: Adam Mickiewicz, the national poet and author of "Lithuania, O my country, thou art like health"; Krasynski, the author of the *Undivine Comedy*; Kosciuszko, the last hero of Polish independence; Kraszenski, the Polish Dumas; Sienkiewicz, the author of *Quo Vadis?* and Pilsudski, the first President of the Polish Republic, were all ardent lovers of Poland and advocates of Polish-Lithuanian unity. Then there is the further fact that the great mass of the population of the district have always given the most emphatic demonstration of their desire for union with their southern neighbours; and, lastly, the pronounced reluctance that they manifested to speak Lithuanian during their incorporation with Lithuania.

WALTER BAGEHOT

(Born February 3, 1826. Died March 24, 1877.)

By SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

CENTENARIES, by common consent, are overdone and tend to become tiresome, but it would argue forgetfulness, not to say ingratitude, on the part of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW were it to ignore the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one whose acute mind and vivid pen were for many years at its service, and whose masterpieces first appeared in its pages. My own debt to Bagehot, incalculably heavy, also impels me to an act of pious commemoration.

Economist, essayist, journalist, literary critic, biographer and banker, Bagehot was extraordinarily many-sided, but his name will live primarily as that of the author of *The English Constitution*. The Government of England had not, indeed, lacked eulogists even before Bagehot analysed its characteristic excellences. But he was the first to familiarise the reformed and enlarged electorate with the operation of the machine entrusted to their hands. From him the "man in the street" learnt in language at once precise, simple and unaffected how the mechanism worked, according not to the letter of the law, but to the day-by-day practice of the Constitution. Nobody talked any longer about the divine right of kings; but had the monarchy ceased, therefore, to be of real value as a political institution? Here is Bagehot's answer: "The use of the Queen in a dignified capacity is incalculable. Without her in England the present English Government would fail and pass away. Most people, when they read that the Queen walked on the slopes of Windsor, that the Prince of Wales went to the Derby, have imagined that too much thought and prominence was given to little things. But they have been in error, and it is nice to trace how the actions of a retired

widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance." This Bagehot proceeded to do.

By birth and upbringing Bagehot was a West-countryman, having been born at Langport, a small but ancient town in Somerset, on February 3rd, 1826. His father was in business a merchant and banker, and in persuasion a Unitarian; his mother was a Miss Stuckey, a daughter of the famous banking house in which her husband and son were successively partners. Educated at Bristol College and (owing to his father's aversion to "tests") at University College, London, Bagehot's genius was never subjected to the repressive influence of a great public school, nor forced prematurely into efflorescence by the too genial atmosphere of Oxford or Cambridge.

At University College Bagehot studied mathematics to some purpose under Professor de Morgan, ancient history and classics, but his favourite studies were metaphysics, history and poetry; there, too, he made many friends, including that unhappy genius Arthur Hugh Clough. The two men were extraordinarily alike, and yet unlike. Both had the same critical temper, the same "fine and fastidious taste in all moral and intellectual questions," the same eager quest after truth; but Clough lacked Bagehot's vigour and virility of mind, and in particular his objectivity of outlook. The contrast is suggested by a passage in an article reprinted in Volume II of Bagehot's *Literary Studies*. "There are," he wrote, "some minds (and of these Mr. Clough's was one) which will not accept what appears to be an intellectual destiny. They struggle against the limitations of mortality and will not condescend to use the natural and needful aids of human thought. They will not *make their image*. They struggle after an 'actual abstract.' They will not fall into place in the ordinary intellectual world anyhow. If you offer them any known religion they 'won't have that'; if you offer them no religion they will not have that either; if you ask them to accept a new and as yet unrecognised religion they altogether refuse to do so. . . . Mr. Clough's fate in life had been to exaggerate this naturally peculiar temper." He had been one of

Arnold's "best, most susceptible and favourite pupils," but Bagehot was severely critical of Arnold's influence upon him. Clough "had to his latest years what may be noticed in others of Arnold's disciples, a fatigued way of looking at great subjects. It seemed as if he had been put into them before his time, had seen through them, had been bored by them, and had come to want something else." Clough required "quite another sort of teaching; to be told not to try to be wise overmuch, to be 'something besides critical,' to go on living quietly and obviously, and see what truth would come to him." This seems a singularly acute criticism; I myself noted something of the same kind in another of Arnold's pupils, Thomas Hughes. He, too, in later years, though much more robust than Clough, had "a fatigued way of looking at great subjects," as if they had been prematurely forced upon him. Yet Bagehot fully realised the value of Arnold's influence upon the "common English boy"—the "small, apple-eating animal whom we know." Clough was not a "common English boy"—fortunately, perhaps, for the British Empire; nor was Bagehot, though Bagehot had more of the apple-eating animal in him than his friend.

After leaving college Bagehot read law with two famous special-pleaders, but his mother's recurring fits of insanity recalled the only son to his father's side in the Somersetshire home; he was presently absorbed into Stuckey's bank, and in due course succeeded his father as vice-chairman.

For the development of Bagehot's peculiar genius nothing, probably, could have been more propitious than the fate which took him into business and banking. It was his good fortune to survey mankind, not from the cloister, but from the city and the counting house. Consequently he always approached the discussion of economics, of politics, and even of literature from the concrete standpoint of a man of affairs. Was it Bagehot who said of Scott that his mind had the Baconian propensity to work upon "stuff," that he had little intellectual or speculative curiosity? Anyway, though Bagehot himself abounded in

speculative curiosity, his mind also worked upon "stuff." He was wont to say that "the sense of reality is necessary to excellence."

The "sense of reality." Could any phrase more felicitously express the outstanding characteristic of Bagehot's own work? Here are the opening words of his *Lombard Street*: "I venture to call this essay 'Lombard Street,' and not the 'Money Market' or any other such phrase, because I wish to deal, and to show that I mean to deal, with concrete realities. A notion prevails that the money market is something so impalpable that it can only be spoken of in very abstract words, and that, therefore, books on it must always be exceedingly difficult. But I maintain that the money market is as concrete and real as anything else, that it can be described in as plain words, that it is the writer's fault if what he says is not clear." Was anything that ever came from Bagehot's pen not pellucidly clear? Lucidity was the special characteristic alike of his mind and of his style, for of no one was it more true than of Bagehot that the style was the man. That characteristic is well exemplified in *Lombard Street*, a book which has worn so well that it was actually reprinted in a new edition (the thirteenth) so lately as 1910, with a new introduction by the accomplished economist, Mr. Hartley Withers, a man upon whom many of the folds of Bagehot's own mantle have fallen.

As Mr. Withers truly says: "It is a wonderful achievement that a book dealing with the shifting quicksands of the money market should still, after forty years, be a classic of which no one who wishes to understand the subject can afford to be ignorant." To the accomplishment of this, as of all his other tasks, Bagehot brought two gifts rarely combined: the inspiration of genius and an uncommon measure of common sense. But it was, above all, the objectivity of his mind, his power of visualising abstract truths as though they confronted him in concrete reality, which enabled him to present them to his reader so vividly and with apparently so little expenditure of intellectual effort.

All Bagehot's writings, and, not least, those on economic

subjects, give the happy effect of artless and effortless conversation. As Mrs. Barrington,¹ his biographer and sister-in-law, has well said: "No author was ever more keenly alive to the folly of pomposity, or of any posé in style." His own writings are entirely free from these vices; they have, as Dr. Woodrow Wilson—a disciple and admirer—pointed out, "all the freshness, the vivacity, the penetration of eager talk, and abound in those flashes of insight and discovery which make the speech of some gifted men seem like a series of inspirations."

Yet, despite the popularity of *Lombard Street* and the suggestiveness of his *Economic Studies*, it would be ridiculous to claim for Bagehot a place in the select "first class" of English economists. What he did was to bring to the analysis of economic truths and the exposition of economic laws a practical knowledge of business and finance such as no English economist, save Ricardo, has possessed.

Political economy, according to his view, "is not a questionable thing of unlimited extent, but a most certain and useful thing of limited extent" (*Economic Studies*, p. 21). What, then, is its value? It furnishes "a convenient series of deductions from assumed axioms which are never quite true, which in many times and countries would be utterly untrue, but which are sufficiently near to the principal conditions of the modern world to make it useful to consider them by themselves" (*ibid.*, p. 157). In other words, we economists are as much entitled to assume the isolation of our phenomena as are other researchers, provided always we remember that our conclusions have no absolute validity, but are valid only within the limits of the governing hypothesis. If all economists had put forward their claims with equal modesty and lucidity economics would to-day be held in higher general estimation than it is; it would not have collided with the claims of ethics; it would have avoided the contempt expressed for it by the "practical man"; it might even have escaped the vituperation of Ruskin.

Bagehot's contributions to economics are at best, how-

(1) *The Life of Walter Bagehot*. Longmans, 1914.

ever, fragmentary. Shortly before his death he began in the pages of this REVIEW (February and May, 1876) a series of essays on "The Postulates of Political Economy," which were intended to form the basis of a comprehensive work in three volumes. This larger work he did not, however, live to accomplish.

Of all Bagehot's books, the one by which he is perhaps best known abroad is *Physics and Politics*, the first chapter of which appeared in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for November, 1867. The book has been translated into no fewer than seven languages, and gone through at least eleven editions. In this little volume of less than 250 small octavo pages Bagehot attempts, in his own inimitable way, to apply the principles of natural selection, as expounded by Darwin, to the explanation of the competition between political communities. He shows that primitive man is extraordinarily conservative; that in the great majority of cases the progress of mankind has been arrested in its earliest shape, has been "closely embalmed in a mummy-like imitation of its primitive existence," and that in few cases has "the cake of custom" ever been penetrated. He agreed with Herbert Spencer that "progress essentially means an adaptation of man to his environment, that is, of his internal powers and wishes to his external lot and life." All this may savour to-day of the commonplace; but sixty years ago the book represented, as Lord Bryce observed, "almost a voyage of discovery for most English readers."

Bagehot wrote vividly even in treating of archaic sociology; the same gift made the "dry bones" of political economy live; but most of all did he exhibit his characteristic quality in what I maintain to be his greatest work, *The English Constitution*.

Long since elevated to the dignity of a classic, this work first appeared in the pages of this REVIEW—the first chapter of it headed, indeed, the list of contents of the first number (May 15th, 1865). It was republished in 1867, and the second edition appeared in 1872. The interval afforded Bagehot the opportunity, which he utilised in a masterly "introduction," of discussing Disraeli's astute

but audacious "leap in the dark," though the ultimate results of "shooting Niagara" not even Bagehot could have forecast. *The English Constitution* has been translated into French, German and Italian, and perhaps into other languages; and in English has had an immense circulation.

What wonder? Here was a subject seemingly threadbare, but which, when observed through the lens of Bagehot's genius, appeared entirely original. Yet Bagehot had never had an opportunity of studying the operation of the machine from inside. He never sat in Parliament, nor had he much experience, save when he was consulted by Chancellors of the Exchequer, even of Whitehall.

His appreciation of the peculiar character of English political institutions was, in fact, intuitive. The "lively eye" (to use Woodrow Wilson's phrase) of his imagination was turned upon them, and lo! they were illuminated. Imagination, in the highest sense, was Bagehot's supreme gift, and to what magnificent purpose he used it in *The English Constitution* millions of English and foreign readers are aware.

He shows his instinct for realities by starting with an analysis of the Cabinet, the mainspring of the *efficient* part of the Constitution. Not that he undervalued, as already indicated, the "dignified" side of the Constitution—the monarchy and the House of Lords; but, with a perfect sense of comparative values, he assigned to each part—the "efficient" and the "dignified"—its true place in the actual working of the constitutional machine. For example, a French theorist like Siéyès would dismiss with an epigrammatic dilemma any necessity for a Second Chamber. Not so Bagehot. To him it seemed ridiculous in the mid-nineteenth century to talk about the co-ordinate authority of the House of Lords. But was a Second Chamber for that reason superfluous? Not at all: the Lords had still useful functions to perform, and Bagehot enumerates those functions in passages which have become the commonplace of political argument.

Again, Bagehot was the first to make a really critical comparison between the American and English types of

democracy. In particular he contrasted the Presidential Executive—co-ordinate with the Legislature—with a Cabinet responsible to Parliament. On the whole the balance of advantage seemed to him to lie decidedly with the Cabinet system. Twenty years later Sir Henry Maine expressed himself (in his *Popular Government*) much less confidently. The results of the “leap in the dark” were by that time manifest, and England was again in the throes (1884-85) of a “Reform” agitation. Under the circumstances it was not, perhaps, unnatural that a man of Maine’s temperament should have been attracted by the relative stability of the American system, with its written and particularly rigid Constitution, with its fixed terms for Presidential and Congressional elections and its Supreme Court. Yet almost at the very moment when Maine was looking wistfully to the United States Woodrow Wilson, in his *Congressional Government*, was hinting not obscurely that America must seek a remedy for her constitutional distempers in a Parliamentary Executive.

Lecky, on the contrary, writing about a dozen years later, in his *Democracy and Liberty* (1896), was inclined to share the wistful pessimism of Maine.

This friendly controversy is not indeed closed. The discussion is likely to continue. But, since the views outlined above were published, both the English and the American systems of government have been subjected to the supreme test of a great world-crisis (1914-1919).

How did they respectively react to the test?

During the war the English Cabinet system was superseded by a small War Directory, which, under a Prime Minister who was almost a President, approximated towards the American type of executive. Yet before he went to the Peace Conference Mr. Lloyd George consulted the electorate, as no American President can ever do; he received a mandate such as no American President can receive, save at a fixed term; he went as the leader of a parliamentary majority upon whose support he could rely for the endorsement of any treaties he might conclude. His word was England’s bond.

The position of President Wilson was entirely different.

He had received no “mandate”; he had, as events were to prove, no parliamentary majority behind him; his word was not America’s bond; his signature affixed to the Treaty of Versailles was actually repudiated by the American Senate.

Even modified “Presidentialism” did not in England long survive the war. Before the year 1919 closed every trace of the War Directory, except the Cabinet secretariat, had vanished even more completely than the wooden huts in St. James’s Park; and, silently and unobtrusively, almost without the knowledge of the “man in the street,” the Cabinet system had been re-established.

This brief record surely constitutes a remarkable vindication alike of the practical adaptability and effectiveness of the English constitutional machine, and of the political sagacity of the great publicist whose acute analysis first revealed to his countrymen the peculiar advantages of a Parliamentary Executive. At any rate, we were saved from the embarrassments to which the United States was exposed by the contradictory views of the President and the Senate.

Lest, however, national complacency should carry us too far, we may recall Bagehot’s explanation of the success of English political institutions. Is it due to our cleverness? Not at all: to our stupidity. “Why do the stupid people,” he wrote, “always win and the clever people always lose? I need not say that in real, sound stupidity the English people are unrivalled. You’ll have more wit, and better wit, in an Irish street row than would keep Westminster Hall in humour for five weeks.” This passage and others like it, it is fair to add, occur in one of Bagehot’s youthful letters written from Paris in 1852 and published in *The Inquirer*. But the sentiment cannot be dismissed as the mere ebullition of paradoxical youth. Originally written in apology for the *coup d’état* of 1851, and to explain the apparent failure of parliamentary experiments in France, the opinion hardened into something not far removed from conviction. No doubt, in these delightful letters, Bagehot was in playful mood; but behind the flippant paradox there was serious purpose.

Would playfulness and paradox have survived practical

experience of political life? To this test Bagehot was never subjected. He tried, two or three times, to enter the House of Commons, but he was not well equipped either for the rough and tumble of electoral contests or for parliamentary routine. His constitution was frail, his voice weak, and he was too scrupulous to use the readiest means of access to the affections of a Somerset borough of those days. So he never entered Parliament; but Lord Welby—an unexceptionable witness—testified that Bagehot was “the only outsider who had thoroughly mastered the complicated machinery of our financial administration.” He was consulted by Sir Stafford Northcote and other Chancellors of the Exchequer, who attached great weight to his opinion, and it was he who in 1877 devised the new form of security—known as Treasury bills—which from that day to this has enabled the Treasury to take the fullest advantage of the unique opportunities afforded by Lombard Street.

In 1877, however, Bagehot’s health, always precarious, finally gave way, and he died in the plenitude of his powers at the age of 51. For the last sixteen years of his life he had added to his other duties the task of editing *The Economist*, a paper founded by his father-in-law, Sir James Wilson, in 1843. Bagehot himself wrote innumerable articles in the paper, and did as much as any other man of his time to form the financial opinion and to inspire the financial policy of mid-Victorian England. Statesmen and civil servants sought his advice, and acted on it; commercial leaders absorbed from him the ideas which they translated into administrative action.

Alike, then, upon theory and upon practice, his influence was colossal, and almost without exception it was sane and beneficent. Clear of brain, he was light of hand; his wit made dull topics attractive; his lucidity made difficult things plain. In him, indeed, limpidity of style almost amounted to creative genius. A more brilliant and more effective contributor *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* has never known.

“FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW” STORIES

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE

BY WILLIAM GERHARDI

Author of “Futility,” “The Polyglots,” etc.

HE met her at one of those numerous little dancing clubs of Vienna which assemble regularly once a week at a particular café, where the facilities for introduction are only equalled by the ease of admission. When he asked where they could meet again she told him, smiling sweetly, where to call her up next day, and he noticed that, besides having beautiful grey eyes with lashes like black needles and luxuriant black hair, she had an even, gapless semi-circle of white teeth, and, at the corners of her mouth, the foreshadowing of a moustache in after years. “And what name?”

“Ask for Fräulein Isolde.”

“Isolde! How romantic! Will you dance?”

“I do not dance.” She smiled divinely.

“Well, it’s a relief, if anything. I am tired of jazz music, tired of having to prance about every night on my flat feet on the dubious chance of meeting a nice girl.”

“I like,” she said, “to sit at home with a book.”

“I can’t tell you how glad, how——”

“Are you fond of Art?”

“Love it!”

“I will take you to the Art-Historical Museum.”

“Good?”

She closed the eyes with the long lashes and nodded rapidly in response. Her brows twitched. And he loved her.

Next day they met at a café in the Ring. She turned up three-quarters of an hour after the appointed time in a black coat, black hat, and a black frock buttoned to the neck. With dark abundant locks and pale powdered face she sat, mysterious, smoking innumerable cigarettes. And only asked, “What is it like in America?”

“Very nice,” he said.

“Are you studying here?”

He nodded. She smoked on.

A dingy, pock-marked poet came in and sat down beside them and opened the portfolio he carried stuffed with his writings. She laid a tender hand on his shoulder, scanning the while the pages of a story “Yes,” she commended. “You have hit it off all right.”

They motored to the castle of Schönbrunn and sat in a summer-house by the water, romantically, and walked in the park. He took her arm tenderly. She was sad. “Why?” he asked.

“Memories.” They walked on in silence. “We shouldn’t have

come here," he said. She pressed his arm in mute recognition. He helped her into the motor. "You're so kind and tender to me. I am not used to it," she said. He kissed her hand in dumb adoration. "I woke up this morning and smiled. I wondered why I was smiling, and then remembered I had met a nice man."

"When I leave Vienna you must come abroad with me," he said, jestingly.

"It's not out of the question," she answered, seriously.

He talked glibly about the dearth of intellectual satisfactions. "You're so different from other girls. Your nature is artistic."

"I will show you round the gallery," she said.

When they went—"This is a picture over which I wept," she told him.

"This is not bad," he said, stopping at a Rembrandt.

"Yes, he has hit it off." Her eyes filled.

"What is it?"

"We used to come here, Hans and I."

"And where is he now?"

"Dead."

"Long?"

"Nine months. We had been engaged three years. And then, suddenly, he died—for no reason—of a mere cold. So young—twenty-two."

"But you, too, are so young; you have your life to live."

"It's all in the past."

"No, no! And you're so beautiful."

"I will show you my big picture."

He waited in the motor while she ran upstairs to the apartment to fetch it.

"Wonderful!" he commented.

"Now I must rush back, father is waiting. And you can have the picture of me till we meet again to-morrow."

But she stepped inside, and they went for another ride with the picture. "Where to?" asked the man.

"Round and round," she said. She crossed her legs, the skirt slipping up above her knees, and lit a cigarette. And suddenly he leaned over to her and kissed her on the mouth.

"Tut-tut-tut— You mustn't kiss. Wait till I kiss you."

"I have waited," he answered, "and I'm still waiting, and, by God! I can't wait any longer" (with the taximeter piling up, he thought, piling up all the time while we wait, and the chauffeur the only one to gain by it).

"This is the Prater," she said.

"Where to?" asked the taximan.

"Round and round," he said, dismally.

She burst out laughing. "You said this so funnily!" She gave him a furtive kiss on the lips. "What is your name?"

"I have a silly name. I'm called Ebenezer."

"It is—rather silly."

"Well, you needn't call me by it. You can invent another name for me."

She considered. "Peter," she said.

"All right—Peter."

When she fell ill he sent her flowers, and every day she sent a message—that she was a little better, or a little worse. Then she came again to the café. "Beautiful, beautiful flowers! I was breathless when I saw them. And so much!"

He buried his face in her hands. "Beautiful girl . . . beautiful flowers. Wonderful when I think: I've been seeking, all these months, all these years I've been seeking, and now I have found."

"I, too. For nine months I was alone. Now when I come to the café the waiter says confidentially: 'The gentleman is already here!' One feels one has somebody."

"While you were ill, when I used to come here by myself, the waitress looked at me with sad eyes, as if she thought you'd left me or we had broken it off. I notice we've become privileged guests and are treated accordingly."

She smiled—so sweetly and intimately, and, watching him, laughed. He looked up from his cup. "I must laugh," she said, "at the way you scratch the last drop of sugar out of the cup." He laughed, too. She was delightful. "I've just come back from Adolf's bedside," she remarked.

"And who is Adolf?"

"My fiancé."

"This is new to me."

"At least he thinks he is my fiancé."

"And you don't think so?"

"No."

"This is a relief."

"He is dying now."

"Oh—is he?" And secretly he thought: This is a relief. "What does he do?"

"He is a doctor—skin diseases. But he is very tender and æsthetic and plays the piano wonderfully—Schumann and Chopin. He says he will let me live as I like and love whom I like, that he will never touch me, and only wants to be allowed to marry me and to live by my side."

When they came out of the café it was a sunny afternoon. "Come, I'll show you where I live," he said, and they made their way to Am Hof—the old-fashioned square of Vienna where he had rooms. She took off her hat and used his comb and sat down at his writing-table. "It must be nice to live like that. If I were you I would give myself up to my work, and never tie myself up with any woman."

"How you understand me! Other women are so conventional and self-seeking. But you—you are so delightfully free and easy, so extraordinarily unusual and romantic!"

She sat in his chair, and suddenly sleep overcame her. "I want to lie down." She lay down, and he sat down beside her. "I feel lil

a faithful old dog sitting at your feet and seeing that you come to no harm." She gave him her hand, which he pressed to his lips. "After all this seeking to feel you have found . . . at last . . . at last." She pressed his hand to her heart. "Oh, I am grateful, I want you to know how grateful I am."

She touched him silently with her lips on the forehead. "Yes?" he asked, caressing her with his hands. "Yes?"

She closed her eyes, nodding rapidly several times. He buried his face in her neck.

"Isolde! I'm your Tristan . . . *Nacht der Liebe* . . ." He was whistling. Of sheer relief, he felt like cracking cheap jokes.

"What is the time?"

"It's four o'clock in the afternoon—the time people here take their five o'clock tea." The yellow blinds drew to and fro in the breeze. Outside in the sunny square the women were selling oranges and flowers. Upstairs somebody began playing the piano. "This is Schumann," she said. "Adolf plays this." The blinds still swayed gently, gently, and they could feel the breeze on their burning cheeks. She knitted her brows. "What are you thinking?" he asked.

"Adolf is waiting for me. I've neglected supper for father."

It was black night when they went out. Stepping into the taxicab at the door, she gave her address. "You shouldn't have told him where you live before that old caretaker woman. You never can tell."

"I take full responsibility for what I do and I am prepared to face the consequences of my acts, and I have nothing to be ashamed of," she said. He remembered the prudish, cowardly attitude of his own forget-me-not sisters, his mother, his maidenly aunts. "You wonderful, wonderful, wonderful girl!" He felt grateful. He did not mind even how much he had to pay for the taxi. She scanned his face and his figure, and he instantly looked at his gloves. "They are filthy, I know."

"Give them to me, I will wash them for you."

"No, no, why should you?"

"The maid will wash them."

"Very well, then."

The taxicab pulled up at her house door. "Just see me upstairs. It's so dark." She took hold of his arm, and with a sure, quick step ran up the stairs, while he fumbled uncertainly with his feet. She gave him a kiss in the dark, which missed the mark, handed him the house door key, begged him for the sake of love not to make a noise—and was gone. He felt his way carefully by the chalk wall, dirtying his coat and hands—and presently lost himself. For an hour he fumbled about in the dark, groping his way down the steps time without end, only to find himself at the end of each attempt in the coal-cellar. Now I've made a noise, he thought, the caretaker will come out, call the police and have me arrested. I'm a lost man. When, having given up all hope, suddenly he saw a shimmering of light, then a new turning, the real stairs—and he was saved. The Votiv Church as he went home seemed made of lace: the tall twin towers, like a prayer, strained

heavenward in the blue night. He sat down on a bench and thought of her.

Next day they were hurrying in the train into the country. "I, too, am glad we're friends," she said. "My family is nothing to me. Mother died when I was fourteen. She was so small, I used to take her on my lap. My sister married rich, but she can't do anything decently. She is such a snob—hides the fact that we are Jews. She will give father a new suit—or rather says she will—and all so haughtily, you know, so condescendingly, will talk so much about it, and in the long run won't buy him anything, and will even borrow money from him in the end. She gives me things occasionally, or rather says she will and doesn't. But that which is inside one she doesn't know."

"Quite so."

Yet he had discovered that Isolde, despite her intellectual pretensions, was as fond of cabarets and dancing halls as any other child of pleasure-loving Vienna. And she was not content with going to one cabaret during a night, but from the one immediately wanted to go on to another, and from that to a third—in all respects similar to the first.

"I'm different," she said. "Already as a child we had no points of contact. My sister would go out on the Korso to be stared at by men, while I sought my friends among writers and artists, or went off by myself to the opera and tried to find my real 'I' in the *Walküre*, the *Ring*, the *Meistersinger*, in *Tristan und Isolde*."

"Very becoming for one named Isolde! If one didn't know you were above such cheap romanticism, one would almost suspect you gave yourself that name."

She laughed faintly.

"Why—*did* you?"

She closed her eyes and nodded rapidly.

"How clever of you!" He kissed her hand.

"My real name is Rebecca."

"Let's forget that it is. We'll go to the opera together—to *Tristan*. A good performance here, isn't it?"

She closed her eyes and nodded rapidly, significantly. "I'll bring the complete musical score. I have the entire *partitura* and we can follow it."

"By God! we'll follow it!" said he, though he was quite unable to read music.

At the opera all the liveried attendants seemed to know her. "Ah, Fräulein Isolde, it's good to see you again!"

"It's the first time that I am here since (her eyes filled)—his death." And she ushered him upstairs through draughty corridors with the air of a proprietress showing a visitor round the premises. "Here Hans and I used to sit. Or, when we had little money, we stood over there or sat on the steps."

"A fine opera house."

"Yes, this is my temple."

She carried an enormous book—the complete musical score of the piece, and they sat down and he read the biographical note, while the orchestra enclosure gradually filled and the executants began tuning up their instruments.

"Because I have never known love in real life I want now to realise it in music." Thus Wagner one day writes to Liszt. "I have jotted down in my head a 'Tristan und Isolde,' the simplest but the most full-blooded of musical conceptions: with the black flag which flies at the end I then want to cover myself and to—die."

There was a meagre trickling of applause: the conductor threaded his way to his seat, passed his hand over the page under the green-shaded lamp, raised the *bâton*, and began. They sat close together, the Prelude with its high-stepping, long-striding, sinuous tentacles groping after new resting places, far out of reach, yet working out its salvation surely and steadily, swelling and widening, till—the conductor shaking his locks and his fists—the brass blared its compelling response; and, in a tide of regaining tranquillity, the Prelude gradually evened itself out to the level at which it began, and the curtains parted, revealing the ship. She followed the score with a preoccupied air, now and then nodding her head with that significant look of critical recognition; but when he asked for the place they were at she never could find it, and began turning the pages backward and forward, six at a time, and in vain. And when, in the second act, King Marke's hunting horns died away and the cast down torch went out, to a heart-sinking, intolerably dulcet cadence, and the night was all astir, and Tristan staggered to Isolde, and the great theatre plunged into the most passionately voluptuous music that has ever been, then they pressed each other's fingers more tightly and their bodies quivered in unison—until King Marke, returning at a moment least desired from the hunt, surprised the twain. In this passionate music, more truly voluptuous than the grosser senses of man can divine, there lies concealed a certain pledge: a foretaste, maybe, of a reality awaiting us, or one we needs must forgo, wrenched from a far world by a genius for us to partake of before we go under.

In the interval he read more of the biography. Wagner, while working at *Siegfried*, wrote to a friend: "My musical sensibility already sways far beyond it—thither where my mood belongs: into the realm of melancholy." It was his love for Mathilde Wesendonck—a love of denial for both—which determined the work. "That I have written Tristan I thank you out of my deepest soul into all eternity." Thus he writes to her three years after completion. It has been said that the musical drama is unreal because the love in it is the artificial outcome of the love potion given to Tristan and Isolde during the voyage instead of the death drink they bargained for. But the potion, of course, is a symbol. Love was latent in them, but could not face them in the cup which works the love miracle. Only in death can they give each other. But of that "realm of stilled longings" they had been cheated. He was there—*Der öde Tag!* And now the third and last act—the empty sea, the hollow day, the dreary con-

valescence, with the black flag already flying over their destinies. They sat and listened to the sundown glow now sensible in the familiar bars of this greatest of love-tragedies—as it had always been.

The measured strains of the *Liebestod* had grown quicker and more passionate; Isolde, wrenching her hands, was racing along with the orchestra which, at this turn, was taking the melody from her, easily, in rapidly rising voluptuous strains, climbing, slipping, climbing anew, rapidly, rapidly to a climax, now, now. . . . The conductor, forgetting his quasi-reticent attitude, rose in his seat and, with a sweep of his stick commanding one hundred and twenty-six instruments, drowned her top notes in a mighty volume of rapturous sound. But she did not mind. Nor did anyone mind. On that plane of emotion one does not mind: one felt one wanted to go home, cover oneself with the black flag—and die. . . .

They made their way past the draughty, swinging doors into the lighted streets, and stood a while in the crowded Opern-Ring, Peter taking her arm. He was elated. He tried to whistle bits he remembered, but she stopped him with a frown. In the café she seemed moody and irritable. "Must you always scratch the cup out?"

"I feel I am wasting my life if I don't."

"Why don't you lick it out with your tongue?"

"What is the matter?"

"I must talk to you very seriously."

"Well?"

"Another day—to-morrow."

He would have died of anxiety if he had to wait till to-morrow.

"To-night, or not at all."

"About our—relation. I want to have it out with you. I don't want you to be merely playing with me and then, when it suits you, drop me." They were going down the teeming Kärntner-street and bent their way into the Graben, walking up the famous Korso. "Here is father's jeweller's shop."

"What's all this nonsense?" he asked peremptorily.

"Father's been bullying me. No money to give me. Business going to ruin. No one buying jewellery nowadays. '*Ein Skandal!* You're twenty-two and I, a man of eighty-six, have to go on supporting you,' and so on, and so forth. My brother-in-law sits and talks to my father and tells him I ought to get married. And father curses me: 'Again you've been out all night. A good bride and no mistake, Adolf sitting and waiting for you here all the evening!' Of course, he is right in a way. But I never promised definitely to Adolf. I tell him: 'Adolf, I value your feeling for me, and if no one better crops up I will marry you in the end.' So he sits in our drawing-room all evening after leaving the skin disease hospital, waiting for me and playing Chopin."

Peter thought of what he might say, but couldn't say much. "Damn him!" he said.

"And I mean—I don't want to be playing ducks and drakes with Adolf, who is a man of fine feeling——"

"But hasn't he died? He was going to."

"He wasn't a bit. He only put himself to bed so as to get me to come and sit at his bedside and hold his hand. And what I mean is, a man has a love affair, then another, a third, a fourth, and is only looked up to, even by women. But a girl has to think."

"But why say it like that?"

"You should have thought of saying it yourself. I waited long enough."

"But why in the world did you make out you were unconventional—romantic—God knows what—unlike other women? Why did you?"

"I thought you expected it."

Damned, shameless lie, he thought; and said aloud:

"This would not appear to correspond with the facts. Secretly you were out for marriage from the start and only pretended—don't I see it now!—but all the time you were on the hunt for a husband."

"You needn't flatter yourself. I'm good-looking enough to marry any time I want to. And such birds as you I can find on every bush."

"Thank you."

They had reached her house. "Well, am I to ring you up to-morrow as usual?" Her voice was not friendly.

"As usual," he said, and thought: As per usual, business as usual.

But the irony of using such decrepit war slang would be lost on her. That was the worst of it all: they hadn't really many points of contact. And making the most of the few they had, he pressed forward to kiss her.

"No."

He shrugged his shoulders, raised his hat, and went. He went by the familiar Kolowrat-Ring that he had paced no end of times before—in other, happier days. How far away they seemed now!

Next day at two she did not call him up. At three she had not called him up. By five his anxiety had reached seething point. She would not call him up. She would never call him up. He was lost—damned. In all Vienna he could not find a place for himself. Blue Monday! He sat and waited, hoping, doubting. And then, together with her friends, she came, as if not noticing him, and was about to sit down at a table, when he went after her and spoke. She turned round, abashed. "You are deadly pale," he said. "Are you frightened, or what?"

"No. But I didn't expect to meet you here."

"And I waited—five hours. God, how I suffered!"

She looked round at him to see if it was true. His face was haggard. She was not unkind to him, yet took little notice of him, only now and then, after the performance of an item turning to him with a "Quite good, wasn't it?"

"Very good!" He was happy—come what might—for the abating of his erewhile suffering. He begged for an appointment next day and obtained one, and they lunched together at a freshly painted table of the restaurant in the Volksgarten. The foliage was breaking out and everywhere along the Ring the *cafés* were putting out their little "gardens." He glanced at her legs in the flesh-coloured stockings. How romantically realistic—as if straight from Maupassant! he

thought. And took her hand. She withdrew it. He took it again.

"Don't touch me."

"Why not?"

"I can't."

He remembered a cabaret singer in Vienna who sang in a feeble hoarse voice: "I can't, I can't, I'm weak on the chest," and then immediately after in a voice that would put brass trumpets to shame, a voice so powerful that it made the window panes rattle—"I can't, I can't, I'm weak on the chest!" And he asked, "What do you mean, 'I can't'? You're not weak on the chest?"

She did not laugh. "Something has broken within me—and I don't know if it can ever be put right."

"Then we must set about mending it."

"There is a gulf, the bridge has been broken. I can never come back. I can't help it. I've lost all feeling for you."

"But, my darling, we're mending it, aren't we?"

"It can never be mended."

How charmingly she walked, with feet a little outward and swaying slightly from the hips. There was something of the awkward school-girl about her. Would she ever come back?

But one day, as the scent of jasmine hovered in the air and he gently passed his hand over her own and said: "My love, come back to me," she closed her eyes with the lashes like black needles and nodded rapidly.

The bridge was mended.

His emotion of gratitude ran to kissing. "Can't you sit still?" she admonished him. Her love ran to emotion. She glanced nervously at the door.

He smiled reassuringly. "I've taken requisite steps against the possibility of King Mark appearing when he is least wanted."

He held her in his arms, and sang: "You Tristan, I Isolde, no more Tristan! . . ."

"Shut up!"

"There is little poetry in you."

"And you are a beast."

"Thank you." And looking at her, drinking her in with his eyes, he thought, "Poor Richard Wagner!"

He thought so. He thought so a long time, when she attracted his attention. "What do you want to do?"

"Go home."

"No-o."

"No-o!" she mimicked him angrily. "You're like that—never enough of a good thing—lick the sugar out of the bottom of the cup when there's nothing left."

"Ha-ha!"

"Nothing to laugh at."

He sang: "*Der öde Tag!*"

He went to the adjoining room. When he returned she had her coat on and was powdering her face before the mirror. As they were leaving, "Put the light out," she said. At the *café* she read the paper

and hardly spoke to him. He remembered afterwards how they sat in the taxicab—how it rained outside. She only said: "Oh, yes, I've still got your gloves. You will get them to-morrow." At the gate she gave him her hand, looked into his eyes, very kindly, he noticed, and said: "Peter, farewell."

"Good-bye. Matches!" he cried after her.

"Don't want any."

Walking home, he remembered her words and the strangeness of the "farewell" dawned upon him. Returning, he found a note on the table which he had not perceived as they went out. On the back of a slip, "Rimless stockings. Best quality," he read: "We shall never see each other again. I *cannot*.—ISOLDE."

And then came a letter:

Peter, I have not much to tell you, but I have the feeling that you are still waiting for something. Somehow a cleft has arisen between us, which can never be bridged. Is it the fulfilment in us, was this giving oneself also the end? I do not quite know, but it may well be so.

In me there is no mourning, not a shimmer of disappointment, no reproach either for you or for me. And now I know why so long I could not find any words for you.

And so farewell, Peter. I wish you the best of luck in all the coming years.—ISOLDE.

It was Easter. He strolled about by himself. When he perceived a black hat and flesh-coloured stockings, he invariably thought it was she. And the town was setting itself for the spring, the gardens, the freshly painted tables and chairs beckoned invitingly. He remembered how he had felt lost and damned when she had not telephoned to him one day, and now felt doubly lost—doubly damned. What sort of thing was life? What sort of creature was man? Upset by tiny reverses, already squirming like a worm at a woman's feet. There he was, just like Adolf, he who had been so sure of himself, supplicating for mercy, begging her for a morsel of bread. He strolled all alone about the town, waited at her gate, sat in the garden where (he remembered her telling him, though it had scarcely interested him at the time) she had played as a child. There were rows of seats lined with mothers and nurses. A little boy in the park was kicking a ball. A nice little fellow, he thought, but he'll probably grow up to be a black-shot through his heart. She spoke to him pleasantly but dispassionately. "How are you, Peter? How is life treating you?"

"Rottenly."

When he had a chance to speak to her alone he supplicated for an interview.

"Child, it's no use," she said wearily.

"Yes, yes, a quarter of an hour—eye to eye—to discuss matters—to talk things over."

"All right, then, to-night at 8.30."

When they did meet—at 9.30—he found that he had nothing to discuss, nothing to talk over. He only wanted her, craved for her physical beauty with all the strength of his physical being. She knew

a subtler passion that hovered in her breast and was more like music, that went out in long curves and found no resting places. And to her he had been part of that elusive dream. "Forgive me, Isolde, but really it's your fault. You put it all so clumsily. Marriage. Yes. Even so, what can I do now?"

At the word marriage her eyes lit up and a smile played on her face.

"What can I say now? I can't say: 'Isolde, marry me.' I perfectly understand you can't say—your pride won't allow you to say yes."

"I'll go back to my memories. I knew I should have to be alone. I will never have another like Hans."

"I know it's the bitter lot of those to follow him to fare badly by comparison. Alas! no live virtue stands the ghost of a chance at the side of retrospective illusion."

She looked at him sharply. "The comparison does not arise. I didn't *love* you."

"But then why, may I ask—yes, precisely, why?"

"Because I thought you expected it."

"Look here. Listen. I want to tell you something."

"Better hold your tongue."

"I expect—" it was a desperate step—"yes, I expect you to marry me."

Her face lit up at the word. She played with the idea. "I don't deny"—she puffed at a cigarette—"that it would have certain immediate advantages. Father was carrying on again this morning. '*Ein Skandal!*' I, an old man with one foot in the grave, have to keep you." "What do you want me to do?" I cried at last. "You never taught me a thing. All the shops and offices are reducing their staffs. Do you want me to go on the streets?" He slapped my face. I went to my room and cried. Later he came to me. He was sorry. "I'd like to see you settled before I close my eyes." He'd be glad, and I'd be glad to make him happy. Let me see, I'd have a little money if I married—not much, still a trifle."

"Who from?"

"My brother-in-law promised. Then there are silver things—knives and forks, solid silver—not much, but still something."

Der öde Tag!

"Father might be prevailed upon to give something from his shop. Then furniture—a bedstead—two chairs. My sister has taken the mattress, though it didn't belong to her. My mother left it to me."

The vulgarity of it—things—cupboards—carpets—meddling relations. How dismal was our human fate! He felt that one had but to set one's ship towards romance to realise how fruitless were one's hopes and how soon frustrated! She thought of her father, of the end of squalor and deceit, the joy of her brother-in-law, her own home, children, wealth. "But—" she scarcely meant it—"but I can't. It's not honest towards you for me to accept a solution for reasons of convenience alone."

"So you can't?" He was almost relieved.

"I can't."

All the misery and anguish of his loneliness, his intolerable loneliness, dawned upon him. He had spent a week without her. He knew what it was like. "Come, it really looks as though you didn't want to make me happy for my own sake!"

"Well, if you are sure that it will make you happy."

He was not sure. (He was sure of the contrary.) He drank his cup to the bottom and then took the spoon and licked off the sugar, while she watched him critically. And he thought: "She won't let me drink my coffee as I like. She won't let me do anything as I like. I'm a lost man."

She said, "We must look at it sensibly. We both will have our advantages. You will be proud of showing me to your people and friends, while I shall be doing things for you at home." He looked at her: she was too small, and when she walked she waddled like a duck. Indeed, what would his sisters think of it? He pictured her at forty, at fifty, sixty and seventy, while he pictured himself all the while at twenty-five. She complained a good deal of her father, but if the old man found fault with her it was, of course, with good cause. "I'll mend this for you," she would say—and never did. "I must visit Hans's grave to-morrow"—but she went to a dance instead. He recalled that she had not yet returned his gloves—after keeping them two months!

"But why are you looking so wretchedly sad? I've not accepted you yet."

"Not a bit." He imagined his arrival with his dark bride in the United States, their appearing before his proud "hundred per cent. American" mother, the astonishment of his slim, forget-me-not eyed sisters, the curve of their raised brows.

"If I married"—and she looked at him out of the corner of the eye to see how he took it—"we'd have separate bedrooms."

He smiled faintly. It was past a joke.

"Cheer up. You look as though somebody has done you out of your money. I can see it won't do. You're so cold, so calculating, so concentrated on yourself. I am sure I could never marry you. I was merely joking."

"No joke, I meant it. It's settled—you're my bride now and I'm your blooming bridegroom."

"Your first experience?"

"Yes. I feel like a fool."

"Thank you," she smiled. "It's my second." She looked at her hands. "May I keep Hans's ring?"

"Yes," he said gloomily. Hans. Fritz. Grete. Nauseating relations. They'll want to congratulate him, see the ring, touch it, maybe—all the dark Jewish brood, dentists, skin-disease doctors, stock-exchange frequenters. A nosing father—perhaps suggesting purchasing the engagement ring at his own shop, offering a wedding ring "cheap" in advance, or questioning the value of it if bought elsewhere—belittling the outlay—pooh-poohing expense. It was unbearable.

"Do your people speak German?"

He shook his head abjectly.

"Then you must teach me English."

"I'll try." He pictured her dumbness, her being tied to him night and day, his mother and sisters asking her easy, simple questions: "How—do—you—like—America?" and her asking back: "Please?" every time. A bewildered aunt of his struggling with a dictionary to make herself understood. Isolde, smiling propitiatorily at his mother, trying to curry favour with her, to appear the tender wife; and he the heavy father to their common children.

"You needn't look so unhappy. I haven't accepted you yet."

"It's one o'clock, the café's closing," he said peremptorily, and called to the waiter: "Herr Ober! Bill, please! Yes or no?"

She did not answer, but smiled shyly. He took an empty cigarette box, unscrewed his fountain-pen, and wrote:

"?"

She took the fountain-pen from him and wrote:

"!"

He quibbled: "Is that an affirmative or perhaps an equally determined negative?"

She did not answer. He helped her on with her coat, and while he was putting on his own, slowly, pensively she was collecting her things into the bag: the powder-puff, the rouge stick, the remaining cigarettes. He watched her eagerly. If she took the cigarette box with his "?" and her "!" it meant—he knew what it meant. It meant that in after years she would be saying: "On this empty cigarette box my husband once proposed marriage to me." She would say it, a grey-haired gouty old woman, with a deep black moustache and a disgusting beard, lying in bed with one complaint or another, in a bonnet, her teeth in the glass at her side. She would say it to their children, little hairy black Jews creeping about everywhere: to her children's children; and all those long years he'd be tied to her. Her gaze lingered on the cigarette box, and her thoughts, from this chance memento of a romantic proposal, swayed to that which it meant, her new life in America, her newly gained freedom, the long-awaited salvation. But she noticed his searching, critical look and did not take the memento.

"Yes or no, for the last time?"

They were moving to the door into the street, where the rain was beginning to dribble, and stood still on the pavement.

She shook her head, and he made a movement to go. She wanted to say something to hold him back. "Here are your—your gloves, Peter." And tears seemed to come to her eyes.

He took them as a sign, pressed her hand, and went his way hurriedly. At the corner a gust of wind blew the rain against his face and tried for his hat. He did not know what he had done, why he had done it, or what had been done to him. He only knew he wanted to go home, cover himself with the black flag—and die.

CURRENT LITERATURE

BY S. M. ELLIS

MR. T. J. WISE has brought bibliography to a fine art, as he again demonstrates in the portly volume which records his wonderful collection of Swinburne manuscripts, books, and letters.¹ This book, indeed, is as much a biography as a bibliography, owing to its wealth of characteristic and intensely interesting letters written by the poet, interspersed with Mr. Wise's personal recollections of Swinburne and Watts-Dunton and their joint household life at The Pines, Putney—that *ménage* which it is now the custom (I think unfairly) to make a subject of contemptuous criticism and rather ill-bred humour. Mr. Wise does not err in this manner. He is just and—shall I say?—slyly satirical in presenting the ways of Watts-Dunton with a sense of fun, but without offence.

It is quite understandable that certain old and distinguished friends of Swinburne who were not welcomed at The Pines by Watts-Dunton should have vented their displeasure at the slight both in speech and printed word; but there is no reason why other writers, who know nothing of the facts, save by hearsay, should attack Watts-Dunton and affirm his baleful influence upon Swinburne to have been that of the basilisk or rattlesnake. The argument, apparently, is that the poet's final thirty years at Putney were unproductive (which is disproved by this present Bibliography), and that it would have been better for Swinburne's poetical reputation had he "ceased upon the" instant with *Poems and Ballads* and the other work of their period. However, the fact remains that Watts-Dunton did save, or at least very much prolong, Swinburne's life by removing him to Putney, whether by "rattlesnake" power or the inducements of comfort, quiet, and the society of a friend of mutual tastes. In one of Mr. Wise's letters Swinburne writes to Watts-Dunton: "How long since—how many years ago—I should have died as my poor brother has just died, if instead of the worst of wives I had not found the best of friends."

As I have indicated, Mr. Wise's book has great biographical interest; in fact, it is a more revealing and moving record of Swinburne than Sir Edmund Gosse's "Life" of the poet, which only tells part of the story. I do not suggest that he should have laid bare for inspection certain abnormal or curious byways in the poet's mental terrain: but he might have painted a more full-blooded portrait, and hinted that the poet who wrote the exquisite *Garden of Proserpine* and "Baby, see the flowers!" could also write an indecent parody of the National Anthem which Mr. Wise felt constrained to burn directly it came into his hands.

(1) *A Swinburne Library*. A Catalogue of Printed Books, Manuscripts, and Autograph Letters by Algernon Charles Swinburne, collected by Thomas James Wise. (London, printed for private circulation only, 1925.)

The letters in this book provide full evidence of Swinburne's hatred for Robert Buchanan, Carlyle, Gladstone, and Emerson, and of his less acrimonious and early dislike for the poetry of Browning and of "Owen Meredith." The latter he styled "Little Lytton." The loathing for Robert Buchanan came about through that author's article "The Fleshly School of Poetry," and in a letter of 1872 Swinburne thus expressed his views to the friend who was then merely "Dear Mr. Watts":—

I do conceive it to be at once the evident right and the bounden duty of every man of honour who may in any way be connected with the writing and publishing of books to protest by all the force of his example against the contagious disease of dishonour with which these infamous prostitutes of letters . . . infect the body of which they are certainly among the meanest and least mentionable members. . . . In the very improbable case of the admission into *The Fortnightly Review* of such a writer as Buchanan I should at once protest against the disgrace of such fellowship by withdrawing my own name from the list of contributors.

Light also is thrown on the cessation in 1872 of Swinburne's friendship with D. G. Rossetti—"the friend who died to me by his own act and wish." Sad words indeed after such a memorable companionship, but the adequate reason for them, and also why Meredith saw but little of Rossetti and Swinburne after his departure in 1863 from 16, Cheyne Walk, remain unexplained still: unless we accept the theory that these three highly strung and super-sensitive natures had found the familiarities of communal domestic life fatal to the joys of friendship and artistic creation.

Apropos of Meredith, I see Mr. Wise does not mention that it was his interest in the paper *Once a Week* that secured acceptance for Swinburne's early prose story, *Dead Love*, which was here published for the first time in 1862. It is interesting to note that when *Dead Love* was reissued as a booklet in 1864 it bore the imprint of John W. Parker, West Strand, who had published George Meredith's *Poems* in 1851. I have told elsewhere how Swinburne wrote the early part of *Laus Veneris* one night in June, sitting on The Mound near Meredith's Copsham Cottage. Mr. Wise is the fortunate possessor of probably the last letter written by Meredith, for it is dated April 23rd, 1909, and he died on May 18th. In this letter Meredith confirms the story that the original script of *Laus Veneris* was written in red ink, and that he witnessed its conception. I may also point out that Meredith noted in September, 1864: "Last night I awoke, and at three o'clock struck a light and wrote a poem on Cleopatra for *The Cornhill*, to suit Sandys's illustration." This poem was never published, and presumably it was the same drawing by Sandys which accompanied Swinburne's *Cleopatra* when, two years later, in September, 1866, that poem first appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*. A curious incident.

Mr. Wise has some interesting things to tell of Swinburne's association with Adah Isaacs Menken, and, personally, I learn for the first time that the poem, *Dolorida*, he wrote in her album was not composed for her, but merely old verses furbished up for the occasion. The

album in question, after becoming the property of John Camden Hotten and Andrew Chatto, and other owners, came up for sale at Sotheby's in the MacGeorge Collection, July 7th, 1924.

Perhaps the most desirable items in Mr. Wise's Bibliography are certain poems hitherto unpublished. For instance, there is one *To "Boo"*—Jane Faulkner, the only woman Swinburne ever loved. Another, *The Two Roses*, commences:

Upon the borderlands of being
Where life draws hardly breath,
Between the lights and shadows fleeing
Fast as a word one saith,
Two flowers rejoice our eyesight,
The dawns of birth and death.

An exceptional Bibliography indeed.

* * The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.
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THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH POETRY

BY ROBERT GRAVES

PART I

MR. ROBERT TREVELYAN has forestalled me in his little book *Thanlyris, or Is there a Future for Poetry?* But I find his judgments for the most part so parochial and his style so unadventurous that in spite of the wide applause he has won from the elder critics I am not deterred from signing a minority report at variance with his. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane also, in his *Daedalus; or the Future of Science*, has a few lines to spare for the future of Poetry; and it would be well to treat of the views of both these writers before making an independent forecast.

Mr. Trevelyan's chief concern is the change that has come over poetry since it ceased to be chanted or sung and began a new life as the spoken, written, or printed line. Now these are important changes, if not particularly new ones. The regular chanting or singing element in poetry had already begun to disappear in mediæval times, and except as a small and somewhat extravagant cult no longer survives: because it has been discovered that speech, particularly under emotion, though it does not employ the pure diatonic scale, has a music of its own which can be as agreeable as it is complex, and the chanting of modern poetry, so far from giving it richer life, has in my experience the exact opposite effect: the chant is seldom more than a self-conscious and lugubrious drone. The change from the chanted or spoken to the written or printed line is also no novelty, dating back as it does behind the invention of printing to the great copying schools of the ancient world: these circulated books far more freely among the cultured classes than is now realised. But the effects on poetry of this change grow yearly more apparent. Books get cheaper and more numerous,

public recitations fewer; the Victorian habit of reading aloud in the home is dying; poetic drama is on its last legs theatrically; so that the spoken line is temporarily overshadowed by the printed line. True, poetry will never become a purely printed art, for the poet is too fond of the sound of his voice, but unless new developments of broadcasting or a great simplification and improvement of the gramophone make it possible to listen to poetry with as great ease as one picks up a book of verse, the art of writing verse for the eye and the inner ear will progress, to the disadvantage of poetry composed for the outer ear. It is not enough to advise, as Mr. Trevelyan does, that we should read with this inward ear and give the lines the same *tempo* as if they were being spoken. For poetry, when printed or written, has a unique character: though we may owe it to our ear to translate typography into sound, the importance of the first visual impact must not be sentimentally discounted for the sake of the singing tradition.

There are startling variations in the acceptability of a poem, according to the style in which it is set down on the page. A poem typewritten almost always looks unattractive. The conventions of setting down poetry are, as it were, the corridor through which we pass to the garden of imagination. If that corridor is white-tiled like the entrance to a public baths, or stuffy like the entrance to a museum, or postered like the entrance to a tube station, we enter the garden in the wrong frame of mind. The typewriter is in my experience still too commercial to serve as a proper introduction to the receptive imaginative mood.

On the other hand the original manuscript of a poem, to any reader who is at all sensitive to handwriting, will often give so much inside information as to the character and habits of the poet (far more than could be got by hearing the poet read the piece in question) that the oppression of personality in the handwriting may actually make it impossible to concentrate on the particular poem itself. There remains printing. But there is printing *and* printing. The habit, for instance, of printing English poetry in Italian types or modern poems in old-English types has a most confusing effect on the reader; and there is no poem that cannot be made more dignified than it ever was before

or more vulgar than anyone could expect it had the power of being, by judicious choice of print and printer and paper.

A small matter like the convention which gives a capital letter and a new line to every line of poetry is of immense importance. I never discovered how good Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's poems were until he had consented to use the initial capital letter: after two books in which the lower case was used. And then spelling. Who will deny that Milton's *On a Solemn Musick* or Webster's *The White Divil* or Blake's *The Tyger* get a powerful hold on our imaginations before we have even begun to read the poetry? Or who could read Keats' *St. Agnes' Eve* in "simplifyd speleng" and still be entranced? These startling effects do not correspond with any change of tone or accent in the spoken line, and there are therefore many who will protest that these effects have nothing to do with the poetry itself. But this is to insist sentimentally on the absolute priority of the spoken line. The fact is, poetry read silently and poetry spoken aloud are divergent arts; and we may summarise their different characters as follows.

In the first place the outward ear has a far shorter memory than the conjunction of eye and inward ear. It readily forgets end-rhymes separated by more than three intervening lines, unusual words recurring at a longish interval and structural signposts of various kinds; but it has a far greater sensitivity to the variation of vowel and consonant, to internal rhyme and to awkward concurrence of consonants (technically called "syzygy"). I notice in Mr. Turner's recent *Landscape of Cytherea* more than a few awkwardnesses of syzygy in contexts where a harmonious flow is intended. "Sun's shadow," "Soul's gullies strewn," "frost's cascade," "these shadows shone," "rocks spring," occur on a single page: and there are rhymes separated by nine and ten lines. As poetry for silent reading both these irregularities are quite legitimate; the inward ear can and naturally does slur over its syzygal difficulties, and as the eye reads faster than the voice speaks, the rhyme-echo does not die away so quickly; but as spoken poetry the poem would be severely handicapped.

The next obvious difference is that poetry of simple content can become very significant when spoken: the same poem, printed, is intellectually negligible, and one is tempted to say "My ear deceived me"; whereas poetry of highly concentrated content is impossible to hear with enjoyment until it has been read and thoroughly digested by the eye. The eye is a very summary, shrewd, supercilious organ, as it were the enquiries clerk of the mind, and cannot be bothered with a visiting poem that has no air of immediate distinction to commend it; and the beauty of a poem may lie—quite adventitiously, the eye will claim—in the inflexions of voice intended by the poet, inflexions for which the printer has not yet discovered even an approximate notation. The ear is a much simpler and sympathetic official, and once buttonholed will often commend to the management what the eye would call a most undeserving case, for though the ear may be wilfully blind, the eye is inclined to deafness. The ear can never properly appreciate a difficult poem of remote reference, intricate structure and unusual diction. For when a poem is printed it is always possible to refer back, to pause and puzzle and still keep the continuity of rhyme alive: in the spoken poem there is no such licence; once a spoken poem begins, its rhyme-echoes and the rhyme of its parts are quite destroyed by any puzzling or interruption.

The ear and eye are both fallible in their interpretations of the poet's intentions, but in different ways. The ear may mishear words such as "all together" or "in deed" as if they were "altogether" and "indeed," and make even wilder mistakes, particularly with proper names, and cannot readily distinguish, say, between *discreet* and *discrete*, whereas the eye can go even farther astray, particularly in the mistaking of rhythm. A regular two-stress line like Swinburne's *Hertha* can be read as a four-stress line, or *vice versa*. Even the careful examination of the context sometimes prevents the poet's intention, if it be, say, ironic or playful, from coming through, and I have given an instance in my *Poetic Unreason* of a passage in Shakespeare—

Passed there a buck this way?
No, but two does—

being mistaken by the eye for an intentionally absurd non-sequitur where "does" was read as a verb and not as a substantive.

The future of poetry, then, will be concerned for a start with the problem, how the outward ear which carries with it the inward eye and the outward eye which carries with it the inward ear may be satisfied by the same poem equally. It is a problem partly of word-mechanics and partly of psychology. On the whole the adjustment tends at present to be unfair to the ear. A striking exception is Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, the American, whose verses are all primarily intended for recitation. They have a very bare look in print and a directness of statement which the enquiries clerk finds positively rustic, but, as Mr. Lindsay himself recites them, they are strangely effective. A fair adjustment between written or spoken poetry is, I believe, possible once the demands of each are fully and equally realised. For instance, it may be desirable in the ear's interest to allow time for a mental adjustment after and even before the use of an unusual word or one highly charged with reference. In Shakespeare's "It would rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine" there is a distinct pause made after "the multitudinous" by the concurrence of two s's, and between "seas" and "incarnadine" there is again a tendency to give a slight pause, owing perhaps to the displacement of "would" from the word it governs.

So also a modern poet, Mr. Bertram Higgins, in his poem *Ulysses in Ithaca* writes:—

Robbed of its element of wet
And discrete on a dune,

where the unusual word "discrete," which has to be distinguished from "discreet," is given an introducing pause by the necessity of separating the *d* of "and" and the *d* of "discrete," and a following pause by the tendency to avoid putting a heavy stress on the word "on." It must be noticed that these pauses, which have the effect almost of inverted commas, do to some extent help the ear to recognise, uninformed by the eye, that it is not the ordinary "discreet" which is being used. The details

of this adjustment we may leave future poets to settle; and if ever they reintroduce with a difference the Alexandrian tricks of shaping poems in the form of wings, crosses, pyramids and so on, and burying acrostics in them solely for the ingenious delight of the eye; or if they write poetry solely for public declamation, that is no concern of ours. Eye poetry and ear poetry are both worthy arts, if distinguished. At this point it must be observed that though the subsidiary senses—smell, touch, taste—are not the direct means by which we take in poetry, as inward senses they are most important vehicles of thought and must be used to give completeness to the poetic life.

To return to Mr. Trevelyan: he conducts an enquiry into the future of verse-poems and comes to the conclusion that anything may happen, but he sincerely hopes that it won't. Several of his statements puzzle me a good deal: for instance, this: "Blank verse is the oldest of our verse-forms," which is wildly unhistorical; even if, as Mr. Trevelyan suggests oddly enough, Chaucer's rhymed couplet can be so regarded. And again, "The conscious principle according to which English verse has been written from the time of Chaucer until recent years has been that of syllable counting." This is only true of one of the main strands of English poetry. It is true that this has been the principle of the cultured prosody imposed on English from the Continent and productive of a great deal of noble verse; but the earlier native prosody which takes small stock of syllables, reckoning instead musically by the stress-centres of the line and the time interval between them, has never been driven from popular poetry and has frequently been adopted by poets of culture. The readiest examples of native prosody are to be found in nursery rhyme and country ballad:—

Misty moisty was the morn,
Chilly was the weather;
There I met an old man
Dressed all in leather,
Dressed all in leather
Against the wind and rain;
It was how do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do? again.

There once was a man
So vain and so proud,
He walked on stilts
To be seen by the crowd,
Up above the chimney-pots
Tall as a mast,
And all the people ran about
Shouting till he passed.

At Wednesbury there was a cocking,
A match between Newton and Scroggin;
The colliers and nailers left work
And all to old Spittle's went jogging:
To see this noble sport
Many noblemen resorted,
And though they had but little money,
Yet that little they freely sported.

Though the syllables in each case number most irregularly, nobody can deny that the pieces scan.

In the earliest English verse these stress-centres (for often the stress is not on one syllable but, as in *how do you do* and *how do you do*, spread over two or three) are marked clearly by alliteration. Anglo-Saxon verse is all alliterative and stressed; its syllables are uncounted. In the fourteenth century came William Langland, a contemporary of Chaucer's; though the most famous of the middle English poets to revive the Anglo-Saxon alliterative metre he was by no means the only one. In the sixteenth century John Skelton, in my opinion one of the three or four outstanding English poets, though reducing the alliteration, adding rhyme and even using the lineal arrangement of rhyme-royal, wrote in the native style as often as in the Continental. In the seventeenth century, Shakespeare, who had been dominated at his first visit to London by the Continental prosody in vogue at the theatres, gradually rediscovered his popular inheritance and developed the foppish blank verse that Surrey and Wyatt had brought from Italy into a metre in which both principles, native and Continental, interacted; it was a metre capable at times of stresses as turbulent as those in *Beowulf*, while at others it would still strut syllabically like a fine gentleman.

The two principles of prosody correspond in a marked

way with contrary habits of life, with political principles; the Continental, with the classical principle of preordained structure, law and order, culture spreading downwards from the educated classes—the feudal principle; the native English, with what Mr. John Ransom calls the Gothic principle, one of organic and unforeseen growth, warm blood, impulsive generosity and frightful error—the communal principle, threatening the Classic scheme from below. The rare poets who have contrived to reconcile the two principles have always had, like Skelton and Shakespeare, one foot firmly planted in the aristocratic set and the other equally firmly in the crowd. The future of English prosody depends enormously on the outcome of the class antagonism that undoubtedly is now in full swing: a Red victory would bring with it, I believe, a renewal of the native prosody in a fairly pure form; as the White domination of the eighteenth century made for pure classicism, and kept it dominant until the Romantic Revival, intimately connected with the French Revolution, re-introduced stress-prosody.

Dr. Scripture has made one very important point about classical prosody: that it is tinged with what he calls the typographical fallacy, namely, that the space between printed letters and the space between printed words represent an actual time-interval, or at least that it is possible to divide a verse up into feet by driving wedges between syllables. Whereas, excepting definite long pauses for ease or emphasis, poetry, as spoken, is really one continuous flow of the voice-stream, and when a sensitive instrument is set to record it, there is nothing of a regular rise and fall in the resultant wavy line drawn to indicate either syllables or feet. That most of English classical poetry, while conforming typographically to the syllable-counting principle and to the rigid dualism of "short or long?" that goes with it, gets its quality from a far subtler musical scheme than that of an ordered sequence of approximately identical feet, iambs, dactyls and what not. That, in fact, the musical delight we derive from, say, Gray's *Elegy* is not and never was one of elementary arithmetic, but is based really on the variance of distance, pitch and sonority

between what custom arithmetically marks off as identical feet. This is not to deny the legitimacy of thinking in syllables: a syllable is a useful convention, and its adoption in classical poetry has led to the calming and slowing down of rhythm, suitable for grave and reflective thought. Its neglect, in the prosody of stress-centres, has made for fury and ecstasy.

This brings us to Mr. Trevelyan's account of *vers libre*. He writes: "Success of 'free verse' is in proportion to the degree in which we are made aware of a fixed metrical base underlying the irregularities. But what are we to think of this kind of thing?"

Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions.

Let us express our envy for a man with a steady job and no worry about the future."

He comments: "But it would almost seem that at times free verse is no more than an excuse for uttering futilities and ineptitudes that we should not have dared to express in honest prose." Honest prose indeed: an appeal to prejudice! And what about the enormous amount of futile and inept verse in traditional dress? And why "*fixed* metrical base?"

One of the most remarkable developments of modern music has been the constant changing of time and idiom in the course of even a short piece; at each change it is the listener's obligation no less than the musician's to be aware of the change. So in poetry: to limit poetry to a fixed metrical base is asking for trouble. The monstrous effect of standardising the rhythm of even so ancient a poem as *The Holy Land of Walsingham* to a fixed metrical base will readily be admitted.

The claim of free verse is that actually each line, not only each stanza or passage, may be subject to a new musical change. Now if the reader does not recognise this change it is his fault as much as it is the poet's; and if he does, and still doesn't like the rhythm, that again is as much his fault as the poet's that their musical tastes differ. Admitted, few poets who write free verse have any great sense of musical unity; they cannot often relate the changes to any appreciable unity of structure. But this

can be and has been done; and the failure to get more than an episodic interest in a poem is just as marked in poems written in stanzas or couplets as in free verse. Local rhythmic felicities in English poetry are, comparatively, far more numerous than poems whose general rhythmic structure commends itself without remarkable local excitements.

The Whitmanic couplet that Mr. Trevelyan holds out for scorn seems to me clear enough: the long second line expresses admirably the rhythm of a man, in fact, with a steady job and no worries about the future. And again, all "honest prose" is capable of reduction to poetry, by the simple expedient of letting it fall into short lines each capable of a rhythm. Most sermons, for instance, can be readily reduced to blank verse. Conversely, all poetry can be written and read as prose; rhymes, "poetical" inversions and archaisms are the only ingredients that give it away, at all easily. But the fact is that in reading prose or in reading verse quite a different attitude is adopted by the reader; and it is this attitude more than the intrinsic quality of the writing that logically decides whether it is prose or poetry that is being read. Of this I shall shortly treat.

Meanwhile let us turn from Mr. Trevelyan to Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, our second prophet. In his remarkable essay on *The Future of Science*, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, while lavish of his quotations from poets living and dead, takes a gloomy view of the poetic scene. He holds that the decay of poetry to-day is due to the defective education of the poets; the poet must understand his subject matter. He affirms that at present not a single competent poet understands industrial life, that no poet since Shelley has been up-to-date in chemical knowledge, and that if we want poets to interpret physical science, which is, says Mr. Haldane, vastly more stimulating to the imagination than the classics, we must see that our possible poets are instructed in science and economics. "Not until our poets are once more drawn from the educated classes (I speak as a scientist) will they appeal to the average man by showing him that beauty in his own life, as Homer and

Virgil appealed to the street urchins who scrawled their verses on the walls of Pompeii."

There is a wonderful amount of loose thinking in this short paragraph; the last sentence particularly is brimful of mischief and misstatement. It reads as a challenge, but accepting it as a professional poet, I must allow Mr. Haldane choice of weapons, which will of course be the scientific method. Then to isolate his facts or assumptions, test them critically in turn, tabulating them with *a*, *b*, and *c*.

(a) Poetry is in decay because poetry has lost touch with science; and science is the chief interest of the average Englishman to-day.

My comment is that decay presupposes a prime; but poetry has never had a prime in which it has been in touch with the *average man* except in societies where the poet has not yet specialised as a bard and which are so homogeneous that all duties and pastimes are interchangeable. Or in advanced societies where in a common calamity or triumph the distinction of class, education, occupation and so on temporarily disappear and the consequent poetry has an appeal as wide as it is intense. Decay and prime then are purely local phenomena occurring in different levels of society, which as high-brow, low-brow, and mezzo-brow have no discoverable literary contact; and even so they are not absolute terms, as one may talk of the prime and decay of roses or the human body. Shakespeare's *Tempest* in one sense is the prime of English imaginative drama; but if the prime is to be put at Marlowe's *Tamerlaine* or Kidd's *Spanish Tragedy*, the *Tempest* must be admitted to show signs of the decay of those elements which made the former plays admirable.

Moreover, science itself is not the interest of the average Englishman any more than poetry. There is a high-brow science class really interested in its developments: a mezzo-brow science class grateful for the comforts it provides; and a low-brow class more or less indifferent to it, except as its development affects wages and labour. And even within the limits of brow-classification what does average mean? Until a cerebral index can be

arranged to decide intelligence as readily as a cephalic index decides race, and until poems can be subjected to a critical analysis as readily as physical substances are to spectral analysis, we cannot scientifically assume that an average can in either case be struck.

(b) *There has been no poet up-to-date in chemistry since Shelley; our competent poets are also uneducated in the science of economics, and unacquainted with industrial life.*

I don't know in the least what "competent" means to Mr. Haldane. Professional scientists, he says, have no perception of literary form, and since he admits that he is now talking as a scientist, the only meaning that he can rightly attach to "competent" is "well spoken of in literary circles"; and literary circles are notoriously fallible and fickle. Mr. Haldane is sadly misinformed about the education of living poets. Among the most competent of these, according to the contemporary high-brow valuation, are to be found an architect, a mining engineer, an economic expert, a navvy, a scavenger, a senator, a natural historian, a museum official, a professional soldier, a clerk in the Standard Oil Company, a tramp, a dog-breeder, a peer, a seaman, and a metaphysician. This may be confirmed by the short biographies given in Mr. Louis Unkermeyer's *Modern British Poets*. For a poet who has been up-to-date in science since Shelley, what about Francis Thompson? At one time it was his chief interest.

(c) *Really competent poets interpret life: therefore, well-educated poets of the future will achieve great poetry chiefly by interpreting science and industry, which are the only forms of life at present not suffering from decay.*

When a scientist talks about interpretation then difficulties begin. The nearest he can get to interpretation is a simplification of technical language into something rudely resembling unlearned speech. "Einstein made Easy," "Mendelism at a Glance": these are interpretations, but they differ from poetic interpretation in respecting the original structure of thought, at any rate in outline. The scientific method is consistently one of accurate

equations and reasonable cross-references, e.g., "The sum of the squares on the smaller sides of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square on the hypotenuse side." Or "water is formed of two parts hydrogen gas to one part of oxygen." Or the "negroid races may be readily distinguished by black skin, broad lips, and curly black hair." When therefore a scientist speaks of a poet "interpreting" industrial life he expects the interpretation to be as simple as Pythagoras' interpretation of the two sides of the right-angled triangle in terms of the hypotenuse, or any other interpretative formula of the physicist or anthropologist. Now, while it may be maintained that legitimate cross-references can be made between the images or rhythms of a poem and the physical and imaginative context from which that poem emerged, the scientist cannot expect even in traditional (let alone modern poetry) to find any equational formula constant between the poem and its context. The scientific mind gets a rude shock when it learns, for instance, that whereas the original *Royal George* actually did go down, as Thomas Campbell relates, with Admiral Kempenfeldt and his twice four hundred men on board, the original "schooner *Hesperus*" was not really wrecked at all, but reached Boston harbour with a damaged bowsprit only: the *female lashed to a mast* which Longfellow noted in his diary of the same storm belonged to a vessel whose fate was never "interpreted." Again, Longfellow's phrase about the old moon having the young moon in her arm is salvage, so to speak, from yet another wreck altogether, that of Sir Patrick Spens' ship on its return from "Norra-way over the faem." And Sir Patrick Spens himself, if it comes to that, had, historically speaking, nothing whatever to do with either of the two voyages which, fused together as one, form the subject of *Sir Patrick Spens*, the ballad.

That Mr. Haldane is unaware how well educated many of our "competent" poets are is probably due to their refusal to interpret scientific or industrial experience in the way he intends; and the fact is, purely literary poets are those which appeal most to scientists: as Mr. Haldane's own quotations prove. I don't imagine he would have

much use for a modern *Purple Island* in physiology, a *Loves of the Plants* in botany, or a *Polyolbion* in geography; and I haven't noticed him rushing into print with a retraction of his statements on Mr. Noyes' account, whose recent accomplished epic, *The Torchbearers*, purports to give a history of the triumphs of science throughout the ages.

But we are forgetting those Urchins of Pompeii. Were they really so entranced with the *Iliad* that they could not contain themselves when they saw a blank wall? Surely a simpler explanation would be that they were airing their calligraphic accomplishments, and the first things that occurred to them to put down were lines of verse that had been beaten into them that day at school. On the nursery wall next door as I write is the inspiring reflection in chalk:—

Dame Trot was an old woman with kind blue eyes and a white . . .

For I have two urchins learning to read and write; and their school primer opens with this tale of Dame Trot. And does Mr. Haldane remember the Greek epigram of the doctor who objected to his son learning Homer? He complained that the boy came home with a rigmarole about one Achilles who sent many valiant souls down to Hades. "What good does that stuff do him? Why I myself, in the course of my profession, have done as much as Achilles." That doctor anticipated (by two thousand years) Mr. Haldane's view that the classics were played out; but he was powerless to prevent a number of competent poets, who have come since, including Virgil, whose works also the urchins scrawled on the Pompeian walls, from sucking rich life from even the dry bones of Homer.

(To be concluded.)

RED IMPERIALISM

How the Bolshevik Propaganda works in the Balkans: Bolshevism Temporarily in Retreat: Russia's Movement Eastwards

BY CECIL F. MELVILLE

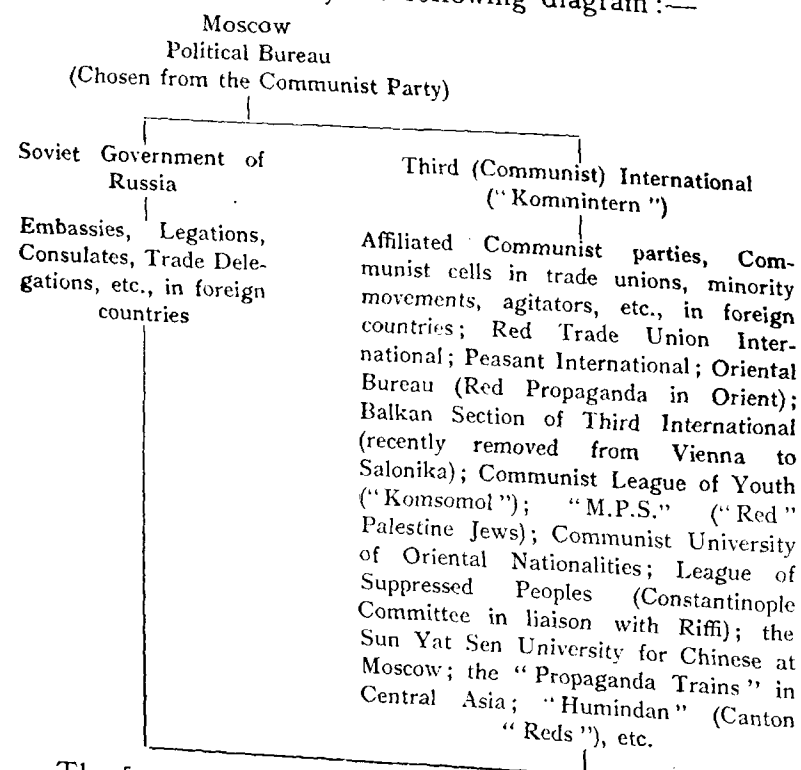
EVER since Bolshevism became the *mauvais sujet* of international relations there has been a great deal of confused thinking in Western Europe with regard to the true nature, aims and methods of the organism which includes the Communist Party, the Soviet Government of Russia, the Third (Communist) International, and the various subsidiary and affiliated organisations controlled by the supreme Bolshevik junta, the Political Bureau at Moscow. It has been observed, for instance, that in some countries Bolshevik propaganda is economic; in others its form is political. In highly industrialised communities like Great Britain, the U.S.A., Germany, and France the Bolshevik appeal is addressed to the industrial workers and takes the form of Communist penetration in working-class organisations; in Oriental countries, such as China, Persia, Afghanistan, and the Central Asiatic communities, the appeal is a pseudo-nationalist one based upon agitation against the alleged commercial-imperialism of the Western colonising Powers; in the agrarian communities of the Baltic and the Balkans the favourite method employed by Moscow is the exploitation of the local problems presented by the claims of minorities, and the racial, cultural, and political differences of peoples.

In this article I am going to do my best to show the Bolshevik propaganda at work in the Balkan Peninsula, a part of Europe where the local situation particularly lends itself to "Red" exploitation.

Bolshevism is at present in retreat in South-Eastern Europe. At the first favourable moment it will attempt to advance again. The existing lull affords a good opportunity for surveying the whole matter in an objective form.

In order to understand this highly complicated local

problem it is first necessary to understand something of the nature of the Bolshevik organism itself, which is most simply demonstrated by the following diagram:—



The foregoing diagram demonstrates better than pages of written explanation how the Soviet Government and its diplomatic agents abroad and the Third International and its subsidiary organisations are both controlled by the Communist Executive at Moscow. It also explains the duality of aim in Red Russian intrigue in South-Eastern Europe, inasmuch as Bolshevik intrigue in those parts has two objectives, the furtherance of world revolution (which is its Internationalist facet) and the continuance of the old Russian penetrative and expansionist policy (which is its Nationalist facet). The two aims dovetail in the case of countries such as the Balkan States. Once this fundamental fact is appreciated, the complicated story of Red intrigue in the Balkans which I am about to tell will be easily understood.

The headquarters of the Balkan Section of the Third International, for long situated at Vienna, has recently been moved to Salonika, where it works in connection with the Soviet Legation at Athens and the headquarters of the Red ("Federalist") wing of the Macedo-Bulgar Komitadjis at Petritch (where the recent Graeco-Bulgarian fighting took place).

The Balkan "Kommintern" is organised in a series of departments, political, financial, etc. The chief of staff for some time was Goldstein (Tchirsky), who was at one time head of the Soviet official news agency "Rosta." He works in association with the Soviet Legation at Athens, which transmits moneys sent by Moscow to subsidise the "Kommintern" office. Some of these moneys are used to finance the headquarters staff; other moneys are for the payment of local Communist agents in the Balkans, which payments are often passed through the hands of a special financial agent at Rome; and a special subsidy (through the Soviet Embassy at Vienna) is set aside for the financing of the publication *Federation Balkanique*, the journal of the Macedo-Bulgar Federalists and the mouthpiece of all those subversive elements interested in the overthrow of the existing order in the Balkans, including such diverse elements as Macedonian political brigands and pan-German propagandists and their sympathisers abroad (which last named include agents and publicists in Allied countries, England included, as well as in ex-enemy States and neutral countries).¹

So much for the organisation. I will now deal with the methods. The Bolshevik propagandists realised that with the exception of Bulgaria and Albania, where economic conditions are poor, the agrarian communities of the Balkan Peninsula offered no economic problems which could be exploited by Communism. Agrarianism is essentially opposed to Communism. The peasant, who

(1) Recently the "Kommintern" subsidies to local agents in the Balkans have been temporarily reduced in many cases, pending the efforts of the Soviet Foreign Office to obtain recognition of the Soviet Government from the various Balkan States.

constitutes the great majority of the population in these countries, is a small proprietor, a *petit bourgeois* who has all to lose and nothing to gain from Communism. Some other appeal was necessary, and it was found in the traditional political problems which abound in the Balkan Peninsula.

A series of conferences took place in Vienna, Baden, and other towns in 1923 and 1924, and during the opening months of 1925, presided over by the aforementioned Goldstein and attended by the representatives and leaders of all the Balkan malcontents. A general scheme was drawn up with a view to replacing the existing order in the Balkans by a Confederation of Peasant Republics under the ægis of Moscow.

Jugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Albania (and a Macedonia to be composed of Serbian, Bulgarian, and Greek territory) were to be the first Bolshevised States to enter the proposed Confederation. Greece, deprived of her large Macedonian province, was to be left in an enfeebled condition until such time as it was considered propitious to force her, too, into the Confederation. Roumania was also to be dealt with separately, once her Bessarabian province had been wrested from her by *force majeure*. The inclusion in the Confederation of Roumania proper would then be an easy matter, once the Red Army was in occupation of Bessarabia.

Here it is interesting to note the interplay of what I have described as the Bolshevik duality of aim. As the Bessarabian question had been a Russo-Roumanian question before the inception of the Bolshevik *régime* in Russia, Moscow counted on Yugoslavia abstaining from active intervention on behalf of her Roumanian ally. Here it is the traditional Russian foreign policy which is in evidence—the old Russia relying on the traditional Russophile sentiments of the Serbs. It is the new Third International at work when Moscow, unwilling to take any chances, decides to place Yugoslavia *hors de combat* before embarking upon the Red Army attack on Bessarabia.

The official Yugoslav point of view was explained to me

by Dr. Nintchitch, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, who told me that Yugoslavia refrains from joining any combination against the Government of Soviet Russia and abstains from all interference with the internal affairs of that country. "It cannot be said," he added, "that Moscow has been actuated by the same scruples."

One fact, however, stands clearly out: that last year Moscow decided to work for the overthrow of the Serb, Croat, Slovene kingdom, and to reduce Yugoslavia, the principal barrier against Bolshevik penetration in the Balkans, to the condition of an impotent State, to which was to be joined an equally impotent Bulgaria. That was the general scheme. I will now deal with the local problems which Moscow has exploited, showing where the Bolsheviks have failed so far, and where they may attempt to renew their efforts at some future date.

In view of the interest which was aroused in Western Europe by the terrible outrage at the Sveta Nedelia Cathedral in Sofia during April, 1925, I will deal first with Bulgaria.

The following are the principal local factors of unrest in that country which were exploited by Moscow during the time of the Tsankoff *régime*:—

- (1) The economic stress and political discontent of the "Bulgarophone" refugees from Greek Macedonia.
- (2) The vendetta between the "white" or so-called "Autonomist" wing of the Macedonian organisation and the "Red" or so-called "Federalist" wing.
- (3) The antagonism which exists between the present *régime* (together with its supporters the Bulgarian Military League and the Macedonian Autonomist Organisation) and the Agrarian adherents of the late Premier Stamboloski.
- (4) The conflict between the philo-Serbism of the Agrarian *émigrés* and the anti-Serbism of the Macedonian supporters of the Tsankoff Government.
- (5) The attitude of the moderate opposition parties which supported the Tsankoff *régime* against Communism but opposed it on domestic grounds.
- (6) The influence of the Pro-Macedonian Movement (called "Autonomists," but in reality working for the union

of Yugoslav Macedonia, or Southern Serbia, with Bulgaria), which prevented the Tsankoff Government from making any compromise with even the moderate Agrarians, and has had the effect of driving the more extreme elements of the Agrarian movement into the arms of the local Communists and their masters at Moscow, in addition to presenting obstacles to the formation of the much-needed Serbo-Bulgarian Accord.

It has not been difficult for Moscow to exploit all or any of these local problems. The schism in the ranks of the Macedonian Movement which started with the murder of Todor Alexandroff created a vendetta which is still going on. For every Communist shot there is a "white" Macedo-Bulgar shot as a reprisal and *vice versa*. Another factor which Moscow was quick to utilise was the undying enmity of the Macedo-Bulgars for the Agrarians, on account of the opposition shown by the latter when they were in power in Stamboloski's day to the former's programme of guerilla warfare against the Serbs.

From the foregoing it is clear that the complicated internal situation in Bulgaria, bearing as it does very largely on Serbo-Bulgarian relations, has provided Moscow with local instruments. Any doubt on this point may be set at rest by the sentence in one of the Bolshevik documents captured by the Bulgarian authorities, in which it is explicitly stated that racial animosities between Serb and Bulgar and Greek are to be utilised to the full by the local agents of Moscow.

For the moment, thanks to the energetic measures taken by the Tsankoff Government and the conciliatory measures inaugurated by its successor, the Liaptcheff Government, the danger in Bulgaria has passed, but the elements for its renewal still remain in the undying Macedonian vendetta. M. Tsankoff fell from power and was succeeded by M. Liaptcheff this January for a number of reasons, including the necessity that a *régime* of conciliation should follow a *régime* of repression, but he also fell because his Macedonian supporters had become dissatisfied with the latest phase of his national policy. His action in appealing to the League instead of fighting the Greeks

during the recent Græco-Bulgarian frontier crisis, and his gestures of reciprocity towards the friendly advances of the Yugoslav Ministers at the last meeting of the League Council were stigmatised by the Macedo-Bulgar elements as signs of weakness. M. Liaptcheff has begun well by granting an amnesty to political offenders and in welcoming the Agrarian co-operation that M. Tsankoff had always refused, but it yet remains to be seen whether he will be able to escape wreckage on the Macedonian rock.

In Yugoslavia the principal local factor for Bolshevik exploitation was for long the Serbo-Croat dispute. The political differences between these two branches of the South Slav tree had reached a state of crisis when Moscow stepped in and promised support to M. Stephan Raditch, the Croat Peasant leader, and endeavoured to group with him the German, Hungarian and Albanian minorities and the so-called Macedonians of South Serbia. Stephan Raditch was, however, arrested, and subsequently threw in his allegiance with the constitutional parties of Yugoslavia. He is now Minister of Education in M. Pashitch's new Serb-Radical-Croat-Peasant Cabinet; and he recently played an important part in the Yugoslav delegation at the League of Nations. The Serbs and Croats have thus buried the hatchet which at one time threatened to become a useful weapon in the hands of the Bolsheviks.

With the entry of the Croats into the Yugoslav Government the Moscow plot fell to pieces. Some of the Macedonian leaders once placed high hopes in M. Raditch, and I remember warning them that their hopes were misplaced. I was always somewhat sceptical of M. Raditch's Bolshevik orientation. As a high Soviet official once remarked to a distinguished Continental journalist whom I know personally: "*M. Raditch n'est pas un bon Bolshevik.*" Here I would also like to cite the words of Dr. Rudolf Steinmetz-Sorodolski, the eminent Croatian economist, and a member of the present Yugoslav Debts Commission to the U.S.A., who said to me: "M. Raditch has realised the mistake of his tactics of last year."

Yugoslavia is now safe from Bolshevism, and I should not be surprised if she is destined to play the rôle of the

balancing factor in Balkan politics. One thing is certain: the Serbo-Croat *rapprochement* has erected a barrier against Bolshevik penetration not only in Yugoslavia but also, it may be, throughout the Balkans generally.¹

With regard to Albania, the Bolsheviks saw their chance in that once troubled land when Mgr. Fan Noli, the leader of the "Clericals," supported by the "Cligue" (military *camarilla*), turned Ahmed Bey Zogu out of office in 1924. Mgr. Noli, a well-meaning and enlightened man, promised

(1) Here I am able to give the true story of the famous Turko-Russian canard with regard to Turkey acting as the intermediary between Yugoslavia and the Soviets, which Tewfik Rusdi Bey, the Turkish Foreign Minister, circulated in Belgrade just after he had returned from Paris, where he had signed with M. Tchitcherin the Russo-Turkish Treaty. Rusdi Bey had heard in Paris that the Quai d'Orsay, anticipating the pending settlement of the Russo-French debt question, wished to suggest to the Belgrade Foreign Office the advisability of a Russo-Yugoslav understanding, either in the form of *de jure* recognition of the Soviet Government or *de facto* recognition on the basis of Slav democracy. Rusdi Bey seized upon this as a chance to pose as the appointed intermediary between M. Tchitcherin and M. Nintchitch. The latter's emphatic denial that Rusdi Bey was regarded in official Belgrade in this light fits in with the facts. Rusdi Bey had a double aim in acting as he did: to reassure Turkish public opinion that the Angora Government was obtaining new friends in the Mosul dispute and to create an effect in Downing Street of a not dissimilar nature—a tortuous policy which suggests that some of the atmosphere of the old Sublime Porte still survives at the new Angora. Actually, Yugoslavia will recognise the Soviets in due course, but immediate recognition is not envisaged at the Belgrade Foreign Office; and, although Turko-Yugoslav relations have become amicable since the settlement of the Ottoman debt dispute, the Government of M. Pashitch has no desire to offend against the susceptibilities of Geneva and London by recognising the Soviets prematurely through the agency of Turkey.

With Bulgaria we are on different ground. That country is in a weaker position *vis-à-vis* Soviet foreign policy and Bolshevik intrigue than is Yugoslavia, and the memory of the last Red outrage in Sofia dies hard. Furthermore, the Bulgars are not animated by philo-Russian sentiment as are the Serbs. The latter dislike the Bolshevik *régime*, but harbour a filial sentiment for Russia as the "great Slav mother." The Bulgars are inclined to be suspicious of Russia *qua* Russia, in addition to their dislike of the Soviet *régime*. M. Minkoff, when Bulgarian Minister at London, told Lord Grey in 1915 that Bulgaria would not fight on the side of the Central Powers because of the philo-Russianism of the Bulgarian people. Many years later M. Minkoff, as Secretary-General of the Bulgarian Foreign Office, told me that England had always made the mistake of regarding Bulgaria as the tool of Russian expansionism in the Near East, whereas in reality the Bulgars were ever suspicious of Russian aims. I am inclined to think that M. Minkoff's second statement is the more accurate.

a number of reforms which his militarist advisers prevented him from carrying into effect. In the face of a discontented populace Mgr. Noli sought to distract attention from home affairs by the inception of an aggressive pseudo-nationalist policy. He invited the Soviets to send a diplomatic representative to Albania, and M. Krakavatz was forthwith installed as Soviet Envoy at Tirana. This enterprising diplomat lost no time in playing a dual rôle. Through him Moscow supplied funds to the Albanian Kosovo Committee, which, from being an Albanian irredentist organisation, soon developed under its new masters into a base for Red propaganda amongst the Albanians in Yugoslavia. The head of this Committee was the late Bairem Tsour, who was also the head of the Government's irregular forces, the chief of the Kachacci (brigands), and Mgr. Noli's representative at the League of Nations.

In the meantime M. Krakavatz, whilst playing off Albania against Yugoslavia, was also fanning the flame of internal discontent, and the result was civil war. The Bolshevik plot failed because Ahmed Bey Zogu, the ex-Premier, led a successful counter-revolution and was installed as President of Albania. With his return to power amicable relations were resumed with Yugoslavia, the Kosovo Committee suppressed, and, in compliance with the request of the Belgrade Government, M. Krakavatz given his *congé*.

With regard to Greece and Roumania, Moscow pursued two distinct policies. In the case of Greece the plan was to stir up trouble in Greek Macedonia, where the settlement of Greek refugees from Asia Minor was causing friction with the "Bulgarophone" minorities, and where it was thought the activities of the local brigand bands could be linked up with the "Red" Macedonian bands whose headquarters are in the neighbourhood of Petritch. General Pangalos, the Greek "Dictator," cognisant of the Bolshevik activity at Salonika to which I referred at the beginning of this article, has created a special organisation for dealing with the "Red" Bureau at Salonika and its agents throughout Greek Macedonia, and he may be relied upon to deal with the Communists as drastically as he has

dealt with the Macedonian brigands. In the case of Roumania it was hoped to influence the peasants of Bessarabia by the establishment, on the Russian side of the border, of the so-called Moldavian Republic. This pseudo-nationalist propaganda has proved a failure, and the hopes of Moscow are now centred upon the "Red" army whenever the propitious moment for action presents itself.

Moscow has failed in all the Balkan States: in Yugoslavia because of the internal consolidation of the Triune kingdom; in Greece because of the energetic nationalist régime in that country; in Roumania because of the contentment of the Bessarabian peasant brought about by the Agrarian Reform; in Albania because of the return to power of constituted authority and the era of economic progress which Ahmed Zogu has incepted with British, Italian, and Yugoslav commercial co-operation; and in Bulgaria because of the various measures taken by the Bulgarian authorities. Moscow has failed; but that failure is regarded by the Bolshevik leaders only as a temporary defeat. So long as any local problems remain extant in the Balkans so long will the Bolsheviks find material ready to their hand.

This brings me back to my point about the internationalist and nationalist aims of the Bolshevik propaganda. The former is well known, but I doubt whether it is sufficiently appreciated by the generality of my countrymen that Bolshevik Russia, as I stated at the beginning of this article, is also pursuing a nationalist policy, a policy of Eastern penetration similar to that pursued by the Tsarist Governments—but with this difference, that whereas the old Imperial Governments wished to maintain contact with the West whilst at the same time penetrating eastwards, the present régime in Russia, realising the comparative failure of its attempt to revolutionise the Western world through economic subversion, is tending more and more to concentrate its political energies upon penetration and expansionism in the Near, Middle, and Far East. Prof. Toynbee has drawn attention to this new Russian tendency to break moorings with the West, and Major

Philip Graves, the brilliant *Times* correspondent and authority upon the Near and Middle East, once expressed a similar thought to me by envisaging the possibility—remote, perhaps, but by no means impossible—of some great Mongolian Empire building up out of the *débris* of the old Russia and the chaos of the new. This eastern tendency is evident both in the broad sweep of Soviet foreign policy and in the minutiae of the work of the oriental section of the Third International. It is not in any way effected by the endeavours of Soviet Russia, *qua* Russia, to gain recognition in Western Europe and the financial advantages that would follow such recognition.

The Balkans constitute now, even as they did in the days of the old Eastern question, the highway to the Middle East. From the Russian standpoint, therefore, the Balkan Peninsula will ever remain a factor of prime importance in her schemes for Eastern expansionism. What the Germans call the *Drang Nach Indien* is for ever at the back of the Russian mind; but between Russia and that coveted goal there remains the problem of those territories which stretch from the Danube to the Straits. This truism is proven out of the mouth of Trotsky himself, who in a recent declaration stated, "We shall forge a chain of Soviet republics up to the very gates of India." That chain is to have as its links the Balkan States, the Middle Eastern mandated territories, Persia, Afghanistan, the Central Asiatic federated Soviet republics, etc.—and then the much coveted jewel on the end of the chain: India! The Bolshevik leaders themselves have been at no pains to hide their intentions. Their own utterances, official or otherwise, supply the evidence and point the moral: look after the Near and Middle East and the Far East will look after itself. The road to Bagdad and the gates of India should be barricaded in the Balkan Peninsula.

It is clear, then, that something much older—and more purely political—than Marxian Socialism is accountable for the persistent penetrative policy of modern Russia in those parts of Europe—*le Proche Orient*—which I have sketched in this article. It is also clear that this pene-

trative policy will remain a menace so long as ages-old questions like the Macedonian question remain for exploitation.

What can Western Europe do to modify the danger? Little, perhaps, yet the position is not entirely hopeless.

The suggestions for a Balkan "Locarno" Pact, which are at present receiving the favourable consideration of responsible Balkan statesmen, would, if carried into effect, go a long way towards removing the causes of inter-state friction which provide Moscow with the local tinder from which to kindle a blaze. Also, there is the League of Nations. The strengthening of the influence of the League in the Balkan sphere and, conversely, the strengthening of the Balkan representations at Geneva would also greatly help to consolidate the existing order of society in those parts against the subversive activities of the Bolsheviks. But, above all, what is wanted is a greater understanding in Western Europe of the problems which beset the Balkan States and a greater sympathy with the efforts which these States are making towards the realisation of their potentialities. The moral forces which exist in this respect should in the long run prove too strong for the forces of subversion and retrogression.

IS DISARMAMENT POSSIBLE?

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

THE war, by shattering the greatest military Power in the world, destroyed the illusion that the security of nations rests on armaments. It proved, on the contrary, that the old adage, "If you wish to keep the peace, prepare for war," was the most dangerous advice which a nation could take. For it led to a competition in armaments which imposed such an intolerable burden on all the nations, and created such rivalries and jealousies, that sooner or later war became inevitable. We now see that one of the root causes of the great catastrophe which overtook the world in 1914 was the very immensity of the armaments in which the nations hoped to find their security. They created a dominant military caste in Europe which exercised a powerful influence over the policy of the Governments of the nations which were engaged in the mad race to outbid one another in the production of the most efficient military machine. Whatever theory we may hold as to the origin of the war, whether we maintain that Germany, dazzled by a belief in the invincibility of her army, precipitated war, or that Austria or Russia were the first to take the headlong plunge to destruction, no one can deny that the situation created by the piling up of armaments placed all Europe on the slippery slope that led to war.

There was no excuse for the victorious nations to continue this system after the war when Germany was compelled to disarm, the Austro-Hungarian Empire was dismembered, and the army of Bulgaria was reduced to a mere police force. And yet if we look round Europe to-day we find nation after nation still armed to the teeth. France has a peace establishment of 660,000 men, including her coloured troops; Italy, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugo-Slavia, and Rumania could between them place several millions of men in the field. Poland alone could mobilise a million men. Europe, including Russia, with the excep-

tion of Germany and her former allies, is an armed camp; this means a vast expenditure by countries which can ill afford it.

If these armaments are not reduced the old racial hatreds and rivalries will assert themselves again, and once more the peace of Europe will be threatened by a competition in armaments. For Germany, as Mr. Lloyd George warned the Peace Congress at Versailles in 1919, will never submit to be permanently disarmed if her former enemies insist on keeping her within this ring of steel.

"To my mind," he wrote in the very remarkable memorandum which he privately circulated to the Prime Ministers at Versailles on the necessity of a just and far-sighted peace with Germany, "it is idle to endeavour to impose a permanent limitation of arms on Germany unless we are prepared similarly to impose a limitation on ourselves." He recognised that until Germany and Russia had given practical proof that they had no intention of embarking on military crusades against their neighbours, the League of Nations should preserve a sufficient force to preserve the liberties of the world. He insisted at the same time that if the League were to present a united front to the forces of reaction and revolution its State members must arrive at an agreement for the reduction of armaments in their own countries which would at any rate make it impossible for them to regard one another with suspicion. The first condition of success for the League was, therefore, a firm understanding between the United States of America, the British Empire, and France and Italy that there would be no competition between them in the creation of armies and fleets. Mr. Lloyd George was right when he said that unless this agreement could be arrived at the League of Nations would be a mockery and a sham, for failure to disarm would rightly be regarded as a proof that its principal promoters and patrons reposed no confidence in the League. "Not until the League agreed," he wrote, "to a reduction of armaments would its future and authority be assured." He particularly insisted on the danger of the smaller nations being allowed to organise and maintain large conscript armies, for that would lead

to boundary wars, and all Europe might be drawn into the quarrels of the Balkans again.

"Unless we secure this universal limitation of armaments," concluded Mr. Lloyd George, "we shall achieve neither lasting peace nor the permanent limitation of German armaments which we seek to impose." Unfortunately, he did not secure it, any more than he obtained a peace based on justice and free from all causes of exasperation and bitterness. But, however far he fell short of his own vision of the reconstruction of Europe, for the failure of the League in the matter of disarmament he can hardly be blamed, because he counted above all on the support of the United States, which, unhappily for Europe, withdrew from the League.

But now that America has consented to send a representative to a preliminary conference on disarmament, and Germany has also agreed to take part in it, we may hope that the Governments concerned will at last adopt a definite scheme to carry out the limitation of armaments provided for in Article 8 of the Covenant which the League, to do it justice, has endeavoured to carry into effect. One of its first acts was the establishment of the permanent Mixed Commission to advise the Council on the subject, which thus provided the machinery for carrying out the duties imposed on it by the Covenant. The Commission, indeed, drew up a scheme of disarmament which was incorporated in the Draft Treaty of Mutual Guarantees, and had the Protocol of Geneva been accepted it was to have been followed by an international conference on disarmament. The Assembly of the League has again and again insisted on the danger of armaments to the peace of Europe, the Fourth Assembly declaring that if the Treaty of Mutual Guarantees were accepted it should be followed by a conference on disarmament, and the Fifth Assembly attaching a similar condition to the ratification of the Protocol of Geneva. Moreover, the League has given its serious attention to the question of controlling the private manufacture of arms.

Everyone who was present at Geneva at the time will remember how eloquently Mr. Ramsay MacDonald

insisted on the necessity for disarmament as the first condition for the security of Europe against war. And although the French maintained that they must have guarantees of security before they could disarm, after the Treaty of Locarno they so eagerly took the lead in pressing on the Council the urgent necessity of summoning a conference, that for the moment the British spokesmen at Geneva appeared to be left in the background. But Lord Cecil's argument was sound that the ground should be carefully prepared before an international conference was called, because the League could not, in his opinion, run the risk of another failure to reach an agreement on the limitation of armaments.

Great Britain has, indeed, given a proof of her good faith in the matter of disarmament by accepting the Washington agreement for a limitation of the number and size and gun power of her capital ships. She has agreed to abandon the two-Power standard in this respect in spite of the fact that France has insisted on increasing her submarines and auxiliary craft, which are supposed to be the most dangerous enemy of the battleship. Both as regards submarines and aircraft, of which the French have more than the British, the Government of this country would have been willing to come to an agreement which would have led to a limitation of these weapons of war.

When, therefore, the French accused the British delegation at Geneva last year of trying to put a brake on the League's efforts to secure disarmament they were on slippery ground. For it was not, indeed, our fault that naval armaments were not dealt with in a far more drastic fashion at the Washington Conference, or that the question of land armaments was not considered at the same time. This Conference had, of course, nothing to do with the League, and since then both ourselves and the United States have adopted the view that naval armaments should be considered separately. On this point difficulties are likely to arise, for France, supported by Italy and Japan, takes the opposite view that naval and military armaments should be dealt with at the same time. This, however, strengthens the British argument that the next inter-

national conference should not be hurried, but that the different Governments concerned should arrive at a preliminary understanding as to what they mean by armaments and their limitation, and that a careful examination should be made of the technical and scientific questions which lie at the root of the problem, before the League summons a conference.

The British view has prevailed, and it is now to be left to the Council of the League to determine when the time is ripe to summon the final conference on the reduction of armaments, the object of which will be to produce an agreed scheme. In the meantime the preliminary Preparatory Commission is to get to work in April or May. To those who believe in the urgent need of dealing with the problem of a limitation of armaments the fact that the United States have accepted an invitation to this preliminary Commission is a great encouragement. For America will thus make her voice heard in the great forum of the nations at Geneva, and she has signified her intention of making her influence felt in a debate which is of primary importance for the peace of the world.

It is unfortunate that the Union of Soviet Republics should have a private quarrel with the Swiss Government which, in their opinion, prevents them sending a representative to the Preparatory Commission. For so long as Russia holds aloof and takes no step to reduce her forces the problem of a general reduction of European armaments will be difficult to solve. None of the neighbouring States will dare to reduce their armies until Russia disarms. But the postponement of the conference, which was originally fixed for February 15th, will, it is hoped, give France time to use her good offices in arranging the dispute between Russia and Switzerland which arises out of the murder of Vorowski, a Russian subject, at Lausanne in 1921. The other Powers of Europe will then be able to test the sincerity of Russia in proclaiming her desire to disarm.

But whether Russia attends the preliminary conference or not, it is important that it should be held. For only by this means can progress be made towards a general

agreement, and the discussion should do a great deal to clear the air.

It is, above all, necessary that we should grasp the truth that so long as the problem remains unsettled and Europe continues to pile up her armaments the very existence of the League will be imperilled. For the Covenant of the League presupposes a state of society in which the appeal is to reason and not to force. In a world bristling with bayonets there can be neither goodwill nor a desire for peace. Neither the Rhineland Pact nor the spirit of Locarno will endure unless the signatory nations agree to reduce their armaments and lay aside the fears, suspicions, and national antagonisms which a competition in armaments provokes. But how is this to be done unless the nations can be persuaded that their security will not be menaced by disarmament? Here we touch the root of the problem, which presupposes a measure of moral disarmament, that is to say a change of heart and mind in the attitude of nations to one another. Such an idea is entirely new to a world in which international relations have been governed by the ultimate appeal to force, and in which the security of nations was perilously poised on the balance of power. It is exceedingly difficult to rid the Continental nations of this idea, or to convince them that the lesson which they must learn from the Great War is, that in armaments there is no real security, but that they tend, on the contrary, to produce those very evils which they are meant to prevent. Many Frenchmen still think of the Treaty of Locarno as a pact which strikes a balance of power in their favour. The German Nationalist desires to see the other nations disarmed because he hopes that when the scale of armed forces has been adjusted German diplomacy will once more count in the world, the balance of force being equal. The Continent, in fact, still persists in thinking in terms of pre-war mentality, and when the British press for disarmament on moral grounds they are regarded with suspicion. For now that the German fleet has been destroyed Great Britain, it is argued, can afford to use fine phrases about the necessity of other nations disarming if the peace of the world is to be preserved. She has got all the security which she needs, and her

vaunted morality in reducing her Navy to the One Power Standard for capital ships in regard to the United States is regarded as nothing but British hypocrisy.

Indeed, the first difficulty which will arise in the discussions at Geneva when the Preparatory Disarmament Commission meets is the French demand, supported by Italy and Japan, that naval and military armaments should be considered integral parts of the same problem. The British and American Governments, which prefer to keep these two branches of armaments separate, may well protest that it was not their fault that at the Washington Conference a great deal more was not done to reduce naval armaments. Nevertheless, although Great Britain has proved her desire for a limitation of armaments by reducing the number of her capital ships and cutting her army to the pre-war standard, the cry will still be heard that she should make a further contribution if other nations are to reduce their land forces. It can be met by Great Britain and the United States promising to hold another conference on naval armaments and accepting the condition that the results of the land and naval conferences shall become operative at the same time.

In any event, the postponement of the consideration of naval armaments need not prevent a Preparatory Commission from meeting to consider the question of land armaments. Several Commissions will probably be necessary before any result is achieved, for the questions which the preliminary inquiry has to solve are of a most baffling and perplexing kind.

The Commission has, in the first place, to decide what is to be understood by the question "armaments," as applied to land and sea. This, the first of the eight questions addressed to the Commission by the Council of the League, is accompanied by a footnote suggesting the ground which should be explored to arrive at an answer:

(a) Definition of the various factors—military, economic, geographical, etc.—upon which the power of a country depends in time of war. (b) Definition and special characteristics of the various factors which constitute the armaments of a country in time of peace; the different categories of armaments—military, naval, and air—the methods of recruiting, training, organisations capable of immediate military employment, etc.

The discussions of the Council in December on these points suggest the extraordinary difficulty of reaching an agreement on what to the uninitiated might appear to be a simple issue.

A comparison of the peace armaments of the nations, that is to say, the number of men that could be placed in the field and the strength of the armies in gun power and aircraft, as an index of their comparative striking power, would appear an obvious way out of the difficulty. But this would satisfy no one on the Continent but the Germans. The Preparatory Commission will therefore be involved in a searching investigation of different methods of training, recruitment, and organisation. It will be asked to estimate the exact fighting value of the small long-service German army as compared with the larger armies of the countries where conscription is in force. Many baffling factors concerning organisation and rapidity of mobilisation, the comparative value of weapons, and the training of the man behind the gun will come into these calculations.

But these questions will be as child's play to the problem set to the Commission in the second question addressed to it: "Is it possible to limit the ultimate war strength of a country, or must measures of disarmament be confined to the peace armaments?"

"What is meant," continues the question, "by the reduction or limitation of armaments?" This point raises the sharp difference of opinion which exists between the British and French points of view on the whole problem of disarmament. In the note attached to the question the representatives of the twenty-nine States assembled in Geneva will be invited to consider the different forms which the reduction should take and their advantages or inconveniences. Small wonder that Dr. Benes declared in his report to the Council in December that the problem of a reduction of armaments bristled with difficulties, or that the Council, having invited the Commission to enter on the task, should ask it at the same time to discover what principles should be followed in comparing the armaments of one country with another.

IS DISARMAMENT POSSIBLE?

Take another conundrum: "Is there a distinction between offensive and defensive armaments so that they should be placed in different categories for the purpose of comparison?" It is quite obvious what is in the French mind in insisting that such a question should be put to the Commission. But it really leads nowhere, for what nation will admit that its armaments have an aggressive character? The problems which the eight questions addressed to the Commission raise are in reality evidence of the extreme nervousness with which the French and the countries of Eastern and South-Eastern Europe regard the proposal that they should reduce their armaments.

I do not share the view that they are deliberately designed by France and her satellites to involve the Commission in such a cloud of confusion that it will never emerge from it with a coherent plan for disarmament. But American opinion is growing suspicious as to the sincerity of the French, and on the face of it these questions have the appearance of having been drawn up with the intention of raising unnecessary difficulties. They represent a compromise between the British and the French point of view, in which the British spokesman on the Council, Lord Cecil, had a very difficult part to play, for the majority of the Council favoured the French view.

The crux of the matter is the French demand for an investigation into the ultimate war strength of nations. This, as Lord Cecil pointed out, would lead to no practical result, because it is impossible by any procedure of international negotiation to limit the economic and industrial resources of a country. Moreover, the enquiry would be endless, and might well lead to dangerous friction between the various nations concerned.

But the French reply to this is that, since all the resources of a country, including its untrained man-power and industrial output, would be thrown into the scales of war, their value from the military point of view must be assessed. Otherwise, if France were to disarm to the same degree as Germany as far as visible armaments were concerned, she would have no security, because Germany, with

ner larger man-power and superior industrial organisation, would in a few months prove to be a far stronger military power.

This sounds logical, but, apart from all other criticism, the plan has one fatal objection to it, that there is no competent authority which could decide the comparative value of these ultimate factors in war, even if it were possible to limit them and control them. No country would agree that its industrial efficiency or economic resources should be regarded as a reason for permitting its neighbour to retain larger military forces. To try to reach an agreement on these lines will rouse latent national antagonisms and suspicions to fever point.

But the Preparatory Commission has been asked to decide between the two points of view, and the future of the whole question of disarmament may depend on the answer which it gives. For neither Great Britain nor the United States will consent to be drawn into what British and American hold to be a meaningless investigation, which, besides darkening counsel, might end in exciting violent passions. But the ease with which the French secured the postponement of the Preparatory Commission suggests that their voting strength on it will prove superior to British or American wishes if this question is put to the test.

If the Germans, who have been invited to attend the Commission, range themselves on the British and American side, that will not make the French less inclined to give way. It will require all the tact and discretion for which British diplomacy is justly famed, to prevent the Commission from reaching a deadlock on this conflict of opinion. But the Commission, although it will not be less representative of the nations than the International Conference for which it is to prepare the ground, has, as its name suggests, no need to come to a hasty conclusion on any of the vexed issues submitted to it. France has most certainly no desire to be placed in the invidious position of appearing to block the way to an agreement on the reduction of armaments by insisting on an inquiry which, in the British and American view, could lead to no result and might do a great deal of mischief.

At the same time an effort must be made to understand the French reasoning, which is honestly inspired by fear of the larger population, greater resources and superior industrial efficiency of Germany. How this fear may be removed so that France may take the real path of safety by a reduction of her armaments and enable a general agreement on this question to be arrived at which will prevent the competitive race in armaments that assuredly leads to war from starting again, is the problem which has to be solved. Perhaps a scheme will be evolved by which the League will be entrusted with the duty of providing not only military but economic support to the victim of aggression. Article 16 of the Covenant will presently be in the melting-pot, owing to the assurance which was given to Germany in the Treaty of Locarno that it would be amended to meet the German objection to the automatic economic blockade. It may possibly provide the machinery for dealing with the French argument that if a nation is to reduce its armaments account must be taken in striking the balance of visible forces of the ultimate latent war strength of other nations in their natural resources and industrial organisation. By using the machinery of Article 16, the League may be able to give the assurance that the economic and industrial resources of its members, as well as their existing military power, shall be mobilised for the defence of any country that is attacked.

The problem, like the settlement of the Reparation question and the political issues which were dealt with at Locarno, will take time and patience to solve. It brings us back to the root of the difficulty which faces the League in attempting to bring the nations to an agreement on the disarmament question, which is the distrust and fear which still brood over Europe. To dispel this is the important work that has yet to be achieved before real progress with the limitation of armaments can be made.

If Germany proves that when she has entered the League she has the will to co-operate loyally with her former enemies, and they show that they are prepared to treat her without prejudice on terms of equality, many of the difficulties which now stand in the way of a limitation of armaments will vanish. For the spirit of Locarno will

then prevail, and fear and distrust will yield to a sense of confidence and security. It is not the work of a Preparatory Commission to produce this state of feeling, this moral disarmament, as Lord Cecil called it, which is the necessary precursor to the reduction of guns and bayonets, tanks, aeroplanes and ships. It is because this feeling exists between ourselves and the United States that we have been able to dispense with nice calculations in the building of capital ships on either side of the Atlantic. The League cannot perform a miracle of appeasement until its individual members have learnt to trust one another in the same way. For this reason it may after all prove an advantage to the world that the Preparatory Conference, with its list of questions bristling with difficulties, should have been postponed for a time. For these very questions are a sign that the nations of Europe have not yet learnt to trust one another sufficiently to come to an agreement to limit their armaments.

Indeed, the outlook, in spite of the promise of Locarno, is not hopeful. For Germany, who considers that she has the right to press for general disarmament according to the implied pledge in the Treaty of Versailles that her enforced disarmament would be followed by that of her former enemies, is already being warned that she must accept the military statute imposed on her by her defeat. If this is to be the logic of Locarno, and the nations which have entered into the new Pact of Security with Germany insist on turning their backs on M. Briand's promise to extract the utmost from the Treaty of Locarno, and persist in maintaining their armed grip on the Rhineland according to the strict letter of the Treaty of Versailles, the Preparatory Disarmament Commission might as well postpone its task to the Greek Kalends.

This would undoubtedly please Signor Mussolini, who must all the time be smiling at the ridiculous idea that the world can be governed by anything but force. Indeed, Italy in her present mood is likely to prove a formidable obstacle to a general agreement on the question of armaments.

FACTORIES AND FARMS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

THE other day I happened to pick up on a second-hand bookstall a little work, entitled *The Recent Depression of Trade*, the date of which was 1880. Turning over its faded pages, I chanced upon this passage:

The leading industries of the country, especially those in iron and cotton, are in a miserable state of prostration. The demand for iron steamships has never been feebler; certainly their price was never lower than in the early part of last year. . . . The decay in our exports necessarily arouses the gravest solicitude. . . . While industry and trade have suffered thus deeply, the plight of agriculture has been perhaps yet worse. . . . The quantity of land under cereal cultivation has shown a diminution of 10 per cent. since 1869. . . . There has no doubt been a considerable development of industry in several foreign countries, especially America, Germany, France, and Belgium, which has caused those countries to be worse customers of ours than they used to be. . . . They are following at a great distance in our footsteps, imitating the vast development to which we attained years ago when we became the clothiers and ironworkers of the whole world. We certainly have no inalienable right to that position. We can only keep it by the qualities which won it for us, by indefatigable hard work, by skill, perseverance, and, above all, by good faith and harmonious working of masters and men. All these qualities are being undermined by the spirit of trades unionism. The good workman, the workman who made England what it is, took a pride in good work and in hard work. The modern workman, dominated by fear of his fellows, will not venture to put his heart into his work. It is not etiquette to do more than one is obliged. . . . Nor is the spirit of trades unionism confined to the men. It has infected the masters also. In many industries the quality of our goods is falling off. . . . If we take a rapid survey of the various nations of the world we shall find that the same cause has been at work among almost all of them in different shapes; they have been consuming too much and producing too little, and have, consequently, come to a condition of poverty and have nothing to spend on our wares.

It must strike anyone who comes across the above passage that precisely the same language is made use of to describe the economic plight of to-day. Nor is this the only parallel that the past provides; during a century or more of industrialism periods of acute depression have been frequent, and always the manifestations have been identical.

From this circumstance, the conclusion follows that

our civilisation is afflicted with a malady which up to the present has proved to be incurable. This conclusion is strengthened when we reflect that in between the periods of acute depression in the times that are called normal so much misery and poverty exists. The comparison so often made between present conditions and the much worse conditions that prevailed in former days, notably before the industrial revolution took place, offer little consolation. For poverty, like everything else, is relative, and as the aggregation of wealth grows so the consciousness of needs and inequalities is all the more painfully felt, while at the same time the mechanism of economic life becomes more complicated, and on that account all the more dependent for its survival upon the welfare and contentment of the masses. Consequently the perils that menace the modern world are of a far more serious character than those which threatened former societies, whose numbers were smaller and structure simpler. Because we have invented so much that is wonderful and inspiring; because our beggars cover up the holes in their garments with patches, and put shabby boots on their feet; because we are no longer savage cannibals who eat one another, but have set up colleges and schools which turn out educated and refined cannibals fitted for life, trained in the science of getting on—because of all these unique achievements we ought not to suffer the illusion that we have as yet created a civilisation that is superior to all others that have come and gone, one that contains within it the elements of permanence, or, for the matter of that, of even tolerable existence for the majority of people. And here one is tempted to put again the question which has always perplexed the mind of man: What is it that has made the life of all ages so depressing a failure? To-day we blame the factory system, the trade unions, and the indolence of the workers. But we know that in ancient civilisations, where they had no such factory systems, no trade unions, and forced labour was resorted to, things were no better. And we know, too, both from the experiences of the past and the evidences of the present that there is little to choose between the life of

the peasant and that of the town worker. If the one has many advantages over the other it has its drawbacks peculiar to itself; and consequently in neither is fullness of contentment possible. It would seem that the only solution is to establish a harmony between the two; to unite both town and country; to create, in a word, a new civilisation which shall be neither the one nor the other but both. This, I imagine, was the vision of Zoroastra, the farmer-prophet who lived many thousand years ago, and who worshipped the Sun, fire, lightning, and indeed every form of energy, from which it may be concluded that had he been with us to-day he would have been an enthusiastic advocate of all forms of modern progress, including the use of power resources, electrical and otherwise.

It is we who are the pagans, not the Zoroastrians of old. Whereas they paid reverence to the Sun as the source of life, we have criminally dissipated the gifts of the Sun, and thus of the Creator Himself. For how else is it possible to speak of the great arson of our age—the incendiary enthusiasm with which we have burnt up vast stores of sunshine treasured in the depths of the earth in the form of coal, and the crude, barbaric methods employed in so doing, the consequence of which has been to shut out the sunshine of the skies from the lives of millions of dwellers in crowded cities, thus depriving them of health, vitality, and optimism? In the teachings of Zoroastra we will find inspiration for the great tasks of reconstruction that lie before us. His were the days of prophecy; ours ought to be the days of fulfilment. His mystical and at the same time practical adoration of the Sun and of energy in all its forms was the true origin of modern science, which renders possible the subjection of power derived from natural sources to the service of man, and which in turn is destined to bring the amenities and advantages of the country to the town and those of the town to the country.

We begin to perceive now that it is no longer reasonable to believe that poverty must always be with us, that man must necessarily get his living by the sweat of his brow, and be meek and mild no matter what his fate may be, or

that to senseless drudgery must be given the dignity of labour. Has not the whole struggle of human existence, the whole story of human ingenuity, been one long, continuous revolt against this gloomy philosophy? For how otherwise can we account for the preference of most educated men for mental occupation rather than for physical labour; and the fact that ever since man was created he has sought to devise mechanical contrivances to save his muscles? The fallacy that work, no matter how hard and dirty, must be relished and honoured, has served its purpose and cannot survive too long. Soon we shall speak in a quite contrary sense. We shall say openly that hard and dirty work is what it is—loathsome and degrading. For everywhere a great transition that is to rid us of the need for it, and at the same time unite town and country, has begun. It is the distinguishing feature of the twentieth century, the logical continuation of a new epoch that was ushered in when the bombs of the Great War rained upon the slums of the European cities.

And now let us take a cinematic view of some of the plans fulfilled or contemplated, the aim of which is to bring about these momentous changes. America has accomplished great things. Her unexampled prosperity to-day is largely to be attributed to her immense exploitation of power resources, a further expansion of which on a colossal scale is projected. Leading engineers, supported by the authority of Mr. Hoover, are advocating a vast scheme of super-power highways destined to spread electrical energy to the remotest village. Numerous factories are being removed from the town to the country, and industrial communities established in rural surroundings, the idea being that farm life shall blend with town life, and that industrial workers shall become small landowners. In Germany, too, far-seeing plans are being carried out. The purpose of these plans is nothing less than to decentralise industry, to remove the factories out into the open field, and to equip agriculture with the technical efficiency that hitherto has been applied almost exclusively to industry. Much progress has already been made along these lines. Power is being distributed far and wide, electrical current has been

carried to thousands of farms, and the low temperature carbonisation of coal has been made a commercial success, the gas produced being conveyed in some instances a hundred miles or more. The development on so great a scale of electrical energy has facilitated the exploitation of the famous Haber nitrogen-fixation process. As a consequence vast quantities of nitrogen have been extracted from the air and applied to the soil, large areas of waste lands have been converted into fruitful fields, and Germany for the first time has become self-sufficient in food supplies. France is approaching the same goal through similar means. And what is more, the widespread development of electrical power has enabled her to make up for her deficiency in man-power. In almost every part of rural France networks of transmission lines have been erected or plans for their erection are contemplated. And the same story has to be related of almost every European country. Norway has been completely transformed. Smoke has been abolished; the use of electric light and electric power is almost universal. Little towns have sprung up in places that once were remote, and these little towns are described as clean and prosperous. And the long winter has lost much of its gloom and loneliness, for everywhere there is brightness and communications are widespread. Electrical energy as in Germany has made nitrogen fixation a commercial success, and has placed the enriching substance of the air within reach of the earth. Soon—very soon, it is anticipated Norway will be able to sustain her population in comfort, and the flow of migration to the United States will wholly cease. And what is happening in Norway is being repeated all over Europe, in Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, Italy, Bohemia: indeed, in all but the most backward countries the distribution of electrical current to the remotest village is an accomplished fact. In Japan, too, a similar development has set in. Having only a limited acreage of arable land, altogether insufficient for the needs of her rapidly expanding population, she has wisely resorted to the same remedy as that employed by France, who had the problem of dwindling population to overcome—the intensification of cultivation by means of

electrical methods. And the results have been remarkably successful up to the present.

From all these facts it is evident, I think, that we are in the presence of a world-wide transition, rendered possible by the amazing technical achievements of recent times, the ultimate effect of which will be completely to change the whole character of town and country life and bring the one into close relationship with the other; to render all the nations self-supporting in essential commodities, particularly foodstuffs, and this sooner than most people at present believe to be possible; to increase production and therefore wealth to an extent hitherto undreamt of; to diminish the need for human drudgery, and to spread light, heat, hygiene, and the means of communication to the darkest and remotest corners of the earth. No longer must we say that the electrical age is dawning, but rather that it has dawned.

I have alluded to the important developments that are taking place abroad. Let us see next what is happening in our own country. Several private electricity companies have supplied electric current to farmers, and a few others are contemplating extension of their transmission lines over a wide radius. The first municipal electricity supply undertaking to distribute current to the neighbouring rural area is that of Chester. Already thirty farms in this district have been "electrified," and it is expected that before long the number will be increased to five hundred. But, despite the bold and praiseworthy enterprise of these individual concerns, it cannot be said that as yet we have embarked seriously upon the task of electrifying agriculture. In this respect we lag far behind most European nations. Yet none other has greater need to act vigorously than we have. Our island is small and overcrowded, and the majority of our people are accustomed to live in urban surroundings, which they will not readily abandon for the country unless they find there the attraction of familiar environment. As time goes on the problem of providing sustenance for these masses of the towns will become increasingly difficult. For, as has already been said, aided by the enormous expansion of mechanical power, nations will accelerate their progress towards self-sufficiency with

the consequence that everywhere foreign trade will decline and England, dependent as she is upon overseas food supplies, will discover that the goods which hitherto she has exported to pay for them are no longer in demand. Already the first effect of this tendency is seen in the marked, and what will yet prove to be the permanent, diminution of our coal exports.

The solution seems obvious. As every other nation is scheming for self-sufficiency no alternative is left us save to do likewise. And that means that we must begin in earnest the decentralisation of industry, the electrification of agriculture, the extraction of nitrogen from the air, and the wide dispersal of power, both human and mechanical. But up to the present there is not the least indication that those who rule us have any conception of the true nature of the task that confronts them. There is much vague talk of reconstruction, a word of which we have grown heartily sick, but little is done. And never were vested interests more powerful in their resistance to innovation than they are to-day.

To get a complete picture of the confusion into which the whole business of the nation has fallen we have only to instance the Royal Commission on coal and its proceedings. Coal is the basis of life itself in these islands; its consumption is needed in the manufacture of every single commodity of which we make use. When it is dear all things are dear. And so long as it is dear there can be no hope of real economic recovery, and no hope of initiating power schemes for industry and agriculture such as are being carried out so successfully in other countries. The immediate problem, then, is to produce cheap coal. But how is this to be done? So far none of the witnesses before the Royal Commission have had any new idea to offer. Most of them have merely advocated the familiar plan of increased output by resort to longer working hours. But the troubles from which the coal industry is suffering are far too serious, far too deep-seated for a conventional remedy of this nature to have much effect. Rather than seek means of producing more coal under existing conditions we must endeavour to get the fullest possible economic value out of the coal that we already do produce,

vast quantities of which in the form of small coal is never shifted from the pit or its vicinity, while nearly all that which is marketed is consumed in a criminally wasteful manner. If this be possible not only the mineowners but everyone will gain, for the extraction of the full value out of coal and its consumption with strict regard to economy will not only stimulate and cheapen its production but the production of everything that the community needs. That it is possible is no longer to be doubted. What has made it so is low temperature carbonisation, and powdered fuel. In regard to the former it need only be said that in America it is accepted as a commercial success by Henry Ford and other great firms; that in Germany the Stinnes enterprise is successfully working a plant on a commercial scale, and that other equally well-known firms believe low temperature carbonisation to be commercially successful. Concerning powdered coal, any amount of favourable evidence is available. In America, Germany and France vast quantities of inferior grade coal are consumed in this form, the result being high efficiency, abolition of the smoke nuisance, and an economy of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. on the fuel bill. It might perhaps be objected that drastic changes in plant would have to be effected before the same could be done here; but would it not be better for the State to assist manufacturers to defray the cost of these changes by lending them money on easy terms rather than permit the coal industry, and, indeed, all industries, to suffer decline?

Experts say that low temperature carbonisation of coal combined with the use of the residue in powdered form would enable electricity to be produced in this country at a price rivalling that of electricity produced from water-power abroad. Here we have one explanation of the hostility of the gas interests to the new process. Another explanation is that low temperature carbonisation produces, among other things, a quantity of rich gas of which the gas companies could make good use for the production of power and other purposes. But they are reluctant to go to the necessary trouble and expense of erecting new plant. Instead their witness goes before the Royal Com-

mission and has the impertinence to say that low temperature carbonisation has ceased to interest the scientific world in Germany. It is true that the same witness admitted that the Stinnes firm had attained success with their process, but he added that in this country we had large quantities of good coal for gas works, steam-raising and domestic purposes, thus inferring that any effort to increase the value of low grade coal, much of which is at present entirely wasted, was altogether unnecessary. Could the philosophy of thriftlessness be better stated? No thought for the morrow; no thought even for to-day. In America the gas undertakings have adopted a less suicidal policy. To protect their own interests, as well as to serve those of the public, they supply electricity as well as gas for light, heat, and power purposes. And both in America and in Germany gas is transmitted through pipe lines over great distances; from the former country it is even exported to Canada. But the gas companies here prefer to put their faith in publicity rather than in enterprise. And the same has to be said of the coalowners, whose attitude to low temperature carbonisation is much the same as that of the gas interests. Meanwhile the Royal Commission—"this unfortunate Commission," as one of its own members said of it—is obviously suffering from the effects of mystification, and everything is at a standstill except the subsidy. And all because those who are producing coal and those who are consuming it on a large scale do not want to incur the preliminary trouble and expense of increasing its value and preventing its waste; thus the majority of people are condemned to congregate in smoke-ridden towns and to engage in laborious work, much of which might be lightened if cheap power were as available as it should be in a progressive community.

A LABOUR-LIBERAL PACT

BY JAMES CORBETT

THERE is a definite move on the part of politicians to bring about a working agreement between Labour and Liberal groups. Certain negotiations are going on in secret, conversations are taking place behind the scenes, political wires are being pulled, and it is obvious, even to the outsider, that a concordat of understanding is being reached between two important parties. It is doubtful whether an actual coalition will be realised, and there is no prospect of Liberalism being swallowed alive, for each party will cling to strong distinctive tendencies, but a definite pact will be established within three months. Many observers are looking forward to this pact. Nothing has been more predestined than an agreement of this kind. It has long been felt, with certain provisos granted, that the divergence of outlook was not acute, that a bridge of *rapprochement* would be ultimately reached.

The pact is foreheralded owing to the realities of the Parliamentary situation. But let there be no misunderstanding. It is not aimed at with the deliberate object of defeating the Conservatives, although that may be a natural inspirational motive, but the cardinal desire is to bring about a fusion of political thought. Complete fusion will not be reached for a few years; but a temporary compromise is imperative, and we have to ask why the hatchet is being buried in this fashion. One fundamental reason explains the course of political events. A three-party system is becoming anathema to the nation. It has never meant anything but coalition and misunderstanding, and the British electorate will never be satisfied with a coalition. The pact aimed at will be stronger than a coalition. It will represent a rational harmony between two conflicting groups. That will be sufficient for the dull-witted elector. The second reason for fusion is owing to the general disillusionment. Labour has definitely severed itself from Communism, and the Liberals

have taken a significant step towards the Left. Formidable barriers have still to be broken down, but demolition has commenced.

Let us throw the searchlight of inquiry into this process of demolition. One reason given for the Labour desire to coalesce with the Liberals is the growing fear of a Labour split, and the knowledge that a good many Labour supporters in the provinces have drifted to the extreme Left. A great deal depends upon this new relation between Liberalism and Labour. On the co-operation of these two forces, or on their direct hostility towards each other, may depend the fate of the Progressive movement in the political life of the nation. We are at present living under a great Conservative majority, but it is often forgotten that this majority rests upon a foundation of sand. As a matter of fact, it represents only a minority of votes polled at the election, and had a pact existed between Liberalism and Labour, the Conservative Party would have been defeated.

There are many who think that the question of an alliance with Labour will be settled by the disappearance of the Liberal Party. But it is very difficult to dispose of a national party in that manner, particularly a party to whose political principles a great section of the nation is still passionately attached. In this regard Labour leaders must not jump at any false or premature conclusion, because it will only end in complete disillusionment. One thing is certain. Allied, Liberalism and Labour will hold the field against all groups, because such a definite alliance would be the strongest power in the State; but divided they represent nothing but impotence and instability. There could never be any question of Liberal absorption in the Labour group. It would be an inexcusable blunder for Professor Gilbert Murray, or, indeed, anyone else, to think that the Labour Party was committed to an extreme form of Socialism, just as Liberalism cannot be termed the uncompromising enemy of any form of Socialism that has practical utility.

Let us remember that the whole tendency of modern social legislation—and the Conservative Party is partly

to blame for what has occurred—is towards increasing the responsibility of State control. It is a task in which Liberals have been strenuously engaged for generations. In this respect Labour has led the pace with tremendous energy, but if the more extreme elements are inclined to go a good deal farther than is warranted by common sense, Labour leaders have shown no inclination to follow their wild example. Foreign policy is always a most important field of survey, and in regard to the government of subject or “mandated” peoples, both Liberalism and Labour are working in sympathetic agreement at the present moment, just as they are allied on many other social problems nearer home. Again, both Liberals and Conservatives must always feel indebted to the Labour Party for drawing attention to the social conditions of the poor, and Liberals should be eager to co-operate in lifting the weight of this secular evil.

The real difficulty, perhaps, lies in the constitution of the Labour Party itself, which rests not on a national, but a trade union basis, and partly on the existence of an extreme party opposed to a moderate policy. These are not arguments against co-operation. They are reasons for a signing of the pact by prudent leaders. We recall that a similar coalition was attempted in 1923 and failed. But it failed from preventable causes, from misunderstanding and blundering, from a lack of “give and take” in the earlier stages. With the experience of those mistakes in mind, and their tragic consequences, a more successful attempt will be made within the next few months.

First of all, there will have to be a definitely agreed programme, and a more perfect arrangement for daily consultation in the event of difficulty or crisis, but, subject to these things being done beforehand, there is no reason why a highly successful Government should not be established on this basis. There is the further difficulty of a Liberal Government depending on Labour support. But the old order has been reversed, and Liberals will have to accept, with the best grace possible, the dismal fact that they are in a woeful minority. Mr. Gilbert Murray and the *Nation* prefer a closer combination on the Con-

tinental model. That is a hazardous proposal, and it is one that suggests a variety of difficulties. So close an amalgamation in office automatically suggests a unified plan of electoral organisation. That scheme might be possible in a land of proportional representation, but as it implies an armistice in all the constituencies would it be possible to achieve the results of P.R. without the machinery?

There is another huge difficulty to be overcome. The Labour Party for some reason is under the suspicion of being a class party, and that caste feeling must be finally and completely dispelled. Let there be no misapprehension. Liberalism is certainly not desiring to place itself under any banner of Socialism. It has never sought to swallow this unholy gospel. It has repudiated so-called political Socialism in the strongest possible terms, and just as it realises that Karl Marx was an absolute impostor in the realm of economics, so will it fight to the death anything like State control over industry.

Why, then, are Liberals leaning affectionately towards the Labour group? Simply because Labour is already manifesting a repugnance to Socialism. Political Socialism is vastly different from the ideal Socialism of Christ. The Socialism of the Labour Party, reduced to concrete reality, is deliberate sectional selfishness, and the devil take the hindmost. Consider, for instance, the challenge of nationalisation that has just been formulated by the miners, or rather by the official Secretary of the miners. That is nothing but a cruel chimera. It is not necessary for the Duke of Northumberland to write a diatribe against nationalisation. The miners themselves are dissatisfied with the policy, because they know instinctively that State control is no solvent; that a hideous bureaucracy of Government mining officials does not spell freedom; that the national purchase price would not recoup the depreciation of mining profits.

But there is another significant factor. We know that there is no finality about nationalisation. The next step would be the confiscation of the railways—for it amounts to that—and soon every industry in the land would be

nationalised. With what object in view? Not Socialism in a political sense, but a crude, crass Syndicalism, representing nothing less than the tyrannical rule of selfish industrial groups. The mines for the miners, the railways for the railwaymen, the docks for the dockers! What a vista of splendid generosity on the part of the Syndicalists! Yet what a tragedy of short-sightedness in a community of reputedly sensible electors! To write in a paradoxical vein, the wise men of the Labour Party are no fools. Labour has definitely discarded Communism. It is quite on the cards, even within a comparatively short period, that Labour will eventually discard and disavow Socialism. This, obviously, is why the Liberals are leaning towards Labour. They see the re-birth and renaissance of the Labour group, and are sympathetic in the fight towards sanity that Labour politicians are making against extremism.

Liberals, on the other hand, realise that extinction is inevitable unless they are ranged within a new Labour group. Liberal leaders have blundered in the past, but it was exceedingly difficult to forecast events in a post-war period, and, apart from these facts, there is an ugly suspicion that certain men were not big enough to make provision for the future. Mr. Lloyd George will be forgiven much, yet some narrow-minded people think he will never be pardoned for coalition with the Conservatives. By that act—probably the most dramatic and stupendous for a generation—he severed the Liberal group into two separate, distinct entities, and the surgical operation to reunite the sundered body has been superhuman, if not futile. Some critics aver it would have been better if Mr. Lloyd George had burned his boats!

But every historian will agree that coalition, during a war period, is imperative, and, despite all his faults and the political principles he apparently surrendered, it must be granted that "the little Welshman" made a mighty battle to win the war, and win it with the united co-operation of all ranks! He succeeded in that titanic task, and we should like to read the names of the politicians who can afford to throw stones! Indeed, whilst on this topic, no

other statesman than Mr. Lloyd George has come through the welter of war to remain still a potential star in the political firmament. The indomitable energy of this singular "Welsh wizard" is superb. The nation can ill afford to pay anything but ungrudging admiration to the man who stood at the helm during an unparalleled and unforgettable national crisis. Since the war Mr. Lloyd George, if the truth is to be told, has never sought for political leadership, but he has certainly searched and struggled for loyalty and unity with all his strength.

Let us be quite clear on the next point. This pact with the Labour group does not necessarily mean leadership for Mr. Lloyd George. To draw a bow at a venture, Mr. Lloyd George, with a definite policy of moderation agreed upon, would be quite content to serve under Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. J. H. Thomas, or any other Labour leader, just as, in a Liberal sense, he has signified his willingness to serve under Lord Oxford. He realises that unity is more imperative than leadership, that economic prosperity is more urgent than Utopian schemes, and unless unity is achieved reconstruction is only a mirage! The pact between the two groups will not remain insurmountable. It will demand careful draughtsmanship, skilful negotiation, unique courage. But it means a certainty.

There are many points of agreement between the two groups. It is admitted that conflicting views may be entertained about the land policy, but there is a common denominator of feeling that the land must be free for the nation, and not kept as a game preserve for landlords, nor for the purpose of exploiting industrial areas and rushing rents to prohibitive prices. Mr. Lloyd George is advocating, somewhat along French lines, an enterprising policy of peasant proprietorship, of small holdings, of intensive cultivation, whilst Mr. MacDonald simply goes a step further and suggests resettlement in groups of twenty. The actual number is insignificant. The cardinal necessity is cultivation of the land. As we have already hinted, there is absolute unanimity between Liberal and Labour politicians concerning foreign policy. There is a general desire for disarmament in the universal sense, for the inclu-

sion of Russia as a working factor amongst the nations, and for the League to be a reality and not a political convenience. Germany's entry into the League will conclude the work commenced at Locarno, but Locarno is only a beginning to further effort, and there must be a general endeavour for the pacification of the world. A species of war continues so long as we maintain the present relations between Britain, Russia, and Turkey. The Mosul settlement was no settlement, and the extrication of Britain from Middle Eastern entanglements, and the renewal of a firm and friendly understanding with Turkey, are just as paramount and necessary as they were before the League pronounced its decision. A settlement with both Turkey and Russia is imperative.

Agreement is being approached with regard to the housing question, and both groups feel that the problem must be solved within a few months. There is recognition of the fact that there has been procrastination in this respect; that reconstruction means comfort and happiness for the people; that dens, garrets, and slums must be eliminated, and that any further delay in dealing with the housing problem may mean a social upheaval within six months. There is also uniformity of outlook with regard to pension schemes, to more extensive forms of contributory insurance against ill-health and unemployment, to the more complete advancement of the community in the individual sense. There will be no serious quarrel between the groups in anything appertaining to the amelioration of the working classes.

A quiet determination is growing that unemployment can be lessened by a Labour-Liberal combination in the House of Commons. The Conservatives have talked about extensive development schemes for months; about the electrification of vast industrial undertakings; about afforestation, canal reconstruction, and transport reform; but it has all been talk. A Labour-Liberal bloc will translate talk into positive action. It is felt by both parties that complete recognition of Russia will be a mighty factor with regard to solving the unemployment problem. It is realised on the Progressive side that the internal and chaotic condition of Russia offers immense scope for

British enterprise, initiative, and credit. Our Foreign Office recognition of Russia must be extended to active commercial relationship and goodwill. With regard to nationalisation, it is felt by the wise men of both parties that this subject can only be dealt with by a political coalition of the Left. It is also conceded that extremists will be countered in a most effective manner when they are confronted with a strong concerted body of intelligent political opinion. Both groups recognise that nationalisation means a return of Russian bureaucratic methods, and bureaucracy must be avoided like the plague.

Reverting for a moment to the building industry, there is a deplorable attempt to dictate terms of employment and unemployment. That attempt is based on an insufferable monopoly of power. It is another of those tyrannical trade union mandates which is becoming more and more a handicap to industrial progress. There is no question of capital or labour involved. In the meantime, we have people herded together like cattle who might be living in health and comfort, with proper housing accommodation. The building industry has sufficient work on its hands for the next generation, yet engineers to-day are drawing the "dole" instead of wages. There is no excuse for such monstrous tyranny and brutal selfishness on the part of the building unions. We are beginning at last to learn the lesson of efficiency. What a great many writers have been saying for years is now being repeated on political platforms and at company meetings. Efficiency is the vital necessity. It is demanded in increasing degree from both capital and labour, and joint investigations into costs other than wages have confirmed our lamentable negligence in this respect. But it is very difficult to talk sensibly about efficiency when the nation is pouring out millions in subsidising idleness, and more millions in the abortive effort to cure the coal trouble by a financial sop. Many citizens must have agreed with the constructive proposal from Sir Alfred Mond with regard to the practical conversion of the dole, but it has been generally agreed that some of the objections to the scheme were rather formidable.

Recently two members of the Institute of Chemical

Engineers, Mr. A. J. V. Underwood and Mr. C. S. Garland, have proposed an amended use of the Trade Facilities Act for industrial purposes. The scheme ensures that credits shall not be used merely as a ruinous subvention to inefficiency, and it really implies an advisory Industrial Development Council, constituted in various trade sections, and working in conjunction with the Department of Industrial and Scientific Research, to authorise industrial loans for a specific purpose. This scheme does not run the risk of a subsidy to wages. It is a practical proposal that would convert no inconsiderable part of our present outlay on idleness into a recoverable outlay on labour and employment. So far, successive Governments have refused to employ the national credit, except within narrow limits, for reproductive ends. But the taxpayer has been cheerfully called upon to pay his share of the £250,000,000 spent on unemployment since the Armistice. By next May he will have contributed a further twenty millions as a first instalment of the coal subsidy, and still the end is not in sight. Taxpayers have witnessed no reward for their exertions except a few collectors' receipts, a million unemployed, and an unsolved coal problem. But why has the country's financial power not been used to reduce liabilities by creating assets? Coal during the past year has overshadowed all other industrial and labour questions, and in 1926 its predominance as a national issue will be still more pronounced. Nevertheless, other industrial labour matters—notably in the railway, shipbuilding, and engineering groups—have been the subject of serious if less conspicuous consideration in recent months, and are hardly less important in their relation to the general economic problems of the time.

But there are deeper forces of agreement than mere surface issues of legislative reform. Both political groups, for instance, are beginning to realise what is meant by Collectivism. There is less ambiguity about social reform. So far, Socialism has been interpreted erroneously as the levelling down of the masses, the reduction of the community to a standardised pattern of thought, the limitation of enterprise, initiative, and personal endeavour. In a

word, it has meant the enslavement of the individual. But education has paved the way for new ideas in this respect. It is being recognised that different groups of children require diversified degrees of education; that every child is not cast in the same mental mould; that there must be no preferential treatment, and no stinting of the educational supply, but that equal opportunity must exist for all. This equality of opportunity is tending to become the new gospel of social reform. There must be no sameness or milk-and-water standardisation, no levelling down to one incoherent, stupid mass, but every individual must have the chance to seize an opportunity in life. This is the embodiment of Christian Socialism. This is the highest form of practical Socialism we can reach in the present century. Even Russia has recognised sanity in this respect. Capital has been reintroduced into the country, Communism in practice has been expelled from certain areas, and private enterprise is gaining greater freedom every day. Why? Simply because intellectuals realise that standardisation spells the grossest form of slavery and economic disaster. Russia, willy-nilly, has been the living, tragic experiment of a false Communistic creed.

It is strongly felt that Britain must be tuned up to a higher degree of organisation. We must either organise on the Continental model of efficiency, or drop back to that of a fifth-rate Power in the world. Imports are already exceeding exports; sterling is not merely threatened but endangered, not owing to the precipitate return to the gold standard, but simply because the practice of "ca' canny" is eating into production like a cancer, and the British nation is sinking into a morass of inaction, enfeeblement, despair. If British labour is to be saved, it must save itself by a complete renunciation of Utopian ideas, and trade unionism must commence reform by modifying its programme at Unity House. Labour politicians have been too much influenced by industrial trade unionism. Labour politics have been based on trade union formulas of government, which is absurd in a nation where trade unions play only a fragmentary and minor part. Wise men in the

Labour group realise that effective co-ordination with Liberals will mean their own ultimate salvation, because Labour extremists will be handicapped at every turn of the political wheel, and a sensible policy of progressive reform will be promulgated and enforced. That is the next step.

It is felt that for a long time we have seen the last of triangular contests in our political affairs. It is with such a clearly defined position, with such a Parliamentary situation admitting of no obscurity, that a definite pact between Liberalism and Labour is now sought. Here, however, is the danger point. The Liberals are in a minority, and, for a few years to come, unless they secure some vitalising policy of reform, some people anticipate that their numbers will not cease to dwindle. That is problematical. The chief consideration is the attitude towards Socialism. So far Liberals have gravely discountenanced State Socialism in all its forms, but, as a minority, will they not be tempted to partly surrender their position of hostility? How can they coalesce with Labour unless they are prepared to go into the Lobby and vote for all the wild schemes of Labour? That is the problem with which we wish to deal.

Mr. MacDonald has accepted his defeat at the polls with remarkable good humour, but most electors realise that it is only a temporary eclipse. Another moment of crisis will arrive, and the country must make provision for a strong and powerful Opposition that can be relied upon to form an effective alternative Government, and it must be constitutional, without equivocation, and without vacillation. So far the proposals of Mr. MacDonald have been too nebulous and indistinctly defined for comprehension by intelligent people. In other words, it is still impossible to reconcile certain Labour proposals with our national instincts of liberty and freedom. We have taken a rooted dislike to anything that means bureaucratic despotism, simply because it hurts our sensitiveness as liberty-loving British subjects. We really wonder, in fact, whether Mr. MacDonald is prepared to go to the country again, and expect to win an overwhelming majority, with proposals

that can only be designated fanatical and deplorably unpractical.

Would it not be possible for Mr. MacDonald, in the light of this proposed pact between the groups, to submit some concrete plans of his future conduct? What thoughts are simmering in his brain at the moment? Can he give us no clearer hope for the nation than wholesale collectivism, confiscation, complete disruption of the existing fabric of society, a generalised capital levy, class warfare, chaos, revolution, ruin? If political Socialism of this nature can be clearly defined as the naked issue, then we shall know exactly where we stand. But if it is merely an ambiguous form of Socialism, a cotton-wool kind of affair, with delightful phrases of reconstruction that mean nothing, then we must be on our guard. We prefer to deal with the formulation of naked Socialism, with all that such a fallacious creed means for the nation, than be hoodwinked in giving political support to men who are merely Parliamentary tricksters and opportunists!

Seeing that the present Opposition is organically Labour, and as we may be faced any day with a Labour Government embodying full electoral power, and perhaps with only a fragmentary number of Liberals in the Government group, surely it behoves us to face the realities of the political situation. Once there is the slightest tendency to madness, once some spurious form of economic machinery is adopted, embodying proposals invidious and detrimental to our best interests, hostile to our noblest instincts, degrading to our highest sense of freedom and national honour, then we shall watch the decline and retrogression of this mighty Empire.

Pact or no pact, politicians must realise that we cannot play with such dangerous phrases as "Capital Levy" or "the overthrow of British capital" without coming up sharp against concrete realities. As sensible industrialists, as the leading financiers of the world, as pioneers of commerce and trade, we cannot consent to a mediæval plan of Karl Marxism that would hurl us into the limbo of forgotten dynasties. We are sensible people—stolid, respectable, law-abiding citizens—British to the core,

without the least touch of the revolutionary element in our placid nature, and we want to see the political game played with statesmanship and honour. We want class warfare eliminated; we want equal opportunity for all; we want no distinction between rich and poor; and we want progress, not merely for one generation but for the unborn generations to come.

It simply means, therefore, that Mr. MacDonald, or whoever is titular leader of the Labour or Progressive Party, will have to state, without hesitation, fog or equivocation that the party is out for a steady, sane, political programme, either following the splendid precedent of the Labour Government that South Africa witnessed, or along the lines pursued in the great Commonwealth of Australia, which is Labour to the core, yet without foreign, revolutionary or Communistic elements in their composition.

That is the part we would like to see a Progressive party play in Britain during the critical epoch that lies ahead of this wonderful nation, for progress is not a violent institution, and it is only along the lines of steady constitutional progress that any great political party in England can bring peace to the nation and the world.

We have not realised in the whirlpool of political events that the Labour Party has already undergone a complete and vital transformation in many aspects. It is doubtful, indeed, if the political evolution has been sufficiently recognised by the rank and file of Labour adherents, yet intellectuals behind the scenes are convinced that a miracle in Labour politics has already occurred.

With regard to Liberalism, we know, of course, that 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. We have to point out the fact, however, that a former renaissance of the Liberal Party occurred when there was no Labour Party in potential existence, and it seems questionable whether Liberalism could revive in the real sense of the term unless there occurred the deliberate 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 certainly has seemed, at odd moments, that Mr. Lloyd George was destined to be the political Joshua who would lead the scattered tribe of Liberals into the Promised Land. It is still difficult to know in what manner "the cat is going to jump," for already there are rumours of a Lloyd George Centre group; but it may be safely assumed that the remarkable little Welshman is not by any means an extinct volcano. A new grouping of some kind, however, is imperative.

Liberalism is still smouldering. It is frankly admitted that it has played a gloriously constructive part in British politics, and instead of passing into cruel negation as a spent potential force we all trust we are merely witnessing a gradual evolutionary progress into higher, broader fields of political thought and action.

The point is often ignored by Liberal leaders, however, that Liberalism in former days was a creed of abstract liberation, whereas the social and international problems to-day are questions of organisation and administration, problems outside the purview of formula and tradition. We do not infer that Liberalism is destitute of any distinct political future, but we submit that this great national party, and particularly the Liberal leaders concerned, will have to re-adapt themselves to the ever-changing environment of the political stage. Just at present, perhaps, it will suffice to observe that Liberalism has failed to recover its former hold upon the working classes because it has not succeeded in identifying itself in the public mind with one single, great, dominating policy or appeal. The land question is vital, but it is not sufficiently appealing as a modern political force. That is the psychology of Westminster to-day.

Dealing finally with this steady march of the Labour Party to sanity and reform, it now seems self-evident that a magical effect must have been exercised upon the mind and imagination of Labour strategists by the serious stream of Liberal voters who joined the Labour camp just prior to the last election. Is it not significant that such a turnover of Liberal votes has radically altered the foundational programme of the Labour Party itself?

Labour, slowly but surely, is being educated to the

principle that no Socialistic theory can meet with even mediocre success in practice. Mr. Lloyd George confirmed that fact when he delivered his historic attack on the Nationalisation of Mines Bill, proving that an experiment of that kind meant simply the usurpation and ownership of the mines by the miners at the expense of the entire community. In other words, nationalisation is demonstrably an economic fallacy that will not stand the test of reality, and the working classes are seeing more clearly every day that State control of any kind means the absolute withdrawal of freedom so far as the worker is concerned. Not merely is the British working-man a moderate and not a revolutionary at heart, but consider the tremendous progress in political thought which the working-classes are making to-day. Trade unionism may still exercise a predominant sway in the mining fields, but it would be a tremendous blunder to imagine that the bulk of the miners do not know what is meant by extremism, just as they also realise that mining itself as an occupation will be doomed unless sanity is introduced into the monstrously absurd system of retarding output.

The next step seems to be a junction between the forces of Liberalism and Labour, with a clearly defined programme and united policy of reconstruction, and in this new fusion of thought and action politics will merge into a broader ocean of comprehensive effort in which the homogeneity of Liberal and Labour ideals may be complete.

LA FAYETTE AND THE DRAGON

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

*Beau chevalier, qui partez pour la guerre,
Qu'allez-vous faire
Si loin d'ici?*

CHANSON DE BARBERINE.

It is the essence of chivalry to interfere. The annals of common men are filled with self-regarding entries; minding with nervous concentration their own business, they live their own lives, do their own work, and die in due course their own deaths. But no such unheroic limits are set to the activities of their splendid betters. A fever of altruism propels them into their neighbours' affairs; a passionate unselfishness dictates a life-long orgy of interference. When they ride out, no dragon engaged in its legitimate avocations is secure from their intrusion, no maiden is permitted to enjoy for long the exquisite agonies of her distress; and drowning men, up for the second time, are exposed to sudden, and frequently distasteful, rescues. Born far beyond the age of armour and persisting, by a still stranger achievement, into the age of Louis Philippe, M. de La Fayette was all his life an indefatigable member of that busy company. Orphans evoke their highest instincts; stray victims of oppression exasperate them into disinterested, but violent, action; they plunge into protracted adventures on behalf of total strangers tied to trees; and one may be sure, if ever they consent to die for a cause, that it is someone else's. This mood of high endeavour is fed by a continual enquiry into other people's business; and it may be that those flame-pictures of the Hero as Prophet, Priest and Man of Letters, once brushed by a fuliginous lecturer in Albemarle Street, should be supplemented by a portrait, only slightly less engaging, of the Hero as Paul Pry.

This simple craving may, perhaps, account for the unduly high proportion of heroic types produced by Anglo-Saxon races. For they are, as foreign observers

almost uniformly attest, incurably inquisitive; and having once enquired into what does not concern them, they have been rarely known to leave it without setting it right. Intrusiveness is the spring of noble actions; and a temper of wholly unwarrantable interference has often earned a statue. Such is, in almost all recorded cases, the mood of chivalry; and it is gratifying to reflect that (in spite of the Latin, almost Gallic, derivation of the term) the mood is peculiarly Anglo-Saxon. It is not, one feels, for nothing that the English have selected St. George for adoration; that unprovoked assault on someone else's dragon was irresistible. For what other race has elevated intervention into a foreign policy and raised meddling into a public virtue? Touched with the district visitor's pleasant consciousness of the deep depravity of other people, they regard the world of foreigners; and a brutal Czar, misgovernment in Naples, atrocities performed upon Bulgarians or Armenians stir a deep response. A strange type of Englishman is even extant which collects foreign grievances as other men collect butterflies. It thrills at the first news of outrage abroad, leaves England in a hurry, and becomes the adopted hero of some foreign land, which honours (but frequently mis-spells) its benefactor's name. M. de La Fayette was surely a cousin of that heroic family. Extreme instances of this splendid impulse are Lord Byron, who fought a war upon it, and those accomplished brothers Buxton who, designed by birth to play a leading part in the politics of East Anglia, extended their activity steadily eastwards until it included the entire Balkan Peninsula; whilst Palmerston, who built an active policy upon the same emotion, and Mr. Gladstone, who—more judicious—wrote a pamphlet, are milder cases. A flattering hallucination frequently persuades the benevolent intruders that their devotion is to their victims, that the attraction in the adventure is rather in the maiden than the dragon. But this delusion rarely extends to the embarrassed nations which they befriend. For these kindly foreigners name a street after them with simple courtesy, and leave them in total oblivion punctuated by centenaries. But their saviours glow with an undying consciousness

of virtue achieved, of services successfully obtruded, of one more, yet one more deed of chivalry.

The mood, one feels, is British. Yet once, at least, it seems to stand most clearly in a foreign instance; and, by a pleasing irony, the heroic foreigner intruded upon a British quarrel. When St. George was French, damsel and dragon were both English. His country had, indeed, a high tradition of chivalry. But Bayard seemed a trifle Gothic; crusading attitudes were most inelegant; and after polite conversation had replaced the tournament, romance was singularly dead in France. It had sought refuge, years before, a little further to the south, where the carved Spanish hills had once watched chivalry ride out on Rosinante in search of sheep, of windmills, of Maritornes, of the incomparable Dulcinea. So, when an unromantic Government frowned upon young gentlemen eager to go campaigning overseas, they wore disguises, made signs to the innkeeper's daughter at St. Jean de Luz, and posted off to Spain. Somewhere beyond the sunset there was a war; a brutal tyrant oppressed a virtuous and simple-minded peasantry; and how could a high-spirited young gentleman in the *Mousquetaires Noirs* do less than fly to the rescue? Elderly ministers might spin tenuous webs of neutrality at Versailles. But where the Spanish hills watch the still waters of Pasajes Bay and tall masts look in at little windows, a sailing ship of two guns was fitting out in the spring days of 1777; until one morning it moved slowly across the bay, glided between the headlands, dipped to the first Biscayan swell, and left that deep fold of the Spanish hills with papers (exquisitely misleading) for the Islands and M. de La Fayette on his first crusade.

It is the way of romantic young men to be transparent, and the impulsive nobleman was like glass. The Marquis was nineteen; and his motives were luxuriously exposed in an ecstasy of explanatory letters to his wife (he had a wife of seventeen), to his wife's father, to the unsympathetic intelligence of M. de Vergennes. Viewed in a colder light, they have a little of that perfect clarity which, poorly armed and oddly mounted, once clattered through

the long shadows of a still summer morning in La Mancha. So the tumbled sky-line of the Spanish hills faded into the east behind him; and, rolling horribly, the *Victoire* crossed the Bay. He felt extremely ill, and thought hard of his mission. It was the purest, most untarnishable knight-errantry. Knowing little of the cause, he deeply savoured the adventure. The maid, the lonely tree, the dragon, the single combat danced in his mind; and as they ploughed the *triste plaine* of the North Atlantic, he vowed himself deliciously to the service of his unknown lady, captive beyond the grey seas. No student of politics, he had heard of the Americans for the first time a few months before. They had declared, it seemed, their independence. Had he not heard an English duke say something to that effect at a dinner-table in the previous summer? It seemed a noble action, and before dinner was over he had resolved to be their champion. The cause was modish; that season even card-tables proclaimed the superiority of *le boston* to *le whist*. A word (through an interpreter) with Mr. Deane confirmed him; and, indifferent to the finer shades of colonial taxation but scenting an indisputable adventure, he sailed. If his companions were a trifle mixed, his hopes were high. The sky was bright; he was nineteen; and his crest had recently received the brave addition of a new Latin motto, which challenged grammar and enemies alike with the fierce enquiry *Cur non?* But his reasons were not wholly selfless. Was it not (as he explained to his father-in-law) *une occasion unique de me distinguer et d'apprendre mon métier?* For the young gentleman was a soldier; and eager soldiers often seized such opportunities of active service before the happy device of autumn manœuvres obviated the professional necessity of foreign enlistment. Yet the motives which urged him westwards into the American service were inalienably French. He wrote eloquently of his *amour pour la gloire et pour la liberté* in an inverted order, of which none of his new friends would have been capable, even if they had admitted *la gloire* to their more austere philosophy. Once, indeed, writing from Valley Forge in the hard winter of '78, he made a mor-

significant admission: *L'abaissement de l'Angleterre, l'avantage de ma patrie, le bonheur de l'humanité, qui est intéressée à ce qu'il y ait dans le monde un peuple entièrement libre, tout m'engageait à ne pas quitter. . . .* So the human race was a good third among his motives. The winning places were held by French patriotism and the defeat of England; and America ran last. In the same temper—*persuadé bonnement que nuire à l'Angleterre c'est servir (oserai-je dire c'est venger?) ma patrie*—he wrote a long despatch to Versailles, in which he studied the surest way to ruin England outside the American theatre of war. *Mon amour pour ma patrie me fait considérer avec plaisir sous combien de points du vue les chagrins de famille de l'Angleterre peuvent lui être avantageux. . . .* That was not quite the tone of a single-minded friend of the United States, or even of the human race. But it was sound French policy; and in a delighted plan for raids on the British factories in the East he seemed almost to forget the struggling colonists. The distant prospect was bright with disloyal sepoys, jealous nabobs, angry Mahrattas, and sunken East Indiamen; and, with encouragement, M. de La Fayette might have revived the forgotten part of Dupleix. French policy, indeed, which sought its friends impartially among the enemies of England, followed the lead; and after Washington almost the next ally, with a pleasing variety of colour and principles, was Hyder Ali. But it was strange that these sordid calculations should divert M. de La Fayette from his crusade, that he should sully the bright dawn of freedom with worldly thoughts of intrigue among ancient races far to the east; perhaps he wished, like an inverted Canning, to call an Old World into being to redress the balance of the New.

Yet he crusaded on indomitably. The best traditions of knight-errantry were respected by his profound ignorance of the persons whom he was to rescue. Landing in Carolina, he was impressed by the complete equality of rich and poor prevailing in the United States; and, charmed by southern courtesy, he found it grow perceptibly more southern as he travelled further north. The comments

of visitors upon those hospitable States are almost uniformly inane. But M. de La Fayette had come to rescue, not to write the usual book. The maiden was still in chains; the eager knight was at the foot of the tree; and he went off to find the dragon. It was, to be frank, a rather sleepy dragon that the young gentleman and his friends pursued from the Hudson to Yorktown; although once, at least, he did his best to rouse it to a sense of its position by a challenge to single combat. The bold cartel, delivered to one of His Majesty's commissioners to Congress, evoked the dry response that these national differences could be more conveniently adjusted by the British Navy. Baulked of the field of honour, the young Marquis withdrew to his place in the American ranks; but his detestation of *messieurs les Anglais* burned, one feels, with a brighter flame after this gruff denial of the rôle of David gloriously matched against a Hanoverian Goliath. Yet his place in the hunt was always prominent. Arriving, aged nineteen, with a vague promise of the rank of Major-General, he found the surprising promise honoured by Congress. Such promotion (for the boy was a captain of cavalry in the French service) was a trifle sudden. But it was due in part to the fact that, singular among the knights-errant whose hearts beat for the American cause, he asked no pay; and, rarer still in the stream of distinguished foreigners which set towards Philadelphia, he was really distinguished. It was sound policy in Congress to hoist the young nephew of M. de Noailles, cousin of the Prince de Poix and son-in-law of the Duc d'Ayen, as a bright standard of French sympathy. So he was given rank and rode on General Washington's staff, an exquisite embarrassment to those French diplomats who were still explaining to Great Britain the strict neutrality of France. A little gallantry and a wound bravely borne at the Brandywine earned him a command, and he was soon manœuvring colonial riflemen before Gloucester. At twenty he was promoted general of division, and before the year was out he was of sufficient importance in the army to be moved as a pawn—perhaps a knight—in the jealous game which a few supple gentle-

men in New York were playing against General Washington. But knights are simple-minded; and, knightly as ever, M. de La Fayette was loyal to his chief and spoiled the game. He was a bright, engaging figure, in its white French sash and an American general's uniform, which combined delightfully the charms of chivalry with those of an infant prodigy. Whilst a ragged, freezing army cheered "the soldiers' friend," even the British, with their slower perceptions, were becoming gradually aware of "the Boy"; and after the French alliance had almost legitimised his odd position, he acquired a still higher value as a living symbol of the treaty and, almost, as an ambassador of France.

There was a glorious interlude of leave in France, a twelve months' carnival of universal kisses, of respectful Ministers, of royal pardon, and sudden promotions. Even the Queen was gracious and begged a regiment of Dragoons for him. He breathed a feverish devotion to his country—*je l'adore, cette patrie*. Once more his guiding motive was visible through the purer flame of his constancy to America: *L'idée de voir l'Angleterre humiliée, écrasée, me fait tressaillir de joie*. In this agreeable mood he spent a few weeks on the coast, attached to a force which waited, waited with hopeful eyes fixed on the English Channel. Armies had waited so before, and would wait again. But the Narrow Seas were unresponsive, and the bold invaders never sailed. In this brave endeavour M. de La Fayette was posted further to the west, near Rochefort. He lived in a high fever of expectation of some *grand coup qu'il soit longtemps fera tomber cette grandeur souflée, cette puissance fantastique*. His task, to be precise, was to emancipate Ireland with his new regiment of Dragoons and a few details of infantry. He had explored the subject, formed (delightful and mysterious process) *quelques relations secrètes*; and the young liberator found the unhappy island *très fatiguée de la tyrannie anglaise*. It was now, as Washington was promptly informed in an eager letter, *le projet de mon cœur . . . de la rendre libre et indépendante comme l'Amérique*. So a new maiden, chained to another tree,

gleamed vaguely through the wood; but it was still the same incorrigible dragon. Yet he was not inconstant. Late in the year he christened an infant son *George-Washington*, and sailed for Boston in a cruiser with news of six thousand French troops and a loan. "The Boy" resumed his command, lived through the breathless afternoon at Mrs. Arnold's, and served upon the court-martial which sentenced Major André. Followed a winter interlude of tea and harpsichords at Philadelphia. A lady sang, another played, and there was even dancing. But these timid gaieties ended, when the British swept disobligingly into the south; and M. de La Fayette was detached to deal with them. He fenced skilfully with Cornwallis and followed close, as he stumbled heavily towards Yorktown. Later, when the event was known, he wrote with the retrospective foresight common to autobiographers that he had always meant *de repousser lord Cornwallis du côté de la mer, et de l'enlacer dans les rivières de manière à ce qu'il ne pût avoir de retraite*. That was not quite, perhaps, the tone of his letters during the campaign. But strategic insight, rare at any age, is almost unknown at twenty-three. It is enough that he played an active part, tired out his enemy, watched him go to ground by the York River, and charged happily against his crumbling redoubts in the last assault. So he could write, a little shrilly, to Versailles after the unforgettable surrender: *La pièce est jouée, Monsieur le comte, et le cinquième acte vient de finir*. For the sleepy dragon was led captive, the maiden stepped lightly from her tree, and the happy knight sailed back to Europe, dizzy with acclamations.

He still, it seemed, had a vague wish to prolong the adventure. It took the rather schoolboy form of a craving to appear before King George in American uniform, and his efforts to obtain a mission for this spectacular purpose evoked from a sullen English diplomat an acrid comment on "that vain and insolent young man." His countrymen, in that confusion of thought with which allies sometimes emerge from wars, believed that they had won it; and the young gentleman was widely celebrated in France as "the

conqueror of Cornwallis," "the saviour of America with"—generous addition—"Washington." In the last phase he waited vainly at Cadiz to sail with an expedition to the Islands. But the quest was over, and once more he roamed the forest, fancy free.

Inclined at first to vow himself to the service of another darker maiden, he plagued American statesmen with strange suggestions about negro slaves. They stood indubitably in need of a rescuer, and Mr. Madison listened politely to his odd confidences upon the topic of abolition, whilst Mr. Adams received a violent denunciation of the crime of slave-owning, "a crime much blacker than any African face." He even made a shy avowal of his views—"mon rêve favori (hobby-horse)"—to Washington, announcing that he proposed to purchase a plantation in Cayenne for the sole purpose of emancipation. In his reply the wise Virginian alluded with grave courtesy to this fresh proof of his young friend's noble qualities; he prayed devoutly that his countrymen might one day share the same opinions, but indicated that the possibility was somewhat remote, being convinced that a sudden emancipation would have graver consequences, though something gradual might and should be done. The Marquis persevered. But a paler figure shared with the dusky queen his chivalrous affections. For somehow he had become aware that Protestants in France were subject to gross injustices. By some anomaly surviving from the age of persecution they could not contract legal marriage, or even leave valid wills. He burned at this harsh denial of testamentary and matrimonial delights, petitioned ministers, and travelled in the Cevennes in search of Huguenot grievances. Washington was informed beyond the seas of the new adventure and thrilled with his correspondent's detestation of yet another *intolérable despotisme*. But all the while his ears were strained to catch fresh cries for help. The world in 1786 was exquisitely full of wrongs to right. M. Necker had a new arithmetic; M. de Condorcet had a new penal code; there was even a whole *Encyclopédie* full of new ideas on every topic. Yet he had his disappointments. For

sometimes a maiden left off calling just as he had got his lance in rest and spurred at the dragon. Ireland, a promising victim, ceased to need assistance—*tout est apaisé en Irlande, et, de ce côté, il n'y a rien à faire pour la liberté*. Even Holland, which had looked a hopeful case of injustice, seemed to fail him: *Je me flattais que la Hollande offrait quelque espérance de ce genre; mais je crains que non*. It is the cry of Quixote. So he roamed the forest, listening hard. But suddenly, quite close to his elbow, he caught a new, a deeper voice. It rose and fell, hung in the air, and rose again; and slaves, Americans, Irish, Dutchmen, and Protestants were all forgotten in his last adventure. For the voice was France.

It thrilled him, when he sat in the Notables, to air his plain American manners and to call bluntly for the States General—*et même mieux que cela*. For France should have a Congress, like his splendid States. It was glorious to scare the Duc d'Harcourt's *salon* by the calm announcement, *Je crois qu'il ferait bien de commencer l'histoire à l'année 1787*. He was twenty-nine that year, and the world had a strange air of springtime. The forest was full of voices, and he rode firmly to the rescue. They called a little timidly at first—in local assemblies, in the long ratiocinations of provincial *cahiers*, in the guarded eloquence of the Constituent. But soon the cry dropped to a deeper note, as the sage gentlemen paced the trim alleys of Versailles between debates and caught upon the wind the big voice of Paris. It swelled and came nearer; and as the smoke drifted across the Bastille, it filled the air, and there were shots in it and cries. A sudden turn lifted M. de La Fayette into power. The free nation formed a National Guard and put him in command. Knighterrantry has rarely ended in a stranger place. He had ridden out as usual, answered the call, and charged with his accustomed fire. The dragon was duly prostrate. But where was the tree, the waiting damsel in distress? Somehow the familiar charm was not working quite correctly. For this time he had rescued a very large maiden from a very small dragon, and she appeared to insist, in breach of all the rules of chivalry, on completing the rescue for

herself. Indeed, in the later stages it was not altogether clear which was the maiden and which the dragon. For he found himself assuring a scared monarch that he was *naturellement républicain, mais mes principes eux-mêmes me rendent à présent royaliste*. And soon the dragon abruptly changed places with the maiden, when he came to an open window in the raw cold of an autumn morning at Versailles and knelt to a royal lady in face of a roaring square. This graceful act abundantly fulfilled the exigencies of chivalry. But how far, how strangely the knight had departed from the first objects of his adventure. For it was a distinctly novel experience to rescue a grateful dragon from a bloodthirsty maiden. So he played on his queer, inverted *rôle*, and the name which had stood for insurrection became a synonym for bayonets. He could see it plainly now: the French were not Americans after all, and one more historical analogy had failed to work.

Once he retired helpless. He was the Lamartine of '89, without the excuse of being a poet. But they sent him to command an army on the frontier, resolved to confront the enemies of the Revolution with *la constitution et La Fayette*. This specific against invasion was strangely compounded, since the General, no longer a Marquis, fumbled dispiritedly among the northern fortresses, and behind him on the sky he watched the glare of Paris. The place scared him—*lui faisait horreur*—as it throbbed and glowed through the hot summer weeks of 1792; and as his infantry waited, a little hysterically, for the Austrians, he watched over his shoulder. He was still watching when the streets swept roaring through the Tuileries, splintered a door or so, and saw the Queen put a red cap on her son's head. This ill-mannered anarchy was surely intolerable; and with a sudden impulse he drove south down the white dusty roads, saw once again the glaring city, and faced the cold stare of the Assembly. For those exacting men, whose civic virtues grew daily brighter, disliked the impulses of soldiers. With a movement of chivalry he paid a visit to the lonely Court. But they bowed politely; and, lonelier still, he returned to his army on the frontier. One last adventure seemed to beckon. Might they not

bring the King to Compiègne, surround him with loyal troops, and give law to France? That last ride—with a smiling Queen, two happy children, and a grateful sovereign—would be worthy of any knight. But it never came. So he trailed dismally from camp to camp along that frontier, where the very names—Longwy, Maubeuge, Sedan—were heavy with disaster. *La pièce*, as he had once written from Yorktown, *était jouée*. If any more remained, there was no part for him. Like *Chantecler*, he had called the dawn; but when he called again, no sun obeyed him and the sky was unchanged. It was red now over Paris; and in the north, suspected and uncertain, La Fayette was in the saddle with his staff. At last he turned his horse's head towards the frontier and rode, despairing, out of history.

A generation later he made an almost posthumous return. The old man (he was seventy-three) became an emblem of insurrection against Charles X. For he was the past, the free tricoloured past of '89; he exhaled an authentic air of the Rights of Man, the sovereign people, and the *Marseillaise*. So he was swept again down the roaring streets and left, a little shaky, at the Hôtel de Ville. Once more the lance, once more the dragon and the waiting maiden. But this time she was far more manageable; and as the monster withdrew in pardonable surprise to England, she let herself be rescued nicely and stood waiting, the liberalism of King Louis Philippe, with grateful eyes and neatly banded hair. The state was saved again, and there was to be—his last historical analogy—an American constitution, where an hereditary Washington should preside eternally over a happy nation. So, for the last time, the knight dismounted, lifted his vizor, took a demure salute, and hung up his armour.¹

(1) A chapter from *Fathers of the Revolution*, by Philip Guedalla, shortly to be published by Messrs. Putnam.

THE TRIUMPH OF CAPITALISM

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

DURING the year 1925 this country's trading operations overseas, for which official figures are now available, showed an adverse balance of £385,646,000. That vast sum represents the difference between the value of the goods that we bought and the value of the goods, British and foreign, that we sold, it being borne in mind that the former figure includes the cost of sea transport, while the latter one excludes that charge. But when full allowance has been made for that discrepancy in the method of calculation, which is inconsiderable, the adverse balance is a sufficiently large one, and may well lead the community as a whole, and, in particular, Socialist doctrinaires, who advocate a change in our economic system, to consider seriously the position in which this country now stands. The Board of Trade statement, which embraces the movements of bullion and specie, is as follows:—

	1923.	1924.	1925.
	In million £		
Imports :			
Merchandise	1,096.2	1,277.4	1,322.8
Bullion and specie	53.6	49.7	52.1
Total	1,149.8	1,327.1	1,374.9
Exports :			
Merchandise	885.8	940.9	927.5
Bullion and specie	69.1	61.8	61.8
Total	954.9	1,002.7	989.3
Surplus of Imports over Exports	194.9	324.4	385.6
Increase of surplus, 1925 over 1923, £190.7.			
Increase of surplus, 1925 over 1924, £61.2.			

What do those figures mean? This country has a population of approximately 45,000,000 men, women, and children—four times as many people as it supported a hundred years ago—and this vast concourse of

human beings, settled upon an island with an area of only about 98,000 square miles—considerably smaller than that of New Zealand—is failing to tender sufficient wealth to pay for the imported food and raw materials which must be obtained if all these people are to live and earn their livelihood. The Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, and the chairmen of the great banks have all been speaking in terms of restrained optimism of the prospects of a revival of industry during this year, but neither of them has, unfortunately, warned the nation in specific terms, that it is consuming too much and making too little.

These figures remind us that the adverse balance has been steadily mounting up; whereas it was approximately £195,000,000 in 1923, it rose last year to over £385,000,000, or nearly doubled. On the one hand, this country is attempting to maintain a higher standard of living than has been reached in any country in the Old or New World, except the United States, where every condition is dissimilar, while, on the other hand, it is working nothing like as hard as it did, as is attested by the fact that there are more people in active employment to-day than there were before the outbreak of war, the army of unemployed representing the increase of population which has taken place in intervening years—and not even the whole of that increase, for some of it has been absorbed in industry.

The course of our inward and outward trade repays examination. We spent in 1925 approximately the same amount as in the preceding year on the imported food, drink, and tobacco which we consumed, and the cost of the imported raw materials and articles mainly unmanufactured which we retained for our own use was larger by £11,000,000, reaching the enormous total of £334,000,000. "We did ourselves well," as the saying goes. But that is not the whole story. We were particularly good customers of foreign manufacturers, buying to the value of £320,000,000, as compared with just over £300,000,000 in 1924, and of these goods we sold again in the course of our entrepôt trade to the amount of something like £32,000,000, as compared with £34,000,000 in the

preceding year. So that we ourselves used the products of craftsmen of foreign countries and, to a limited extent, of the Dominions to the value of £288,000,000, at a time when we had, as we still have, upwards of a million men and women unemployed. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the Free Trade system, it does at least result in this country being the best open market for the skilled workers of the rest of the world.

The Board of Trade Returns, though they reveal an adverse trade balance of £385,600,000, tend to conceal the gravity of the position, since the exports of British and foreign goods are classed together and set against our imports. This method of calculation exhibits the relationship of our purchases to our sales, but it draws no distinction between the sales of British goods, which gave employment to British workers, and the sales of goods imported from overseas and then exported, presumably at a profit. It is all to the good that we should possess this healthy entrepôt trade, which amounted last year to nearly £154,500,000, as compared with £140,000,000 in the preceding year, an increase of £14,500,000. The handling of these goods employed a large number of men and women in offices and warehouses as well as at the dockside and benefited our shipping; but the goods, after all has been said as to the advantage of developing this merchanting, were made by foreign and not by British artisans. That is a consideration which may well be emphasised, since unfounded conclusions are apt to be drawn from the crude statistics published by the Board of Trade.

What we want to know is the extent to which British labour, employed in mines, factories and workshops, contributed to pay for the goods which we purchased overseas—the food and the raw materials. That information can be obtained only by classifying in a different manner the official figures, and we thus obtain the following statement, on the one hand, of our purchases overseas, and, on the other hand, of our sales overseas of the products of British industries, the figures for 1924 as well as 1925 being given to facilitate comparison:—

(1) PURCHASES (NET) OVERSEAS OF FOREIGN OR EMPIRE PRODUCE.			
	1925.	1924.	
Food, drink, and tobacco :—	£	£	
Imports	571,613,000	571,128,000	
Re-exports	32,165,000	29,849,000	
Net imports	539,448,000	541,279,000	
Raw materials :—			
Imports	425,209,000	400,019,000	
Re-exports	90,673,000	76,227,000	
Net imports	334,536,000	323,792,000	
Manufactures :—			
Imports	319,840,000	299,774,000	
Re-exports	31,464,000	33,743,000	
Net imports	288,376,000	266,031,000	
Total value of imports consumed in this country ...	£1,162,360,000	£1,131,102,000	
Increase of purchases (net) over 1924 ...	£31,258,000		

(2) SALES OVERSEAS OF BRITISH PRODUCE.			
	1925.	1924.	
Food, drink, and tobacco ...	£54,997,000	£56,958,000	
Raw materials	84,371,000	106,482,000	
Manufactures	616,279,000	618,885,000	
Total value of British exports	£755,647,000	£782,325,000	
Decrease, 1925 from 1924 ...	£26,678,000		

As the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association has pointed out, "prices register the basis upon which the exchange of commodities against other commodities or services are effected, but it is the food we import, and not the price we pay, upon which we live; and it is the volume of the manufactures and coal we export, and not the price we get, that provides employment." The Association estimates that the weight of cargoes (other than coal, coke, and manufactured fuel) exported from the United Kingdom was as follows :—

TONS WEIGHT IN THOUSANDS (000 OMITTED).			
	1913.	1925.	
Exports	15,116	13,200	
Re-exports	1,821	1,700	
Total	16,937	14,900	
PERCENTAGE COMPARED WITH 1913.			
Exports	100	87	
Re-exports	100	93	
Total	100	88	

In the light of these figures it must be a matter of no surprise that the country is still confronted with an unemployment problem. If we include the preparation of food, drink and tobacco as among the craft industries we reach a total for our manufactures sent overseas of £671,276,000. That figure represents the entire sales in foreign countries and the Empire of the produce of our factories and workshops, and against that figure may be set the cost of imported raw materials, amounting to £334,536,000. On the assumption, therefore, that the cost of the raw materials which we purchased overseas can legitimately be placed against the price which we obtained for our exported manufactures, our sales of manufactures, representing wages to a great army of skilled and unskilled workers, made a contribution of £336,740,000 to our food bill of £539,448,000, leaving an uncovered sum of £202,708,000. Of course this calculation is open to criticism, because it ignores the extent to which imported raw materials were used in our domestic trade. But those raw materials, whatever the use which was made of them, had to be paid for, and our manufacturing industries could not meet the bill, a deficit remaining of £202,708,000. Even if account be taken of the exported produce of the workers who are engaged in coal and other mines, or in recovering other raw materials for export, the adverse balance on the whole of our trading operations overseas amounted to upwards of £417,864,000.

When Socialists speak of manual workers as the creators, and, as they often suggest, the sole creators, of the wealth of this country they may be urged to apply their minds to this problem of the gap which exists between what we sell of the produce of British industry and what we are compelled to buy overseas in order that we may live. How under their economic system, in which supreme importance is attached to our internal trade, would they find the money necessary to enable us to buy our food and raw materials? Many of these apostles of the "New Social Order" are at heart Protectionist, more Protectionist than many of those who are usually so labelled. But even they would not advocate shutting out all foreign manufactures, for if we are to sell we must also

buy, trade being a matter of exchange. That is an immutable economic law, as the people of the United States have discovered since the Fordney Tariff was introduced, and as the people of Australia are also finding out. There is no machinery which the mind of man can invent which will shut out completely from any country goods that foreign craftsmen make, if those goods are either more useful or cheaper than the goods of domestic manufacture, except to the injury of the population which adventures along this devious path. In the last analysis the cost of living in such communities goes soaring upwards, and, in effect, domestic industries which are thus protected are subsidised at the expense of the community. That is, of course, no argument against the Safeguarding of Industries Act, because that measure was framed, and has since been maintained on the Statute Book, in an effort to defend our high standard of living against the low standard of living which obtains in other countries as a direct consequence of the economic disturbances of the war, *i.e.*, the variations in exchange, in wages and in hours of labour, which will no doubt be gradually adjusted, more or less, to a universal standard.

The supreme difficulty in which this country is placed is not so much concerned with the making of goods at a price reflecting our high standard of living as the selling of them in other markets at competitive prices which reflect the lower standards of living in other countries. It is for that reason that the British Government has issued invitations to an international conference in London to discuss the application of the labour clauses of the Peace Treaty of Versailles and the Washington Convention. Experience has proved that in many countries lip service is being paid to these instruments, framed for the limitation of the hours of labour, and that in practice various provisions are being evaded, such evasions being justified by specious arguments. That condition, in association with the lower wages paid in many foreign factories and workshops in Europe and the East, constitutes a serious handicap on British industry so far as it is concerned with the export trade.

But, according to the Balfour Committee on Industry and Trade, "the net result of the changes (which took place in world trade) in the decade 1913-1923 was to leave the relative position of Great Britain as an exporting country unimpaired and perhaps slightly improved." That conclusion is supported by the independent investigations which have been made by the League of Nations. The opinion is reached that whereas in 1913 the United Kingdom was responsible for 15.28 per cent. of the world's trade, that proportion had increased to 16.47 in 1924. There is nothing to indicate that the organisation of British industry is less efficient than it was. Relatively to other countries we were at any rate no worse off in 1924 than we were before the war, but whether that statement applies to last year is another matter, in view of the calculations of the *Economist*, showing the decreased value of exports of British produce in 1925 as compared with the increase which took place in 1924 :—

Classes of Goods.	Exports of British Produce.	
	In 1925 as compared with 1924.	In 1924 as compared with 1923.
	In million £	
Food, drink, and tobacco	— 2.0	+ 12.6
Raw materials	— 22.1	— 24.3
Manufactured goods	— 2.6	+ 38.9
Parcel post, etc.	— 1.2	+ 6.5
Total	— 27.9	+ 33.7

What we were accustomed to regard as our great staple industries have specially suffered. The coal exports in 1925 were just under 51,000,000 tons, as compared with 61,600,000 tons in the preceding year and 79,500,000 tons in 1923, representing a fall in value of over £49,000,000 in 1925 as compared with 1923. The exports of iron and steel decreased in two years from 4,318,000 tons to 3,731,000 tons. The exports of cotton piece goods also fell off last year as compared with 1924, and there was an even heavier decline in woollen tissues. The position in regard to cutlery improved, and that was also the case in regard to electrical goods, and we did better in machinery,

the sales rising from 463,447 tons in 1924 to 515,896 tons last year. The most notable development in the export trade was the expansion of the demand for British motor cars and chassis, the exports of which rose from 15,659 to 29,051. The *Economist* has summed up the overseas trading of the year by stating that "The whole of the drop in British exports is accounted for by the declines under coal (- £21.6 millions) and iron and steel (- £6.4 millions). Another serious drop is that of £8.8 millions under woollen and worsted yarns and manufactures." But it directs attention to a number of important increases in the case of other manufactured exports, among which one of £4.3 millions for machinery and another of £5.8 millions for vehicles are, as has been stated, most conspicuous.

But, when all has been said that can be said of the favourable movement of certain classes of export, the fact remains that the sales of all descriptions of British produce and manufactures last year fell short of our purchases. And, even when allowance has been made for the exports of bullion and specie and the advantage gained in the inward and outward flow of the Parcel Post and the movement of "animals not for food," the adverse balance reached the enormous total of about £400,000,000. How under any Socialist scheme, which is based upon the maintenance of an artificially high standard of living in this island, could we wipe out that great deficit? Every movement which succeeded in advancing wages and reducing the hours of labour would inevitably lead to reduced sales overseas of British produce and manufactures, and our last state would consequently be infinitely worse than it is at present. The gap between our purchases and our sales would rapidly increase, reacting on our credit abroad, and, therefore, on our ability to buy cheaply the food and raw materials which we must import.

The balancing of our national trading account constitutes the most consummate triumph of our capitalistic system. It is evidence of the virtue of private enterprise, which leads men with homes to support to struggle to the utmost to do the best they can for themselves and their

wives and families, and thus for the whole community, putting by year by year nest-eggs, which represent both the capital of their businesses and provision for "the rainy day" against which every thrifty person endeavours to provide. The sum which each individual can save is, as a rule, small, but in the aggregate it amounts to an enormous total. This capital is used, either directly or indirectly, in promoting the development of this country's prosperity, and is, in large measure, for that reason invested in foreign countries, the Dominions, Colonies or Protectorates. It earns from year to year interest overseas, which is paid to us in the form either of food or raw materials. No one has yet succeeded in forming an exact estimate of these overseas investments. Last year the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested that they amounted to £3,000,000,000 and that the interest upon them was "about £220,000,000." The Board of Trade has since revised these estimates,¹ and claims that there is "some justification for raising the net national income from overseas investments to £250,000,000 in 1925, though more optimistic valuations would put it in excess of £300,000,000." Whatever may be the aggregate amount of these overseas investments and the income received from them, they formed an essential contribution to the paying of the bill for the things we purchased abroad during the last year. *They contributed a sum probably not less than half the price paid for all our exports of manufactures.* It is pertinent to inquire of Socialists, who propose to nationalise everything and reduce everyone to the condition of a wage slave, how they would find the enormous sum of money now yielded by our overseas investments once the incentive to personal industry and thrift had been removed and all capital had become the property of the State. No State, whatever the character of the economic system on which it has been constituted, has ever saved money. The Russian Soviet is the most conspicuous illustration of this axiom, for it is penniless and, while denouncing capitalism, is knocking at the doors of the capitalist countries seeking loans.

If this country became a Socialist State, confiscating

(1) *Board of Trade Journal*, January 21st, 1926.

all capital, and that State did what no State has ever yet done, saved money, is it imaginable that it would go on investing its surplus overseas? If it were in a position to do so, and could prevail upon Parliament with a Socialist majority to agree to such a course, would it go on year by year, as the private capitalist does, sending millions of pounds overseas in the confident expectation that he is thus promoting British industry? If the ability, as well as the willingness, to pursue this policy existed, what overseas people would care to become debtors to a Socialist State, dependent upon the passing fancies of millions of voters, who, honest enough as individuals, might conceivably conclude, as the Russian dictators have done, that the ordinary principles which rule in the commercial world ought not to be applied to the State? Whatever opinions may be held upon these debatable points, the solid fact is that under the capitalist system our overseas investments helped to pay for our imports last year to the extent of at least £250,000,000, and probably more than £300,000,000.

Shipping also made no mean contribution to balancing our trading account. When the war ended it was suggested that the British mercantile marine should be nationalised, although it is in effect an international institution. Before the war British merchant ships carried practically the whole of the coasting trade of the United Kingdom, though foreign ships are not excluded or discriminated against; ninety per cent. of the trade between the United Kingdom and the Empire; more than one-half of the trade between the United Kingdom and foreign countries; and about one-half of the remaining trade of the world. Those proportions are probably much the same to-day. Our large share in the sea carriage of the world's trade is due not to any Government action, but to the high standard of efficiency of this industry. We have the experiences of the United States, France, Australia, Canada, Portugal, Brazil and other countries as to the influence of nationalisation on shipping.¹ In every case efficiency has suffered and losses have been incurred

(1) Compare *State Socialism in Practice*, by Archibald Hurd.

which have become a burden on the community. Nationalisation would have proved the ruin of British shipping, the most individualist of all our industries. Though ship-owners have been involved for the past four or five years in an uphill struggle against adverse influences, the British flag still flies over considerably more than one-third, probably nearer two-fifths, of the effective tonnage afloat, and it is still carrying as large a proportion of the world's trade as it did before the war. The Board of Trade estimates that the freights which it earned on the high seas during the past three years amounted to £120,000,000, £130,000,000 and £115,000,000 respectively. Will any Socialist have the courage to suggest that under any scheme of nationalisation these vast sums would have been received, to be disbursed in the payment of wages, the purchase of coal and stores, and the maintenance of the shore establishments of the various companies, with a slender balance over for "the profits (if any) earned by shipowners?" In most cases, particularly in regard to the operation of tramp ships, there were no profits but only heavy losses, as the Chamber of Shipping records in its recently issued report.

In addition to the dividends on overseas investments and the earnings of shipping, other receipts must also be taken into account. The statisticians of the Board of Trade estimate that the earnings of bankers, brokers, insurance companies, and other firms on the business transacted in foreign countries and in overseas parts of the Empire amounted to £40,000,000, and that this country received about £15,000,000 for other services which it rendered overseas, while foreign ships disbursed about £9,000,000 in British ports which they visited.

By this process the conclusion is reached that apart from the visible export trade, which showed such a heavy adverse balance against us, our invisible exports not only made good the deficit but left a balance on the right side, as the table on next page indicates.

Consequently, our invisible exports amounted in the aggregate to £429,000,000, as compared with £671,376,000, which was the entire contribution made by our fac-

tories and workshops to the payment of our bill of £1,162,360 for the food and raw materials which we bought overseas last year and retained for our own use. Nor must it be forgotten, in relation to our income from shipping and investments, that capital, like ships, has to be replaced from year to year. Wastage is always going on and fresh savings have to be adventured if these dividends are not to fall off. We must continue to hazard our savings overseas if we are to maintain the flow of orders coming to us from overseas customers.

Mr. Philip Snowden, on behalf of the Socialist Party, recently asked Parliament to declare that "trade pros-

BALANCES OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE IN THE TRANSACTIONS BETWEEN
THE UNITED KINGDOM AND ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

	1923.	1924.	1925.
	In million £		
Excess of imports of merchandise and bullion	195	324	386
Excess of Government payments made overseas	25	28	15
Total excess of visible imports	220	352	401
Net national shipping income	120	130	115
Foreign ships' disbursements in British ports	13	10	9
Net income from overseas investments	200	220	250
Commissions	30	40	40
Other services	10	15	15
Total invisible exports on balance	373	415	429
Income available for investment overseas	153	63	28

perity, with the assurance of a reasonable standard of living for all, demands a fundamental reorganisation of industry on the lines of public ownership and democratic control of the essential services." The particular vice of Socialist speakers, exhibited on this as on former occasions, is that they refuse to discuss the basic problem of an island people who cannot produce all the raw materials required in their factories and workshops, nor all the food which the population must have if it is to live. They evade the grave issue. How are we, 45,000,000 men, women, and children,

settled in a small island, with very modest natural resources, to pay our way from year to year? We cannot under any economic system produce more than a small fraction of the food we require, nor will our soil yield all the raw materials we must have. Let the Socialists, if they have a scheme, tell us how we are to balance our trading account when "the New Social Order" has been established, seeing that under the present *régime*, which offers every incentive to personal industry, we fail to sell goods overseas on a sufficiently large scale to pay for all the goods which we have to buy. The capitalist system, which rests on the virtue of personal thrift, enables us to bridge this gap of upwards of £400,000,000 (half the amount of our Budget), and in that achievement lies the astounding triumph of our present economic system. Every year we perform an amazing miracle in paying our way, and its character was more astounding last year than ever before. Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease, the chairman of Lloyd's Bank, has set forth the remarkable situation in which we are placed—a decrease of sales of goods abroad, but, nevertheless, prosperity at home, the product, in large measure, of the overseas adventuring of capital under private enterprise. Reviewing last year's trade, he has remarked:—

The grave crisis in the coal trade and the depression in the heavy industries, such as shipbuilding and iron and steel, tended to obscure the fact that internally the country might almost be described as having been prosperous. The spending power of the population generally was considerable, and the trades which catered for the personal needs and necessities, and even in some cases for the luxuries and amusements of the people, enjoyed no slight measure of prosperity. It would appear from the information available to me that the standard of living of the great mass of the people has undoubtedly been raised.

And yet Mr. Philip Snowden and his friends, with the knowledge of the failure of Socialism in Russia—for Communism, in its aims, is only Socialism spelt differently—would have us break up this wonder-working machine, performing its functions throughout the capitalistic world, and embark on Socialistic experiments which they cannot guarantee to be starvation-proof.

THE COAL QUESTION

GREAT BRITAIN AT THE CROSS ROADS

BY DAVID BROWNLIE

(B.Sc. (Hons.) Lond., F.C.S., M.I.Chem.E., A.M.I.Min.E., etc.)

THE fact that coal mining, one of the great basic industries of the country, apparently cannot make sufficient profit to pay an adequate living wage to the greater part of its employees, numbering over a million, and mostly engaged in particularly difficult and dangerous work, is itself sufficient indication that something is seriously wrong in our national life. From one point of view it is perhaps fortunate that public attention has now been focussed on the matter by the remarkable proceedings of the past months, in which the Government of the country—whether justifiably or otherwise—have taken the unprecedented step of paying over to a private industry vast sums of public money, which apparently will amount to over £20,000,000 by next May, in order to help to pay its wage bill. Obviously, we are now approaching a stage when it will be impossible, by means of Royal Commissions or in any other way, to put off much longer a proper consideration not only of the coal situation itself but of the causes underlying the trouble.

The subject is extremely complicated, but to express the matter in a few words, we are suffering mainly, in comparison with our trade competitors, from a lack of realisation that the whole world situation, industrially and otherwise, has changed very materially during the past few years and is still in process of evolution, failure to make sufficient use of scientific methods, and a serious deficiency in industry of the co-operative instinct. Further, and in this respect like every other country, Great Britain is afflicted unquestionably by one of the main problems of civilisation, that of the politician and the lack of adequate methods in choosing worthy representatives.

The coal crisis is a forcible reminder that the increasing complexities of modern life, accentuated by the world war,

will compel us inexorably to reconsider our whole national policy, and from the point of view of retaining a position as one of the world's great nations we are now in this respect very definitely at the cross roads. For over a century past Great Britain has been run on the general principles that the only serious source of power generation is the burning of raw coal, and that we can supply the greater part of the world with manufactured goods, as well as coal, at a handsome profit, paying for most of our food out of the proceeds and allowing the land to become practically derelict.

Also our national life is still mainly organised on the idea that the British Navy, sailing on the surface of the sea, will maintain supplies of food and raw material from the ends of the earth, and that the House of Commons, while retaining control of the national finances, shall interfere with trade as little as possible. The basis of British industrial life, still largely prevalent, even in these days of the trust, the combine, and the "working arrangement," quite different, of course, from the true co-operative idea, is mainly that of extreme individualism with the minimum amount of scientific method, and the waste of a great part of the available national genius. For example, there is stated to be to-day in the colliery industry alone about 1,500 different boards of directors. Even apart from the upheaval due to the war, it has been apparent for a considerable number of years past to anyone who thought on the subject at all that these comfortable, slovenly, unjust, and thoroughly unscientific principles cannot hold good much longer. Apart from the coal crisis, obvious indications are that whilst we are paying over £300,000,000 per annum to foreign countries for food, a large part of which could be grown here without difficulty, the land of the country, amongst the most fertile and well watered in the world, is practically uncultivated, 1,250,000 men are permanently out of work and becoming demoralised, and the quota for British citizens who wish to leave their native land and become American subjects is understood to be filled up for twelve months ahead.

We have been kept going in recent years largely because

of the high-grade quality of many British products, such as heavy engineering, shipbuilding, and textiles for example, and the fact that we have, on the whole, the best workmen in the world, as well as a host of inventors and men of original minds and determined character, even if many of them have had to go to foreign countries to be appreciated. Also we have the great natural advantages of rich coal in thick seams, with almost adjacent iron ore, comparatively short railway journeys, and the interest on capital invested before other nations got a start in the industrial field. But these advantages alone cannot keep us going indefinitely, and the great changes that have taken place in the world during the past ten years do not seem to be realised alike by the politician, the Government official, or the mining industry. In the first place, most of the larger nations are now manufacturing a much greater proportion of their own products, and the idea that Great Britain can be "the workshop of the world" is to-day simply absurd. Certainly the demand for goods continues to increase, but the percentage of the total supplied by Great Britain is bound to become less and less, although perhaps the aggregate value may not decline to a great extent if we adopt scientific methods. As far as the mining industries are concerned, it is very certain, however, the export coal trade cannot continue on present lines, and to be on the safe side we should lay our plans on the assumption that it will be lost altogether.

Roughly speaking, taking averages for a number of years, Great Britain raises 250,000,000 tons of coal per annum and uses 187,500,000 tons at home (75 per cent.), whilst 62,500,000 tons are exported. Of this latter approximately 47,000,000 tons (including coke and briquettes) are sold to the Colonies and foreign countries, 13,750,000 tons to ocean-going steamers, and 1,750,000 tons to coasting steamers.

The fact that we cannot go on selling 62,500,000 tons of coal every year is obvious, for at least three reasons: the enormous growth in the use of water-power, petroleum oil, and low-temperature carbonisation of coal and lignite, using the term in the very broad sense of the treatment

of raw carbonaceous material to extract the maximum amount of valuable liquid and other products, often with the production of smokeless fuel, and including hydrogenation or the "liquefaction" of coal. We have had a lot of space devoted of late in the daily Press to petroleum oil, mostly containing material that is both misleading and inaccurate, but practically no attention has been given to the complete revolution that has taken place in the world's power production by the utilisation of the energy of falling water.

To-day raw coal, on which Great Britain's supremacy has been based, is no longer even the chief source of power production, and is being rapidly supplanted by water. The total power required to run the whole of Great Britain is approximately 10,000,000 h.p., nearly all, of course, obtained from coal, and in 1920 the total output of the world's water-power plants was 23,000,000 h.p. By the end of 1923 the figure had increased to 29,000,000 h.p., that is 26 per cent. in three years, and to-day is probably over 35,000,000 h.p. Of this increase of 6,000,000 h.p. between 1920 and 1923, 3,400,000 h.p. relates to Europe, due to the high price of coal; whilst at the end of 1923 in all Europe 12,300,000 h.p. was being generated by water out of a total of 57,000,000 h.p. available. These figures alone are a significant warning that we cannot continue to derive a large part of our national revenue merely by digging up coal and selling it abroad in a raw state in competition with water-power, as well as coal, lignite, shale, and other sources of energy already on the spot, waiting to be treated on scientific lines.

Taking France for example, hitherto an important customer for our coal, the power developed by water to-day is probably over 2,750,000 h.p., and even apart from German reparations coal and the natural competition of German coalfields, it seems certain that within the next few years France will be entirely independent of all British and other foreign coal and largely supplied by the water-power from the Vosges, Jura, Alps, and Pyrenees. Thus the River Rhône alone has potentially about 820,000 h.p., even on the most conservative basis of calculation.

Again, in Italy the present figure is probably over 2,500,000 h.p., as compared with not much over 1,000,000 h.p. in 1920, mostly from the Alps and the Apennines, whilst the British coal export trade to Italy to-day is already seriously affected, due to the combined effect of water-power and German competition. Further, our chief industrial competitor in the Far East, Japan, had 1,694,000 h.p. in operation from water-power at the end of 1923.

The same story can be repeated to more or less the same degree all over the world, and, to take one more example only, the present coal consumption of New Zealand is 2,500,000 tons per annum, but by 1931 huge hydro-electric developments now being rapidly pushed ahead will reduce the consumption of coal to 1,500,000 tons per annum. It does not seem to be apparent, however, that, as already indicated, either the mining industries or the Government have any idea that water-power alone, sooner or later, will almost certainly kill most of the British export coal trade, and that the revenue of an industry already making no profit will be diminished accordingly by about, say, £75,000,000.

With regard to petroleum oil, the world's consumption has advanced by leaps and bounds during recent years, and is now over 800,000,000 barrels per annum, of which about 65 per cent. is supplied by the United States and 20 per cent. by Mexico. Roughly four barrels (40 gallons) of oil are equal to one ton of average coal in heating value, so that the world production is equivalent to 200,000,000 tons of coal, or, say, one-sixth of the total output of 1,200,000,000 tons. The general talk in the daily Press about the "age of (petroleum) oil" and the "doom of coal" is, of course, ridiculous, and the facts are the whole world production of petroleum oil is not much more than sufficient to run Great Britain, whilst the oil reserves of the world are already failing rapidly, and the future is a gamble. The known coal reserves, on the other hand, are sufficient for at least 4,000 years, being about 1,680 times as great as those of oil, and there is, for example, more heat in shale deposits known to be available than in

all the coal, lignite, peat and petroleum oil put together. But this does not alter the fact that the internal combustion heavy oil engine is driving the steam engine and turbine off the seas, and the British colliery industry will not continue to sell about 15,000,000 tons of coal per annum to steamships. Incidentally, as showing our lack of scientific methods, very little attempt has been made to fight the competition of foreign oil by perfectly obvious methods, such as high-pressure steam boilers, greater degree of superheat, and, above all, by scientific methods of control of the boilers, by which means alone 10 to 20 per cent. of the coal consumption of the average steamship could be saved. Nor has the colliery industry even co-operated together to contradict the flood of misleading statements issued for years concerning the alleged advantages of oil used as a fuel under steam boilers.

The third of the obvious reasons why Great Britain expects to go on selling raw coal is that the crude use of this valuable material as a mere fuel is doomed, and the next step, now almost on the point of wholesale development, is the treatment by low temperature carbonisation or similar means so as to extract the valuable oils and ammonia. If the mining industries and the Government of this country possessed any scientific policy at all they would have taken heed of the warnings of those who foresaw what was coming long ago, and have devoted extensive large-scale research work to the subject. I have dealt with this matter at some length in a recent paper read before the Institution of Mining Engineers ("Pulverised Fuel: The Latest Developments considered along with Low Temperature Carbonisation in Relation to the Mining Industries," May 12th, 1925), and if the 3,000 coal mines of Great Britain had co-operated together for, say, ten years past to the extent of even a total of £50,000 per annum they would have been in a position to-day to undertake the treatment of a large part of their own raw coal and sell smokeless fuel, motor spirit, lubricating oil, Diesel oil, and sulphate of ammonia at a handsome profit to themselves and enormous benefit to the nation. Probably at least £10,000,000 has already been spent on low tem-

perature carbonisation processes in different countries of the world, and, in spite of every obstacle, at any rate a dozen processes are now very near practical success. Although the principle of obtaining the maximum yield of oil from coal by special methods of carbonisation dates back about 75 years, the idea of preparing a smokeless fuel may be said to have originated with W. D. Scott-Moncrieff in 1884, followed by the famous and long-continued work of Thomas Parker, commenced in 1890.

To-day there are in the world something like 100 to 120 low temperature carbonisation processes, and many hundreds of patents, representing an amount of research work of which few people have any conception. The most important processes are, in Great Britain, "Coalite," "Freeman," "Fusion Retort," "Illingworth," "MacLaurin," "Merz and McLellan," "Midland Coal Products," "Nielsen or Sensible Heat," "Power Gas Corporation," "Richards-Pringle," and "Tozer."

Then in Germany, where the most important and rapid developments are now taking place, we have the "Fellner-Ziegler," "Thyssen," and "Kohlescheidungs Gesellschaft (Stinnes)" processes, as well as those of the "Lurgi A.G.," "Meguin A.G.," "Julius Pintsch," "Otto Dobbelstein," "Raffloer," and "Delkeskamp." In Germany also has originated two of the most important of all developments in connection with the scientific use of raw coal or other carbonaceous material. The first is the hydrogenation of coal according to the work of Bergius, that is essentially the treatment of powdered coal with hydrogen under an enormous pressure of 600-3,000 lb. per square inch at a temperature of 752-932 degrees F. (400-500 degrees C.), using heavy oil as a carrier, whereby a large proportion of the coal substance is converted into oils resembling crude petroleum. Secondly, there is what is known as the "synthol" process, that is, the production of synthetic light oils from carbon monoxide by catalytic processes.

In the United States almost equally great progress in low temperature carbonisation is to be recorded, in spite of the severe competition of local oil, and, according to

C. V. McIntire, over \$8,000,000 had been expended on the subject over twelve months ago. Included in this work are the Smith "Carbcoal," the "Green-Laucks," and the "Summers" processes, whilst one of the most important is the "McEwen Runge," developed originally in London by S. McEwen for the low temperature carbonisation of pulverised coal, now being introduced into Great Britain, and very many shale carbonisation retorts are also being developed, especially in Colorado.

Few people in Great Britain seem to realise also the importance of the carbonisation of shale. Although this very old industry has practically been killed by the discovery of petroleum oil, so that to-day Scotland is the only country where it is in really large-scale operation, a revival with improved methods is bound to come, in spite of the talk of closing down the Scotch industry altogether. Thus the United States Government are understood to have purchased over 65,000 square miles of rich oil shale lands in Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, and active attempts are being made in Esthonia to run the whole country on shale, using it as a raw fuel in addition to carbonisation, thus eliminating coal altogether.

As another example of our lack of scientific methods is the fact that even if raw coal continues to be burnt as fuel the present methods in vogue are so extremely wasteful and unscientific that they cannot possibly be allowed to go on much longer. Out of the 187,500,000 tons of coal per annum consumed in Great Britain, 90,000,000 tons, or 45 per cent., are used for the one operation of burning in stationary steam boilers, apart from locomotive and steamship boilers. I have published from time to time some considerable amount of data on the efficiency of operation of steam boilers, and, to express the matter as briefly as possible, the average for a complete scientific investigation in Great Britain of 400 boiler plants in 41 different industries with a total coal consumption of 3,250,000 tons per annum was 58 per cent. That is to say, for every 100 tons of coal burnt in the boilers only 58 tons are actually utilised to provide useful steam delivered at the boiler stop valve. The correct figure, if

scientific methods were adopted in running steam boiler plant, is about 75 per cent. efficiency for average conditions, or, in other words, Great Britain is wasting 20,000,000 tons of coal every year, valued at, say, £25,000,000, on its steam boiler plants alone out of the total of 90,000,000 tons consumed. One cause of the trouble, for example, is inadequate methods of treating the boiler feed water, so that something like 2,000 tons of scale every week are deposited in British boilers, and at least another 5,000,000 tons of coal per annum are wasted in condensation losses due to faulty steam pipe coverings and lack of superheating. Other opportunities for national economy in coal are glaringly obvious in every direction, such as, for example, the waste of 1,000,000 h.p. in blast furnace gas, the failure to make adequate use of coke oven gas, waste heat, and household and factory refuse, and the neglect of the efficient "pass out" steam engine or turbine, whereby low pressure steam for heating, boiling, and general process work can be utilised to generate electricity from high pressure steam at the boiler. I should say from a personal experience of steam and power plant, including an inspection of over 2,000 boiler installations, that Great Britain to-day by merely adopting more scientific and well-known principles in connection with existing methods of utilising raw coal could save at least 50,000,000 tons, that is £60,000,000, per annum.

True, nearly every country is at present in the same position, and the average efficiency of the steam boiler plants of the United States, Germany, or France is no better, but a disturbing feature is, these countries are now beginning to forge ahead of us in scientific methods. For example, in the technique of modern scientific steam-driven electricity station design and operation the initiative has now passed almost entirely out of the hand of Great Britain to the United States, in spite of the fact that nearly all the principles on which it is based are of British origin; and many of the prominent men in the power world of the United States are Britishers who have no opportunity in their own country. To-day, for

example, one of the biggest corporations in Great Britain considers less than £400 a year an adequate salary for a trained scientific specialist to control a huge boiler plant, whereas if they had any realisation at all of the facts the salary would be at least £1,000. A large number of the statements made by Mr. Baldwin in his recent speech at Birmingham regarding the national electricity scheme are strongly open to question, and one of them is the implication that the larger power stations of Great Britain are equal to any in the world. Taking the colliery industry in particular, there is burnt under the boilers at the pit head to provide the necessary steam and power $6\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. of all the coal raised, that is about 17,500,000 tons per annum, and collieries constitute one of the biggest coal consuming industries in the country, more than twice all the electricity stations put together, for example. The efficiency of colliery boiler plants is the worst in the country, $55\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. average, although not so much inferior as commonly imagined. But if the colliery industry would only adopt very elementary scientific methods in running its own boiler plants, including a roof over the boilers, proper steam pipe coverings, the treatment of the feed water, the use of feed water economisers, partial superheating of the steam, adequate draught, and the burning of refuse fuels it could save at least 6,000,000 tons of coal per annum out of the 17,500,000 tons now burnt.

There is every prospect, therefore, that the loss of the greater part of our export coal trade and the more scientific methods we shall have to adopt in Great Britain may easily result in a drop in the coal output of British mines of from 250,000,000 tons to 150,000,000 tons, requiring not much more than half the labour at present engaged, while already the 1925 figures will certainly show a heavy reduction in the coal shipped overseas.

Now, obviously we cannot blame the mining industries entirely for this state of affairs, and if they have not realised the change in the world position, always adopted scientific methods, or co-operated with one another from the technical point of view, they are only following the

precedent set by nearly every other British industry. The remedies for the coal trouble are in general the same that we shall either have to apply to all our national life or go under. If we do not without much further delay adopt more scientific and enlightened methods we are not only doomed as an industrial nation of the first rank, but we are going to have difficulty in actually feeding our population, especially in view of the fact that aircraft and the submarine have altered entirely the whole naval situation.

The keystone of a proper national policy is in the first place the scientific treatment of our raw coal, by low temperature carbonisation, hydrogenation, and similar methods, to give smokeless, free burning fuel, motor spirit, lubricating oil, Diesel engine oil, and sulphate of ammonia (fixed nitrogen) for the cultivation of the soil. In this way we can wipe out the curse of black smoke, now costing over £40,000,000 per annum in damage, and a bill of about £45,000,000 per annum spent abroad for motor spirit and oils, whilst the extra efficiency obtained with the use of smokeless fuel for household fires, steam generation, and similar uses would be at least equivalent to a saving of 20,000,000 tons of coal per annum.

The second most important point is a complete alteration of all our ideas and methods concerning the land. An almost incredible amount of nonsense has been talked and written on this subject for nearly a century past, the gist of which is, without the slightest shred of evidence to support it, that Great Britain could never feed herself. The facts are that we could easily produce 75 per cent. of the food, both vegetable and animal, we require, instead of about 30 per cent. as at present, and still more than maintain our present industrial output, whilst if necessary in an emergency we could produce more than enough to feed the whole population. For example, the new publication, "Report on Egg Marketing in England and Wales" (Economic Series No. 10, Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, 1926), shows that in 1924 Great Britain imported eggs to the value of about £15,250,000, eggs otherwise than in the shell £2,750,000, and live and dead poultry

nearly £2,000,000, all of which could easily be produced in our own country. This is only one out of many similar outstanding examples of lack of scientific methods, and to-day the soil of Great Britain is stated to be producing less food than it did ten years ago.

Also, we shall be compelled to have a proper national co-ordinated scheme of power development and utilisation, mainly in the direction of electricity, so that, for example, about 750,000 h.p. in water-power, 1,000,000 h.p. in blast furnace gas, and 8,000,000 tons of household refuse are not wasted every year. Finally, it is essential we develop some method of utilising all the brains and energy of the best of our people and reorganise the political system, which has sunk to such a condition that the House of Commons for a number of years past has obviously lost its main function of the control of the public purse.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FAMOUS HUNTSMEN

BY H. A. BRYDEN

My earliest remembrance of hunting dates as far back as the distant period 1862, when as a very small child, mounted on a pony which had once been my mother's, and led by a groom, I attended a meet of the Bicester Hounds at Boddington, Northamptonshire. On this occasion, small as I was, my imagination was strangely kindled by the noble pack of hounds, the riders in red coats and the general cheerfulness and vigour of the scene on a fine November morning. I can remember the keen look of the huntsman, J. Burton, and I remember well the beaming and humorous countenance of Mr. "Tom" Drake, the well-known Squire of Shardeloes, the second of his name to Master the Bicester Hounds during a long period (1829-1866) memorable in the annals of this hunt. Mr. Drake, himself an excellent amateur huntsman—he hunted the Bicester from 1863 to 1866, and knew the run of a fox and the capacity and character of his hounds as well as any man in England—had just given up his second Mastership (1857-1862), and his successors were Sir Algernon Peyton and Mr. Richardson. From the village of Lower Boddington we went to draw the small gorse and blackthorn covert—historic in hunting annals—known as Boddington Hill. Here, as usual, a fox was quickly afoot; there was a wonderful chorus of hound music, which fairly thrilled my youthful blood; a whip's voice screamed "Tally-ho!" from the top end of the covert; the huntsman and others quickly disengaged themselves and jumped the boundary fence, and the hunt was away. The second fence, I well remember, was a stiff "bullfinch," and I was never more astonished than to see horsemen riding at this seemingly impenetrable obstacle and plunging through it. Among these was my uncle, mounted on a good chestnut mare, who at once rose in the scale of my admiration by a hundred per cent. That was the last of the hunt I saw that day; but I have since seen and followed the

Bicester Hounds in many a good and stirring chase in this the northern or Northamptonshire part of their country. Hunting must have been in my blood, for the cry of hounds, the sound of the horn and the glimpse of a red coat have, from that day to this, never failed to stir my enthusiasm as nothing else has ever done. And, indeed, there was some reason for the call. My maternal grandfather's house in this part of Northamptonshire was always a meet of these hounds, certainly from the beginning of Sir Thomas Mostyn's reign, 1800, to its close in 1829, and long after that period. The hunt was then known as Sir Thomas Mostyn's, and my mother well remembered in her youth Sir Thomas and his cousin, the famous hunting parson, Griff Lloyd, whose appetite for sherry and pork pie always remained in her memory.

My memories of hunting and huntsmen are far more clear when I recall the year 1868. During that season I was hunting not only in the Bicester but in the Warwickshire, Grafton and Pytchley countries. Mr. Spencer Lucy, of Charlecote Park, was then Master of the Warwickshire, and Bob Worrall, a first-rate huntsman, carried the horn. Bob had been first whip to Lord North, the Nestor of English fox-hunting, who was Master of the Warwickshire from 1861 to 1866, and in the latter year took over the Bicester Hounds. Lord North, now in his ninetieth year and still Master of a pack of Basset hounds, writes me of Worrall: "I have always regretted I did not take him on as huntsman when I followed Mr. Drake in 1866."

My first outing with the Warwickshire in 1868 was at Farnborough Hall, and it is from that time that I acquired the habit of regarding very keenly and with minute attention not only the pack of hounds which provides the sport of the day, but the methods of the hunt servants who look after them. These are vital parts of the whole machinery of hunting, and yet how very little the people who make up the field regard them! Not ten per cent. of those who hunt seem to take the slightest interest in hounds, hound management, and the looks and performances of the individual members of the pack.

Well, to return to Bob Worrall, to whom I was intro-

duced by my uncle as a prospective claimant for a "pad" if we killed a fox, we soon found in the Farnborough coverts and went away at a great pace to Wormleighton, where hounds ran their fox into a pond, drowned him, and left him in deepish water, whence he could not be immediately retrieved. I was thus disappointed of my pad, but received it and was duly "blooded" by Bob Worrall later on. Worrall was a sound and very keen huntsman, well able to keep with his hounds in one of the finest countries in England in the heyday of English hunting; possessed, moreover, of a pleasant, good-natured, weather-beaten face, which regarded a keen schoolboy with the sympathy that most good huntsmen have for such an aspirant. Bob died only a few years since. He came of that good vintage year, 1836, which produced also that distinguished sportsman, Lord North, still happily among us.

In this same season of 1868 I had, too, the extreme pleasure of hunting with the Pytchley during the Master-ship of one of the most famous of huntsmen, amateur or professional, Colonel Anstruther Thomson. My first recollection of him was at a meet at Badby Wood, that great woodland and nursery of foxes in the south of the Pytchley country. He was a very tall man, 6 ft. 3 in., strong and square-shouldered, serious and resolute—some called him grim—of countenance; a man formed manifestly by nature to lead and command. He was then just fifty years of age—born in 1818—and as fine a specimen of the athletic sportsman—hard as nails and keen as a fox-terrier—as one could wish to set eyes on. I had heard much of this famous sportsman and could scarcely take my eyes off him at the meet, at which Lord Spencer, "the Red Earl," the late Master, and his beautiful Countess, then in the prime of life and health, were present. This was Anstruther Thomson's last season with the Pytchley, a reign which endured five years and was marked in red letters by the great Waterloo run of three hours forty-five minutes, during which twenty-one miles of country were covered, a run still famous in the glorious history of this historic hunt.

When he first hunted the Pytchley Anstruther Thom-

son introduced one or two innovations, which were not at first received with approval. One of these was the habit of using a whistle, a method which, effective though it is, is, even at the present day—nearly sixty years later—not in favour with every Master of hounds.

We had a good hunt, I remember, on this particular day, twice round Badby Wood and then away by Fawsley to Charwelton and Byfield, where our fox went to ground in the Bicester country and had to be left.

In this same season of 1868-69 I hunted also for the first time with the Grafton, then the Duke of Grafton's hounds, one of the old family packs, now, alas! almost extinct. These were, like the Pytchley, the Bicester and the Warwickshire, a very smart pack, turned out in excellent style and hunted by Frank Beers, a first-rate huntsman of the old school. Frank was the son of George Beers, who was a great character in the hunting field and had long hunted hounds for Lord Southampton, who mastered the pack from 1842 to 1862, when he gave up the sport.

The first meet I attended was at Preston Capes, and, as my uncle knew Frank Beers very well and was kind enough to introduce me, I was naturally flattered to be, as it were, in the very heart of things. Frank was a cheery and good-natured soul and a first-rate man over his fences, and I remember his saying to me, with a smile, "If you keep within about one hundred yards of me till four o'clock, I think you will see us kill a Grafton fox all right!" I was well mounted on a good little bay mare, always called "the Arabian," bred from an Arab stallion of Lord Spencer's out of a well-bred mare of my uncle's, and she could not only gallop but jump well. I particularly remember the way she negotiated the troublesome big doubles in the neighbourhood of Fawsley. We found a fox from Preston Capes and had a good forty minutes and killed him; and although I was unable to ride in Frank Beer's pocket, I was near enough to see the finish, which took place near Ganderton's, a well-known covert of the Grafton Hunt. We had yet another good run that day and lost our fox; and as by that time our horses had had enough and we had a long ride home we came away,

I on my part more than well content with my first day with the Duke of Grafton's.

Frank Beers was born in 1836, and had whipped in to his father, George Beers, one of the finest huntsmen of his time. When only twenty-one he went out to Poland to take charge of a pack of hounds and hunt wolf for a territorial magnate. When Lord Southampton gave up hounds and the fifth Duke of Grafton again started the family pack, Frank was appointed huntsman at the age of twenty-six—a heavy responsibility for so young a man. At first he was not very comfortable. English foxes exhibited different tactics from those of Polish wolves (which ran always for the hills), and were not inclined to make such long and straight points. Moreover he had to handle a new pack, composed of varying units, including old and half-worn hounds which hung on the line and young drafts which overran the scent. However, in a season or two Frank had overcome his difficulties, got together the nucleus of a really good pack of hounds, and for eight and twenty years, until he gave up in 1890, he showed very excellent sport in the Grafton country.

He had a fine, cheery voice, and in the huge woodlands of Whittlebury Forest, Yardley Chase and Salcey Forest this was a great asset.

The sixth Duke of Grafton, who succeeded to the hounds on the death of his father in 1863, was Master when I first hunted with this pack in 1868. He was a good specimen of the old and courtly type of aristocrat, a kindly and liberal landlord, much respected by his tenants, and devoted to country life. Like his grandfather, the racing Duke, he was very fond of horses and maintained a fine stud, the stallions of which were freely at the service of his tenant farmers. He built new kennels for the hounds at Wakefield Lawn, his Northamptonshire seat, and started prizes for the best puppies walked by his farmers. The fourth Duke was known as the "Green Duke," from the colour of his liveries, this fashion being adopted even in the hunting field. The sixth Duke, upon being approached on the subject, very properly, in the opinion of the great majority of his field, preferred scarlet, which is

surely by far the most appropriate colour for fox-hunting.

What a pleasant country to hunt in was the Grafton in those days, under the generous ducal system! All comers were welcome; farmers and territorial magnates were on the most friendly footing; and barbed wire and motor cars, the chief curses of modern hunting, were as yet unknown. Our old aristocracy may have had their faults, but they were a generous race, sportsmen all, or nearly all; unwearied supporters of the genuine life of the countryside, and fully aware of the responsibilities and duties which they owed to their neighbours, even the poorest of them. When one contrasts that fine race of Englishmen with the men who are now coming into their ancient abiding places one cannot but sigh at the sad changes and chances which have in the last thirty years taken place in rural England.

Charles Orvis, whom I remember with the Warwickshire in the early 'seventies—I think he must have succeeded Bob Worrall as huntsman in 1873 or thereabouts—was an excellent hunt servant who did right good service for that famous pack until the eighteenth Lord Willoughby, who took over the pack in 1876, began to hunt hounds himself. Orvis belonged to one of those ancient and worthy families of huntsmen and whips which seem peculiar to the English chase. He was a first-rate hound man, rode well and boldly, and had a fine voice and excellent hound language. Hound language, by the way, is a gift, and not all huntsmen, or anything like all, possess it. In fact I have listened to well-known huntsmen, professional and amateur, who were indifferent performers in addressing their hounds. To hear Charles Orvis drawing a woodland in his best days was a real pleasure. He went afterwards to Yorkshire, and later on to the East Sussex, where he finished his career, after giving great satisfaction for a good many seasons. I remember him as a successful village cricketer in Warwickshire. I last saw him when he had retired and kept a picturesque old-fashioned inn at Sedlescombe, one of the most beautiful villages in Sussex.

At about this period (1872) Lord Valentia became Master of the Bicester Hounds, with Stovin as his hunts-

man. Never was there a more happy combination than this. Lord Valentia had spent a good deal of his boyhood at Eydon, on the northern edge of the Bicester country, and knew all the farmers in the district. He and his successor, Lord Chesham, were probably the most popular Masters the ancient "Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt" ever had. One might couple with them in this respect the present Lord North, now in his ninetieth year, who had these hounds from 1866 to 1870, a sportsman to the manner born, and a very great favourite in the wide Bicester and Warwickshire domains. Stovin had a most successful career with the Bicester, showing splendid results for fourteen seasons, and being a general favourite with the very sporting farmers of that hunt. He had a bad fall in, I think, the year 1886, and finally gave up in the following season.

Will Cox, whom I first remember as second horseman to Lord Valentia in the early 'eighties, afterwards became whipper-in, and in 1895 huntsman to the Bicester, and for a quarter of a century showed wonderful sport. By the year 1920, when he retired and had a very handsome and well-deserved presentation, he had killed no fewer than fifteen hundred and seventy brace of foxes, an average of more than a hundred and twenty-five foxes a season. This is a record not often beaten; but Harry Ayriss, who hunted the Berkeley (Lord Fitzhardinge's) hounds for forty seasons, concluding his great career in 1868, had killed four thousand foxes in four thousand days of hunting, a very wonderful performance, even if you search the entire annals of hunting. When one remembers what immense fatigue and what severities of weather hunt servants such as these have gone through during their long and honourable careers one is filled with admiration at their strength, courage and endurance.

One of the most capable, interesting and delightful men I ever had the pleasure of hunting with was Charles Shepherd, huntsman to the first Lord Leconfield, whom I first met in 1871. I can remember even now perfectly his healthy, cheerful, bright-eyed face, silvery hair, and neat figure, all wire and whipcord. So keen, so

benevolent, so inviting was his glance, when I was first introduced to him, that I fell in love with him at once. We met, I remember, at Washington, now within the boundaries of the Crawley and Horsham Hunt, and we ran during the morning over the slopes of that notable South-down height Chanctonbury Ring. What a delight it was to hunt with Shepherd! He drew carefully and with patience, and went away with tremendous dash and vigour when once he found; and he knew the run of his foxes and all their ways as if by intuition. He was, I think, the pleasantest huntsman to see at work I have ever encountered, and I speak from the memories of sixty-four packs of hounds. He had a beautiful voice, cheery, ringing and mellow; he was apparently never tired; his hounds loved him and would always do their best for him; and a day with Charles Shepherd was certainly one of the most pleasing things I can recall during a long pilgrimage among hunting people. He had not what is called a fashionable country, and his fields were happily not overcrowded; but he hunted in one of the most beautiful parts of England, he had an excellent pack of hounds—the Wyndhams have always been hound lovers—he had plenty of foxes, but not too many, and he was a real artist in the pursuit of them.

Charles Shepherd was born in Nottinghamshire in 1816, and, after serving with the Rufford and other packs, he whipped-in to Tom Hills with the Old Surrey, afterwards going to the Essex. He hunted the Essex Union for some years till 1862, when he went to Petworth and became huntsman to Colonel Wyndham, afterwards the first Lord Leconfield. I believe he hunted these hounds until 1896, when he retired, full of hunting years and honours. He died in 1903 at the age of eighty-six. I always congratulate myself that I have had the pleasure of hunting with his fine old man, a real link between the eighteenth and twentieth centuries. In his early days Shepherd had hunted with many sportsmen who were following hounds as far back in the reign of George III, before even the French Revolution and the first whispers of Napoleon.

I have written of Colonel Anstruther Thomson as one of

the greatest huntsmen of his time, but the eighteenth Lord Willoughby de Broke, whom I remember very well as Master and huntsman of the Warwickshire between 1876 and 1900—probably the finest period of this famous pack—was quite the equal if not the superior of that great sportsman. In the first place he was not handicapped by the great height (six feet three inches) and consequent weight of the Pytchley Master, and could get to his hounds with even more alacrity; and he could sail over fences through which Thomson had to force his way.

Spare in figure and of medium height, Lord Willoughby was, like Anstruther Thomson, one of those comparatively few who are always fit and in hard condition. He was a good cricketer and shot, a perfect horseman, a wonderful judge of hunting, and his knowledge and judgment of hounds were unsurpassed. During the course of his long Mastership he bred a magnificent pack of working hounds, a pack not to be surpassed even by the Badminton, the Belvoir or the Milton. In his earlier years Orvis was his huntsman; but before long he was hunting his own hounds, and during the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century he showed sport which still remains one of the finest memories of English hunting. To watch Lord Willoughby crossing his magnificent grass country in South Warwickshire, always apparently going at ease with himself and his horse, never stopping for any obstacle, his keen gaze fixed upon his hounds and his mind busied with the run of his fox, was to view a picture of the chase almost unsurpassable.

Lord Willoughby, like Anstruther Thomson, was an autocrat, and would stand no nonsense from troublesome members of his field. Like some other famous Masters he was quick-tempered, and his expletives were not feeble in kind. But on many a ride home he would, in his nice way, render fair apology if he thought he had hurt anyone's feelings unduly. I recall a ludicrous incident which happened to a brother of mine, who was staying at Fenny Compton Grange, in the Warwickshire country, with the late Mr. Edward Knott, a very gallant follower of these hounds for more than sixty years. This brother was very keen on hawking and had brought a falcon or two with

him. He was out one morning with a peregrine on the Burton Hills, and the falcon, having failed in its flight, had sulked and betaken itself to a tree at the edge of a fox covert. By unlucky chance Lord Willoughby came along to draw the covert just as my brother was in the act of trying to lure the falcon from its vantage coign. Without listening to explanations the irate Master attacked my brother with a volley of expletives. For once he had found his match, and the astonished sportsman had to meet a nature as irate and to listen to language as explosive as his own. I believe a fox was forthcoming after all, and the incident was duly explained, amid some laughter, by Mr. Knott.

To anyone who has studied hunting closely it becomes, with experience, more and more apparent that really pre-eminent huntsmen, such as the eighteenth Lord Willoughby de Broke, are very rare occurrences in the hunting firmament. One may almost say that they are born and not made. A "capable" huntsman can be formed by a hunt servant of intelligence, who is not afraid of hard work and makes good use of his opportunities. A really good first whipper-in does not by any means imply a good huntsman, when the opportunity comes, as so many have found to their cost and chagrin. Some whippers-in have, however, the good sense to know that they could not shine as huntsmen; among these was the famous Tom Rance of the Cheshire, who some eighty or ninety years ago was so well known to all Cheshire sportsmen. Tom served with these hounds under seven Masters and six huntsmen, and would never attempt to hunt a pack himself, declaring that he would as soon break stones. He had lost an eye, pierced by a thorn, during his long and honourable career. His memory was thus enshrined in a famous Cheshire hunting song, written in the vernacular:—

Tom Rance has but a single oie, wurth many another's two;
He held his cap above his yead, to show he'd had a view;
Tom's voice was loike t'owd raven's, when he skroiked out "Tally ho!"
And when the fox had seen Tom's feâce, he thought 'twere time to go.

Hunting in the West Country is, in my humble opinion, far preferable in these days of wire, motor cars, and other

drawbacks to sport in the more fashionable countries. The terrain is much wilder; fields are smaller—except, perhaps, with the Devon and Somerset during the crush of August—and you feel that you are more away from what we are pleased to call civilisation. I first hunted with the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds in 1905, when a good friend lent me his hunting box at Larkbarrow, in the very heart of the moor. Sidney Tucker, whom I regard as the finest huntsman I have ever seen at work during half a century, had then been hunting the country for three years. He and the then Master, now Colonel Sir Robert Sanders, M.P., were showing extraordinary sport, surpassing anything ever previously witnessed with these hounds, which was continued under subsequent Masters until 1918, when Tucker retired in the plenitude of his powers. "Sidney," as he is always called in the West, had plenty of brains, and was blest also with the qualities of dash, daring, and resolution. Never have I seen a huntsman of such lightning quickness and resource. To watch him in pursuit of a hunted stag hustle down the narrow zigzag woodland paths which lead to the sea from the summit of the great cliffs at Glenthorne, there a thousand feet in height, was a revelation. His knowledge of the run of a stag or hind, in that wild country of Exmoor, was wonderful, and his patience and judgment when he came to a difficult check, as he often did, amazing. His fire and spirit were a splendid tonic to his pack, and to hear Sidney's scream when he had fresh found a deer and was calling upon his hounds was enough to stir the blood of the coldest observer. I have seen, during several years on Exmoor before the war, many fine hunts with Sidney Tucker and his ally, Ernest Bawden, then his whipper-in, now his excellent successor, and I can never forget the glorious sport and the great hunts enjoyed with them. The last I had with Sidney was in the spring hunting season of 1914, when we found a five-year-old stag at Combe Wood under the Quantocks, ran right over the Brendon Hills and took him in the Exe at Winsford, after making a sixteen-mile point and covering some twenty-two miles of country as hounds ran.

Some years ago when the red deer had become far too abundant in the country surrounding Exmoor two or three packs were assisting the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds in the difficult task of keeping down the head of game. Among these were the Barnstaple Harriers, which hunted on that side of the moor. Their huntsman was that real West Country "character," the late Mr. W. L. Ashton, a prosperous grocer in Barnstaple. The son of a farmer, Ashton had an invincible love of sport, and could never be long away from the hunting field. He had a good knowledge of hounds and hunting, and with his small but keen pack he pursued alternately hare, fox, or deer, and showed many a rousing chase after either quarry. I have seen him, when he hunted fox or deer, clad in an old red coat much too big for him, lent by some admirer, hunting far away in the wildest parts of Exmoor, where he occasionally got benighted with his hounds and could not reach home till the small hours of the morning. Nothing daunted this ardent spirit and gallant huntsman, whose memory will linger long in the heart of the Exmoor and Barnstaple countryside. A most humorous and kindly soul, he was well known to the children of the various parishes he passed through; and, asked, as he always was on the way home, what his sport had been, he would reply: "Well, my dear, we've killed a stag to-day," or, perchance: "Two brace of hares" or "a fox" as the case might be. Occasionally he and his youthful whipper-in, when tired and belated, would stop at a wayside inn, put their hounds into a stable for half an hour and snatch much-needed refreshment. On one occasion Ashton's horse escaped and went away home on its own account. The wearied huntsman had no other way of getting home than riding double with the whip on the latter's tired nag, and thus accomplishing the remaining dozen miles to kennel.

No one who has hunted on Exmoor during the last thirty years can forget Major Morland Greig, of Exford, who was for a long period Field-Master of the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds, and maintained at the same time that beautiful pack, the Quarme Harriers, which he usually hunted himself. The cheeriest and most devoted of

sportsmen, Morland Greig diffused sunshine and goodwill wherever he appeared. He took over the full Mastership of the Devon and Somerset in 1912 and for two seasons showed first-rate sport, Sidney Tucker and Ernest Bawden acting as his huntsman and whipper-in. Fond as he was of the chase of the red deer, it was a severe wrench to have to give up his beloved harriers, which he had hunted with the greatest success for twelve seasons. These hounds were of the old-fashioned, light-coloured, West Country strain, the most perfect pack of hare hounds and the most killing of any I have seen in a long experience. I often had the pleasure of hunting with this great sportsman on Exmoor with stag, fox, and hare, and can never forget his many fine qualities, his hospitality, his enthusiasm, and his natural kindness to all his neighbours, rich and poor. What pleasant times we had, not only in the hunting field, but in kennel going through individual hounds, as we had them out on quiet Sunday afternoons at the Quarne and Devon and Somerset kennels, both of them at Exford. Major Greig, of course, came out with his Yeomanry Regiment, the Royal North Devon Hussars, at the outbreak of war, and went with them to Gallipoli, where at the age of fifty-two years he was, like many another good hunting man, untimely killed. At the time of his death in 1915 he had three sons serving, while his daughter was also doing good work in France.

Before closing my memories of the Devon and Somerset Stag hounds, I cannot refrain from mention of a rather wonderful feat of hunting performed single-handed by Sir Robert Sanders, when Master of these hounds. It happened on October 16th, 1905, when we met at Hawkcombe Head. Sir Robert, who was hunting hounds that day, drew the Parks, roused a good stag and ran by Porlock Hill to the Horner Valley and Cloutsham Ball. From there, in Aldercombe, fresh deer were running in all directions, and the pack split into several sections. Mr. Sanders, as he then was, got away alone with a few couples, hunted over Dunkery Beacon, and ran on by Codsand Moors and Snow's Path to Chettisford Water,

and thence through Oare Deer Park, across Badgworthy Water to Lankcombe and Withybed, where his hounds ran up to a well-beaten stag, rolled him over in the water, and Sir Robert administered the *coup de grâce*. He was a soul with him during the whole of this fine hunt! This was a really great performance, and Sir Robert Sanders may well be congratulated, even after a score of years, on such a feat.

Among West Country huntsmen, I cannot possibly pass over that splendid veteran, Will Tame, for many years huntsman of the West Somerset, whom I may fitly compare, as a perfect type of hunt servant, with old Charles Shepherd, of Lord Leconfield's. Tame retired, a hale and hearty veteran, in 1920, after close on thirty years as huntsman in one of the roughest and most difficult, as well as one of the most picturesque countries in England. His Master, that great sportsman, Colonel Sir Dennis Bowles, in making the presentation on Tame's retirement, well attested the old huntsman's character when he said: "Will Tame was one of the best huntsmen that ever carried a horn, and one who loved hunting for hunting's sake and not merely for pecuniary gain. He had no doubt, if he could read Tame's thoughts aright at that moment, they were, 'Never mind the cheque, sir; let us be off and find a fox.'" My memories of hunting with Will Tame are very much like those I have of Charles Shepherd. The man was a perfect picture of a huntsman—tall and athletic in figure, with ruddy, good-humoured face and white hair—and there was always a freshness and cheerfulness and enjoyment about his performance which added greatly to the zest and charm of a hunt with that excellent pack, the West Somerset. Notwithstanding the difficulties of the country he hunted, Tame was always a great fox killer. In the season of 1913-1914 he brought to hand no fewer than ninety and a half brace, a wonderful achievement for so wild and rough a country. Before coming to the West Somerset Tame was with Mr. Lewis in Monmouthshire, afterwards going to the North Cotswold and Vale of White Horse countries.

The greatest "character" and one of the most enthusi-

astic, as well as successful, huntsmen of foot packs with whom I have ever hunted was certainly the late Alexander Campbell, who, like so many other hunting men, died in France in the Great War. Campbell mastered and hunted the Hailsham Harriers for twelve years from 1902. These old-fashioned, deep-tongued, low-scenting Southern hounds were invariably hunted on foot in their Pevensy Marsh country and ridden to on the Downs. Campbell was a wonderful performer on foot, and as an old athlete myself I can say that I never saw his equal. He was always with his hounds and nothing ever stopped him. He was a perfect long-distance runner, and I have seen him cover twenty feet over a marsh dyke in his hunting clothes—a marvellous feat. He waded breast deep or swam the marsh rivers, and twice I have seen him go to sea in pursuit of a run hare. On one of these occasions, after two severe hunts of an hour each, he swam out three hundred yards in a rough sea and on a strong and cold ebb tide; and with a joyous “Who-whoop!” grabbed his hare. Very fortunately a boat was available, or this gallant but reckless sportsman might never have reached land again. Nothing ever stopped him, and I have seen him, after various immersions on a freezing winter’s day, coated from shoulder to foot with ice. He was as high couraged as he was determined; he had the true hunting instinct, and his hounds worshipped him and would do anything for him. When motoring was in its infancy he was a good deal troubled as to his hounds being injured; I have seen him on the approach of a car, when his hounds were questing on the road at a check, fling himself down on his back in the mud, in order to prevent the car from getting among his pack. He was a bold rider and won the Heavyweight Point-to-Point at a meeting of the Eastbourne Foxhounds.

With this last example of various types of huntsmen, from a memory crowded with hunting pictures, I must, perforce, bring this paper to an end.

JOHN SARGENT

By C. LEWIS HIND

How often does a sitter like a portrait?

How often do the relatives like it?

Is the life of the fashionable and popular portrait painter an enviable one?

The answer to these three questions is “Rarely.”

I do not mean by this that portrait painters are chary of commissions. Dangle a five-hundred pound cheque in a morning advertisement—“I am in need of a clever portrait of my wife”—and you will receive a thousand replies before sundown.

I am thinking of the man of genius, which Sargent was. After years of labour he found the position of fashionable and popular portrait painter intolerable; so he astonished the world (but not everybody) with an abrupt gesture which signified that he would receive no more sitters, or those only who appealed to him.

Sargent could afford this drastic denial. His charities or kindnesses in buying works from painters who needed help were many; but he was a bachelor; he did not build himself a palace, which was the habit of the very successful painter in Victorian days; he had few interests outside painting and music; so money-making was not necessary. The artist in him longed for wider and more various expression, as it did in volatile Gainsborough, but prices were different in Gainsborough’s day, and landscapes were in slight demand: so Gainsborough had little or no relief from the drudgery of “face pictures.” Reynolds was apparently well content to paint portraits. He was not a versatile genius: the lust for new themes, new artistic adventures did not disturb his grave temperament: he was satisfied to be the great English portrait painter, a noble and admired figure, and to instruct the art world, in classical and dignified language, through his Royal Academy Discourses.

Public speaking was a terror to Sargent. He shrank from impressing the busy world : he expressed himself only with his brush and furtively in music.

Twentieth century portrait painters have a harder task than their brothers of the eighteenth and earlier centuries. What is usually wanted to-day is not a work of art but a Name and a Likeness. The sitter and the relatives get the name—a Sargent adds to the glory of a house—but who is ever content with the likeness? We do not know ourselves : how, then, can a painter know us? The modern world demands a likeness, and the sitter must be shown at his or her best. The idea of many is the photograph, accompanied by a dress that the *modiste* herself will recognise as her creation, and that will startle the sitter's acquaintances. To sit for one's portrait, to write one's memoirs, is fundamentally an affair of vanity.

The earlier painters troubled little about the likeness. Surely Bellini, Botticelli, Holbein, Titian, and their sitters were content with a work of art. Rembrandt suffered because he could not produce a likeness. Frans Hals could : it was part of his genius.

There is another and a simple reason why a great modern artist like Sargent should say (he said it in my hearing), "No more mugs for me."

Is it not obvious that a painter, a writer, a musician does his best work when he chooses his theme—something that appeals to him, that stirs his emotions? The portrait painter usually has his subject forced upon him. If the sitter does not appeal to him he begins in despair ; he ends in disgust.

There are compensations. Walk through the Sargent Exhibition at Burlington House, regard the great portraits of parade, usually three attractive young women, standing or seated, garbed gloriously in the fashion of the day ; or single figures posed against ancestral mantelpieces or columns ; or flitting magnificently and diaphanously through dim glades. Some of these—most of them—hang, when they are not on exhibition, in the stately homes of England, facing or adjoining groups by the great eighteenth century painters ; or, if the homes are not

ancestral, in houses so gorgeous that it seems to be an honour to assist in decorating them.

What painter would not be impressed by such honours to his brush? Sargent, an American, a visitor, as it were, to this country, must have felt a glow of pride at being asked continually to paint groups and portraits destined to hang in the company of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence and Raeburn. In time it palled. You can trace his growing boredom in some of his portraits of parade ; the hour came, as I have said, when he struck. After that a blank cheque would not tempt him. He was artist : he pined to choose his subject, not to have it imposed upon him.

This attitude of the true artist is natural. Take the case of another eminent portrait painter, the late J. J. Shannon, who told me once that when he had accepted a commission, and the moment had come for the sitter to be chaperoned to his studio, he would suffer an agony of apprehension, as the door opened, lest she should be—well, antipathetic. Shannon, like everybody else, was at his best when he chose his subject, when it inspired in him love, affection, interest or admiration. Then he painted such portraits as "Phil May" and "The Flower Girl," now in the Tate Gallery.

No artist ever produced a bad portrait of his mother. If a collection of mothers could be exhibited it would be found that each artist had risen above himself.

The reader may ask : If Sargent was so hard to please, if he longed to paint only those who made intimate appeal to him, why did he devote the best years of his life to painting, one after another, the Wertheimer family, and later the Sassoons, and other members of the Jewish race?

Sargent was not a painter of the expressionless ; he was interested in characterisation, and surely he was moved by sitters with whom he could indulge, with slightest indication, suggestions of caricature. Your great portraitist often indulges in a suggestion of caricature. I could give a dozen examples from the past. Who can deny that there is a touch of caricature in the marvellous bust of "Philip Old," by Velasquez, in Holbein's "Charles V," and

"Henry VIII," what we have of it? Why, the delight that we take in the impersonation of Henry VIII by Mr. Norman V. Norman in the present revival is due mainly to the fact that the actor makes it a light caricature. So it becomes more real. Sargent's "Curzon" and "Lord Wemyss" have this note; so have his "Coventry Patmore" (especially) and his "Henry James" (delightfully). Is it ungallant to say that it may be detected in the portraits of "Lady Faudel-Phillips," "Mrs. Charles Hunter," and in a dozen others?

I imagine that the Wertheimer family gave him a free hand; perhaps he took it. Certainly he was interested: there is no boredom here, and in the portrait of young Alfred Wertheimer he certainly produced one of his masterpieces, as he did in the Asher Wertheimer. How sly he looks, and how he seems to enjoy the idea! Fine, too, indeed beautiful, is his "Sir Philip Sassoon," which was painted after he had "given up" portraits. This sitter tempted his brush. So did "Lady Sassoon," one of his very fine things.

Sargent was interested in pronounced idiosyncrasies, and in intellect; in scholars of books and life, worn and pale with thought. How good to look at are his "Sir Edward H. Busk," his "Octavia Hill," his "Penrose," his "Charles S. Loch," and his "Francis J. H. Jenkinson"!

He was not interested in mere prettiness, or in opulence, unless he could indulge in subtle caricature. But if there was something more than beauty, something gracefully pathetic, as in "Mrs. Charles Russell," intense as in "Mrs. A. L. Langham," arrogantly lovely as in "The Lady Helen Vincent," then he roused himself; then boredom vanished.

He was interested in many of his charcoal drawings. They could be completed quickly while the inspiration lingered: so we have such lively presentations as "Granville Barker," "Ethel Smythe," "Herbert Tree," and "Ernest Thesiger."

Most of those mentioned above were the outspringing of the real Sargent, in the intervals, maybe, of commissioned labours. It is interesting to search for more of these Delight Pictures, as Ruskin might have called them.

Have you noticed how often Sargent uses the Cashmere shawl motive? You may see it first at Burlington House in No. 2, "Rose Marie," who was his favourite niece, and who, I believe, met a tragic fate during the war in an air raid in Paris. This sweet girl wears the Cashmere shawl in this picture, an intimate Sargent, done for love; he wanted to do it; he enjoyed doing it. You see the shawl again in "The Siesta," a landscape water-colour; in "Two Girls in White Dresses"; in "Study of a Lady Reading"; in a dozen other water-colours, holiday pictures, delight pictures, and you see it fully in that charming work, "Cashmere," showing Rose Marie, I presume, wearing the Cashmere shawl in seven poses. It is odd that big, burly, frowning, aloof Sargent should be so intimately associated with a—Cashmere shawl.

Another point: Sargent was a great worker. He was always happy when painting. Have you noticed that in the water-colours—impromptu, vivid, brilliant—that he produced in such numbers when he was released from the drudgery of commissions he was especially fond of painting his companions when they were asleep on Alp, or in glade, or, if not asleep, lying at full length or resting from heat and exertion? But Sargent was not resting. He was painting—always painting. In the mind's eye I see him, very wide awake, his fierce, inquisitive eyes, very alert, working furiously while they sleep.

We do not look for mysticism, or a quality that may be called spiritual, in Sargent. He painted what he saw; his hand followed his eyes with unerring accuracy and facility, and he seemed to know instinctively about colour and tone values. Movement was no more difficult to him than stillness. He had a dexterity, a sense of rapid life that would have astonished the calm pertinacity of some of the great Old Masters. How they would stare at the brisk, brilliant movement of some of his Venetian pictures, wherein he depicts the rushing gondola and the swaying gondolier! They seem miraculous, as do others of his swift impressions—gay, summary, learned—of Venice and elsewhere.

These were done when he had mastered his craft, taught his eyes to follow his hand in a flash. But Sargent was a Classicist; he took no short cuts towards Impressionism.

Consider his "Madame Gautreau," an unfinished (but finished for the artist) study for the picture now in New York. It was painted in his early Paris days, when "Madame Gautreau," that exotic personality, was the rage of Paris. This sketch is not laboured; but it is finished, unqualifiedly slick, every inch searched out and stated. And what confidence! From his earliest days Sargent never fumbled.

Ponder over the accomplishment of "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," and its freshness and tenderness. There are studies for it at Burlington House, one rather hard, as if he were feeling his way, the other a delicate impression, as if he had found his technique, and could embark cheerfully on the big picture which shows no hurt from time or dirt. Sargent was always a great craftsman, but in latter years he became sometimes careless or hasty, putting thin glazes of blacks over solid whites, using unproved mediums with the result that in some of his portraits there are cracks and fadings.

The hanging committee of the exhibition at Burlington House, which is but one-third of Sargent's life work, have, in some cases, hung a portrait between two landscapes, showing, in a way, the business and the dream of this great artist's life. He is a shining example of the truth that there is no real distinction between figure and landscape painting. A good painter should be able to paint anything. Not for Sargent the juicy, luminous paint of Richard Wilson, the golden glow on massive forms of Old Crome, the straightforward, realistic particularity of John Constable, the shorthand conversations with infinity of Turner. Sargent does not seem to take much delight in pigment for pigment's sake; his colour is thin if dazzling; his mind was too immediate to linger lovingly with paint, to caress and fondle it. His outlook might be called well-bred Cosmopolitanism. A Cosmopolitan he was by birth and training, and something of that aloofness from racial intimacy seems to get into his paintings. He records Nature, he does not interpret her; but what a wonderful record it is! Is there a finer direct statement of all the trained eyes see than his "Albanian Olive-gatherers"?

Rarely did he paint England or America, but once he was impressed by a lake lurking amid American mountains—a noble picture, now in the Fogg Museum. His first landscape, done in 1878 during or soon after his student days, was "Oyster Fishers at Cancale." When, in later years, he took to landscape as a holiday task, Europe was his field—Italy and Switzerland. Astonishing in their glittering representation of essentials are his "Lago di Garda," "San Vigilio" (pure beauty), and "Palazzo, Venice."

He spent years over his great decorations in the Boston Library, and in the Museum of Fine Arts, which were virtually complete before he died. But was Sargent a decorator? For answer you have but to contrast the decorations by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Library with Sargent's. Those by Puvis are emotional, those by Sargent are intellectual. It is pathetic to watch good Unitarians, admirers of Sargent, trying to maintain a judicial attitude of connoisseurship before his representation of "The Dogma of the Trinity."

Sargent's decorations in the Boston Library are, of course, instinct with superb craftsmanship. His "Prophets" fresco is magnificent; but there seems something wanting when the conscientious visitor has to study a closely printed card, supplied by the authorities, in order to understand the Sargent wall-paintings. Puvis de Chavanne's rhythmical harmonies in colour and line need no card.

I take it that Sargent, having conquered England, having received all the honours, including an invitation, pressing and persistent, to become President of the Royal Academy, accepted the commission for the Boston decorations so that he might have official recognition in the land of his ancestors, and leave there in old Boston, his father's home, these pictorial records of his genius.

What thoughts must have passed through his mind when, for months, for years, he stood there lonely amid the scaffolding, the end not very far off, he aware that the end was not very far off, leaving in a permanent building, a great building, the fruition of his craftsmanship. Did his mind wander back to his boyhood in Florence, to the day

when his dawning intelligence first began to hear about art from his father?

John Singer Sargent was cradled in art. He was one of the favoured: he was given every facility, but he would have come through—genius combined with character always does—wherever his birth, whatever his upbringing.

Speaking of Art, Whistler said, "The palace cannot command it, the hovel is not free from it"; but usually it originates nearer to the hovel than the palace. Prince Eugen happens to be one of the foremost artists of Sweden, and a few others have sprung from the ruling or upper middle classes, but Nature takes no interest in justice or equality. She picks children anywhere for her royal gifts—Giotto, an Italian peasant boy; Claude, a French pastrycook; Ruisdael, a Dutch frame-maker; Turner, the offspring of a chirpy barber and a crazy mother; and Sargent, the son of a retired, cultured Boston physician living in Florence.

In the beginning, through his life, and at the end, Sargent was fortunate and favoured. Everything seemed to bend in fashioning him and aiding him to fulfil his great destiny. In Paris he had the incalculable advantage of being a pupil of Carolus Duran: it was Carolus who said, "I am the son of Velasquez, Sargent is my son." He was, of course, the prize pupil in Carolus Duran's *atelier*: he was first everywhere: there was never any doubt about Sargent's gifts.

He was fortunate, too, in his student days in Paris in having as a fellow-pupil at Carolus Duran's R. A. M. Stevenson, cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. D. S. MacColl has recently published a letter from Sargent in which he acknowledges the influence that R. A. M. Stevenson had upon him in art matters, correcting his rather overstressed academic assimilations and opening gates to the youth. Sargent did not realise until later in life how much he owed to R. A. M. Stevenson's power of exposition and advanced theoretical knowledge of the possibilities of art. R. A. M. Stevenson could explain. Sargent could do.

His great career was assured from his student days.

France, England and America acknowledged him. His first picture was shown at the Salon in 1879: he became an A.R.A. in 1894, an R.A. in 1897. England received him with open arms.

Very remarkable were his early pictures. Like the Van Eycks, he seemed to "reach perfection in a stride." Think of "El Jaleo," "The Boit Children," and his portrait of Carolus Duran, a dashing presentment of exuberant vitality painted with an air as if saying "This, master, is what I can do." When I last met Sargent I fell to talking of this brilliant portrait, and I said, "Can it be possible that you painted it when you were twenty-two?"

"No," he replied, "twenty-one."

It is interesting to consider what effect such enormous success has upon a man. The effect upon Sargent, I should say, was *nil*. He was shy, reserved, aloof: he had a positive loathing for public appearances, unless from a strong sense of duty, which he had. It was this sense of duty that induced him to consent to make a speech at the Sir Joshua Reynolds bicentenary celebration held at the Royal Academy in 1923. The speech itself was scholarly and apt: a full report was circulated, which I have read; but the delivery of the speech, from typewritten script, was painful to his audience. He stammered, mumbled, and repeated himself like a schoolboy.

He grew shyer, I think, and more aloof as the years passed and his fame increased; he could not throw off the burden of being the greatest figure in the art world. One rarely met him at functions, and when one encountered him in picture galleries, or elsewhere, always alone, his manner made one respect his partiality for his own company.

Often have I seen him dining by himself in London at the Café Monico, in Boston at the Plaza Hotel, always with a book propped before him.

He was a great gentleman, quiet and courteous, rather formidable looking, of massive frame, with full, rather bulging eyes, very much in earnest. I spent some time with him one afternoon in his apartment at the Plaza Hotel, Boston. It was when an attack had been made upon him

by a section of the Jewish Press of Boston for some alleged misreading of their theology in one of his Boston Library wall paintings. He took book after book from the case and read passages to me supporting his interpretation of Rabbinical law and ritual.

His intimates, often artists and musicians, were devoted to him. One of his friends was the late Hercules Brabazon Brabazon. Music was their bond; one day art suddenly and delightfully intruded. Sargent was lunching with Brabazon at his flat in Westminster: someone rallied Sargent on his indifference to the food, which was unusual with him. He said, "Those water-colours on the walls! I can't get them out of my mind. Who did them?"

They were by his host. Then began, mainly through Sargent, Brabazon's late fame, and Sargent's redoubled interest in water-colour painting.

And there is a fond memory of another artist of my acquaintance, who recalls sitting with Sargent through an evening at an hotel at the top of the Simplon Pass, the two hammering out on the piano Schubert's Symphony in C.

This great artist was fortunate in his death as in his life. He had been entertaining friends; he went to bed, taking with him a volume of Voltaire; he died in his sleep. Thus he passed over suddenly: and the trumpets sounded for him on this side.

IS THE BRITISH LABOUR MOVEMENT DEMOCRATIC?

BY W. F. WATSON

IN the September issue of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* I endeavoured to trace the origin of officialism and to show how, as the result of certain tendencies, a new class had sprung up in our midst, which was outside the category of either working or employing class. I propose to carry the thesis a step further by explaining in detail methods adopted by the official class to retain all power in the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party. I shall give particulars of the inner workings of some of the big unions and of the local Labour Parties, showing both to be the antithesis of democracy.

In a report just issued by the International Labour Office at Geneva, Mr. Andreiev, Chairman of the Russian Railwaymen's Union, declares that the Russian trade union officials have lost all contact with the working masses. This is corroborated by the correspondent to the *Daily Herald*, that staunch supporter of all things Russian. In reporting that the General Council of Russian Trades Unions is carrying on a vigorous campaign with the object of remedying the defects and reforming abuses which are hampering the proper working of the unions, the *Daily Herald* correspondent says:

The Council note a tendency among officials to lose contact with the workers, to develop a bureaucratic psychology, to act only on orders from above, and to become authoritative and arbitrary in their methods.

The work of the branches, election of officials, etc., have, therefore, become frequently mechanical. There is a lack of interest by the workers, inadequate attendance at meetings, inadequate control over affairs.

In a circular issued to all unions by the Central Council great stress is laid on the necessity for reforms which will bring the union machinery more closely under the control of the rank and file.

The circular insists that the Councils shall report frequently and fully to the workers; that their members shall be elected individually, after full discussion, not from lists prepared by officials; that criticism by the rank and file shall be encouraged.

But the central theme of the whole is that an end must be put to the

bureaucratic spirit, inertia, and irresponsibility too often found amongst union officials, and that the work of the unions and the Workers' Councils must be brought into closer contact with and under the more effective control of the rank-and-file workers themselves.

It will be noted that this rather severe criticism is directed towards minor union and branch officials. No mention is made of the "bureaucratic psychology," "inertia and irresponsibility" of the Central Council. Presumably, like Cæsar's wife, they are above suspicion.

Doubtless the soft impeachment will be strenuously contested by many British leaders, but it is none the less true that the foregoing aptly applies to the trade unions and the Labour Party of this country, and it is as true of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party Executive as it is of the smallest union or branch. Take, for instance, the election of the former.

If ever a body of men should be properly elected by the rank and file by means of a democratically conducted ballot, it surely is the General Council. Such an important body, wielding almost unlimited power, should be thoroughly representative of the men in the fields, factories, and workshops, whose pence, regularly paid week by week, provide the not altogether meagre salaries of these estimable gentlemen. But what are the facts?

The General Council is elected at the annual meeting, and the method adopted is the card vote, by means of which delegates vote according to the numerical strength of the union they represent. That is to say, the twenty-eight Amalgamated Engineering Union delegates are entitled to cast 245,000 votes. It is not generally known that the nominees for the Council are carefully selected by the union executives and the card votes openly and unblushingly bartered for amongst the delegates, consequently the unofficial nominee stands very little chance, if any at all, of securing election. The miners' executive, having selected their nominees for the General Council, approach the engineers' executive, who have already decided upon their candidates, whereupon it is tacitly agreed that the whole of the miners' 750,000 votes shall go to the engineers' candidate, providing that the engineers' 245,000

votes are given to the miners' nominee. It is not unreasonable to suggest that whilst the majority of the members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union may possibly be in favour of Mr. Swales being elected to the General Council, they might desire someone other than Mr. Smillie as his colleague; and that the members of the Miners' Federation might enthusiastically support Mr. Smillie and yet have a rooted objection to Mr. A. B. Swales. But the rank and file have no say in the matter; in fact, they do not know who is nominated or elected until after the Congress has finished its labours.

An examination of the *personnel* and the voting figures clearly shows how this method of card voting and bartering not only prevents the return of an unofficial nominee, but it also ensures the return of the same members year after year. There are very few changes in the new Council. What changes there are are due to retirements. Mr. T. Richards, of the Miners' Federation, takes the place of Mr. Herbert Smith, who retires. Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., succeeds Mr. Marchbank for the Railwaymen. Evidently Mr. Marchbank was induced to make way for the return of Mr. Thomas, for there was no election in this group, Messrs. J. H. Thomas, J. Bromley, and A. G. Walkden being returned unopposed. Apparently Mr. Cotter, Transport Workers, was also persuaded to retire in favour of Mr. E. Bevin, since Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. E. Bevin were elected without a contest. Mr. H. H. Elvin succeeds Mr. J. B. Williams, retired; Mr. J. R. Leslie takes the place of Mr. John Turner, also retired; and Miss Margaret Bondfield, who with Mr. Thomas resigned upon taking office in the Labour Administration, is elected instead of Miss Julia Varley. The voting figures are indeed illuminating, showing as they do how hopeless it is for an outside nominee to expect to reach the "holy of holies." Here are a few selected at random:

- 7. Building: A. A. Purcell, official (3,510,000).
Geo. Hicks, official (3,118,000).
Not elected.
- S. Sigsworth, unofficial (772,000).
A. Gould, unofficial (93,000).
E. Wilsden, unofficial (44,000).

1. Mining: R. Smillie, official (3,808,000).
 R. T. Jones, official (3,645,000).
 T. Richards, official (3,638,000).
 Not elected.
 W. Frowen, unofficial (811,000).
5. Engineering: A. B. Swales, official (3,753,000).
 A. A. H. Findlay, official (3,093,000).
 J. Roman, official (2,205,000).
 Not elected.
 G. Parker, unofficial (1,875,000).
 G. W. Thompson, unofficial (776,000).
15. Public Employees: J. W. Bowen, official (2,936,000).
 Not elected.
 W. J. Brown, unofficial (981,000).

Many members of the new Council are old-stagers, Mr. Will Thorne holding the record with thirty-one years' continuous membership. Mr. J. W. Ogden has been returned fourteen years in succession, Mr. J. H. Thomas and Mr. R. B. Walker have eight years to their credit, Mr. A. A. Purcell and Mr. A. B. Swales six years. Moreover, and this is perhaps the most startling feature of all, it is doubtful whether any member of the Council was a duly elected delegate to the annual meeting. With the possible exception of Mr. A. A. Purcell—it is not quite clear what position he holds in the National Amalgamated Furnishing Trades' Association—the whole of the General Council are full-time officials of their union (mostly general secretary), and many are also Members of Parliament, and they attend Congress by reason of that fact. Mr. A. B. Swales, Chairman of the Scarborough Congress, was elected to the executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, now merged into the Amalgamated Engineering Union, in 1917. In accordance with rule the general secretary, president, and a member of the executive attend the Trades Union Congress, Mr. Swales being that member. Mr. Swales therefore attends Congress, is elected to the General Council and the Chairmanship, not as a properly elected delegate, but as a representative of the executive of the A.E.U., without in any way consulting the membership. O shades of democracy! It is rather

farcical, to say the least, for these leaders to proclaim the Labour movement as being the most democratic of all institutions.

Pressed by the rank and file, the Amalgamated Engineering Union submitted a proposal at Scarborough that there should be elected to the General Council six representatives direct from the workshop, not more than one for any particular group. This obviously democratic resolution did not meet with the approval of officialdom. Fearing the advent of the worker on the General Council, the leaders strongly opposed it, the card vote was turned on, and the resolution was overwhelmingly defeated.

The procedure at the Labour Party Conference at Liverpool was exactly the same. The officials exploit the card vote in order to retain power, and again the executive is composed of men as far removed from contact with workshop conditions as any aristocrat. Again there are very few changes in *personnel*, a conspicuous absence of representative men and women, and again unofficial nominees were nowhere in the voting.

The pernicious system of the card vote is not only used for "packing" the General Council and the Labour Party executive, it is also used in voting on resolutions. What publicly passes for the considered opinion of the whole of the Labour movement is but the mechanical operation of the card vote by a few delegates. Take, for instance, an organisation like the National Union of General Workers and Municipal Employees with its thousand odd branches. The branches are never officially notified of the conference and the members never have an opportunity of discussing the agenda, consequently they are not in a position to instruct their delegates how to vote; indeed, the delegates do not trouble to ask for instructions. Yet, at the conference, the delegates are able, and actually do, use the hundreds of thousands of votes of the members just as they think fit, or as the high officials tell them.

Moreover, Local Labour Parties, the life's blood of the movement, stand no chance whatever against the huge numbers of the big unions. As a delegate said in report-

ing to his local party (at which the writer was present), "The Labour Party Conference is swamped by the card vote of the big unions."

In the unions affiliated to the T.U.C. and the Labour Party, democratic administration is no less conspicuous by its absence. The constitutions, as embodied in complicated rules, relegate all power to a group of officials, in consequence of which the average member has but little opportunity of expressing an opinion regarding policy, or anything else for that matter.

The usual method of electing officials is by means of the ballot vote in the branches, only one branch meeting being set aside for that purpose. True, rule says that the members shall be duly informed that a ballot is to take place and that they shall be summoned to attend in order to record their vote, but anyone conversant with the inner workings of the unions knows full well that this rule is invariably observed in the breach. One half of the membership is usually ignorant of the fact that a ballot is proceeding, and it is not uncommon for only a dozen votes to be recorded in a branch containing three hundred members. The recently elected Parliamentary candidates for the Amalgamated Engineering Union are Mr. J. Kaylor and Mr. W. H. Hutchinson, neither of whom received anything like 20,000 votes out of a total membership of 212,000. This method of voting makes it quite easy for officials to secure re-election. When election time comes round the whole machinery of the organisation is exploited on behalf of the official candidate. In his capacity as official he has unique opportunities of travelling the country and ingratiating himself with the membership, or, rather, with the minority who attend the branches.

The following incident will show to what extent officialdom will go in order to retain their positions. When the Amalgamated Engineering Union was formed in 1920, every official of the ten amalgamating unions was assured a position for eight years at not less than £400 per annum. The 1922 annual conference of the union decided to alter rule so that an immediate election would be necessary. The officials concerned at once lodged an objection with

the Registrar-General, who upheld the objection, and no election has taken place, nor will until 1928.

Some unions are so undemocratic that they do not even trouble to elect their officials. Should they need a general secretary or organiser, they advertise for one just as a business firm advertises for a manager. Under such circumstances what possible chance has the average trade unionist of taking part in the moulding of the policy of his union? None whatever. If he attends the branch he finds but a few there, those few dominating the whole business. Should he have the temerity to express opinions not shared by those present, he is laughed at and often howled down. Consequently, he neglects to attend his branch, and only continues to remain a member because of coercion in the workshop.

That's how it is that men like Harry Pollitt and W. Gallacher sometimes find themselves elected as delegates to the T.U.C. or the Labour Party. Were a plebiscite taken of the members of the Boilermakers' Union there would be an overwhelming majority against the views expressed by their delegate, Mr. Harry Pollitt, and it is equally certain that the mass of the members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union disapprove of Mr. A. B. Swales's presidential speech. Advanced as the miners are reputed to be, the results in the mining districts at the last General Election are conclusive proof that only a minority of miners share the advanced views of the secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. As a matter of fact, the bulk of the trade unionists of this country are anti-Communist; they are not even supporters of the Labour Party, as the poor circulation of the *Daily Herald* eloquently testifies.

So it can be truly said of the trade unions and of the Labour Party that they are very far from democratic. Both are completely controlled by the new bureaucratic official class, who guard their profession as jealously as the members of any other profession, and they will strenuously resist anything calculated to jeopardise their well-paid positions.

The machinery of the British Labour movement, from

the General Council to the union branch, from the Labour Party executive to the local party, calls for drastic changes, not as suggested by Mr. Swales in his presidential address, to place more power in the hands of high officials who have developed the bureaucratic psychology, but to restore power of control to the working masses.

The methods of voting should be so changed as to ensure every member receiving a ballot paper and adequate facilities for recording his vote. Where workshop or postal voting is impracticable, at least three nights should be allocated for the purpose. Free and open discussion should be encouraged in all branches, every member being afforded ample opportunity to express his opinions, however distasteful they may be to others.

The Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party should not be manipulated by professional officials: they should be democratically administered by properly elected, duly accredited delegates with mandates from the rank and file. The system of bartering for votes should be abolished, and failing a properly conducted ballot of the members of each union—by far the most satisfactory—each delegate should be free to vote for whom he chooses. The nominees for the General Council and the Labour Party executive should not be selected by the union executives; every delegate—every member—should have an equal opportunity of securing election to either.

No full-time official should occupy office for more than three years in succession: he should be afforded an opportunity of returning to the workshop, mill, mine, or railway, thus regaining "contact with the working masses."

Were such badly needed reforms introduced into the British Labour movement it is tolerably certain that there would be a complete change in policy; for then the at present inarticulate majority would have no uncertain say in the administration of things, and it would be far less easy for professional officials to exploit the unions for political ends.

"FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" STORIES

THE GREEN CARAVAN

BY JOHN METCALFE

QUITE a long time ago, before the new spire was built at Hales church, there used to live in the largish house that stands in an angle of the crossways and faces Turner's Gift a little, neat old man.

Winter and summer, wet or fine, he would sit all day outside his gate, and gaze in one direction up the road.

The skin had darkened and tautened on his face from exposure to sun and wind, and his pale blue eyes, as if shrinking from that constant strain of watching, seemed to have moved backwards, each into a nest of wrinkles. His right hand, with which he used most frequently to shade them from the glare, was even perceptibly browner than the left.

His name was Wilfred Frognall, but to the whole countryside he was "Old Willie."

• Passers-by stopped often to give him greeting, and when they spoke to him there would creep into their voices that faint yet unmistakable something of restraint, compassion, or uneasiness, so inevitable and so significant.

Every morning, a few minutes before the stroke of nine, Mr. Tidy with his little Elsie would arrive at the Gift on his way to open his lock-up shop in Cliffby.

"Mornin', Sir," he would say gruffly. "Mornin' to you, Mr. Frognall. Still at the old post?"

"Aye, aye, Lad. Still here. It's a pleasant spot, and the view's good. I like to see what goes on."

"Father," Elsie had sometimes asked, "why does Mr. Frognall call you 'lad,' and what is he always looking at up there by the Mill? Is it something we can't see?" And "Shouldn't wonder," Mr. Tidy was wont to answer to the last question. "More'n likely. Old men, you know, they see things."

By the time that Elsie had lived seven years Mr. Wilfred Frognall, with proper intervals for sleep and refreshment, had been looking up the road for precisely twice as long.

Every morning after breakfast his chair was set just outside the gate, to be carried in only at the gathering of dusk. If the weather were so wet that he could not sit out of doors he took up his position so as still to command the road from within a large bow window, where also he would always have his meals. In the winter he wore a heavy overcoat of Irish frieze.

His invalid sister, Alice, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Rollinson, had grown so used to Willie's constant vigil that they could hardly believe

there had ever been a time when there was no need to set out his chair by the gate in the morning, nor to question him sympathetically at the end of the day: "You saw nothing of it, then? Dear, dear. It must come soon, surely. It can't be much longer now. Perhaps to-morrow . . ."

And, for the repetition of this nightly formula of condolence, so many to-morrows had slipped by that Adelaide had grown grey and Mrs. Rollinson's sea-going husband been drowned in a storm. After that event the housekeeper's voice had taken on a perceptibly sharper note, and on retiring to the kitchen where Farjeon was preparing to "dish" supper she would mutter under her breath: "What a fuss to make! See me sheerly buried before I'd encourage him in such fancies! He and his old—"

After all, why should Mrs. Rollinson check herself so abruptly at that point? What was it that the ancient Frognall so constantly expected to see turning that distant corner of the road? Mr. Tidy could easily have told Elsie if he had liked, and there was no need whatever for the housekeeper to drop her voice about it, as if Farjeon did not know.

For the vision that haunted Old Willie's brain by night and day was nothing more extraordinary or terrible than a green caravan. Less amiable obsessions surely have ridden the minds of simple men and yet been published to the world!

Mr. Frognall, however, was touchy about his green caravan. It was such a wonderful, such a *different* caravan, that he hated to share it with anybody else, and liked to keep it somehow in reserve, up his sleeve as it were. They would see it soon enough! One day it would come rumbling grandly round the bend of the road, and its sides would gleam sleekly with new paint, and the gracious horses that dragged it would still be the same pair—brown, and each with a white star on the nose—and their harness would be all lordly a-jingle with the little round medals and bosses of polished brass, and the woman that drove would look at him and smile. . . .

That was the trouble. He was not sure now whether she would smile after all. There was something wrong there. At this point in his reverie he would always grow troubled and confused, and wonder what ought to happen next. He was dimly aware, too, that somehow, a long while ago, he had wanted the caravan in a different way, and for another reason. There seemed to be something he had forgotten. . . .

But in any case he would settle that when the caravan arrived. So many years had passed away since he saw it disappear by the big barn in Cohen's meadow that it was bound to come round again before very long. In his dreams he pictured it, journeying to him from afar on distant roads, beset with a Glory like a dim, hazy radiance, progressing stately, receiving obeisance and salaams, a sort of ineffable saloon of the Gods, noble, most worshipful, and, with it all, steeped in a queer, passionate glamour hardly to be borne.

And here, in the very midst of such poignant visions, Old Willie would lift his voice in a long, astounded chuckle of delight, and, if he were in bed, would slap his shin. He was hugging himself to think

what a sly fellow he had been to secure this lordly Creature for his very own whilst no one else seemed even to know of its existence. . . .

Inside the quiet house, whilst Mr. Frognall sat watching by the gate, Alice and Mrs. Rollinson would sometimes ponder over their sewing or their reading, casting their minds back over a gap of fourteen years. They could still remember quite distinctly what Old Willie had forgotten. They seldom spoke of it even to each other, and in the housekeeper's case, at any rate, the memory did not seem to awaken pleasant thoughts.

"Such foolishness!" she would sometimes grumble to herself. "To take it that way, and we just encouraging him in it all. Rousing, that's what he wants. I'd shake the bee out of his bonnet for him! He's only got one anyhow, for he's sane enough in every other way."

Alice, on the other hand, looked at matters differently. One day she had been forced to summon the doctor hurriedly, for her pains had increased, and for four nights she had had no sleep. He was new to the district, a kindly, elderly man with a greying beard, and after the examination and prescription, Alice was tempted to a quiet, confidential chat with him about her brother, whom he had met at the gate on coming in.

"You don't know the story, then?" she enquired.

"No," he replied. "Nobody's told me and I've never asked."

"She smiled sadly. "He doesn't know it himself—now," she said. "It is quite a simple one. When we gave up the farm and came here he was engaged to a young girl. He was twenty years older than she, and, besides, the match was unsuitable in other ways as well. She threw him up for a common gipsy and rode away in a caravan. It passed right by the house, and she looked out and laughed while he stood at the gate and cursed her. It turned his brain. For five years or more he used to watch for the caravan at the end of the road. You see, he was sorry afterwards, for what he had said to the girl, and wanted to tell her so. Then he forgot about her, but he still looks for the caravan. He's normal enough in every other way. I hope sometimes that he may even forget about it, too . . ."

"From what I saw," said the doctor, choosing his words with care, "I hardly think he will watch for it much longer. Which really brings me to what I wanted to say. Perhaps you've noticed something. . . . I don't want to alarm you . . ."

"Why," said Alice, raising herself a little on her couch to look at him. "Why, no. What do you mean?"

"I am rather afraid," he replied slowly, "that the sight of one eye has nearly gone and that of the other going. Within a few months at most Mr. Frognall will be blind."

II

It was an afternoon in the early summer of the following year. Old Willie sat at his accustomed post, but not alone. Upon a high stool at his side, her fingers busy with a heap of darning in her lap, was perched a little girl. Ever since Alice died in November Elsie Tidy

had come to keep Old Willie company and mend his shirts and socks. Considering how little he walked nowadays it was amazing how he wore out his socks. Elsie had just finished the sixth that afternoon. As she dropped it into the basket at her feet she began to hum a little tune.

"Don't sing," said Mr. Frognall querulously. "It spoils my tea. Are you still darning?"

"Yes, Sir," said Elsie respectfully. "I've done six."

"Don't do any more then," said Willie. "You can't watch properly and darn at the same time, you know you can't. You're sure it hasn't passed?"

"No," replied Elsie.

Old Willie turned his head and looked at her. She knew, of course, that he was quite blind now, but yet he looked at her just the same. His eyes were still so bright and shrewd that it seemed impossible to believe he did not really see her.

"You're sure you'd know it if you saw it?" he asked anxiously at length.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Elsie glibly. "The green caravan, an' the two brown horses, an' the harness all shinin'—of course I'd know it."

She sighed resignedly to herself. Mr. Frognall was apt to be wearisome when he talked to her about the caravan. She did hope he wasn't going on for very long this time.

"And remember," said Old Willie, "whenever you see it you must run to me at once." He paused a moment, and then, lowering his voice, continued: "And you won't tell *her*."

"Oo, no, Sir," Elsie answered reassuringly. "Oo, no, of course I won't tell 'er."

There was silence after that. The June sun shed a grateful warmth. Bees made a drowsy buzzing down a line of hollyhocks. Elsie resumed her darning unrebuked. Old Willie had turned away from her. His head was bent in thought.

He wondered why the caravan was still so long in coming. He had been almost certain it would come to-day. It would have been so splendid for Elsie and himself to have climbed up in it and gone away without a word to Mrs. Rollinson. He distrusted Mrs. Rollinson. Since Alice's death her temper had grown shrewish and her voice and manner disrespectful. When it was her turn to watch at the gate for the caravan she would even sniff contemptuously. Yet she was getting ninety pounds a year now, double the money that Alice used to pay her.

For a month after Alice's death Old Willie had been ill. People had been very kind. He realised now that they had thought that he was going to die. To die without seeing his caravan! It was chiefly because she had missed the caravan that he felt so sorry for poor Alice.

Then little Elsie had arrived to cheer him in his growing blindness. Mr. Tidy's shop had failed six months ago, and every morning now upon his way to work at Upcher's farm he would leave Elsie at the corner of the road with Mr. Frognall. An hour before dusk she would return to redd her father's cottage and prepare his evening meal, for Mr. Tidy was a widower.

Ah, well, thought Willie, she would be rewarded. And sooner than she thought! Some voice within him seemed to whisper that the coming of the caravan was close at hand. Already he had dreamed about it twice that week. Such curious, vivid dreams! He had seen the horses prance, had heard the jingling of the bells upon their harness. And he had neither slapped his shin nor chuckled as he used to do. Somehow these later dreams had been too grand and solemn. He had awakened from them with an awed and sobered feeling like he used to have sometimes in church. The old Elijah must have felt like that when first the fiery chariot shone before his eyes. The thing had been so close, so imminent . . .

Mr. Frognall's head bent lower. The buzzing of the bees had made him drowsy. His stick slid from his crossed hands. Presently Elsie became conscious of his gentle snoring.

Suddenly a harsh voice sounded from an open window.

"Tea," it called.

Old Willie woke with a start. For a moment, until Elsie came to his assistance, he bent groping for his stick. Then the two of them proceeded slowly up the gravel path towards the house.

At the door he paused. His eyes, still seemingly so keen and shrewd, were turned towards the light that shone from over Cohen's meadow. His hand on Elsie's shoulder trembled slightly. Upon his withered cheeks there spread a faint pink flush.

He had had the dream again.

III

The doctor had come and gone. He had left Old Willie resting in the parlour. Outside, although the sun had sunk below the line of trees in Turner's Gift, it still was very hot, but on the sofa Mr. Frognall shivered. Under its tan his face was white. His hand that lay outside the rug which covered him was trembling.

It was Mrs. Rollinson who had wrapped the rug about his legs. As soon as the doctor left she had flung it over him in a hurry and tucked it in so roughly that he gasped. For a moment she had held her red, contemptuous face above his own. "You and your precious caravan!" she had said. Then she had gone out, banging the door.

For a while Old Willie had lain shaking in a weak tremor of anger and dismay. Twice or thrice he had been on the point of rising from his couch to follow her, but his resolution failed him. What could he say or do if he did follow her? He was so helpless now. Ever since he had caught his chill a fortnight back he had lain so wholly at her mercy. He feared her as a frightened child its angry nurse.

Outside there by the gate he pictured her, still fuming and red-visaged, watching for his caravan. Elsie, as ill-luck would have it, had had to leave early that day, and Mrs. Rollinson was taking her place instead of going as she had intended with the Vicarage governess to the fair at Cliffby. That, no doubt, was what had made her so annoyed. Suppose she was so angry that she let the caravan go by, or did not tell him till too late? For a long time Old Willie lay,

the prey of torturing fears. Then, very gradually, these forebodings lost their keenness, and his troubled mind grew vague. His breathing, deep and regular at first, grew lighter. Long before the first returning brake-load of villagers and shouting children had left the fair at Cliffby he was fast asleep.

He awoke with a start. Something had happened. The sunlight which had been warm upon his body when he fell asleep was gone. Through the open window there filtered the gentle sounds of evening. And another sound. With a half cry he sprang from his couch and listened. Yes, there it was. His ears could not deceive him. A regular clop-clop of horses' hoofs, a jingling and a shouting—the shouting he had heard so often in his dreams—the shoutings and greetings of applauding multitudes.

Stumbling, he found his way into the passage and then into the hall. He took a little longer here before his hands discovered the handle of the front door, but presently they grasped it. He turned it and uttered a despairing moan. The door was locked.

He thought then of the back entrance through the scullery. Somehow he reached it. There were two bolts to shoot back, but after that the door swung open.

By the time he gained the gate he had fallen twice. He began to call for "Mrs. Rollinson, Mrs. Rollinson!"

But there was no reply.

In agonised suspense he waited, listening. He could no longer hear the shouting of the crowd or the noble thunder of the horses' hoofs, but presently his ears had caught another sound.

From behind him came the click of a raised latch. Two persons had entered the garden by the side gate and were approaching him. The step of one of them was Mrs. Rollinson's.

Next moment he could hear her voice: "Oh, him. He'll be all right. Asleep, I expect. And, anyhow, I locked him in. I wasn't going to stop away for any of his cranks."

For a time he heard no more. The utterness of his disaster overwhelmed him. His caravan had passed. Life held no more for him. Mrs. Rollinson had locked him in deliberately and then gone off to the fair. Such black and hideous betrayal left him stunned.

He was still leaning against the jamb of the gate when they discovered him. His clothes were stained and rumpled from his two falls, but his face might tell no tale of his distress. It wore a blank, almost a placid, look. He seemed to Mrs. Rollinson to be lounging idly in the setting sun.

"Well, I'll be dratted!" she exclaimed in wrathful tones. "So here you are! A pretty fright you've given me. Why couldn't—"

She stopped there, hardly knowing why, and at that moment Willie's tongue was loosed.

He lifted up his voice and wept. In a shrill, childish pipe he filled the air with his complaint. He railed at her, and to the piteous torrent of his grief there was no end.

For a time she stood transfixed. Her companion had drawn back

dismayed. For minutes, as it seemed, that quivering and despairing cry arose.

At last Mrs. Rollinson recovered from her astonishment. She drew in a long, gasping breath, moved a step nearer to Old Willie, and then spoke. She did not realise that his rage was pitiful or guess how dire was his distress. She heard nothing save his trembling flood of accusation and reproach. Her face was turned a curious, mottled white; and her whole body shook with passion.

"You and your rotten caravan!" she cried. "A good thing, too, you crazy fool, if it has gone! It's time we had some peace. Ah, would you!"

He had made a sudden forward movement, and she had thought he meant to strike at her.

But Willie had no longer thought or heed for Mrs. Rollinson. He had indeed forgotten her existence. His face, which but a moment since had been convulsed, no longer bore the marks of stormy grief. Instead it wore a curious, rapt expression. He stood, his body tense, his head a little bent, and listened.

From far away at first, then closer, grander, the sound was carried to him on the evening breeze. Once more he heard the measured beat of horses' hoofs, the crescent music of the rumbling wheels, the gathering tumult of a mighty host. Just as he started forward at a run, the second brake from Cliffby had rattled round the bend of Cohen's meadow.

He had darted from the two astonished women before they had a chance to stay him. Straight down the road he ran unerringly, into the glory of the setting sun, into the splendour and the power of his dream.

It was over in a moment. The packed brake was upon him before horses could swerve aside or driver pull a rein. Above the grinding and the clattering, the heavy plungings and stampings of the rearing animals, arose a sickened scream or two.

They picked him up and laid him by the roadside just as the terror-stricken housekeeper and her companion came running to the spot. A blow upon the head had stunned him and perhaps done more. One leg at least was broken. It was thought better not to move him till they knew how badly he was hurt. A lad upon a bicycle went off to fetch the doctor.

He arrived five minutes after Willie died. The body lay now upon the floor of the brake. A few moments before the end Mr. Frognall had recovered consciousness. He had asked them to lift him up into the vehicle, and they had gratified his whim. Besides Mrs. Rollinson only one or two who knew the old man's story had understood. Upon his face, placid and white above his crumpled dicky and his neat black tie, there lingered still a look of wonder and of triumph.

They stretched a rug upon him gently. Beneath his head some woman placed a cushion. Then, at a signal from the doctor, Old Willie's Caravan moved on.

CURRENT LITERATURE

By S. M. ELLIS

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER is an accomplished poet and a successful dramatist, and has written studies of Morris and Swinburne, but he has not hitherto, I believe, essayed full-length biography. To attack the well-worn but ever-engrossing theme of Byron's life¹ requires both courage and vast labour. Inevitably a book on this subject must arouse disagreement and controversy, for the sub-title Mr. Drinkwater gives to his book—*A Conflict*—is equally applicable to Byron and to those who are interested in him and discuss his disputatious personality. I remember how at a dinner-party, when Mr. Drinkwater was also a guest, a friendly fight was waged on the very question which is paramount in his book—Byron's relations with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Opinion was then—as it ever will be—sharply divided on this matter.

Mr. Drinkwater, I see, still regards the case as "non proven." I wish I could dismiss documentary evidence from my mind in the airy way Mr. Drinkwater does, and follow his suggestion that some "key-word" to another solution has been concealed or forgotten; but, in the absence of this all-important missing link, the attitude of those who do not wish to see the clear meaning of Byron's own words to Lady Melbourne on this subject is akin to the ostrich burying his head in the sand. However, I have no wish to participate again in the controversy, as I expressed my views, when reviewing Byron's Letters to Lady Melbourne, a few years ago.²

It is indeed unfortunate that this charge of incest against Byron is now made the chief topic of most of the new books relating to his life and work, although a private offence of this kind should really have no public correlation to a man's artistic achievements or even to his outward or normal life. Mr. Drinkwater's book is almost overwhelmed by his speculations on this matter, for he devotes fifty-seven pages to it at the outset, in a chapter entitled "Controversy," before Byron is even born in the biographical narrative.

There are, of course, diverse opinions as to how biography should be written. As far as possible, a chronological sequence and ordered cohesion is a general rule, and I do not think, on artistic grounds, that Mr. Drinkwater's method of placing a controversial chapter first—before he has told the story which generated the controversy—is to be commended. Such a chapter should be at the end in the form of a judicial summing-up.

(1) *The Pilgrim of Eternity: Byron—A Conflict*, by John Drinkwater (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s. net).

(2) THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, April, 1922.

But, to be frank, Mr. Drinkwater does not preserve the judicial impartiality which I am sure he wished to exercise when he planned this book. As he warms to his subject, his admiration and sympathy for Byron compel him to be the poet's advocate in all things. Only in such minor matters as Byron's ungenerous attitude to Keats and Byron's occasional streak of vulgarity will his counsel admit the evidence. So it comes about that Lady Byron and those persons whom Mr. Drinkwater contemptuously labels "The Astartians" are defendants in this hearing of the case. Thus Mrs. Beecher Stowe is accused of turning "over the muck-heap of her own emotions with a self-satisfaction that is revolting," and Lady Byron of having "no distinction other than the considerably unhappy one of being Byron's wife for a year"—an assertion which scarcely does justice to a woman of considerable intellectual gifts and a pioneer in the establishment of Industrial Schools for Boys.

In a biography of moderate length the author has naturally been compelled to omit many of the lesser facts and influences of the poet's full life. For example, there is no allusion to Edleston and no quotation from Henry Fox's illuminating picture of Byron in the last days at Genoa. I am more surprised that Mr. Drinkwater lays no stress on Byron's love for Newstead Abbey and the romantic influence that beautiful place could claim in shaping the mind of the future poet when he was a boy. Judging from what he says about Byron on Deeside, Mr. Drinkwater evidently does not attach much importance to impressive scenery and the like as a formative poetical influence. Nevertheless, Byron wrote of Newstead and all that word meant for him—

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

And again, in *Don Juan*, he describes his ancestral home as leaving

A grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.

In other respects Mr. Drinkwater has well gauged the manifold influences and factors which made that complex warring personality we know as Byron, the figure that has become symbolic of a romantic poet. Here, in the latest biography, the portrait is painted by a discerning and sympathetic hand, and the background enriched with many touches of literary skill.

* * * * *

I do not have often the opportunity of noticing a work of fiction in these pages, but I feel constrained to say I have been much struck by the originality and merits of a new novel by Mrs. Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson).¹ Her literary work has not hitherto been known to me, though I see she wrote several books some years ago, when

(1) *The Triumphant Rider*, by Mrs. Harrod (Frances Forbes-Robertson), (Jarrolds, 7s. 6d. net).

George Meredith addressed her as "My dear friend and fellow worker in the craft." Possibly Meredith's influence may account for that artificiality of dialogue which a few reviewers have found in *The Triumphant Rider*. I do not conceive it to be a very grievous fault, for surely all the best dialogue in life or in fiction (apart from the broadly humorous) might be classified as artificial. Conversation must rise above the commonplace and obvious if it aspires to have any claim to be wit or even artifice—artifice such as distinguished the talk of Oscar Wilde. However, Mrs. Harrod's novel is arresting, apart from any question of dialogue, and offers both clever characterisation and an unusual story, even though the scene be laid in the unhealthy courts of an ultra-modern section of Society.

NEW BOOKS

BY J. A. T. LLOYD

THE ART OF HISTORY. By J. B. Black. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)

It has been the object of this author, in his discriminating and fair-minded essay, to examine history from the standpoint of Voltaire's world-famed manifesto: *Il faut écrire l'histoire en philosophe*. The eighteenth century responded faithfully to this general idea, and Mr. Black has selected, as typical historians of their period, Voltaire himself, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon. Each of these was a distinct product of his age, an historian for whom manner was almost as important as matter. Each wrote from the standpoint of one who is versed in the varied knowledge of actual life, rather than from that of the burrower in State documents. The scientists of history were afterwards to disdain the artists who transformed themselves into historians, but the eighteenth century undoubtedly succeeded in bringing history within the range of ordinarily educated people. History was not only appreciated in the library, it became fashionable in the *salon*. The *Charles XII* of Voltaire, in particular, became the rage in Paris. Of the *Decline and Fall* Gibbon writes: "My book was on every table, and almost every toilet: the historian was crowned by the taste and fashion of the day." Robertson in England was almost equally successful in being appreciated by men of the world as distinct from scholars. "Upon my soul," exclaimed Garrick, with reference to the *Scotland* of Robertson, "I was never more entertained in my life. . . . I finished the first three books at two sittings." The Empress Catherine of Russia was equally delighted with the *Charles V* of the same author: "I never leave off reading it, especially the first volume." Although Hume was not lionised in his own country, the *salons* of Paris almost embarrassed him. "They will drive me out of France," was his own summing up, "*à coups de compliments et de louanges*."

It was the pride of all these historians, in their different manners, to satisfy the taste of their period as well as to adjust themselves to its mentality. That they had the defects of their qualities Mr. Black shows in edged detail. Even Voltaire, the master of whose *Charles XII*, at least, was by no means dwarfed by the brilliance of its manner, found it impossible to square the circle both in the *Siècle* and in the *Essai*. Of the latter work the late Lord Morley wrote: "We see the towering car drawn slowly along a devious road by the sweat and strain of millions, but we know not why it went by this road rather than another." Mr. Black, for his part, finds it difficult to discover "any consistent plan" in the famous *Essai*. And if the very lucidity of Voltaire was, so to speak, to engender obscurity in the end, it is not surprising that Hume, in the *History of England*, was to exhibit a certain poverty for which no external brilliance could compensate.

THE CHRONICLE OF CLEMENDY. By Arthur Machen. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

Every now and again there seems to emerge an author determined to challenge the supreme laughter-makers of the centuries. This one calls out for sack across the abyss with a gesture of Falstaff. That one would invite you to a table laid for Gargantua. Yet another will woo you to the high road with the romantic sagacity of Sancho Panza. It is a daring undertaking, for the full-blooded Falstaff rings a little shrill down the ages; Gargantua shrivels at the tea-tables of Kensington; Sancho becomes merely pawky when dragged from the sanctuary of his elected hero. Still, some of the moderns, by a marvellous *tour de force*, have given flesh and blood to people of past ages whom the great majority of writers are more than content to accept romantically. A Belgian author of the last century, for instance, presented the very bodies of the old Netherlanders and their Spanish oppressors, instead of evoking their unwilling ghosts. Mr. Arthur Machen must have been conscious of just such a fine enterprise when he set out in these pages to win back the ample merriment of a comparatively unwearied world. The very best of the laughter-makers would have agreed with him when he states the Silurian attitude towards our mortal life: "namely, that it is the drollest, merriest, wildest, and most fantastical comedy; a comedy better than any that the witty clerk Aristophanes invented for the men of Athens, and rigged out with the rarest jokes, trickeries, brawls, intrigues, miz-mazes, counterfeits, gods-from-the-machine, choruses, waggeries, oil-flasks, wine-skins, masks, and music."

Such is the spirit of these *Nine Joyous Journeys*, in which we read of the "Amorous Inventions and Facetious Tales of Master Gervase Perrot, Gent." The fantasy appeared in 1888, and the Chronicle was from the beginning a labour of love: "I expected no money, I looked for no paragraphs, I desired no introduction to influential literary circles; it was the work, and the whole work, and nothing but the work, that drove me on through black fogs of despair and dismal sloughs of hopeless difficulty; even to the end, written as the August sun downed over Wentwood, down in Gwent." The book was, and is, a noble endeavour, and for a boy in the early twenties a veritable achievement.

* * * *The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SELF-REVEALED

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

PART I

The living room of the Shaws' London apartments, third floor of 10, Adelphi Terrace. Time: the present. A tall man in modest brown, with soft shirt, turn-down collar, and dark green four-in-hand tie, is standing before the fireplace. In repose, the ruddy face, with its argentole of beard and hair, and blue-grey eyes, is that of a philosopher, genial and contemplative. A bell tinkles faintly. A moment later enters a tall, athletic man, florid, clean-shaven, with high cheek bones, unmistakably American. The two clasp hands heartily. They walk to the room's windowed side, overlooking the Victoria Embankment—where Marchbanks was found. From the smooth, green carpet of turf arises the rectangular spike of Cleopatra's Needle, with its strange hieroglyphics; the slow-moving Thames is sparsely dotted with floating craft; in the distance, on this day of sunlit clearness, may be seen the glittering lines of the Crystal Palace. A smile creeps across the visitor's face, as he turns to his host—a smile which broadens into a laugh.

SHAW (*puzzled*): My dear Henderson, why this unseemly levity? Another Scopes trial or an Anti-evolution Bill introduced in the American Congress?

HENDERSON (*looking at the inscription cut in the head-board of the white mantelpiece, and quoting*): "Thay say. Quhat say thay? Lat thame say!" Well, since you ask me, they say "How characteristic! How Shavian!" But these words are the words of Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland, when they took exception to his plundering the Church. They were at Dunottar, where he could say what he liked: I've been there. They are on Holyrood Palace,

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which was much more of a glass house. Why did you borrow them? Were you at a loss—for once—for something original?

SHAW (*resignedly*): They were here when I came. I shall never hear the last of them.

HENDERSON: And the spikes on your gate on the stairs? Was it a private mad-house before you came?

SHAW: My wife put them up when she was robbed of her oldest and most cherished silver spoons.

HENDERSON: Another Shavianism shattered! And I came here to-day for the express purpose of getting you to shatter a third—about your plays.

SHAW (*suspiciously*): How can you, a Relativist and an Einsteinian, be interested in the theatre when you can do Tensors?

HENDERSON: An artist-scientist, like da Vinci or Lewis Carroll, Art and Science alike hold me in their grasp. So it is laid upon me to confound the silly professors of literature and the sillier dramatic critics, who for so many years have been saying that you write not dramas, but debates. Like Ibsen, I believe that the dramatic categories are elastic, and must accommodate themselves to the literary facts—not *vice versa*. As you have broken the old moulds and stretched to cracking the dramatic categories, you owe posterity an explanation. Surely there must be some sharp difference between a modern play and an old-fashioned play.

SHAW: The difference is obvious enough. Down to the time of *A Doll's House*, standard commercial plays consisted of an exposition in the first act, a situation in the second, and a sort of tidying up and bowing the audience out in the third. *A Doll's House* is built like a Scribe "well-made piece" up to the last scene of the last act. At this point, Nora, instead of tidying up and falling into the arms of a reconciled and forgiving husband, suddenly turns on him and says: "We must sit down like two rational beings and discuss all this that has been happening between us." This novelty caught on. *A Doll's House* conquered Europe; and now audiences expect a rational discussion as well as an emotional situation. A play with

a discussion is a modern play: a play with only an emotional situation is an old-fashioned one. There you have it in a single sentence, exact and clear.

HENDERSON (*delighted*): Ah, my dear Shaw. I gave you the credit, many years ago, for inventing the drama of discussion, as I gave Wilde credit for inventing the comedy of conversation. Ibsen did not invent this new feature: *A Doll's House* happened to be a drama about a discussion. The discussion is the dramatic crisis: the *scène à faire*. But Ibsen, unless you count *An Enemy of the People*, has written no other dramas of discussion: he merely laid an egg which you hatched!

SHAW: He never wrote anything else after *A Doll's House*. But the discussion, though at first it appears as a regularly placed feature at the end of the last act, and is initiated by the woman, as in *A Doll's House* and *Candida*, soon spreads itself over the whole play. Both authors and audiences realise more and more that the incidents and situations in a play are only pretences, and that what is interesting is the way we should feel and argue about them if they were real. As Wells says, nothing can happen on the stage; but everything that happens elsewhere can be discussed. In *A Doll's House* and *Candida* you have action producing discussion; in *The Doctor's Dilemma* you have discussion producing action, and that action being finally discussed. In other plays you have discussion all over the shop. Sometimes the discussion interpenetrates the action from beginning to end. Sometimes, as in *Getting Married* and *Misalliance*, the whole play, though full of incident, is a discussion and nothing else. The taste for discussion has not even been acquired: it is a natural taste which asserts itself the moment its food is put before it. The old plays without ideas and with conventional figures instead of characters became old-fashioned and intolerable with disconcerting swiftness. The public now demand a case and an argument, vehemently conducted. Galsworthy can make a successful play out of a coroner's inquest. *Romeo and Juliet* would be of no use to him or to anyone else nowadays.

HENDERSON: But in any case you must have something to discuss. People can't debate for three hours and a-half about nothing. You must have a plot or a problem or a subject of general interest to discuss.

SHAW: Who deniges of it, Betsy? But the old-fashioned, well-made plays were simply mechanical rabbits, with wheels and cogs and a spring, but without any life. They are the stage toys of grown-up children. A real play is organic: it grows out of something alive—some situation of large import, social, religious, economic as well as personal; some problem which, while coming home to us by arising out of the conditions of to-day, has in it a universal quality.

HENDERSON (*dubitably*): I remember you used to talk oratorically about "problem, with its remorseless logic and iron framework of fact." That was in your "unpleasant" era, in *Mrs. Warren's* day. But you still talk of the stage as if it were a forum, of the problem as if it must be forbidding, of the drama as if it must be a sermon or homily. In my youth people cherished the childish notion that one went to the theatre to be amused.

SHAW (*impatiently*): People don't go to the theatre for amusement, but to be rescued from the tedium of their own circumstances by some passionate interest or other. Observe: I say passionate. You Americans have never yet understood that intellect is a passion capable of giving a more lasting enjoyment than any other passion. You should read St. Thomas Aquinas: he will cure you of the notion that theology is a penitential exercise. Intellect has ecstasies which will finally supersede the orgasms of physical passion as the climaxes of human happiness. You, as a professor of mathematics, should constantly teach this. All men recognise this: they could not state it formally; but they unhesitatingly place the great mathematicians and the heavenly doctors—the saints—above the voluptuaries, and think of them as happier, more enviable people. Who would not rather be Aquinas than Don Juan? Playgoers, vulgar and godforsaken as they are always assumed to be, want something they can take away and think over: something that will throw a new

light on their lives and the lives around them. My old audiences at the Court Theatre would laugh, sometimes immoderately, for two and a-half acts until they could laugh no more for weariness. When the curtain finally fell on the discussion, a broken and silenced audience would rise wearily from its seats and crawl slowly and painfully out of the building. That was the secret of my success! I had to make the audience suffer and take its suffering away with it before it felt it had had its money's worth. And it talked about the experience for months afterwards, and sometimes quarrelled and got divorced—or reconciled—over it. The play without ideas and discussion is forgotten.

HENDERSON: Dramatists like Pirandello and you do not draw their situations and problems from real life; but devise them for the purpose of giving them the richest possible measure of intellectual content.

SHAW: How can you give people intellectual satisfaction unless they recognise your problem as real and urgent? Do you suppose people would listen to plays about how many angels can stand on the point of a needle? You are really a frightfully frivolous chap; you still think me a mere Playboy after all these years. Your questions are sometimes perfectly maddening. I tell you, what interests people in the theatre apart from the personal fascination of the performers are stories of possible real lives, discussions of possible real characters in talk, laying bare of souls, discovery of pitfalls—in short, illumination of life. It is for his glimpses and snatches of this that they keep Shakespeare alive, and Molière. Why do *Hamlet* and *The Misanthrope* survive so sturdily that their authors are called immortal? Because they discuss everything, even to the extent of becoming so sceptical that they can do nothing.

HENDERSON: Exactly. And *Hamlet* is a forerunner of the contemporary drama, which has abolished the hero. Wilde was on the right track when he said that perfect heroes are the monsters of melodrama, and have no place in dramatic art. In stepping down from the pedestal of the colossal; the modern protagonist has gained a firm

foothold upon the normal plane of humanity. That, I take it, would explain your treatment of historical figures like Cæsar, Napoleon, and Joan of Arc.

SHAW: Of course. Shakespeare's Cæsar is the conventional tyrant of the Elizabethan stage adapted to Plutarch's Roundheaded account of him. My Cæsar is a simple return to natural history. I create a real flesh and blood man, who appears a whimsical paradox to the romance-ridden fools who think of Cæsar as a statue with a phonograph in its mouth, declaiming: "I came; I saw: I conquered" and "Et tu, Brute!" But the public at large knows better. My Joan is more heroic and wonderful than any merely theatrical heroine; but her real attraction is that she is a Fact. She also came, saw, conquered; but she gave Heaven the credit.

HENDERSON (*mock solemn*): Thus passes the bogey of stage heroines to slow music. Ibsen destroyed the hero; Strindberg the heroine; Shaw the villain. If someone would only eliminate comic relief, the drama itself would softly fade out of the picture! With the drama of discussion, then, the playwright starts, not from some dominant personality, but from some central, controlling idea?

SHAW (*registering animation*): In writing a play you start anywhere you can. You may even have a plot, dangerous as that is. At the other extreme you may even not see a sentence ahead of you from the rise of the curtain to its fall. You mostly start with what is called a "situation," and write your play by leading up to it and taking its consequences. The situation may be a mere incident, or it may imply a character or conflict of characters. That is, it may be schoolboyishly simple or sagely complex. Even a repartee may be the seedling of a play. Then there is the chronicle play, in which you arrange history for the stage. The value of the result depends on your grasp of historical issues—whether your history is big history or Little Arthur's history. Akin to this is the play founded on fact, when you arrange some incident in real life for the stage, but this involves a fictitious introduction and a fictitious finish; so that your slice of life is treated as a situation.

HENDERSON (*with a start of recognition*): My dear Shaw,

I thought for a moment I was back in the class-room. You should reconsider the University of Liverpool's offer of a professorship in dramatics. How your last remarks would have delighted our friend Archer, who always felt that you loved to violate dramatic canons out of a sense of impish perversity. But it is no use talking like a professor of playmaking unless you make the application to your own works.

SHAW (*nodding assent*): Right you are. Examples from my own plays are *Heartbreak House*, which began with an atmosphere and does not contain a word that was foreseen before it was written. *Arms and the Man*, *The Devil's Disciple*, and *John Bull's Other Island* grew around situations. The first fragment of *Man and Superman* that came into being was the repartee: "I am a brigand: I live by robbing the rich: I am a gentleman: I live by robbing the poor," though it afterwards developed into a thesis play, which is always a Confession of Faith or a Confession of Doubt on the author's part. *The Philanderer* began with a slice of life; most of the first act really occurred. *Back to Methuselah* is prophecy, in the scriptural, not the race-tipster's, sense.

HENDERSON (*enthralled*): Fascinating! But what about the "big scene" we are always hearing about? Francisque Sarcey, dramatic critic representative of the school of Scribe, Dumas *filis*, and Sardou, made a great to-do about the *scène à faire*—the indispensable episode.

SHAW: A play with one big scene is like a farce with one joke. Where is the big scene in *Lear* or *Hamlet*? They are all big scene from end to end. *The Merchant of Venice* has a big scene—the trial scene—from the nature of the story, but *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has none. Sometimes the grand scene is left out when you come to it. That happened in *Pygmalion*; the only person who spotted it was Barrie. You can amuse yourself by guessing what the scene was.

Cæsar and Cleopatra and *St. Joan* are, of course, chronicles. They are all big scene, with climaxes. The only play I ever planned and plotted was *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, which was neither the better nor the worse for that perfunctory preliminary, and the *scène à*

faire stands out so little that nobody but an expert could say which it is. That shows how little it matters what starts a play: what is important is to let it take you where it wants without the least regard to any plans you have formed. The more unforeseen the development the better. Nobody knows or cares about your plans and plots, and if you try to force your play to conform to them you will distort your characters, make the action unnatural, and bore and frustrate the audience. Trust your inspiration. If you have none, sweep a crossing. No one is compelled to write plays.

HENDERSON (*energetically*): I take it, then, that you never drew up a scenario.

SHAW (*decisively*): No, I cannot too often repeat that a real play is a natural growth and not a filling up of a form. Of course, what is called a well-made play—the nineteenth century Parisian article—can be built up like a ferro-concrete house, but the real thing grows and shapes itself and is a joy for ever, whilst the watching of a ferro-concrete building, though interesting for the first time, soon becomes a bore.

HENDERSON (*more animatedly*): I conclude that you begin with a group of characters, and let the situations develop from the conflict of individualities, personalities. In answer to the suggestion you once remarked to me: "My procedure is, as you say, to imagine characters and let them rip."

SHAW (*in his best platform explanatory manner*): Yes, that is how it is done. The characters have to grow and define themselves as they go on: they may begin as mere dolls or even golliwogs. Falstaff began as a knockabout comedian or circus clown, drunken, cowardly, telling ridiculously extravagant lies, not pretending to be a real person, and I am sorry to say that it is only in this phase that he is popular on the stage; the second part of *Henry IV* does not please the public. Pickwick and Don Quixote were no more to their creators at first than an elderly gentleman at whose hat an impudent street boy throws a snowball. Dick Swiveller began as a repulsive melodramatic villain whom the heroine was to be forced

by her selfish relatives to marry. All four developed in the author's hands in spite of him. Two of them wiped out characters which were meant to be more important: Poins and that futile relative of Little Nell's whose very name it is impossible to remember.

Fictitious characters often have to go through a sort of childhood during which it is impossible to guess how they will turn out, and sometimes they will emerge from this childhood, seize the centre of the stage, and dominate the whole work.

In a play an actor may take a minor part and make it the leading one; for instance, Lemaître's Robert Macaire, left by the author as a common stage villain, and Sothorn's Dundreary, originally an unimportant walking gentleman. The balance and values of the plays were completely altered in both cases. But though these exceptional transfigurations are very striking, they remain exceptional; most of the big characters in fiction appear in all their strength from the first, although some cases of this may be due to the author's revision, which enables him to discard his false starts and bring the beginning of his play into harmony with its highest development. Everybody who revises at all has to do a little of this sometimes, but I find that my plays go fairly strong from the first. On the whole the method you suggest is Nature's method.

HENDERSON: In time I should think these characters would become very real to you. After the play is well under way the characters must become almost as familiar to you as people in real life. Do you ever go so far as to visualise your characters?

SHAW: No. I can neither draw them nor paint them. My sense of them is not a visual one; if it were I should be another Hogarth. My sense of my characters is one of the unspecified senses. It has nothing to do with sight, sound, taste, smell, or touch. Two intimate friends of mine have just died. I knew them both for forty years. But I cannot tell you the colour of their eyes.

HENDERSON: You remember Wilde once said that if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages he should at least pretend they are creations and not boast of

them as copies. Yet I daresay you draw many of your characters from real life, at least in their dominant traits?

SHAW (*meditatively*): Sometimes. . . . But the use one makes of the living model varies from recognisable portraiture to suggestions so overloaded with fiction that the most ingenious detective could not penetrate the disguise. Among well-known people of whom I have made use are Mrs. Besant, Cunninghame Graham, Gilbert Murray, the late Countess of Carlisle, Sidney Webb, Sir Almroth Wright, Stopford Brooke, Bishop Creighton, and Lord Haldane, to say nothing of A. B. Walkley, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and the Kaiser.

In one case I thought I was using a certain public man as a model, but I became conscious years later that I had really used another. Cokane, in *Widowers' Houses*, was a man I had never seen, but my mother told me stories about him, and her father's solicitor was never tired of imitating him. Sartorius was an Irish stationer to whom I never spoke; his imposing manner suggested his character. Bohun in *You Never Can Tell* is a variation on Jaggers in Dickens' *Great Expectations*. The critic in *The Philanderer* was Clement Scott, the sentimentalist of *The Daily Telegraph*. I omit cases of writing parts for particular performers. Sometimes my imaginary characters turn up later in real life. But all this part of my business is very fanciful. The chief use of models is to correct or prevent too much family likeness between one's characters and excessive mannerism in drawing them. Real people often suggest people wildly unlike themselves—possibly unrealised selves.

HENDERSON: I remember you once said that Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Morell in *Candida*, and Mrs. Clandon in *You Never Can Tell* are compounded from several living originals. You doubtless often create characters who are composites of your acquaintances?

SHAW (*outspokenly*): I probably never do anything else. But I have never done it consciously.

[Here the conversation was temporarily concluded, to be continued in the next number.]

THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH POETRY

BY ROBERT GRAVES

PART II

WHAT, however, is the state of English Poetry to-day? I would suggest that among the low-brow public—readers of, say, *Tit-Bits*, E. M. Dell, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Gene Stratton Porter—poetry is in a poor way. John Oxenham has had a success but minute in proportion with his potential public. The causes are not obscure; this is the public created by elementary education; elementary education has been a by-product of industrialism, and is aimed, not at a humaner culture, but at raising the industrial and civic efficiency of the masses. Poetry as it has been taught in the elementary schools in years gone by has, therefore, not encouraged many children on leaving school to continue their acquaintance with it; but novels and stories have formed no part of the curriculum, and can therefore be read without prejudice. The mezzo-brow public has had usually two or three years of schooling more than the low-brow public, and reads more reputably; it corresponds closely with the middle-class, and is educated for the higher commercial groups of industrialism.

Open any one of the better monthly magazines of fiction: each story, though it falls short of literature with a capital L, is thoroughly workmanlike. It has a definite point to which it moves easily and economically; the characters, unless the story is definitely a farce, are convincing, the local colour is carefully applied. In two cases out of three a considerable demand is made on the reader's observation and memory for slight clues to the *dénouement*, occurring in the first page of the story, and even when the *dénouement* comes, it comes quietly perhaps in a single word, a mere gesture, by which the reader who has not cultivated the "short-story sense" will be completely baffled. But whereas the art of the short story has

advanced enormously in the course of the last thirty years, and the intelligence of the short-story reader with it, the general run of verse that we find occasionally sandwiched between short stories in these magazines is as banal, nerveless, and amateur as could well be imagined.

Now the difference is, there is a genuine and sincere demand for the short story on its own account. The question "is it literature?" does not arise. There is no such demand for verse. Its appearance at all in a shilling magazine is only a survival from the days before modern education and the short-story boom, when poetry was really read and enjoyed by the upper middle-classes, the days when crowds queued up for a new canto of *Don Juan* and a publisher could offer Thomas Moore 3,000 guineas advanced royalties for *Lalla Rookh*. The publishing of poetry in volume form is similarly a mere window-dressing, a graceful tribute to the past, a sop to literature; but not a business proposition. The mezzo-brow attitude towards the poet has since the boom days become a most unhealthy one; it is like that of modern youth towards its parents, a sentiment that has gradually changed after a series of disappointments and misunderstandings from affectionate respect to scorn and indifference.

There is nothing wrong with poetry in itself, as there is nothing wrong with parenthood itself; both are inevitable forms of life; but the claim of a certain generation of parents to regulate the lives of their growing sons and daughters according to a traditional method cannot be met when that method is unsuited to the changed conditions of life. These sons and daughters will, however, soon marry and become parents themselves, however strongly they disapprove of parenthood; and poetry, like parenthood, is an instinct that cannot be long repressed.

It is again largely because of an educational system which links poetry up with geometry and French as "subjects to be done"—and to be "done" in school is to be "done-for" in private life—that poetry is viewed with as great suspicion by the intellectual middle-classes as by their social inferiors. The pulpit has assisted in deepening this suspicion. The poet always, it is thought,

has a sinister design on the reader. Either he is trying to put over a spiritual or historical message of some dry sort or he is claiming genius and its anti-social privileges; in any case he is drawing the reader from the quiet paths of enjoyable reading to the stern mountain of literature, a region from which one customarily returns jaded, if improved, to impress other travellers with a satchel full of poetic specimens, chipped from the hard rocks and carefully ticketed. This mistrust of the poet ensures that, dead poets only being "done" in schools and universities, living poets cannot economically practise the art for a livelihood. Patronage is dead these two hundred years, and the high-brow public is not large enough to support its poets by casual purchase of their wares. The result is that the writing of poetry is now largely in the hands of gifted young amateurs who publish a single book and then leave poetry for the more serious and remunerative work of prose, of idlers with money who want a literary reputation and find a series of lyrics less fatiguing to produce than a novel; and of retired judges, ambassadors, heads of colleges and such who crown their career with a volume of graceful verse. People, in fact, who encourage rather than dispel the lack of confidence in poetry; so that it is next to impossible for a serious practising poet to get a hearing from the middle-class public which is numerically large enough to support dozens of poets, and still less from the low-brow public which could afford to make them all men of wealth.

The public that is acquiring a short-story sense and a film sense and a fast-traffic sense and a radio-sense is not a dull public; as it is not a dull public neither is it a lazy public. The enthusiasm for the cross-word puzzle and for home-made radio-sets proves that. The theory that because industrial, commercial, or professional life weighs so heavy poetry to make any appeal at all must be a narcotic, can no longer stand. On the contrary the daily round is so routine-ridden that, except where the standard of living is definitely below the poverty line, any stimulant to thought of an adventurous kind is most welcome, though, indeed, the adventure is bound by economic,

ethical, religious and educational limits. The poetry-sense has not been correspondingly cultivated with these other new senses largely because poetry properly understood makes demands at variance with the utilitarian system of education and life. As a marketable commodity it is in a vicious circle; the less it is wanted the duller it gets, and the duller it gets, the less it is wanted. A young workman cannot afford to apprentice himself to the poetry trade, which is suffering sadly from inefficiency and dilution. In the short-story trade wages are high. Though the goods are machine-cut he has the satisfaction of knowing that they meet a genuine demand. The models improve in speed and finish yearly.

But it would be the greatest mistake to push this metaphor farther, to regard poetry as a sort of perpetual coach-building, and fiction as a sort of motor car industry; to say that a coronation coach lumbering and heavily gilded, or a smart barouche with armorial designs on the door drawn through the park by a pair of spanking greys, though all very well in their way, cannot be compared for speed, comfort or distinction with a 1925 Rolls-Royce. True, language and conditions of life have changed so completely in the last fifty years that the greater part of traditional English poetry is utterly out of date except to scholars; what was once the pride of the roads we now think of as a lumbering coach. But this is my contention, there is no reason why modern verse should not become to modern prose what the airplane is to the motor car. Properly handled, poetry has certain mechanical advantages over prose: prose can never rise off the ground; it must keep to the roads or the open country. The low-brow, mezzo-brow, and the backward part even of the high-brow public does not realise this, and will demand an explanation of mechanical theory, if not a demonstration of practice.

Simply put, the intrinsic virtues of poetry are these. Its rhythms, rhymes and texture have an actual toxic effect on the central nervous system. In the resulting condition the imaginative powers are quickened and strengthened, voices are heard, images are called up, and various

emotions felt of a far greater intensity than in waking life. This toxic effect is of greater or less strength according to the level of mental functioning required, which varies between the more or less sedate thought of day-dreaming and the monstrosities of trance or a deep sleep. The soup tablet firm that puts its advertisement into a rough rhyme,

Why does the Huntsman devour the fox so?
Because there is nothing for dinner but Broxo,

and the student who masters his lists of facts by help of a rhymed *memoria technica*—"In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue," are alike aware of this physiological effect verse has on mental receptivity. But besides the greater vividness of image and strengthening of music, the heightening of receptivity and sensitivity that verse properly handled brings, there is another great contribution, that is the awaredness of a whole region of hidden association and implication behind phrases that in prose would be accepted at their face-value.

For instance, the adjective *pettifogging* would in prose be construed merely as the conventional insult for a lawyer. If the same adjective were to be used in poetry qualifying, say, a philosopher there would be an increased vitality in the word, which thereupon for those aware of its etymology would recall its connection with Fugger, the great continental merchant-banker, whose minions the little fuggers were so sly at their trade: the philosopher would thus be accused of having a commercial mind and the same attachment to verbal formula and ancient authority as a lawyer. At the same time the "fog" syllable would take on a life of its own; "pettiness" and "fogginess," though conceptions not originally bound up with "pettifogging," would colour the lines in which they occurred and mate with the hidden associations of the other words there contained. One of the chief powers of poetry is in the poet's ability to control these hidden or forgotten associations of words while remaining in the toxic condition of which I have spoken, so that they interact in a sense distinct from the face-value of the poem, a sense which cannot be understood except by those in the

same condition of heightened sensibility. Poetry is able to use both the method of logic and the method of fantastic thought, which is *sensorial hieroglyphic*, and what cannot be expressed by either of these means can be conveyed in the musical side of poetry, the rhythm, rhyme and texture, which have not, of course, fulfilled their function merely by inducing and maintaining the toxic condition.

This, briefly, is the theory of poetry as I understand it, but whether, and if so how soon, the poetry-sense will appear in a wide circle of readers is another question. I cannot foresee any immediate social or political change that will produce it. A great deal of poetry that has been popularly admired in times past has been admired for reasons unconcerned with the peculiar powers of poetry as I have just outlined them: it has been admired merely for the elegance of the stories it told, or the morality of its sentiments, or the divine character it professed; and it is doubtful whether in Europe at least there has ever been widely spread a poetry-sense which, once the added receptivity induced by verse has been taken into account, has been distinguishable from a prose-sense. Perhaps some discovery by which food and other necessities of life could everywhere be obtained locally, together with a solution of the population question, might give the necessary background to a national revitalising of poetry, for England must first be freed from the economic obsession which colours all human relations and qualities to-day. The difficulties of keeping supplies of food, clothing, and so on in circulation by the authority are now largely smoothed over by standardisation of goods and by standardisation of the consumers' minds by education and the Press. If supplies became more plentiful and decentralisation of industry and, therefore, of standardised mentality became possible, poetry of a greater variety, freedom, and intensity might result. For the standardisation of mind has achieved the practical result that the immediate and formal characteristics of any matter under examination, usually recognised in terms of value or efficiency, are alone discerned; other latent characteristics, spiritual or personal, are generally suppressed as contributing nothing to the mechanic purpose of life.

Meanwhile there is a small part of society which, being more or less independent of economic fashions, is at liberty to think for itself and to have adventures in poetry and art beyond the bounds which enclose the middle-class. This is not to say that the advanced poet is necessarily a man of wealth—wealth often brings with it mental languor—or even that he is always born into the independent classes; but certainly any support he gets will be from men of independent means, and if he wishes to consolidate any success that *naïveté* has won for him he must learn to speak the language of that class and become as free from social prejudice as any of its members; he must become aware of the history of the art he practises, and in the light of this history must discover what is strong in his own work and remain unabashed by the riches of his new experience. This advanced art is a very small part of the whole artistic output, and, if the greatest immediate good of the greatest number is to be considered, cannot be justified. Its practitioners are not, as I have said, paid a living wage, and direct patronage is dead; that they manage to live at all and find time for their work is usually due to a certain amount of indirect patronage in the form of presents or of congenial appointments controlled by their admirers, enabling them to keep in touch with this independent society. But this art, freed from any retrograde temptations by the broken market for poetry in the backward part of society, is alone worth serious discussion, and has, indeed, begun to make as great a revolution in English poetry as, for instance, the one that came shortly after the Norman Conquest, when the love-song and the warm breath of classical literature from the south enriched an art that hitherto had been devoted almost entirely to war, terror, religion, and laments for the good old days.

Poetry has, in a word, begun to "go round the corner"; the straight street in which English bards have for centuries walked is no longer so attractive, now that a concealed turning has been found opening up a new street or network of streets whose existence tradition hardly suspected. Traditionalists will even say of the adventurers: "They have completely disappeared; they are walking in the suburbs of poetry called alternatively Nonsense or

Madness." But it disturbs these traditionalists that the defections from the highway are numerous and that the poets concerned cannot be accused of ignorance of the old ways, of mental unbalance in other departments of life, or of insincerity. As a well-dyed traditionalist once myself, I can recall my anger and impatience when reading advanced verse which seemed to me utterly unlovely and meaningless; anger and impatience still occasionally arise in me when I read, but for a different reason; I dislike poetry which, while discarding the old usages, does not make effective use of the new methods at its disposal; and I would be the last to deny that in the present transitional and experimental stage there are writers who have attempted to get notoriety by innovations and obscurities in which they do not themselves believe; but I do not believe that they are very numerous.

This new departure can best be illustrated by an analogy from painting, because painting began the round the corner movement before poetry. The traditional view of portrait painting in England has been that the likeness must be as nearly as possible photographic and the colours similarly must imitate the natural colours of the body; the pose and dress and background are also expected to be informative of the conditions and circumstances of the character depicted. But portrait painting, owing largely to the competition of the camera, has taken a new turn; a modern portrait represents hardly anything of what we may call the formal history and geography of the sitter. The rest is a new experience based on the relationship between painter and sitter. Whatever traits of character or circumstance in the sitter have impressed themselves most strongly on the painter form the nucleus of the design: sensorial hieroglyph again, and the design is harmonious with an untranslatable but none the less effective statement in terms of colour, texture, and form. Statement of what? Of a unique experience to which the painter and sitter equally contribute. Traditional painting assumes that a speaking likeness of the thing painted, the likeness that a smooth pool of water or a good mirror would give, provided that the thing painted is a reputable object and

properly posed, is the final goal of art. Traditional poetry similarly is in intention at least concerned with the translation into smooth verse direct or allegorical of selected and not always historical episodes in history, of selected slices of geography and of idealised moods and characters.

Modern poetry and modern painting do not set out to translate or interpret in the traditional sense, but to provide an independent experience, to which indeed formal history and geography are pre-requisites and from which they may even be psychologically deduced, but in which they are not important interests in themselves. In giving this new experience it is found necessary to dispense with a great deal of grammatic, logical, and photographic convention; with prejudices about the absolute and permanent value of particular kinds of truth, beauty, virtue and harmony; and with the restriction-order under which caprice, error, and unsolved conflict have hitherto been debarred from giving poetry the same reality as life.

I can overhear the comment: "Better that poetry should perish utterly than lose its idealistic character." So recently a pretty quarrel has been picked over an unidealistic though not particularly outrageous public monument in Hyde Park. It is fitting that obscene mutilations should have been committed on it by a party of law students who would stand politically for tradition and photographically idealistic accuracy. It is possible that this particular panel is definitely anti-traditional in conception and invites positive reprisals, but there is this about much unidealistic modern art that though untraditional in its technique, character, and end, so it is most untraditional in not claiming superiority for itself over all existing forms. The new methods are not claimed as absolutely better, as all new schools hitherto have been; they are only claimed as different and as more suited to the moods of the party that professes them. Traditionalism and the new method (which, being a cousin of mathematic relativity, may therefore borrow the name) do not deny each other, any more than post-Euclidian geometry denies the local truth and coherence of Euclidian geometry. Advanced and traditional poetry can live side by side,

and the same poet can employ both methods alternately without self-contradiction.

I may conclude with a few particular statements about this new poetic relativity. In subject—but to speak of the subject is to speak in terms of translation, so let us say in atmosphere and experience—it has no obvious bounds other than those to which the human mind is always subject. As Laura Riding Gottschalk, one of the most adventurous and level-headed of younger poets, writes:—

The elder poets of England and America are still worshipping that old God Experience: "It is all there somewhere in life, the truth, and you must only let life flow over you, inundate you, and it will leave behind with you the fine sediment of proper feeling. You are clay, life is a potter; it is very wonderful. You are like this, like that; you are swept here and there; you are dead." But who has ever learned anything from experience? Development comes through self-exercise, not through being hammered upon. The function of the new poetic mind is inductive rather than deductive. Life needs proving in poetry, as well as in science. The poet, the human impulse, is the only premise. He is the potter. He is the maker of beauty, since all form originates in him, and of meaning since he names the content. Confronted by a terrifying, absorbing, fascinating universe, he does not cry out, "How big, how terrifying, how fascinating!" and permit himself to be overcome by it; but answers it, since this universe, a thing apart, can be answered in no other way, atom for atom in a recreated universe of his own, a universe defiantly intelligible.

In grammar this new poetic relativity adopts the syntactical convention of the thought-level on which it is staged. This may be regular enough, but if the mood reaches a point in fantasia where grammar becomes frayed and snaps, then it can dispense with grammar. In structure it is Protean; there is no architectural preconception; the growth is organic. In imagery it is only bound by the preference of the individual author for imagery of a particular kind, as that of touch, sound, motion, colour, shape or measurement; and by the conjectural intuition of the reader for remote allusions. One of the most remarkable traits of recent verse has been the qualification of the experience of one sense by that of another. So Miss Sitwell speaks of "clucking flowers," meaning flowers bent down so that they seem like hens clucking; and of "shrill grass," meaning grass so young and green that you would credit it with the piping voice of a fledgling or a child. In diction the mood determines the

vocabulary; literary, exotic, archaic, commercial, homely, learned, or obscene: and, as in Mr. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, each of these vocabularies contributes in turn. In rhyme, rhythm and texture it is evolving a music as complex and free as instrumental music. In literary allusion it assumes an intimacy with the better known imaginative writers in all languages. It makes severe demands upon the reader; but the theory that the poet should do all the work and spoon-feed his reader is perhaps one of the greatest weaknesses of traditional verse.

It is at present coloured by the mood of sceptic irony in which the society which approves these new methods lives; irony is the state which succeeds revolt and despair, as revolt and despair succeed complacency and certainty. But irony is not at all a final mood, it is more negative than positive in character, and must yield eventually to a richer and more constructive life. Poetry is moving into this new life more slowly than the graphic arts or music because it is the art embracing all arts; in the same way philosophy is the science of sciences, and, until mathematics, theology, biology and psychology have made and consolidated their separate advances, cannot take up its position in support. Perhaps the reason why advanced poetry is often so confusing to the student to-day is that in few cases have the musical, the pictorial, and the intellectual forces kept proper alignment in the general advance. And as a great many so-called philosophic systems are not strictly philosophy at all, but generalisations from psychological, theological and mathematical or economic theory, so poetry, self-styled, that specialises in thought, in music or in imagery, but in each case to the neglect of the other departments, is not strictly poetry. The actual technique and direction of poetry may suffer the most astounding changes, but to keep its name and continuity it must always remain a unique art harmonising its contributory arts, and raising no organ of sense or thought to the magistracy of its fellows.

SECRET DIPLOMACY AT GENEVA

BY "AUGUR"

THE cause of the grave trouble which arose at Geneva over the question of a permanent seat for Germany on the Council of the League of Nations can be traced to the methods employed by international diplomacy in dealing with the subsidiary questions of permanent seats for Spain, Brazil and Poland.

It is now possible to reconstruct exactly what happened. While Sir Austen Chamberlain was taking a well-deserved rest at Rapallo and M. Briand was trying to solve the financial tangle in France, the Quai d'Orsay and the Foreign Office came to grips over the question of the postponement of the Preparatory Conference on Disarmament, which by the decision of the Council of the League was to have met on April 15th. The initiative of the proposed delay came from Paris. The French had good reasons to desire to see the Conference put off for a few weeks. The French and the British points of view were absolutely opposite to each other, and the idea of thrashing out in public the Franco-British difference of views in the presence of German and American observers was distasteful. This really was the principal reason, but, as is usual in diplomatic chanceries, officially other reasons were put forward. The French urged that the question of the liquidation of the control of armaments in Germany under the clauses of the Versailles Treaty was not complete yet, and that it was advisable to wait some time to see how this problem developed. But Paris made the mistake of allowing the French Press to suggest that the delay was welcomed in Britain. Nobody really cared whether the Conference met on April 15th or on May 15th, or even later. But the insinuations in the French newspapers angered the Foreign Office, and matters became complicated. What with statements, semi-official declarations, semi-private explanations and various notes "from the circle of inner political knowledge," the poor public lost the possibility of understanding anything.

The only fact which seemingly emerged was that French intrigues were endangering the peace of Europe and complicating simple issues. The whole noise was futile, and when Sir Austen and M. Briand met in Paris they easily agreed to the postponement of the Disarmament Conference for a month. How little the public really cared was then shown by the swift disappearance of the subject from the columns of the daily Press. But the suspicion of French motives, once born, continued to remain, poisoning the public mind against the French. If the French Government had frankly stated its case for delay, and if both the Quai d'Orsay and the Foreign Office had taken the public into their confidence, this undesirable result could never have been obtained.

To the poison distilled by the misunderstanding over disarmament was added the bad blood caused by the affair of the Hungarian forgeries of banknotes. In this sordid business the French Government had an excellent case, which it absolutely spoilt by not stating it. The secrecy with which the Quai d'Orsay surrounded in the beginning its perfectly reasonable and lawful steps in Budapest favoured the spreading of the most foolish rumours about a Franco-Czecho-Slovak conspiracy against Hungary. The French did not even give publicity to the fact that at the same time they had discovered that the Hungarian Government had camouflaged thousands of railway cars which it should have surrendered under the Peace Treaty of Trianon, *and had confessed the fact*. M. Briand and Dr. Benes, the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, had a clear case, and they spoilt it by neglecting in time to inform public opinion of the truth. Public opinion in this country was worked up to an absurd pitch, and the sentiment against French and Czech intrigues became so strong that it seemed that people were on the verge of making Paris and Prague responsible for the forgeries committed by Hungarian irredentists and crooks.

Then Sir Austen Chamberlain came to Paris, as we have said. As usual, the public had been left in the dark as to the true nature of the Franco-British Entente, and

especially as to the great services which the French Government had rendered to Great Britain. These services are principally two: the attitude of M. Briand at Geneva when the famous Protocol was definitely buried to please British public opinion. It would have been easy for M. Briand to place Sir Austen in a most disagreeable position at Geneva. If M. Briand had only lifted a finger he would have had a majority with him, and the British delegation with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's heritage weighing heavily on their shoulders would have been in a sorry plight. But M. Briand sacrificed French interests to the interests of the Entente. Then, when arose the crisis with Turkey over Mosul, M. Briand, in the most loyal fashion, stood shoulder to shoulder with his British colleague repelling the Turkish diplomatic onslaught. This was not easy for him, as he had a hard stand against some of his own people of the Franklin Bouillon type. M. Briand forbore to state his services to the Entente in public, and probably Sir Austen did not deem it fit to speak to the "man in the street." The great services of France remained unknown to the general public.

If M. Briand had been less modest and if Sir Austen had been more outspoken, public opinion in this country would have understood better the importance of the Entente and the debt we owe to the loyal and generous support of France. When Sir Austen and M. Briand met in Paris this debt was undoubtedly uppermost in the mind of the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He therefore paid the greatest attention to the request put forward by M. Briand that the Entente should back the demand of the Polish Government for a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations. Sir Austen's first movement was to refuse his support, but M. Briand, adding to the reasons given by the Poles in support of their application, insisted that it was in the interest of the good relations between Germany and France that the latter should be liberated from the obligation to play always the part of an advocate of Warsaw. This argument appeared so weighty that Sir Austen promised to put the question before the British Cabinet with his own favourable

recommendations. But he refused to commit the British Government in any way without previous consultation with the Prime Minister and his other colleagues. Here we have the truth about the famous "commitments." If it had been made public without delay, what an advantage it would have been for all parties concerned, and especially for the long-suffering British public!

When Sir Austen Chamberlain was in Paris he was obliged to see the Spanish Ambassador, Señor Quinones de Leon, one of the most clever diplomats of modern times. The latter reminded him that as far back as 1921 Lord Balfour, at the time a member of the Lloyd George Government, had supported the Spanish claim for a permanent seat, and that at that time only the opposition of Brazil had prevented the fulfilment of the desire of the Spanish Government. Sir Austen told Señor Quinones de Leon that this being the case the British Government would certainly continue its hearty support of the candidature of Spain to a permanent seat on the Council. It is clear, therefore, that when Sir Austen returned to London he was committed to a greater extent to the support of Spain than of Poland. We say "to a greater extent" because in neither case had he bound himself in any way on the question of time and methods. If the public had been told frankly about the Spanish commitment the whole trend of opinion would have been different, for in the case of Spain people in this country could not have had the same suspicion as that which arose in connection with the Polish claim, which for several weeks was the only one in the public eye. But here again the love of secrecy defeated the public interest.

On his arrival in London Sir Austen Chamberlain did not take the public into his confidence. Worse still, both he and M. Briand neglected to take steps to inform officially the German Government of what was toward. It is a matter for endless surprise that such an experienced statesman as M. Briand had forgotten the absolute need of keeping the Germans informed. The atmosphere of the League of Nations makes it impossible to keep anything secret long, and each time an attempt at secrecy is made

it invariably results in an open scandal and in bad blood. But tradition dies hard, and diplomats, amateurs as well as professionals, dearly love a secret. It naturally came to pass that the German Government, the intelligence service of which is excellent, obtained full information of what was in the wind. Herr Stresemann became anxious as to the effect on his Nationalists of a sudden attribution of a permanent seat to Poland. He sent word to his representatives in London that it would be morally impossible for Germany to enter the Council arm-in-arm with Poland. But the courage failed him to give immediate instructions for an official declaration to be made in this sense. If we are not mistaken it was through the communication of a journalist that the British Government received the first warning of the coming trouble with Berlin. Diplomatic chanceries were playing hide-and-seek, not only with public opinion, but even among themselves.

Then, on a certain day soon after his return, Sir Austen Chamberlain received the visits of two foreign diplomats. It is generally assumed that these were the Belgian Ambassador and the Swedish Minister. The Ambassador, on instructions from his Government, developed the idea of the necessity for going slow on the question of new permanent seats. He did not express any vigorous opposition to the principle of the enlargement of the Council. The Minister was more outspoken. He stated that the Swedish Parliament in secret session had discussed the question of the permanent seats and had instructed M. Unden, the Swedish delegate on the Council, to vote against the admission of any State except Germany. Sir Austen was perfectly frank, as we happen to know, with his diplomatic visitors, and told them exactly what the situation was after his conversations with M. Briand and Señor Quinones de Leon in Paris. A day or two after this the British Press obtained knowledge of the Polish application for a permanent seat, but *not of the Spanish one*, and the fat was in the fire. The Polish claim was brought well into the foreground and a campaign started against the extension of the number of permanent seats which finally

led to a debate in the House of Commons in which Mr. Baldwin, supplementing the vague statement of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, at last made a public statement about the promise to Spain and the "free hand" which the Cabinet had given to the British delegation on the Council of the League. Taking a practical and cool view of the situation, it should have been evident from the very first that the intransigent attitude of Sweden would serve to keep out all candidates except Germany. It was not necessary for British public opinion to come out so clearly antagonistic to Poland or any other State. The campaign against the Polish seat in this country had for result to array the great Powers and permanent seat-holders against the smaller States, which have only temporary seats or none at all. In the near future this will give a fresh impetus to the desire of the small States to demand for themselves full equality in the League Assembly and in Council. This may lead eventually to a campaign against the very principle of permanent seats—an event not so improbable as some intellectual snobs may imagine.

Clearly, public opinion has been atrociously mismanaged. This mismanagement is due to the fact that Ministers and diplomatic chanceries have not told the truth, or, to be more accurate, have not said anything at all to throw light on the situation. The love of the secret prevailed over all other considerations. It is easy to understand the motives of the Polish demand for a permanent seat if Germany was to have one. It is equally clear why France backed Poland. Neither is it difficult to see the reasons—now that we are in possession of the facts—why Sir Austen Chamberlain, in all fairness and loyalty, took the side of M. Briand in the matter. The pretensions of Spain and of Brazil are also understandable. Yet one thing is beyond comprehension: why were the Germans not told in good time? And we have Count Skrzynsky's personal assurance that they were not told. Why were the Germans not told at Locarno or immediately after?

In the light of what we now know the answer to this

question is obvious. The Germans were not told because the old methods of diplomacy prevailed. With professional diplomats secrecy is a tradition. Things which cannot be dealt with in secret are not worth doing. The Quai d'Orsay, the Foreign Office, and the Wilhelmstrasse take the public into their confidence as late as possible or not at all. It has been demonstrated again and again that the secret method of transacting international affairs is dangerous, and often leads to confusion and public unrest. But the lesson has not been taken to heart. Diplomats have an invincible dislike for the light of public opinion. Possibly they fear that if secrecy is taken from them international relations will become as simple as domestic affairs, and that the average man in politics will be able to supplant them.

But we think that the true reason lies deeper. The ordinary human being dearly loves a secret for its own sake. It is so agreeable to think that one shares with a few people only the secret information on an important issue. The possession of a secret conveys a sense of superiority which affords a pleasantly tickling sensation, and leads to a craving for secrecy as difficult to conquer as the habit of taking alcoholic drinks or of smoking tobacco. Experience must have shown by now that affairs concerning the League of Nations cannot be kept from the knowledge of the public. However complete the arrangements for keeping the secret, the latter inevitably leaks out, and the attempt to keep facts secret only helps to create bitterness and suspicion all round. Yet the specialist will not surrender, and continues to argue that publicity would stultify his labours. Now we can see clearly the morass into which all this business of secret diplomacy leads European affairs. But the lure of the secret is so great that even statesmen who become diplomats casually by the play of domestic politics quickly acquire the kink and become the most enthusiastic adherents of the attractive secret. Sir Austen Chamberlain acquired lasting fame by his achievement at Locarno. But he endangered it by the way he handled public opinion afterwards.

Does the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs love a

secret? Probably yes, if we draw the logical conclusions from what happened in the time between his return from Paris and his departure for Geneva. It was pitiable to watch how a really eminent statesman wrestled with public opinion when it demanded to know the facts of the situation. We well remember a luncheon given in his honour by the Association of the Foreign Press. In a splendidly balanced speech Sir Austen told the numerous journalists assembled on that occasion that he could not tell them anything as he had not yet placed the facts before the House of Commons. Four days later, nevertheless, in a speech made at Birmingham, he gave the public a glimpse of what was really in his mind. The pressure of public opinion continued to grow, and resolved itself into the weighty declaration of the powerful League of Nations Committee in Parliament itself. An open debate inevitably followed. Sir Austen made the promised statement. As was quite evident to those who were present, what he had to say did not satisfy anybody, because the desire to maintain the veil of secrecy was felt all along. Sir Austen is honour itself, and his motives are of the highest description. But Mr. Baldwin, with his uncanny, effortless insight into the mind of the average Britisher, sensed the danger. His speech contained the truth which the House expected to hear from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. That debate should have taught the adepts of diplomacy that secrecy—at least in League of Nations affairs—is dangerous. What took place at Geneva afterwards does not show that they profited by the lesson!

CARDINAL MERCIER IN OCCUPIED BELGIUM

BY EMILE CAMMAERTS

WHEN it became evident, after the offensive of the Allied Armies in October, 1918, that the German troops would be compelled to evacuate Belgian territory, Baron von der Lancken, head of the Political Department, called on Cardinal Mercier in Malines and delivered him a message on behalf of the Governor-General and of the German Government. This message, written in French, greeted the Cardinal as the "incarnation of occupied Belgium," of which he was the "revered spiritual leader," and announced that, on leaving Belgium, the German authorities would deliver him "willingly and spontaneously" all Belgian political prisoners and deportees, a great number of whom would recover their liberty in a few days. Baron von der Lancken added that he was all the more glad to be able to convey this news to the Cardinal as he knew the comfort it would bring him, and concluded by saying that, after having lived among the Belgians for four years, he had been led to hold them in high esteem and to appreciate their patriotism.

With the exception of a short letter, dated November 1st, this was the last of a long series of messages which, during four years, passed between the Cardinal and the occupying authorities. If we remember that this disinterested homage came from an enemy who had been bitterly opposed to Cardinal Mercier's unceasing activity in protecting Belgian interests and fostering Belgian patriotism, we may be able to appreciate the character of the man to whom it was paid. It is possible to-day to speak of the part played by the Cardinal at that time without fostering the war spirit or hurting national susceptibilities, for all good Europeans realise by now, as Baron von der Lancken realised already on the eve of the Armistice, that the figure of Cardinal Mercier stands out above national and political divisions and that his struggle on behalf of his oppressed compatriots ranks among the finest achievements of modern days.

In dealing with this struggle, it must not be forgotten that, when the war broke out, the Cardinal was already 63 years of age and possessed an unequalled prestige as a philosopher and as a leader of the Church, not only in his own country, but in the whole Catholic world. As founder of the "Institut Supérieur de Philosophie," he had achieved what many considered an impossibility by bringing together the mediæval theology of Thomas Aquinas and the results of modern scientific research. As Cardinal of Malines, he had stirred the enthusiasm of his followers by the intense fervour of his faith, and the sympathy of his opponents by the generosity and tolerance of his views. In Catholic circles, his influence was such that, in spite of the obstacle caused by his nationality, his chances of succeeding to the Papacy were considered as by no means negligible. It was at the time when he had reached the height of his career and when he might have been looking forward to a well-deserved rest that the blow fell with such a dramatic force. On August 4th, 1914, the Germans crossed the frontier and attacked Liège. On August 18th, after the fall of the last forts, the Belgian Army began its retreat on Antwerp, and two days later, as the Germans were entering Brussels, the Cardinal received the news of the death of Pius X and was obliged to leave hurriedly for Rome in order to take part in the election of his successor. It was there that he heard of the burning and sacking of Aerschot, Andenne, and Dinant, which took place on the morrow of his departure, and that he received the news of the destruction of Louvain and of the murder and deportation of thousands of his compatriots. In his Pastoral Letter published shortly after his return to Malines he admits that he did not receive these tidings without murmuring: "Why all this sorrow, my God? Lord, Lord, hast Thou forsaken us?' Then I looked upon the crucifix. I looked upon Jesus, most gentle and humble Lamb of God, crushed, clothed in His blood as in a garment, and I thought I heard from His own mouth the words which the Psalmist uttered in His name: 'O God, my God, look upon me; why hast Thou forsaken me?' . . ." and forthwith the

murmur died upon my lips, and I remembered what our Divine Saviour said in His gospel: 'A disciple is not above his master, nor a servant above his lord.'"¹

This idea that the Belgians must submit to their fate without rebelling against Divine Providence and that they must accept their sufferings as a new bond which brought them closer to Christ and His own sufferings recurs again and again in the nine Pastoral Letters written during the war. The Book of Job, the sayings of St. Paul and St. Augustine, are quoted to uphold this main contention. The Cardinal himself, in his Letter on All Saints' Day (October 15th, 1915), finds some new and striking images to illustrate the virtue of sacrifice: "You dread the surgeon's lancet, yet you submit to the operator because you expect the restoration of your shaken health from his art. And yet the lancet that wounds you cannot at the same moment heal the fibres of your flesh. But the Divine Surgeon of your bodies and souls pours the balm together with the grief, so that the souls that love Our Lord ardently come at last to love suffering in itself, as an infallible means of keeping alive within them the flame of Love Divine." Spiritual revolt might have shaken the people's energy and be followed by discouragement and despair. The Cardinal felt strongly that the Belgians could only find sufficient energy to endure their trial if they accepted their fate and found in their very sufferings a source of comfort and pride. According to him the interests of patriotism and religion coincided and must be upheld together.

Little is known of the Cardinal's activity in Rome in 1914. It seems evident, however, from the letter addressed by the Belgian to the German and Austrian bishops (November 25th, 1915), that the atmosphere was not entirely favourable and that he had to use his influence to justify the part played by Belgium during the first days of the war. His efforts were partly successful, since he obtained for his country the first blessing of Benoît XV, together with a letter expressing the new Pope's warm sympathy for her sufferings. Well aware that many Bel-

(1) *The Voice of Belgium*, Burns and Oates.

gians had been disappointed at not receiving more support from Rome, the Cardinal hastened to publish this letter at the end of his first war Pastoral, while he devoted his second Letter (Lent, 1915) to an apology for the Papacy. His wish was evidently to counteract the feeling of disaffection which some Belgian Catholics might have experienced, but he also realised that his influence in Rome was the strongest support which he possessed in his forthcoming struggle. As Governor von Bissing and Baron von der Lancken admitted repeatedly, the Cardinal enjoyed, as one of the highest dignitaries of the Church, a privileged position, and could not possibly be dealt with in the same manner as Burgomaster Max and many others who were summarily deported to Germany as soon as their presence hindered the policy of the German authorities. The feelings of Rome and of Catholic neutral nations had to be taken into account as well as those of the powerful German Centre Party. Though the Cardinal received little support from his German colleagues, the latter could not have remained indifferent to his imprisonment. It has been authoritatively stated that, on several occasions, the Cardinal's arrest had been decided upon by the German military authorities, but that, on each of these occasions, wiser counsels prevailed, so that alone among Belgian leaders he was able to exert his influence on his people and on the occupying authorities from the beginning to the end of the struggle.

On his way back from Rome the Cardinal reached Paris just in time to hear the good news of the Battle of the Marne, and hurried to Malines *via* Le Havre, London, and Antwerp. He was soon to be confronted with the heavy task which strained his strength during the four following years, and which must certainly have hastened his death. His voluminous correspondence with the German authorities was published in 1919 by Professor Mayence, of the University of Louvain, together with his war Pastorals, and contains a complete record of his activity.¹ The correspondence is classed under fifty-two

(1) *La Correspondance de S.E. le Cardinal Mercier avec le Gouvernement Général allemand* (Dewit, Brussels).

headings, ranging from the simplest appeal on behalf of a prisoner to a ten-page discussion on the right of the occupying Power, and from the removal of a few tools from a technical college to the wholesale deportation of thousands of workmen. It gives a fair idea of the exacting work which the Cardinal had to carry on as the spokesman of Belgian interests, as the defender of the rights of his Church, and as the inspired leader, adviser, and comforter of the Belgian people, without any distinction of class or creed.

There is nothing more striking to anyone acquainted with the deep divisions existing between Catholics and non-Catholics in pre-war Belgium than the way in which Cardinal Mercier endeavoured to protect the laity as well as the clergy, the socialist industrial worker as well as the Catholic peasant. Being unable to travel about the country, and being naturally better informed of any encroachment on religious interests and liberties, the affairs of the Church and especially those of the diocese of Malines absorbed proportionately a larger part of his time. It seems, however, evident that, during these critical months, he considered all Belgians as his brothers, having the same claim on his time and protection. Soon after his return he asked for the liberation of the Belgian priests and teachers who had been taken away to German prison camps. Governor von Bissing, who showed himself particularly eager at the beginning of his governorship to conciliate the Cardinal, wrote on December 9th, 1914, that, as far as the priests were concerned, his demand would very likely be granted. In his answer the Cardinal insisted that the absence of teachers was equally harmful to public education and that they should be liberated at the same time. All through the occupation the Cardinal addressed to the German authorities over forty appeals concerning hundreds of prisoners. Members of the clergy were naturally in the majority, but the list contains the names of a large number of laymen belonging to all classes and all parties. When dealing with the deportations which took place in 1916-17 Cardinal Mercier protests strongly against the distinction made between the men belonging

to liberal professions (including priests) and the manual labourers. To Governor von Bissing, who had made the most of this distinction, the Cardinal answered in his letter of November 29th: "If only the unemployed were taken away I would understand such exceptions, but if the practice of wholesale enrolment is continued it becomes unjustified. It would be an iniquity to inflict the deportations on the working classes alone. The bourgeois class must share the sacrifice which the occupying power imposes on the nation. I have been asked by many members of my clergy to claim for them a place in the vanguard of the deported. I have accepted their offer and I submit it to you with pride."

If the Cardinal had limited his activity to religious questions the German authorities, at any rate under the governorship of General von Bissing, would very likely have abstained from interference, and would even have been inclined to grant some of his requests. The trouble arose from the fact that he steadfastly refused to limit his interests to his own clergy and to Church matters, and contended that, as spiritual leader of the country, his was not only the right but the duty to protest whenever the moral welfare of his compatriots was threatened, and to give them all the comfort and encouragement which they so sorely needed.

Already, in the first Pastoral, "Patriotism and Endurance," the position of the Belgian people towards German authorities was clearly defined: "I do not require of you to renounce any of your national desires. On the contrary, I hold it as part of the obligations of my episcopal office to instruct you as to your duty in face of the Power that has invaded our soil and now occupies the greater part of our country. The authority of that Power is no lawful authority. Therefore, in soul and conscience you owe it neither respect, nor attachment, nor obedience. The sole lawful authority in Belgium is that of our King, of our Government, of the elected representatives of the nation. . . . Thus the invader's acts of public administration have in themselves no authority, but legitimate authority has tacitly ratified such of those acts as affect the

general interest, and this ratification gives them only judicial value." It was further explained that occupied provinces could not be considered as conquered provinces, but that the invasion had created a situation *de facto* which must be accepted by all civilians, the army alone having the right to resist openly the invader's power.

On the morrow of the publication, the Cardinal was practically placed under arrest in Malines, and every pressure was laid upon him to obtain a retraction of these words. He refused, however, to alter his attitude, and ordered his clergy to read his Letter in every Belgian church in spite of the threats of the authorities. The fourth Pastoral, "A Call to Prayer," in which the Cardinal had made some transparent allusion to the world-war while talking about the fight of St. Michael and Lucifer leading the hosts of good and evil angels in an eternal conflict, provoked fresh difficulties. This Letter was read on September 26th, 1915, that is to say, two days after the beginning of the Allied offensive on the Western Front and the temporary set-back of the German Armies. The Cardinal was accused of taking opportunity of the success of the Allied Armies to excite political passions. He had a long conversation with Baron von der Lancken on the subject, in which he defined what was called by his adversaries "political resistance": "If by resistance you mean armed rebellion or incitement towards it, you are within your right in forbidding us to resist, and we are, on our side, ready to abstain from resisting. But, if by resistance you mean the assertion of our right, the call to private and public prayer in order to obtain God's protection for our country, then I am obliged in conscience to declare that I will continue to resist."

Meanwhile, discussions concerning the responsibility for the war and more particularly the excesses committed by the German troops during the first weeks of the invasion continued in Rome. The Germans had answered the Belgian Reports by publishing their White Book, May, 1915, and Cardinal von Hartmann had visited the Pope and voiced the views of the German Centrum. Cardinal Mercier intended to pay a similar visit as early as

November 12th, 1915, but his voyage was delayed until January, 1916, because he could not obtain sufficient guarantees allowing him to re-enter the country. Shortly after his return, March 7th, 1916, he issued a new Pastoral in which he gave the Belgian Catholics fresh proofs of Benoît the XVth's sympathy for their cause, and in which he endeavoured to convey to all his compatriots the enthusiasm provoked by their attitude in neutral and allied countries. The military situation was not favourable at the time, and many Belgians who had hoped for an early conclusion of the war began to feel the strain of their prolonged isolation: "Heroism seems so natural to you," wrote the Cardinal, "that it does not occur to you to glory in it on your own account; but if you had been able to do as we have done, to pass beyond our frontiers and look at our Belgian Fatherland from without; if you could have heard the voices of the people, 'the man in the street,' as the English say, I mean the manual labourer, the humble *employé*, the women of the working classes; if you had received the homage, written or spoken, of those who are the authorised representatives of the great social forces—politics, the Press, science, art, diplomacy and religion—you would have realised more fully the magnanimity of your attitude and your souls would have leaped with joy and even, I think, with pride."

The publisher of the letter, the Burgomaster of Malines, was arrested and deported to Germany in spite of the Cardinal's protests that he should bear the whole responsibility, and Governor von Bissing in his letter of March 15th wrote that he was resolved to prosecute henceforward all "political propaganda made under the cloak of religious worship, and every act tending to provoke hostile feelings towards the legitimate authority of the occupying Power, authority recognised by international law."

This was the starting point of a prolonged discussion which was renewed on the occasion of the sermon *Per Crucem ad Lucem* (delivered in Ste. Gudule, Brussels, on the anniversary of Independence Day, July 21st) and of the publication of the Pastoral Letters known as "The Voice of God" (October 1st, 1916) and "Courage, My

Brethren" (February 25th, 1917). The Cardinal's protests were prompted not so much by a desire to justify his own attitude as by his eagerness to defend the priests who, by following his example, exposed themselves to imprisonment and deportation. He argued that he had the right to guide and to teach his flock, and that he was only responsible in this matter to his own conscience and to the Holy See. "The Belgian Constitution recognises complete liberty of worship, and Article 43 of The Hague Convention obliges the occupying Power to respect the Constitution of the occupied country. Any priest infringing the law ought therefore to be deferred to the judgment of the religious authorities and not to German military courts." Governor von Bissing, or rather his second in command, Baron von der Lancken, who pursued the discussion on his behalf from August, 1916, reproached the Hague Convention for not defining the duties of the occupied people as clearly as those of the occupying Power and replied that the transfer of power was perfectly legitimate, being the natural consequence of the status of occupation, so that all distinction between power *de jure* and *de facto* was of no avail. Needless to say, the Cardinal rose to the occasion by pointing out that if the Hague Convention had omitted to determine the duties of the occupied people, it must have been because its authors considered that a people who had lost their rights could be bound by no moral obligations. He quoted the conclusion of the "rapporteur" of the second commission of the first Hague Convention (1899), in which Mr. Rolin stated explicitly that "the legitimate authority of the invaded country could give a kind of sanction to the *de facto* power exercised by the invading or occupying army," and he protested against the German tendency, inspired by the philosophy of Kant, to separate the conceptions of morality and of right. A lengthy reply from von der Lancken, who took an evident interest in this controversy, provoked a lucid retort from the Cardinal, who, in his letter of September 25th, 1916, stated the problem in the following terms: "In order to legitimize the power of occupation, you say that the Hague Convention has 'converted the fact into right.' No human authority is able to

do that. An unjust occupation remains so in spite of all conventions. The supreme resource of the oppressed is the faculty of proclaiming that the fact does not create the right. . . . Nevertheless, the occupation is a fact to which the occupied people must submit. . . . In order to avoid worse evils, they may submit to certain regulations, presuming that the only sovereign authority which they recognise approves within certain limits their pacific attitude. In spite of this submission, the occupying Power is deprived from the prerogatives of sovereignty, and the Hague Convention imposes upon it the obligation to administer the occupied country according to the latter's laws. Any violation of these laws adds a new injustice to the original one."

This academic discussion was abruptly brought to an end by the wholesale deportation of Belgian workers which began in October, 1916. During the first weeks of the occupation the Cardinal had received a formal and written promise from Baron von Huene, Governor of Antwerp, according to which the young men of the district would not be exposed to deportation into Germany, either for enrolment in the army or for forcible employment. This promise had been ratified and extended to the other provinces by the first Governor of Belgium, Baron von der Goltz. On the strength of these engagements and in the name of individual freedom granted to all Belgian citizens by their Constitution, the Cardinal begged Baron von Bissing to put a stop to the deportations. In his answer, the Governor shifted all responsibility on the British economic blockade, which paralysed Belgian industries and provoked unemployment. As the number of deportations increased and as the German authorities, unable to obtain the list of unemployed, proceeded to enrol forcibly all men of military age, the Cardinal and the Belgian bishops decided to appeal to world opinion in their well-known "Cry of Alarm" (November 7th, 1916), in which they showed that unemployment had deliberately been fostered by the German authorities and that the true reason for the deportations was the shortage of labour in Germany: "The plain truth is that every deported worker

provides another German soldier for the German Army. He will replace a German worker who will be sent to the Front."

During these tragic months the Cardinal exhausted all the means at his disposal to attenuate the evil which he had not been able to prevent by sending detailed instructions to his priests in order to avoid the enrolment of employed men and to provide some help to the others and to their families. From January 29th to March 21st, 1917, no fewer than 3,516 claims for repatriation were sent to the Governor by the Cardinal. Following the advice of Marquis de Villalobar, Spanish Minister in Brussels, he drafted, with other Belgian notabilities, an appeal to the Kaiser urging him to put a stop to the deportations and to give the necessary order for the repatriation of the deported (February 14th, 1917): "The Emperor of Germany will understand that it is not without reluctance that we appear to solicit as an act of kindness that which in normal times we could claim only as a right. But the life and liberty of a great number of compatriots whom we love as our brethren are at stake. We are determined to silence within us any feeling which is not that of brotherhood, and we dare to hope that the Emperor likewise will only listen to the common voice of humanity." By that time the German authorities had realised that the small material advantages derived from the deportations did not compensate for the moral harm done to the German cause. The appeal succeeded and, on March 11th, Baron von der Lancken announced to the President of the Belgian Senate that the Kaiser had given the order to stop further enrolment and to send back to Belgium all those who did not come under the regulations.

This was only a partial success, for many deportees died in Germany and behind the German Front, and many more came back to their country incapacitated for life, but it must have been a great comfort to the Cardinal to think that he was at last able to put a stop to the sufferings inflicted on the class of citizens to whom he was so sincerely attached, although many of them did not share his faith. All through his episcopal career he endeavoured to break

down the barrier erected by selfish prejudice between the clergy and the layman, between the bourgeois and the working classes. He did not hesitate to set up the good workman as an example to his priests. Long before the war he alluded, in one of his addresses, to a priest who had chosen as a model the life "of an honest, conscientious labourer, dividing his day between his work in the factory or in the fields and the care of his wife and children. The poor are our masters; they teach us to give, to pray, and to love Christ."

There is no surer test of greatness than the inspiration which allows a man of extraordinary ability, whatever his social position, profession or trade, to free himself from parochialism and self-indulgence, and to realise the true nobility achieved by those who do not share his creed, his opinions or his interests. This test may safely be applied to such a personality as Cardinal Mercier's, whether we consider the part which he played as a priest, as a philosopher or as a patriot. His ambition was not to govern circumstances, but to give his best in all circumstances under which he was placed. Such a man is proof against the hazards of life, for he can find scope for his activity in the humblest as well as in the most exalted positions, and his charity outreaches the criticisms of his enemies and the praises of his friends.

INVESTORS AND GERMANY: A LETTER
FROM BERLIN

BY ROBERT CROZIER LONG

BERLIN, March 7th.

WITHOUT any visible justification in industrial or commercial conditions, the German Bourses have this year indulged in an orgy of optimism. Minor favourable influences were not lacking. The month of December brought the first surplus of exports over imports since August, 1924, though it did not prevent a passive trade balance of 4,300 (without precious metals 3,600) million marks on the whole year. The great Western Steel Trust, which had been under negotiation for half a year, was at last formed. Short-term money became plentiful; the fluidity, indeed, went so far that Berlin banks, not being able to find enough borrowers at home, lent money on call to New York Bourse speculators. The Reichsbank on January 12th reduced its discount rate from nine to eight per cent. But as against these factors of optimism the decline in the production of raw materials and finished goods continued. In December the number of fully unemployed, which fell to 195,000 last midsummer, rose to 1,450,000; and in the first half of February it rose further to 2,060,000. If the brief crisis caused in the winter of 1923-24 by the currency stabilisation, which came on top of the Ruhr occupation, is excepted, industry is to-day worse employed than at any time within memory.

The fructifying abundance of money in the Berlin market was largely the outcome of the stagnation in manufacturing. But it was also largely an outcome of the flood of foreign capital which has poured in since the conclusion of the Locarno agreements. While much of this foreign capital arrived in the shape of overseas goods, thereby causing import surpluses during nearly all of the past year, part of it arrived as dollar and sterling bills, which the borrowers converted into mark currency *via* the Reichs-

bank. The flood continues. It is still desired, because while short-term credit is abundant, long-term credit, in shape of State, municipal and industrial loans, debentures and mortgages, is badly needed. Among the lender countries the United States all along came first, followed at a long distance by Holland, Switzerland and Sweden; but since the removal of the embargo on capital export Great Britain has entered the market, being third among the foreign lenders of 1925.

These lending operations by no means exhaust the foreign financing of Germany. In addition to small foreign purchases of German real estate—these have shrunk very much since the inflation time—there has been active foreign buying of German stocks and bonds. This buying played a considerable rôle, both materially and psychologically, in last month's Bourse boom. Materially, because foreigners bought those speculative stocks (mostly of internationally known industrial and shipping companies) which give tone to the Berlin Bourse; and psychologically because of the effect of each new display of outside confidence and of the opportunities given for exaggeration and untruth. On basis of real English and American buying of North German Lloyd shares spread a rumour that this company, like the Hamburg-America, was to fall under the influence of the American Harrimans. The story—denied next day—sent up the quotation fourteen points.

Some foreigners are going to be badly bitten by their German investments and speculations. This is not because opportunities for high interest or dividend yields combined with reasonable security do not exist. It is because few foreigners have the knowledge, discretion and patience that are necessary in buying and selling the securities of a foreign country. Most of the earlier foreign post-war speculations failed. The chief exception is Reparations Loan, which has appreciated considerably. The foreigners who rushed to buy German municipal bonds in early 1920 lost nearly everything. Some foreign buyers of German real estate profited considerably; but where they have not sold their properties and removed the proceeds from Germany they risk partial expropriation

under the Debts Valorisation Law of July, 1925. Foreigners who bought German Federal and State bonds have been almost entirely cleaned out. In this matter the British public did not plunge as far as the American; in general the British public shows both reserve and teachability, whereas the American public never learns. After six years of disillusion, loss and exposure, swindles in German bonds are being advertised in reputable American newspapers on the responsibility of supposedly reputable American bond houses. After German Forced Loan of 1922-23 was repudiated by the Valorisation Law, the official reasons for repudiation being quite clearly, though not convincingly, given, the loan was struck out of the Bourse lists. It is to-day being sold in America as a good speculation, on the ground that its valorisation is pending. This scandal went so far that the Berlin Finance Ministry asked native bankers to refuse to execute foreign orders to buy the loan—a not common case of measures being taken by Germany to protect foreigners against roguery which their own Governments tolerate.

In the year 1925 an estimated 1,320 million marks of foreign money was borrowed from abroad by German public corporations and private companies. Of this total 951 millions came from the United States, 153 millions from Holland, 122 millions from Great Britain, and the remainder from Switzerland and Sweden.¹ The lending has continued this year, the chief borrowing operations so far being by the Rhine-Elbe Union and the Phoenix Company, both of which are participating members of the new Steel Trust. In January were formed two American corporations, one acting with German banks, the other a Swedish-American concern, for the purpose of granting credits and acquiring German securities. The amount of foreign money which last year came to Germany is very much greater than 1,320 million marks; but that part which came in the shape of short-term loans, export credits, and payment for stocks, bonds and real estate cannot be even approximately estimated. Some indication is given by the

(1) Estimated. Cf. Annual Report for 1925 of the Reichskredit Gesellschaft.

foreign payment balance. In 1925 Germany's total payments to abroad were estimated at 14,600 million marks, of which 12,600 million marks were for imports, 1,000 millions for Reparations payments, 200 millions for the deficit on the tourist and foreign seasonal labourer account, and 700 millions for imports of precious metals. Against this, receipts from abroad for exports were 8,800 million marks, after adding to which the net payments to Germany for services (freights, etc.), and the active item of Reparations deliveries in kind, there was a deficit of 4,800 million marks. This deficit was made up partly by sales of exchange and by return of exported capital, but mainly by operations which increase indebtedness to abroad, that is, by sales of securities and real estate and by foreign loans and credits.¹

The dates, as far as they can be fixed, of the chief foreign lending operations indicate one curious but not novel feature, that is the epidemic or sentimental character of foreign willingness to lend. In the first half of 1924 hardly any foreign loans were granted. In the second half, after the Dawes settlement, in particular after the London Agreement was accepted by the Reichstag, money poured in. Confidence had been restored. In the first half of 1925, by which time the psychological effects of the Dawes settlement had weakened, again Germany borrowed very little. After the Locarno Agreements money again poured in. Of the 1,320 million marks borrowed on long terms in 1925, 1,088 millions came in the second six months. In the first post-war years the foreign attitude was much the same. Nearly the whole of the vast sum of American money which went into German municipal bonds, before that bubble burst, was invested in a few months of early 1920, the stimulus in this case being a sharp, short-lived recovery in mark exchange in the spring. After that, until 1924, very little American money was lent to or invested in or speculated in Germany. It is certain that the realisable value of German bonds, stocks and other investments will continue to be affected

(1) This estimate is semi-official. Being based on only eleven months' trade it needs some correction.

by alternating waves of international—mainly American—confidence and distrust; and that is one reason why British individual investors should closely watch political phenomena, and not merely consider the intrinsic value of their German holdings.

That applies to the individual. Whether from British national point of view it is profitable to invest capital in Germany is a different and very doubtful question. British export trade is not satisfactory; British unemployment is serious; and international competition is very severe. The effect of the foreign financing of Germany is to strengthen her ability to compete. For this there are several reasons. Firstly, because the prevailing high, though of late reduced, German interest rate materially increases industrial production cost. This is an old German complaint; and a year ago an enquiry by the Federal Economical Council into the high prices of native textiles established the fact beyond doubt. Cheap money is one of the mainstays of British export trade. Secondly, because successful borrowing by Germany furthers Germany's export trade by enabling her exporters themselves to give credit. For years past German exporting manufacturers, while more inclined than British exporters to grant credit to customers, have been unable to do so. They suffered from chronic lack of working capital, mainly owing to excessive immobilisation of their capital in works of expansion during the inflation years.¹ A Russian mission which last year visited European countries in order to arrange for the purchase of textile machinery reported that, while German prices and technical ability were satisfactory, German payment conditions—i.e., credit offers—were less satisfactory than British. Germany's ability as a whole to accord credit to foreign buyers depends ultimately upon her foreign payment balance. As long as she has a heavily passive foreign trade balance, and therefore an insufficient inflow of foreign payments, she cannot afford to wait for payment. The inflow of foreign loans, credits and investment pay-

(1) A report by the Deutsche Werkmeisterverband states that since 1913 322 joint stock companies increased the ground area of their factories by 35 per cent., the area of their real estate by 93 per cent.

ments tends to remedy this; the payment balance is thereby artificially made active, endowed, as Germans say, with a "borrower's activity." Germany, in fact, uses the capital borrowed from Western countries in order to re-lend it in form of export credits to those Eastern countries which buy only when they can get credit. To-day, after an agreement by German commercial banks in late 1925 to finance credit exports to Russia to a value of 100 million marks, is being negotiated a similar deal for 300 million marks. German manufacturers are also negotiating to supply a large quantity of machinery and tubes on credit to the three Russian oil trusts; and small credit export deals are almost daily reported. All this is the outcome of foreign lending.¹ If a long view is taken it may reasonably be argued that the encouragement of Germany's prosperity, and therefore of her export trade, is a British interest, but from the narrow, immediate viewpoint of Anglo-German competition lending is prejudicial to British interests. This view is not new. American manufacturers as long ago as 1924 protested on the above grounds against Wall Street's loan policy.

The individual foreign capitalist cannot be expected to take such national considerations into account. If only the capital which Germany borrows is invested productively, the greater the volume of foreign loans the better will be the foreign capitalists' security. On this point the German official attitude is sound. It discourages emphatically, and where possible it prevents, borrowing abroad for unproductive purposes. Since the revocation of the exchange-regulation laws neither the Republic nor a state has power to restrict foreign borrowing by companies or by individuals. But municipal borrowing, whether at home or abroad, requires the sanction of the state Government. In practice, control over municipal foreign borrowing is exercised by a board recently attached to the Federal Finance Ministry, and municipal projects to issue loans abroad are sharply scrutinised and in many cases cut down or prohibited by this board. When the

(1) The Luther Cabinet has submitted a Bill providing for State insurance against part of the risk involved in exporting on credit.

Reichsbank President, Dr. Schacht, visited New York last year he publicly emphasised this official attitude; municipal borrowing, he declared, is largely for unproductive purposes, and as the volume of possible foreign lending is limited, large municipal loans threaten to exhaust the source of industrial loans for productive ends. In fact, apart from limited municipal and a few small state loans, all German borrowing has gone either for improvement of industrial production or—what has very largely happened—for the consolidation of the industrial companies' existing short-term debts.

Germany's total indebtedness to abroad is small, and, given the expected improvement of her export trade, she should easily be able to pay the interest. According to Dr. Schacht it is (Reparations, which are another matter, excluded) about 1,900 million marks, or under £100,000,000. There is, therefore, no reason to fear that exchange difficulties will (if the Reparations Transfer system works as was intended) ever prevent the payment of interest and dividends to investors outside Germany. The security of the individual borrowing companies is good. Whether, however, lending to Germany will long prove attractive from the point of view of yield on capital—the present attraction for foreigners—is doubtful. Owing partly to the decline in Germany's home interest rate, and partly to the increased sense of security since the Dawes and Locarno settlements, the yield on her foreign loans tends to fall. Relatively, however, to German home rates, it is higher than at any time since foreign lending began in 1924. In early 1924 German short-term home loans for a few weeks' time carried interest as high as 40 per cent., this covering the risk of a renewed currency depreciation, which was believed possible for some time after the stabilisation. Last year home interest rates fell steadily, but not by much. The following are averages for the first and last months of 1925:—

	Jan. per cent.	Dec. per cent.
Day loans	9.99	8.20
Month loans	11.28	10.29
Private discount rate	8.31	6.75
Reichsbank discount rate	10	9

Mortgage loans in 1925 were almost unobtainable. The nominal rate was 12 per cent., the effective rate (owing to the fact that the borrower, instead of cash, received mortgage-bonds which were realisable only at a discount) was 15 per cent. In the first month of 1926 interest rates fell considerably. The Reichsbank's discount rate was cut on January 12th to 9 per cent.; day money has at times fallen to about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., month loans are around $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the private discount rate is 5 per cent. Under an arrangement between the Gold Discount Bank and the Rentenbank (converted in 1925 into an agricultural credit institution) agricultural mortgages will be obtainable at $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The yields on the "stable-value" (gold, rye, and coal) loans issued in the last months of the currency depreciation by municipal and private corporations have fallen from as high as 18 per cent. to about 9 per cent. While these rates are nominally higher than the interest on the new foreign loans, it must be remembered that the effective rate of the latter is, owing to their issue at a discount and to the intermediaries' profits, much higher than the 7 per cent. which appears in the prospectuses.

Increasing confidence may sustain foreign lending after interest rates have fallen even lower, but there is a distinct trend towards international equilibrium in the price of money; this trend is shown by central bank discount rate reductions in other Continental countries than Germany. This probably explains why foreign capitalists increasingly turn for profit to German dividend-bearing securities. The new foreign participation is purely speculative, if speculation is rightly defined as expectation of gain from a rise in quotations, as apart from consideration of yield. The great January Bourse rise was in part caused, and is in part maintained, by such foreign speculations. The dividend prospects of German industrial and shipping companies are at present incalculable. Foreigners usually neglect them, and there is a general belief, which is not correct, that the majority of companies have paid no dividends at all since the currency stabilisation. Though this belief is mistaken, there is a reasonable explanation of it. In 1925 out of 1,042 companies whose shares are quoted in

Berlin 474 paid no dividends. The position with the remainder was:—

No. of Companies.	Dividend per cent.
137	1 to 5
143	6 or 7
228	8 to 10
60	over 10

This table refers to payments made in 1925, that is, to companies whose business year ended mostly either on December 31st, 1924, or June 30th, 1925. The industrial companies proper come out rather worse than other companies; of 830 only 418 paid dividends, but the rates were fairly satisfactory, 306 of the dividends being 6 per cent. or more. The mistaken foreign belief above referred to has its origin in the fact that few of the companies whose stocks are most speculated in, in particular the "heavy industry" companies whose business year ended on June 30th, paid dividends. All these speculative stocks are in the list, numbering about 160, of papers which may lawfully be sold on the Bourse for future settlement or which have "variable" quotations, that is, are quoted as in London and New York from deal to deal. (All other stocks have only one quotation for the day, which is officially fixed at the price at which the greatest number of buying and selling orders can be satisfied.) The January Bourse boom was mainly confined to this speculative list; stocks in the so-called "unity list," comprising the great majority, moved up comparatively little.

At present the question whether German stocks should be bought for investment or speculation is unanswerable. The speculative stocks, the only ones which are internationally known, have mostly, as stated, paid no dividends. Those companies which have paid dividends have paid them only for one year; in the preceding mark-depreciation years dividend paying entirely ceased. The dividends paid in 1925 were earned at a time when industrial production was more active than to-day, but against this may be set the fact that export, upon which the speculative stock companies largely depend, is steadily increasing. In value it has, in fact, nearly reached the level of 1913, in

considering which the rise in prices must be taken into account. The quarter-by-quarter recovery in the export total is instructive:—

	Millions of Marks.
1913, average per quarter	2,525
1923, " " " "	1,539
1924, " " " "	1,642
1925, first quarter	2,034
" second quarter	2,084
" third quarter	2,245
" fourth quarter	2,430

This is a development making for optimism, because the internationally known stocks are those of industrial branches—steel, electrotechnical, potash, and dyes—which depend largely upon their export trade. The balance-sheets cannot be relied upon. The inflation balance-sheets, with values in billions and trillions, were meaningless, and were compiled only in order to satisfy legal requirements. Since this subject was dealt with last in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* the last of the gold mark balance-sheets have appeared, but as guides they are not much better than the paper mark balance-sheets. Probably with reason, in view of what has been said concerning extension of plant, they usually value the mechanism of production higher than before the war. Their old debentures and mortgages largely disappeared as a result of the mark depreciation. Against this may be set the Reparation bonds liability and the new valorisation of the extinguished debentures and mortgages. The former will prove a very small burden. Under the "Contributions Law" the Reparations bonds burden has been spread from the narrow basis of a minority of big industrial companies to companies of all branches of business and of all dimensions except the very smallest. The local finance offices' assessment of the burdens upon this broadened basis shows that the companies will have to pay 6 per cent. interest on 13.64 per cent. of their capital, or only 8.185 per mille on their total capital. (This year the liability is only 3.75 per mille.) Under the valorisation law mortgages must be restored to 25 per cent., debentures to 15 per cent., of the original gold value, but those companies which paid off their debts before

July, 1922, in paper marks are exempted from the liability. In general the gold mark balance-sheets probably under-value assets and do not under-value debts, and, judged merely by material resources, the companies should be well off and easily able to pay interest on their foreign loans. But it is not certain whether, in view of the reduced home buying power and of the more difficult world market conditions, they will be able to utilise fully their increased plant. Upon this point their dividend paying ability will ultimately in great measure depend.

The Bourse boom of January took no account of such uncertainties. It excelled for violence and rapidity anything known in Wall Street in times when Wall Street was livelier than it is to-day. Wall Street's last great bull movement lasted four and a half years, but the average quotation probably did not rise as much as Berlin's has risen in four weeks. In February, 1925, after a rapid appreciation which began in July, 1924, stocks in Berlin began to tumble, and at the end of the year they averaged about 50 per cent. of their highest prices of the year. Only shipping stocks began their recovery before this year. If the permanently non-speculative groups are omitted an average drop to 40 per cent. would appear, and the stocks of one important group—the railway rolling-stock manufacturing—fell to 20 per cent. On January 4th this year the recovery set in unexpectedly, and it lasted without any reaction worth mentioning until the end of the month. The movements of a few foreign favourites are a sufficient illustration:—

	Lowest, 1925.	Jan. 2nd, 1926.	Jan. 31st, 1926.
<i>"Heavy Industry."</i>			
Deutsch-Luxemburg	54	55	98
Gelsenkirchen	44	59	97
Phoenix	56	55	80
<i>Shipping.</i>			
Hamburg-America	44	94	123
North-German Lloyd	45	95	141
<i>Electrical.</i>			
General Electricity	85	82	100
Siemens and Halske	65	63	105
<i>Potash.</i>			
Aschersleben	90	91	119
Salzdetfurth	103	105	143

The Bourse movement is of practical interest not only to the new foreign stock buyers, it has a practical bearing also upon the stability of the companies which have borrowed from abroad under mortgage or debenture. The solvency and financial prosperity of these borrowing companies partly depends upon the Bourse level of stocks generally. Most of the companies hold large parcels of their own shares, and many hold parcels of preference shares equipped with multiple voting power, which were issued during the inflation years in order to be kept in firm hands for defensive use in case of foreign attempts to buy up majority controls. These stock holdings or "participations" constitute a considerable proportion of the total balance-sheet assets of industrial companies. A general upward Bourse movement must, therefore, if maintained, strengthen the positions of the borrower companies, which will be able, if short of working capital, to place the hoarded shares upon the market without having to sacrifice them, as would have been the case last year, at far below their presumable value.

À L'ABRI DU PÊCHEUR

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING¹

I

WHEN I look back on my visit to Faisrien it seems to me that one of the oddest things about an odd experience is the chance that took me there. I had come up the line from Auray and had stopped at Quimperlé, enchanted by that view of the Laïta flowing between its thickly wooded banks which you get as you cross the railway viaduct just before entering the station. Quimperlé is exceedingly picturesque with its upper town and lower town and the narrow, breakneck street that unites them. It is full of "bits" alluring to the amateur photographer, and has (among others) a dullish, rather dear hotel suitable for Rural Deans and their wives and their nice, healthy families. The delightful clear voices of English public schoolboys, all dressed in grey flannel suits, mingled with the jolly laughter of their young sisters and female cousins clad in bright jumpers and short skirts and neat brown brogues, and gave the place an odd atmosphere, difficult to describe. The English had turned the old town into the pleasantest kind of "family" resort. Charming middle-aged mothers of families sat about under the trees outside their hotel, placid and homely. Decent-looking old clerics, with a vaguely festive or sporting note introduced into their attire, sat with them, with eyeglasses half-falling off their noses, a harmless vermuth-seltzer on the table in front of them, and *The Times* newspaper, three days old, in their hands. And all over the town the young things romped about, supremely confident and possessive and behaving for all the world as if they owned it. They swarmed in and out of the shops and bought cakes and sweets and picture-postcards, took their films to be developed and generally enjoyed themselves.

I felt unpleasantly middle-aged and alone and out of

(1) A chapter from a forthcoming book by Mr. Douglas Goldring, *Northern Lights and Southern Shade* (Chapman and Hall).

things; and I wanted the sea. I like the sleepy, formal little towns of France, with grey and stately seventeenth century houses, and a Grande Place full of shady trees planted evenly in rows, and big quiet cafés; but I do not like them for very long at a time. There is something to me a little depressing, a little devitalised about them. I soon, therefore, had enough of Quimperlé, and decided to go to the small plage of La Poupoule for a day or two. I left my heavy luggage at the station, packed what I needed into a rucksack and boarded the dusty motor diligence which ran in conjunction with the *rapide* from Paris. Off we went, through the forest of Clohars Carnoët, in the evening twilight. The 'bus was crammed to suffocation with holiday-makers and the trailer behind it was loaded with their luggage. There was also an advertisement in the 'bus showing a picture of the usual "Palace" Hotel of the smaller French watering-place. *Thé-dansants*, jazz band and the rest of it. I began to grow uneasy. I didn't in the least want that kind of thing. Evidently I had made a mistake. They had told me that La Poupoule was "quite a small place," but I realised from this advertisement that it wasn't my kind of small place. What could I do? It was already half-past nine at night. The 'bus stopped at a cross-roads, and as it waited, panting, while the conductor delivered some parcels at various cottages, I read the sign-post. To La Poupoule 3 kilometres: to Faisrien 2 kilometres. In the distance, looking along the road to Faisrien, I saw the shadowy sea. I got off the 'bus and stretched my legs. There was a small café at the corner, the kind of wooden hut that in England is usually occupied by an ex-Service man. The conductor, after delivering his parcels, had entered it to drink a glass of cider. I hesitated. The driver tooted his horn. The conductor finished his drink, lit a cigarette and resumed his place on the car. The driver looked at me enquiringly. Again I hesitated, and finally I smiled and shook my head, and the diligence departed without me. There I was then, two kilometres from Faisrien on a fine evening in July. The *patronne* of the little café, questioned about Faisrien as she poured out my white wine (I

am no cider drinker), remarked that it was nothing but a fishing village. She seemed doubtful as to whether I could get a room, but I might ask there "*à la descente des Pêcheurs*."

I started off hopefully down the road. A little moon, lying drunkenly on its back, had made its mocking appearance in the sky, and the sea breeze was caressing and gentle. All the same, those two kilometres were the longest I can remember. I came at last on one of those narrow creeks, or arms of the sea, which so constantly indent the Breton coast. There were small white houses on either side of it, and on the narrow waterway there floated a number of fishing smacks. Nearly every house I passed was a *buvette*, but at length I reached one more imposing in size than the others, which bore over its doorway the name for which I had been told to look. I entered and inquired of an old Breton woman in sabots and white Breton cap whether I could have a room. She directed me to a long, low, ruinous-looking house adjoining her own, which had the single word "Restaurant" painted above its door. Here once more I inquired. The proprietor of the establishment was a rather frowsy middle-aged woman, huskily voluble and evidently no Breton. Her assistant, the cook of the establishment, was a little brown-eyed creature who hobbled about as if she had two left feet. The two women were sitting in the *salle-à-manger* when I arrived, drinking Benedictine by the light of an oil lamp. Both were a little tipsy. A hasty glance at the walls disclosed a collection of the sort of dreadful daubs which would-be artists have left behind them in nearly every Breton fishing village, and I guessed that I had stumbled on one of those "artists' colonies" where you can live for half-a-crown a day, about which indifferent painters on their return to Montparnasse or to Chelsea speak in such romantic terms. Yes, a room was vacant. Would Monsieur like to see it? I was led by candle-light up a wooden staircase and down a long passage to a large apartment containing two double beds. There was no carpet on the floor and no furniture, apart from the beds, except a table, a washstand and a broken chair. But the

room was clean enough, and I was thankful to have found it. The window looked on to the narrow harbour where the fishing-boats lay. On the other side of the water, lights shone out from the houses, and from one of them there came the sound of a mechanical piano and a noise of shuffling feet. Dancing, evidently.

I left my things on the bed and went down to investigate Madame. Would she have a drink with me? She would. Madame's special poison, designated "Fine Champagne," was produced, with a siphon. She herself, wisely, stuck to Benedictine. No: there were not many people in Faisrien this year. Usually her house was always quite full in the summer. She had a flat in Paris, but came here every year from April till the end of September. Her terms were sixteen francs a day, except in July and August, when she had to charge twenty francs! She promised me plenty of lobsters and excellent fried fish; she kept a generous table. On the other side of the water? Oh, there was no one there, except some English. They were friends of Monsieur, perhaps? I reassured her. I knew no one at Faisrien, had never, indeed, heard of the place until an hour ago. She proceeded to tell me about "*les mauvais Anglais*" who lived together in a house on the other bank of the creek and spent all their days in the *buvette* with the mechanical piano. They seemed to amuse her. There was "*le poète, qui ne fait jamais des poèmes*," and "*le gros monsieur*," and an aviator and sundry ladies. Madame was not concerned about their morals—her own profession, in early life, it was all too easy to guess at—but she was consumed with curiosity to know whether they lived in pairs, or, so to speak, in group formation. I felt half inclined to cross at once and investigate these "*mauvais Anglais*," so greatly had my curiosity been whetted. But it was getting late and I was tired. So, bidding Madame good-night, I went out and walked up the road to the little white lighthouse and had a look at the sea. I felt oddly excited and exhilarated and expectant. It was a queer place; Madame was queer; and I had a shrewd suspicion that "*les mauvais Anglais*" would be queerer still.

II

On the following morning, after swallowing a bowl of rather nasty *café-au-lait*, and eating a morsel of sour bread and salt butter, I walked down the inclined slope of the *quai* to the water's edge, and called "Passage!" After a time a flat-bottomed boat appeared from behind one of the fishing-smacks. It was propelled by an oar twisted to and fro in the stern rowlock by an elderly ferryman with bushy black moustaches. He was dressed in a bright blue canvas suit, very much patched, and regarded me with gloomy disapproval. I got into the boat, followed by a small boy carrying a basket full of silvery fish, and a young fisherman who held a large crab in either hand. The fisherman was put aboard his smack, *Les Deux Communistes*, and the small boy and I proceeded to the opposite shore. I had climbed a flight of slippery stone steps and was proceeding up a steep and stony village street when I saw a man coming towards me, a strange, and unforgettable figure that seemed somehow familiar. His dark, greying hair was mostly standing on end; he wore an ancient silk shirt, intended to go with a collar, wide open at the neck, and nondescript trousers. His bare feet were stuck into a pair of dilapidated *espadrilles*, and, like my late friend Edward (whose story I have recorded elsewhere), he was faithful to a monocle. His feet, as he descended the hill, seemed to describe half-circles, as if he were trying to tie them into knots. It seemed impossible that he should keep his balance.

We met; we stopped; we looked at one another; and both of us exclaimed simultaneously, "Good Lord!" Could it be? It was. Of all unlikely people to encounter in a Breton fishing village, it was Alistair. I had not seen Alistair for a couple of years. The last time I encountered him was in a select resort, full of rich, fruity types, known as "Circolo Sportivo Italiano." The club, whose whereabouts I will not reveal, was at one time a popular meeting-place, between the hours of three and half-past five in the afternoon, of members of an esoteric suicide club, who, finding the post-war world a pointless sort of

place, were anxious to leave it as cosily as possible. I used to go there as a kind of "rescue" worker, in pursuit of a friend who would *not* get on with a book for which his publishers were clamouring. I shall never forget that smoky back room with the green baize tables, nor the spectacle of Alistair sitting huddled in his chair, unconscious and at peace, while his angry companion hissed, to the company at large: "What am I to do with this dee-generrrr-ate arr-eesto-crat?"

"Put him in a cab and send him home," seemed the obvious reply. Alistair, gentlest and sweetest of inebriates, surrendered himself like a tired child to his nurse, and, supported by my arm, tottered obediently to the car. His friend, still declamatory about "degenerate aristocrats," went with him. That was the last, as I imagined, that I was likely to see of Alistair. And here he was again.

"I really feel like death this morning," he observed with a shiver, when we had shaken hands and remarked "How did you get here?" and so forth. "Won't you come in to our pub? A gin fizz is absolutely imperative. Thank God we've got some. It arrived yesterday." He led the way up some stairs into a low, dark café called "À l'Abri du Pêcheur," overlooking the harbour—it was the café with the mechanical piano—and sank on to one of the rush-bottomed stools. "Madame Adrienne," he groaned, "two hubidges avec capivvy, for the love of God. Oh, what is it? Du gin, deux oranges, siphon? I always have the most frightful aphasia in the early morning. Can't talk French, or English, or anything else."

Madame Adrienne, a tall and handsome young woman, with twinkling brown eyes, a pale freckled complexion, and dazzling white teeth, had already set about providing "Monsieur Aleestaire" with his requirements. Her flowing white Breton cap and voluminous black skirts suited her to perfection. Like all the village women, she wore no stockings, and her neat bare ankles, as she moved about the café, looked most enticing. In the house she wore carpet slippers, over which she put on wooden *sabots* when she went abroad. She laid the oranges, the gin bottle and the siphon on the table between us with a

caressing, almost motherly, gesture. I could see that her heart was touched by "Monsieur Aleestaire."

When Alistair had consumed two ample gin fizzes *à l'orange* his hands ceased to tremble, and he was able to light a cigarette without burning the end of his nose. He beamed at me benignly, and I gathered that he now felt strong enough to tell me all about it. Apparently he had spent most of the time which had elapsed since our last meeting in Montparnasse. He did not seem very certain on the point; but he thought it must have been Montparnasse. Then in the spring he and his friend Hugo—the one who had called him a "dee-gen-errr-ate arr-ee-stocrat" in the "Circolo Sportivo"—had decided to go for a walking tour in Brittany. Again Alistair was vague as to details. Somehow or another they had reached Quimperlé, and in the hotel sacred to Rural Deans they had found themselves penniless and in pawn. There was nothing for it but to drink Monsieur le Patron's wines and *apéritifs* and wait for something to turn up. "We were just going to be thrown into gaol or handed over to the consul when Tilly and P. B. arrived—you'll see them in a moment. They turned up with a lot of luggage, two dogs and a large birdcage with a dead canary in it. They more or less took charge of us and kept the proprietor at bay until I got a cheque from home and paid the bill. Hugo went back to Paris, and the rest of us, by some accident or other, discovered this place and found rooms with a most sympathetic couple who let us have the run of the house and do exactly as we like. Then I must tell you that Tilly's school-friend Anna arrived, and after her a sort of Russian hanger-on of Anna's called Ovna—you know, it's really one of those names like Elena Mikhailovna—quite impossible. After that we rescued Bird from the clutches of a mad-drunk who used to cut her head open with bottles: a nasty kind of fellow. She's been chucking blinds ever since, to get over him. Finally there's Binks, who's a most useful chap. He gets our gin for us. He just blew in by accident, for a night, and has been here ever since. . . ."

"And you are all under the same roof?" I asked.

"Yes, we've got the whole house," replied *le poète*. "Monsieur and Madame Pierre and the old aunt and the two children have moved out into a stable at the back, which they share with their goats."

"How long have you all been here?" I inquired. "Oh, since April," said Alistair. "As we've none of us any money to speak of, except Binks, it looks as if we shall be here for ever."

One by one this strange, forlorn community of waifs and strays trickled into the "pub" for their morning corpse-revivers. First of all came Bird, a tall, dark-haired Yorkshire girl with pale, rather distraught blue eyes. She was dressed in a frock of a bright shade of terra-cotta, made of the same material as the fishermen used for their slacks, which she called her "sardine-suiting." Bird's drink was *anis*, with a glass of brandy in it and a spot of soda-water. "Oh, my God," she said. "Last night *was* awful!" P. B. came in next. He was very much the ex-officer type: pensioned, fifty per cent. disabled, and, like thousands of his brothers in misfortune, permanently at a loose end. There was nothing for him to do; he was forbidden to fly; and you can't live in England on a pension of thirty bob a week. Tilly followed him, dressed in a pair of Alistair's silk pyjamas and a raincoat. She was a small, vivacious, witty and very attractive creature. In her own way I guessed that she, too, was one of the victims of the War. Defiantly she seemed to ask the world the question: What's the good? Anna was a quiet, rather lymphatic girl who had evidently never outgrown a school-girl infatuation for Tilly. Ovna, with a round, "pasty" face and round brown eyes, was the "inevitable Russian" from Montparnasse. She had an enormous appetite for food, drank milk and water, and translated Russian books into French. She seemed mildly amused at everything, but never spoke. She was there and yet not there. Finally, the party was completed by Binks. There came a shout from the street: "Ha-ha! Berlud!" and the next moment the figure of the enormously tall ex-guardee was darkening the doorway. He had on a khaki shirt, a pair of grey shorts, stockings with smart leather garters and very neat

brown brogues. A gold-rimmed monocle was screwed into his left eye. I had always supposed guardsmen to be mostly fools, either very aristocratic and heroic, or else the degenerate offspring of rather unpleasant plutocrats, and the few specimens I had encountered outside the pages of Ouida scarcely deserved an appellation so polite. Binks had a particularly vapid smile. It was some days before I realised that this smile was simply a cunning disguise. For if Binks had carried his accomplishments about with him, marked in plain figures, he would have been insufferable. He remains in my memory as, without any exception, the most efficient man I have ever come across. He talked, both fluently and correctly, French, German and Italian. He could adapt himself, easily, to any company. His clothes, shoes and all his belongings were invariably in the most perfect order. He could drink anybody under the table. Although he had been cut open and sewn up again on several occasions, and was not supposed to bathe, he went in one day and beat our crack swimmer with ease. He never seemed to be tired; and as a popular entertainer, a one-man turn, he was unsurpassed. To an appreciative audience he could talk nonsense for hours at a time. And when Alistair pulled the remains of his intellect together and talked sense, Binks's staggering reserves of knowledge, carefully kept under the counter, induced a respect which in Alistair's case came near to adulation. One bond in common Binks had with the rest of the party, however—he was entirely devoid of anything that could be termed a "moral sense," and, the War being over and his career as a professional soldier at an end, there was nothing that he could think of to do. "You see, it's like this," Alistair once remarked. "We don't want to do anybody any harm. We don't complain. We just want our grateful country to let us alone. We live here, in comfort, on £1 a week each, and we amuse the natives. You wouldn't find a convent, or any other moral or religious community, living together as happily as we do. We don't pinch each other's things; we aren't jealous; we never have rows. We get on perfectly. None of us cares very much if he lives or dies. We are much happier

here than we should be anywhere else. We can't help being the sort of people we are, can we? In London, the community would persecute us. Especially the patriots who enjoyed the jolly old war so much. London has a moral sense—a most uncomfortable thing. We haven't any, unless Ovna possesses a Russian one. Ours got shot off at Mons, or at all events, didn't survive the recent disturbances. We don't want to be rescued, or reformed, or made to work, or sent to teetotal nursing-homes, or messed about. Why should we be? What for? What good would it do us or anyone else? Our wants are few and simple. We are just a small and inoffensive community of alcoholics, and all we ask is to be left in peace."

III

For a community whose sole occupation was the consumption of alcohol, *les mauvais Anglais* lived strenuous and exciting lives. "My dear chap," said Binks one day, "you think that just because you sit in your room at that old procuress's pub on the other bank, slog away at some book for an hour or two every morning, and go for a walk in the afternoon, that you really work. Why, *we* keep at it every day, from ten till two!" It was the fact: they did. In their intervals for rest and solid refreshment after their toils, they gathered round the deal table in their communal dining-room at Madame Pierre's and endeavoured to eat. One couldn't imagine a scene more harmless or more homely than their luncheon-table. All round them, on the walls, were dreadful daubs painted by previous tenants of the house. They themselves were innocent of any such crimes. None of their party had ever made a sketch, nor did they even write letters. (At moments of acute emergency, they despatched telegrams.) On the hearth, keeping watch over her family, sat a large reddish-yellow sheep-dog named Mees. By her were her two pups, one black and one yellow, whose names, originally Hamlet and Omelette, had been reduced to Amlet and Omlet. Muffin, a little Cockney rough-haired terrier, noted for his swimming exploits, sat with expectant nose by his mistress's

chair. Through the open window there was a vista of green garden and blue sky, with Madame Pierre's goats grazing peacefully in the foreground. It would have been hard to find a more idyllic scene, or a better-behaved or more agreeable set of people. If one of them was too exhausted by his or her exertions in the intensive consumption of *apéritifs* to tackle any food, he or she retired unobtrusively to bed. Nothing could have been more good-humoured and refined.

The *mauvais Anglais* were full of public spirit. They threw themselves whole-heartedly into all the local festivities. What would the dances "*A l'Abri du Pêcheur*" have been like without the sylph-like grace of Tilly, of Anna, and of Bird? How would the fisher-boys, without their aid, have learnt the delights of tango and of jazz? And when the older fishermen assembled at the "pub" to sing their interminable Breton songs the *mauvais Anglais* were always there in force to stand a round of cider to the singers and their audience.

At the Faisrien Regatta, a little cottage overlooking the harbour was put at the disposal of the distinguished visitors; and Madame Adrienne's brother maintained for them a constant supply of brandies and sodas. They entered heartily into the general gaiety. They bought little swishy canes and ticklers and bright green sweets from the stalls; they hailed youth and beauty with roguish smiles of enticement and shouts of welcome; they applauded the winners of the races; they stood the manager of the sardine factory a drink. In their unassuming, unpretentious way they were veritable outposts of Empire. What would the Regatta, or Faisrien itself, for that matter, have been without them? Half the gossip of the little place centred round their acts and deeds. Certainly, it was not for me to throw up my hands in horror or disgust. I am inclined to believe that every individual who has no occupation and no dependants has an inalienable right to end his life, if he wishes to, in any way he pleases. And no one is so degenerate, so degraded, so drunken, but has some qualities which it is the custom to label "good"—qualities of heart or mind or spirit—which the more naïf and charming

the saints, St. Francis of Assisi, for example, would have but little difficulty in recognising. There was no bile or spleen about *les mauvais Anglais*; they were not ambitious, grasping, cruel, or pretentious; they were merely to a certain degree futile, and emotionally exhausted. The world had been too much for them. They had retired from it.

IV

I must tell you about Mees. She was a dog whose face wore an expression of gloomy sagacity, like a police inspector. She had one of those large, muscular, expressive tails that knock chairs over and lash the floor in a disciplinary manner. Mees was a great disciplinarian, firm but kindly. When her charges were "chucking a blind" of too generous dimensions, her great tail would go slap, slap among the tables and chairs until she had got them on their feet and out into the street. Her sheep-dog training gave her a passion for "rounding up." She would never rest until the whole flock, with no exception, was safely inside the fold. My habit of shouting "Passage!" at eleven o'clock, and making my way to the other side of the harbour, caused her exquisite uneasiness as soon as she got to know me well. On one occasion she took a flying leap into the boat, crossed with me, mounted to my bedroom, and sat looking at me with reproachful eyes, banging the floor with her tail in a frenzy of anxiety. I had the greatest difficulty to persuade her to go home. For the first four weeks after Amlet and Omlet were born she was a most careful mother. Growls protected her offspring from the petting of strangers, and sometimes she would leap at people of whom she was suspicious, pushing them away with her forepaws and making snapping noises. There was no more vice in her than there is in the police sergeant who backs his well-trained horse into a crowd. She was responsible and disciplinary—that was all. But after a time she grew not only bored with Amlet and Omlet, but extremely jealous of them. If they were too much petted she would stalk angrily round the room, roughly pushing her long nose under people's arms, demanding

the caress to which her age and her many virtues entitled her. I called one morning *chez* Madame Pierre, and walking up through the sleeping house, came to the room which *le poète* shared with *l'aviateur*. Both had been much fatigued with wine on the previous evening, and they had collapsed on the floor in an effort to put each other to bed. Mees was there on guard, gloomy and official as ever. She had slowly and methodically licked as much of them as she thought it appropriate to lick. She could do no more after that than keep watch.

Muffin was an animal of an altogether different type from Mees. He was a cunning little Cockney guttersnipe of a rough-haired terrier, with innumerable tricks, but—like his mistress—a sadly defective moral sense. He was the fastest-swimming dog I have ever seen, and it was a wonderful sight to watch him leap into the harbour after his ball, dash for it like a streak of lightning, and bring it back to shore. He was taken into Quimperlé one day to lunch *chez* Monsieur Jérôme—he of the sleek black hair and the imposing rotundity of figure. During the meal he disappeared; and though the town crier cried for him at every street corner he was not to be discovered. Two days later, at ten o'clock at night, he knocked at Monsieur Jérôme's door and, as *le patron* expressed it, demanded a night's lodging—in a strong British accent! For the rest, he was a quarrelsome, obstreperous little beast, with no manners at all. He greatly disliked the interminable songs of the old fishermen, and after ten minutes or so would express his boredom by a burst of harsh and ill-tempered barking which had to be hastily smothered. I shall always connect the sound of Tilly's hand spanking Muffin's taut and unrepentant body with my memories of those strange, harsh songs.

V

It was time for me to go. For one reason, Alistair, whom I had brought over with me to the "restaurant" for luncheon, had struck abject terror into the cook. He had fixed his monocle into his eye and turned upon her a glassy

stare when she hobbled in with the fish. Growling horribly, he had demanded a goat, "*all white, sans tâches . . . pour des mystères!*" It must be brought immediately!

The poor woman shrieked and fled. Alistair had once dabbled in black magic, and in his less coherent moments he was apt to come out with these disconcerting demands. He had a great desire to see what the devil was like, and never would heed my assurances that he would discover quite quickly enough, and would be lucky if he did not see an army of devils—and serpents as well: green ones. What would have been a harmless pleasantry in Montparnasse was a more serious business in Brittany, particularly within sight of the Ile de Groix—the Isle of the Sorceresses. The Bretons don't chatter about black or any other magic: they know things. The little cook with the brown eyes and the two left legs never recovered from her shock, and ever afterwards included me in her displeasure.

And then I was beginning to catch the vocabulary of *les mauvais Anglais*, beginning to order "*verres de hubidge avec capivvy*," to talk about "*chucking blinds*," "*registering gent*," "*making a tea gesture*," and so forth. Almost everything that was not "*registered*" was a "*gesture*." One felt one's brain was being eroded. And I had explored the wild and rocky coast pretty thoroughly. I had walked several times southwards to La Poupoule (each time thanking my stars that I had not gone there originally), and northwards to the tiny fishing ports of Merrien and Brigneau. I had explored the forest of Clohars, and had visited the long, straggling village of Clohars Carnoët (for cigarettes) and the more compact and less inviting village of Moelan (for aspirin). I had had enough. The glasses of hubidge and capivvy—in other words, Picon-Curaçoa—that I had to consume did not agree with me. I was insufficiently case-hardened, I suppose. And I had taken a mild dislike to the Bretons. After living in a country where all the public services are scrupulously punctual, where everyone who makes an appointment keeps it, the vagueness of the Breton was exasperating. For example, if you wanted to go into Quimperlé by the fish *camion*, and were told that it would start at eight, you would be

lucky to get off by half-past nine. And whoever else got drunk, it seemed to me that the postman at least might wait until his round was over before passing out. This individual, who swayed up and down the country roads on his dilapidated bicycle, had been continuously drunk for over five years. It was very amusing until you found that he delivered your letters, those that he did deliver, five days late. On one occasion he handed me the entire post for the commune, and then collapsed with dignity on to a pile of stones by the roadside.

It was, undoubtedly, time to go. On the night before my departure I crossed the harbour, for the last time, to bid farewell to *les mauvais Anglais*. There was hardly any water in the creek, owing to the exceptionally low tide, and I had to go slipping and sliding across the mud to where the ferryman waited for me. Madame Adrienne's pub, when I reached it, was crammed with fisherboys in "sardine suitings" of various shades of colour ranging from pale blue to brightest scarlet. Some were dancing, others sat on the low rush-bottomed stools drinking cloudy, orange-coloured cider out of thick tumblers. A haze of blue smoke hung over everything, and I had some difficulty in finding my compatriots. Their table was in a far corner of the long low room, abominably close to the piano. They looked rather jaded, I thought; as if their drinks, instead of enlivening them, had given them indigestion. Alcohol is a notoriously capricious poison. Alistair made an effort to shout through the noise, then gave it up. What he tried to say was, I think, "I wish we hadn't finished all the gin." I suggested that they should move to the *boulangerie*, higher up the street, where there was more room and less row. But this, it seemed, was impossible. Madame Adrienne would not like it. "The Lord only knows what we owe her," Bird groaned. Poor dears, they couldn't have changed their habits, even if they had wanted to! Alas, there is no real freedom, in this world, for the insolvent. I said good-bye to them; and crossed the water again in a mood of depression. It was a starry, moonlit night, and there was a cool breeze blowing in from the sea. The fishing fleet would set out at dawn—the

"*Reine des Flots*," the "*Vive Jaurès*," "*Les Deux Communistes*," and all the rest of them—and the uneventful life of the village would go on as it had gone on for generations. But what about—I couldn't help asking myself the question—what about *les mauvais Anglais*? What the dickens would *they* do in three months' time?

The next morning, when I was just going to take my place in the fish *camion*, en route for Quimperlé, Bird, in her sardine suiting, turned up to bid me farewell. She looked unhappy and extremely ill, and gave me some small commissions to do for her in London.

"What's going to become of you all," I asked, "when autumn starts? Where are you all going to?"

Her pale grey-blue eyes looked, for a moment, distraught with horror and anxiety.

"We don't know," she said. "We none of us know!"

Le poète, in his thin silk shirt and frayed trousers, had come upon us unperceived. Twirling his monocle and laughing, he observed in his velvety baritone voice:

"After all, Bird, as we none of us particularly care, it doesn't so very much matter, does it?"

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GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE IN THE NEAR EAST

BY CAPTAIN CHISHOLM DUNBAR BRUNTON

DURING a recent debate¹ in the House of Lords Viscount Grey referred to the altered position of Europe in the East. "Since the war," he said, "there has been such a decline in the influence, prestige and authority of European civilisation as had not been seen in the last hundred years. Events in Egypt, Turkey, Morocco and China all pointed to this decline. They must recognise that to-day Europe stood in the world as an enfeebled and discredited Power. The result was the inevitable outcome of the exhaustion of the war and the spectacle presented by the war to the Oriental world." Nowhere has this decline of European prestige been more evident than in the Near East, and although we may ascribe this in part to the effects of the war, it appears to be due in a much greater degree to the post-war policies of Great Britain and France.

The ultimate victory of the Allies did not produce upon the Oriental mind the impression which might have been expected, for its effect had been to some extent discounted by the varying fortunes and doubtful issue of the protracted struggle. Turkish victories at the Dardanelles, Kut-el-Amara and Gaza were damaging to the reputation of Western arms, and, as in the Russo-Japanese War, the East was stirred by the spectacle of Asiatics resisting successfully the Powers of Europe. In spite of this the sentiments of the Moslem populations of the Near East at the end of the war were not generally unfavourable to the Allies. Those populations waited in hopeful expectancy to see England and France put into practice the ideals of freedom and self-determination which they had preached, and to fulfil the promises which they had made. But national aspirations, roused by the war and encouraged by the Allies, found their cause everywhere opposed by

(1) July 6th.

European interests. Self-determination, as applied to the East, seemed a strangely inconsistent doctrine which, though it acknowledged the right to independence of semi-barbaric Bedouin in the Hejaz, refused to admit the claims of the relatively progressive inhabitants of Egypt or Palestine. Promises remained unfulfilled and Allied declarations proved to be capable of strange interpretations. To the Oriental observer the policies of both England and France appeared to be dominated by imperialism and self-interest to such an extent that mutual jealousy and distrust prevented them from co-operating towards a just and reasonable settlement of the many problems which confronted them. The serious outbreaks in Egypt, the insurrection in Iraq, the riots and bloodshed in Palestine, the strife and repression in Syria, and the terrible suffering and loss of life occasioned by the Greek war against the Turkish Nationalists, were the direct result, not of the war, but of the post-war policies of Great Britain and France; and the impartial historian will be bound to ascribe the major share of responsibility for that unfortunate record to the policy of British statesmen.

An analysis of Anglo-French relations in the Near East during the post-war period requires to be undertaken in a spirit free from prejudice, with a knowledge of the facts, and with the object of clearing away misapprehensions which have generally obscured the true issues. It has been too long assumed that French and British interests were necessarily fundamentally opposed and that the difficulties which arose between us in the Near East were due entirely to French policy. An American writer with considerable experience of the Near East has devoted a book to the study of what he terms "the subterranean conflict between Great Britain and France for political and commercial ascendancy in Western Asia."¹ He contends that "Britain has never looked with a friendly or even neutral eye upon France's Near East aspirations, and France has viewed with corresponding suspicion increasing British ascendancy in those regions." Be this as it may,

(1) E. A. Powell: *Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia*, p. 25.

there seemed little reason for rivalry during the years immediately preceding the war, for France had long since renounced any claims in Egypt, and her interests in the Levant no longer interfered with those of Great Britain. During the war the Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916 defined respective British and French spheres of influence in event of the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. This much abused document might have achieved its purpose of eliminating possible causes of dispute had it not been for the Arab policy upon which we had embarked. To bring about an Arab revolt against the Turks in return for a promise to recognise Arab independence was the object of our negotiations with the Sherif of Mecca in 1915. What were the further aims and scope of our policy may remain a matter of opinion. It has been suggested that the hegemony of a great Arab confederation and the creation of an Arab Caliphate by means of which to secure our influence in the Islamic world were its real objectives. Even if we regard such schemes as the dreams or pious hopes of enthusiasts it cannot be denied that they exercised considerable influence upon British policy.

In an article in *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* for May, 1923, I gave some account of the friction between ourselves and the French caused by British encouragement of Emir Faisal's anti-French policy in Syria during our occupation of that country in 1919. Both Arabs and French became convinced that the British Government did not wish to see the provisions of the Sykes-Picot Agreement carried into effect and British influence in Damascus replaced by French influence. The French Government protested that the British occupation was permitting and even encouraging a situation to develop prejudicial to French interests. In face of a delicate situation the attitude of the British Government might have been clearly and loyally defined so as to dispel both French suspicions and Arab illusions. Unfortunately our attitude remained equivocal.¹ As a result it involved the French in great difficulties and eventually in hostilities with the Arabs; the Arabs lost their independence; and we forfeited the

(1) See also H. W. Steed's *Through Thirty Years*, chap. XVIII.

confidence of both parties. The French, who looked upon Emir Faisal as a British agent and their bitter enemy, regarded his elevation to the throne of Iraq as a further proof of British ill-will, and it was not long before they complained that letters, which they believed to be from him, had been discovered inciting tribes in Syria to revolt. In one of these, dated June 12th, 1921, it was stated that Emir Faisal had been told, while in London, not to abandon operations against the French. Moreover, his brother, Emir Abdullah, had been allowed to establish himself in the British zone of Trans-Jordania, although he publicly announced his intention of using it as a base for hostilities against the French, and his *entourage* declared that his enterprise had the approval of the British Government. Troubles were fomented in Syria, and in June, 1921, a band from Trans-Jordania attempted to assassinate the French High Commissioner. The arrest of the criminals, who took refuge in Trans-Jordania, and the removal of Abdullah, the probationary Governor, were the steps which the French naturally expected the British authorities to take. A highly placed French staff officer wrote to me at the time:—"*Ce sera le meilleur moyen de donner la preuve loyale au monde entier, et aux Syriens en particulier, que vous travaillez avec nous, en parfaite harmonie, pour le maintien de l'ordre en Orient, et non pas contre nous.*" But the "*preuve loyale*" was not forthcoming. That the French had been anxious for friendly co-operation with us even after events in Syria I can vouch for from considerable personal experience. Our extraordinary attitude in regard to the attack upon General Gouraud, however, aroused deep resentment. It was regarded as a final proof of implacable British hostility towards France in Syria and of the impossibility of collaboration, and it was a decisive factor in the conclusion of the Franklin-Bouillon Agreement with the Kemalist Turks on October 20th, 1921.

That Agreement may have been suggested by the necessity for putting an end to costly warfare in Cilicia against the Turks, and London was not uninformed that some such arrangement was in contemplation. The terms, how-

ever, were influenced by a spirit of retaliation and dealt a severe blow to British policy in Turkey. The Angora Agreement excited as much indignation in London as British Arab policy had hitherto aroused in Paris. British official circles, as well as the Press, were loud in denunciation of what Lord Curzon's Note of November 5th, 1921, described as a violation of the Franco-British Treaty of September, 1914, and the Tripartite Agreement of August 10th, 1920. Moreover, the French handed over large supplies of war material to the Turks upon the evacuation of Cilicia, an action which was adversely criticised even by French officers on the spot. French sympathies thenceforth were increasingly with the Turks, and this moral support, combined with material supplies, which the French authorities did not seek to prevent their nationals from landing on the coast of Anatolia, was of considerable value to the Kemalist cause.

If the Angora Agreement was to a great extent due to resentment at British Arab policy, there were other reasons which strengthened French determination to oppose British aims in Turkey. The American writer already quoted has examined the subject, which he sums up in the following passage:

As to British plans for Constantinople we can only speculate. There are sound reasons for believing, however, that, despite all denials, Great Britain intended to establish a great naval stronghold on the Dardanelles. . . . Whether this was the end she really had in view may be open to question; the point is that France and Italy were convinced that that was her intention. Nor were their suspicions allayed by the fact that the creation of a strong Greek vassal state as a counterpoise to French and Italian naval strength in the Mediterranean emerged more clearly as the days passed as the dominating purpose in the policy of Great Britain.¹

The French certainly suspected us of hidden aims, and when, in July, 1922, the secret Greek concentration took place in Thrace, with the object of occupying Constantinople under the noses of the Allies, I found the opinion general among French military circles that the British Government was secretly backing the Greek adventure. This distrust of British policy cannot be dismissed as groundless and the result of mere jealousy. From the

(1) *Struggle for Power in Moslem Asia*, p. 73.

moment when the British Government, aware that the Turks wished to conclude an armistice with it in particular, ordered Admiral Calthorpe to proceed to Constantinople with the necessary conditions without consulting Paris, and in spite of the protests of Admiral Gauchet, commanding the Allied fleet,¹ up to the final act of the Coalition Government in raising the Fiery Cross for a fresh war with Turkey in September, 1922, the impartial student must admit that the conduct of British policy was such as to make suspicion on the part of others inevitable. If the spectacle of Allied dissensions had been unfortunate in its results in Syria, both for the moral prestige and material interests of France and Great Britain, that afforded by mutual suspicion and ill-concealed hostility in Constantinople was even more harmful. Turks and Greeks were not slow to seize the opportunity for their own ends, and the old capital of Byzantium witnessed a period of intrigue worthy of its ancient tradition. Finally, the French withdrawal from Chanak was the natural consequence of the determination in Paris not only to avoid fresh hostilities with the Turks, but to do nothing to prevent the discomfiture of British policy. When the Allied troops at length evacuated Constantinople, those familiar with the true state of affairs prevailing there experienced a feeling of relief at the termination of a phase of post-war policy which had been so baleful in its results. A senior officer of the French General Staff, in a letter to me after the evacuation, summed the whole question up in a sentence: "*Nous avons donc quitté Constantinople après avoir assisté à l'effondrement prévu de la politique alliée, si tant est qu'il y ait jamais eu une politique alliée.*"

There is yet another sphere where Anglo-French relations in the Near East have not been happy. "In addition to arousing the suspicion and resentment of the Arabs," writes the American critic already referred to, "Britain's policy in Palestine has sensibly embittered the Anglo-French misunderstanding. This is not generally recognised, I think, because most onlookers fail to realise the

(1) See Colonel Gautier's *L'Angleterre et Nous*, pp. 245, and Shane Leslie's *Mark Sykes*, p. 291.

extent and nature of France's interests in the Near East." These interests are bound up with the great historic traditions of France as the protector of Catholic Christianity in the East. French missionaries have, by means of their schools and their social and cultural influence among the Christian populations of the Levant, spread not only the French tongue but also a real sympathy and love of France.¹ The British Administration of Palestine has at times shown a tendency to regard French Catholic influence in the Holy Land with a suspicious and even unfriendly eye. Catholic opinion generally is opposed to Zionism, but there are no grounds for assuming that French policy attempts to interfere in Palestine. At the time of the Jaffa riots in May, 1921, the rumour was spread by the Jews that French agents were responsible for the outbreak, and this unfortunately seemed to receive some credence among British officials. The inquiry into the cause of the disturbances completely dispelled this fable, but the incident illustrates the tendency to suspicion which existed.

A brief sketch of Anglo-French relations during the post-war period in the Near East may serve to explain the unfortunate consequences of the discord which prevailed. The root of the evil must be sought in the conduct of British policy and the reaction in French policy which it produced. British politicians became for a time obsessed with the belief that French imperialism stood everywhere across their path, while the French were equally convinced that British ambitions were menacing the position of France not only in the Near East but in the Mediterranean.

Let us briefly consider the present situation. Our Arab policy has been relegated to the limbo of political failures, for pan-Arab and Zionist aims could not be pursued side by side. In Turkey our influence has withered to a mere shadow of its former self, and in Egypt, Iraq, and Palestine the Moslem populations are opposed to the continuance of our domination. Nor has

(1) A proper understanding of the question may be obtained from *Une Enquête aux Pays du Levant*, by the late Maurice Barrès.

France reaped the advantages in Turkey for which she may have hoped. The Druse revolt is but another proof that Syria is far from contented under the French mandate. The benefits conferred by Great Britain and France have failed to command the gratitude of the peoples concerned because of the irritation and resentment aroused by the policies which they have pursued. Both Powers are faced with serious problems. When General Weygand, as High Commissioner in Syria, spoke of the "imperious necessity of constant collaboration between the great mandatory Powers," he was voicing an opinion widely held among Frenchmen who are competent to judge the gravity of the questions which confront us. Unfortunately, distrust of British policy still haunts many French minds, which in consequence remain severely critical, and the desire for friendly collaboration is frequently overshadowed by feelings of suspicion or of rancour. The recent troubles in Syria were at first ascribed in certain French circles to British intrigues, but this opinion was not shared by men on the spot. The visit of M. de Jouvenel to London before proceeding as High Commissioner to Syria, and the agreement arrived at for friendly collaboration in those regions, are signs of a timely change of spirit in Anglo-French relations. But collaboration between the two Powers cannot alone solve the problems confronting them in the Near East. Those problems must be properly understood and frankly acknowledged. It would be regrettable were co-operation to be regarded as a means for strengthening repressive or reactionary policies. The future of European ascendancy in the East is uncertain, but it cannot be assured by attempts to prevent or retard those changes which the growing self-consciousness and national aspirations of Oriental peoples have rendered inevitable. Islam is changing. The old hierarchical traditions are giving place to wider interpretations. It is doubtful if a Khalif will again exercise a world influence over Moslems, and the doctrine of Pan-Islam has proved incapable of realisation in practical politics. The spread of liberal ideas may modify religious antipathy towards Christendom, but it is being

replaced by racial and national hostility towards the political domination of Europe. Both French and British observers have been impressed by the growing power for mischief of Bolshevist ideas in the East. Such ideas will continue to spread among Oriental populations who are discontented and irritated with European domination. The discontent and irritation, though due in part to inevitable causes, are to a great extent the result of avoidable errors of policy. There were great opportunities in the Near East at the end of the war for the Allies to bring about a lasting settlement on the basis of a generous and freely accorded autonomy for the populations concerned. Instead of a far-sighted policy, however, the Governments of Great Britain and France persisted in attempts to apply methods of "imperialism" and domination which were in keeping neither with their own declared war aims nor with the changed conditions in the East.

An eminent Moslem leader once declared to me that the only sure basis for the future peaceful relations of France and Great Britain with the Moslem populations at present under their control was to be sought in a policy of friendly co-operation instead of the present policies of domination. The new French High Commissioner in Syria appears to be sympathetic towards such a view. British policy in Egypt and in Iraq has already moved some distance in that direction, although it still persists in ignoring the just claims of the Palestine Arabs to a voice in the government of their country. We may be permitted to hope that the recent renewal of cordial collaboration in the Near East between Great Britain and France is genuinely inspired by a true appreciation of the wider issues involved, as well as of the immediate interests of the two Great Powers.

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

By S. M. ELLIS

NINETEEN years have elapsed since the publication of the first series of the correspondence of Queen Victoria, and His Majesty the King, following the precedent created by King Edward the Seventh, now has authorised the appearance of a second series covering the years 1862 to 1878.¹ The work is a very valuable contribution to historical knowledge of the Victorian Era, and an amazing revelation of an uncommon character. It is particularly praiseworthy in that it is no mere selection to show the Queen in her high lights and best aspects: here are presented also, without any palliative excuses, the failings of her peculiar temperament; the abnormal obsession by her dead husband, which she allowed—nay, forced—to dominate every thought and act of the first years of her widowhood; her morbid self-pity; her jealousy and unreasonable dislike of her eldest son and heir; her selfishness in securing her royal prerogatives, properties, and perquisites, while at the same time she refused to take part in State ceremonial or social entertainment or even to live in London for a few weeks, so compelling her Ministers to make inconvenient and time-wasting journeys to Balmoral and Osborne, and to write to her, almost daily, long despatches on subjects which very often were not the immediate business or concern of the Sovereign. For the Queen tried to exercise control in everything, even in the affairs of the Army, the Navy, and the Church. Thus she expressed her commands that sailors should not be permitted to wear moustaches without beards, and there was conflict with all her Prime Ministers over their selections for Church preferment.

(1) *The Letters of Queen Victoria*. A Selection from Her Majesty's Correspondence and Journal between the years 1862 and 1878. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by George Earle Buckle. In 2 volumes, with 17 photogravures. (John Murray, £2 12s. 6d.)

It is inevitable that the unpleasing aspects of the Queen's nature are predominant in the present volumes, for the years they relate were the most unhappy and the most unreasonable period of the Queen's life, the time when there was considerable misunderstanding between the Sovereign and her people. The prestige and popularity of the monarchy were at that date very low, and were only preserved by the Prince of Wales and the public affection for his beautiful and gracious young bride.

In the early years after 1837 the imagination of the English had been touched by Victoria's succession to the throne: a very young girl, fresh in character and appearance, was no doubt welcome after a series of imbecile or dissolute old men. Her indifferent education and youthful self-importance, which caused her to act inconsiderately to her mother, were overlooked by her people in their pleasure at witnessing her own *joie-de-vivre*, whether entertaining at Buckingham Palace, attending theatres and all manner of shows in London, or riding in Windsor Park at the head of a cavalcade of her ladies and gentlemen—as can be seen in Corbould's delightful picture and in D'Orsay's equestrian portrait.¹ These early joys were quenched to a large extent after marriage by the constant cares of maternity, but the public valued the high example of domestic happiness and conjugal fidelity exhibited by the Queen and her beloved husband. And the last years of Queen Victoria's life brought her the respect, if not the love, of all her subjects, when, mellowed by age and sorrow, with the earlier acerbities much softened, she became the almost legendary figure-head of the great era of progress and literary fame which was contemporary with her reign. In those last years, too, she tried to remedy some of the errors of her middle-time. She appeared more in public, and visited Ireland, the country she had

(1) In after years Victoria condemned her youthful pleasures as a maiden Queen. In a letter of 1869, to Theodore Martin, quoted in these volumes, she observes:—"The Queen's letters between '37 and '40 are *not* pleasing. . . . It was the least sensible and satisfactory time in her whole life. . . . That life of mere amusement, flattery, excitement, and mere politics had a bad effect . . . on her *naturally* simple and serious nature. But *all* changed after '40"—that is, the year of her marriage.

so markedly neglected in favour of Scotland.¹ Her death was dramatic, and her funeral procession through London to Windsor touched all with the sense of tears.

But in 1862, when the present series of her Letters commences, the Queen is found in her most impossible and most petulant mood. The Prince Consort had died a fortnight before, and already in her Journal the widow mentions "the memorials, which will be numberless." All the early letters display her nerves in a state of exasperation or agitation, and she several times expresses to her Ministers the hope that her own life will be brief:—

"The things of this world are of no interest to the Queen, beyond the satisfaction she must experience if peace is maintained and this country is in prosperity, for her thoughts are fixed above. . . . The Queen leads the most utterly wretched and desolate life that can be imagined. Where all WAS peaceful sunshine and perfect happiness (which the troubles and worries of her position rendered very necessary) there is *now utter desolation, darkness*, and loneliness, and she feels *daily* more and more worn and wretched. The eternal future is her only comfort." "To express *what* the Queen's desolation and utter misery is, is almost impossible; every feeling is swallowed up in that *one* of unbounded *grief*! She feels as though *her life* had ended on *that* dreadful day when she lost that bright Angel who was her idol, the life of her life. . . . The Queen toils away from morning till night, goes out twice a day, does all she is desired to do by her physician, but she wastes and pines, and there is that within her inmost soul which seems to be undermining her existence!" "The Queen has been and is still occupied in writing and leaving directions of every kind and sort, in case of her death. . . . Feeling ill and weakly and longing, as the poor, wretched Queen does, to join her dearly beloved and adored husband, her mind is naturally much occupied with leaving this world, and therefore with the importance of having everything in order."

However, the Queen was destined, like most persons who profess to desire death, to live for many years longer—nearly forty, in fact—and she survived three of her nine children.

The Queen's grief for her great bereavement and the violent shock it caused to her nervous system were natural at first, but her sorrow and self-pity were prolonged for

(1) The Queen wrote for Disraeli's benefit in 1868:—"For health and relaxation no one would go to Ireland, and people only go who have their estates to attend to." But she graciously said "if the Irish behave properly" some members of her family should go there on "*this* understanding, that the expenses of these Royal visits *should be borne* by the Government, who press them *constantly* (and most annoyingly) on the Queen."

a period beyond all reason. She was accustomed to speak of "that dreadful day when God took *all* from me"—oblivious of her family and her great inheritance of the British Empire, with all its material and financial advantages. Unfortunately the Queen was ill supplied with intimates who could cheer her or urge her to rise above her personal sorrow when Time should have softened its first bitterness. Her children did not dare to intervene; her chief Ministers were sympathetic and kind, and tried to fall in with her desire for seclusion and absence from London; the few other persons she received were, of course, also sympathetic and anxious to weep with her:—

Osborne, 14th April, 1862.—I went down to see Tennyson, who is very peculiar-looking, tall, dark, with a fine head, long black flowing hair, and a beard, but there is no affectation about him. I told him how much I admired his glorious lines to my precious Albert, and how much comfort I found in his *In Memoriam*. He was full of unbounded appreciation of beloved Albert. When he spoke of my own loss, of that to the nation, his eyes quite filled with tears.

Most unfortunate of all was the Queen in the choice of her chief confidant, her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians. It has hitherto been the custom to regard Leopold the First as "that wise old counsellor" of his niece when she was a young inexperienced ruler, and later a widowed Queen. In the present correspondence I find confirmation of what I have long suspected, namely, that he was often very much the reverse of a sage and desirable adviser. He encouraged and played-up to Queen Victoria's weaknesses and marked predilections and dislikes. He never advised her to try and rise above her grief. To the end of his life she signed her letters "Ever your devoted and most truly wretched niece"; and he, apparently, made no attempt to soothe such outbursts as this:—

I miserable, wretched, almost frantic without my Angel to stand by me and put the others down. . . . No respect is paid to my opinion now. . . . Oh! God, why, oh! why was *all* this permitted? and now this year everything that interested my Angel and that he understood takes place, and he is not *here* to help us, and to write those admirable *memoranda* which are *gospel* now. Oh! my fate is too, too dreadful! If I could but go soon to him, and be at rest!

On the contrary, King Leopold encouraged the Queen's self-pity and her morbid fancies that the Prince Consort was still and ever present with her as a spirit, and that she was right to appeal to the dead for guidance. Thus he would write to his niece:—

There is but one [argument] connected with your DEAR ANGEL; to follow up his plans, his wishes, to give to him, who I trust is not cut off in the spirit from this earth, the satisfaction that the good he wished, the plans for everything good and useful which he had so much at heart, are followed up. . . . There is one notion which I think quite justifiable, that the departed continue to take an interest in what is doing in the plans they left. . . . You may well be PROUD of your success, and our dear Angel will see it with unbounded satisfaction, how gloriously you acted in his spirit. . . . It does my heart good to think that, without me, what rendered you so happy so many years might never have been arranged. Our beloved Angel alluded to it often when he wrote to me.

It is difficult to believe that a man is sincere when he alludes to his deceased and middle-aged nephew as a "beloved Angel." Further, King Leopold indulged with the Queen in an undignified habit of calling her chief Ministers, Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell, "Pilgerstein" and "Johnny"; and when the Queen became annoyed with the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, she complained to her uncle "about the conduct of those two dreadful old men . . ."—the stops indicating, presumably, that the editor has been compelled to omit even stronger references. However, Leopold did sometimes give the Queen good advice, as when he pointed out, hinting at the unwisdom of her seclusion: "The English are very personal; to continue to love people they must see them, and even in part touch them. . . . Our own dreadful loss put Bertie and Alix forward; he and his wife are constantly before the public in every *imaginable shape and character*, and fill entirely the public mind."

Leopold of Coburg remains a strange, inscrutable figure, crafty and almost sinister at times. His phlegmatic German calm was similar to the temperament of his nephew Albert, and perhaps this quality, combined with some points of resemblance in their destinies—for both men married heiresses to the British Throne, and in each case

death ended the marriage with dramatic suddenness—was the reason why Queen Victoria clung to her uncle with such real and faithful affection. The tragic death of Princess Charlotte shattered all Leopold's brilliant prospects as the future Queen's husband, but calmly he faced his loss and the fifteen years of eclipse that followed. Then with equal calm he accepted his election as King of the Belgians in 1831. Just so Albert of Coburg accepted with imperturbable coolness his elevation from the state of a minor princeling to become the Consort of the Sovereign of the most far-reaching, if not the most powerful, empire of the world, the King in everything but name and outward function of England and the god of an idolising wife. Then, after twenty-two years, when the end came, he accepted the decree of Fate with philosophic calm, and made no effort to defy death. He seemed weary of life, the pomp of his condition, and the worship of his wife, at the age of forty-two. Albert was the finer character of the two men, for he was moral by nature and possessed a very strongly developed sense of duty and aptitude for routine work. Leopold was morally lax, languid and unassertive, though the verdict of his mistress, Caroline Bauer, which pronounced him to be "an egoistic pedant," by no means fully sums him up. His father-in-law, George the Fourth, was, perhaps, more apt in his designation of Leopold as "Le Marquis peu-à-peu, Monsieur tout doucement."

It is curious to note, by the way, that though Queen Victoria had, apparently, no reprobation for her uncle Leopold's liaison in former years with the actress, Caroline Bauer, or for Lord Palmerston as co-respondent in the O'Kane divorce suit of 1864, she was reluctant to bestow a long-promised peerage upon the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, because as a young man he had begotten two illegitimate children. It is true, as the Queen says in one of her letters, that she never liked Palmerston. They had many amusing tussles of opposing will, which ended generally in the Queen having to give way. Thus it happened in their dispute over the appointment of Dr. Jeune to the see of Peterborough; and after the Premier had cautioned the Queen to be careful in

expressing her personal opinions concerning the conflict between Denmark and Germany, she again complained to King Leopold: "Pilgerstein is gouty, and extremely impertinent in his communications of different kinds to me." In the end the Queen realised that Palmerston had been a trusty and faithful servant; his long letters explaining policy to her were eminently sensible and able, as this work attests. But the Queen, though she paid her tribute to him after his death, never could "forget his conduct on certain occasions to my Angel."

The Prince Consort is the key which unlocks every chamber of the Queen's mind in these years. Never before can a husband have exercised such an all-pervading influence upon his partner, both in life and after his death. It is the more remarkable that here was no weak, pliant woman, but one of strong and original character, arrogant and self-assertive to every other person of her environment. Queen Victoria, in the manner of all her Hanoverian predecessors, was jealous of her eldest son and heir. The spark that lit this hereditary train was caused by some fancy that the Prince of Wales might seek to eclipse or outshine his father, and the Queen chose to think that the Prince Consort's death was caused by grief arising from his son's conduct at Cambridge. She wrote on November 12th, 1863:—

To-morrow is the still worse anniversary of those *news* which broke my Angel's heart! Still, we must be thankful that in Bertie's so improved and altered conduct, and in his happy marriage with dear Alix, who is a most noble, excellent, dear creature, we have a realisation of what my Angel so ardently wished, and I doubt not *he* sees and knows this, and that is one of his rewards.¹

To me it always seems of infinite pathos that the Queen's unparalleled devotion to her husband's memory was in vain. It accomplished nothing beyond the memorials in

(1) With reference to this last incident in the life of the Prince Consort, Sir Sidney Lee, in his biography of King Edward VII, says the Prince Consort had gone to Cambridge to discuss the proposed expedition of the Prince of Wales to the Holy Land, "and at the same time to calm the impatience which the continued restraint was provoking. The Prince Consort was suffering from a chill. . . . On his return to Windsor the symptoms developed into what unhappily proved a fatal malady."

stone and marble which it is now the custom of the ignorant to regard as the rococo symbols of the benighted Victorian Age. Surely all that love and intense grief poured out with such prodigal excess and energy should have generated something fine and lasting. But no, there is nothing. Even the poor Queen's intention to found a new line of English Kings who should each bear the name of Albert has been frustrated. She wrote to the Prince of Wales in 1864:—

Respecting your own names . . . I wish to repeat that it was beloved Papa's wish, as well as mine, that you should be called by *both*, when you became King, and it would be *impossible* for you to *drop* your Father's. It would be monstrous, and *Albert alone*, as you truly and amiably say, would *not do*, as there can be only one ALBERT! You will begin a new line, as much as the Tudors and Brunswicks, for it will be the *Saxe-Coburg* line united with the *Brunswick*, and the two *united names* will mark it, in the way we all wish, and *your son* will be known by the two others, as you are by *Albert Edward*.

The Prince replied, dutifully enough, "I quite understand your wishes." But in the event, when he succeeded to the throne, he adopted the style of Edward the Seventh; and as his elder son, Albert Victor, had predeceased him, that was the end of the prospects of a King Albert. Instead the name has become the cognomen of a watch-chain and the grocer's "young man," while the Prince Consort himself is regarded by the flippant as a figure of ridicule, a false conception entirely created by the excess of his wife's devotion. For, it can be reiterated, Prince Albert was a fine character, and he did no unworthy deed, though his position in England was a peculiarly difficult one. Fate has treated unkindly both his merits and his posthumous memory.

Continental wars, actual and potential, are an ever-recurring theme throughout these volumes. It is clear that the Queen always strove to preserve England from becoming involved in the conflicts, though, both in the war of Prussia against Denmark and in the Franco-Prussian War, the Queen's sympathies were frankly pro-German. This was quite natural, in view of her lineage and connections with "that country from which *every one* nearest and dearest to the Queen has come, and to which she is bound by every possible tie," as she wrote in 1864,

"my heart and sympathies are all German." Confirmation of this is to be found in the recently published *Reminiscences* of Marie Princess of Battenberg (sister of the Queen's son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg), who relates:—

Close association with her and her purity of heart could but be ennobling and elevating, and I have never felt more German than when with her, who was proud of her German descent. . . . The Queen had many German ways. . . . She spoke a quite classic German, without the slightest foreign accent, and an equally pure French. She always spoke German to me, and all the letters I possess of hers are written in German.

This being so, it is difficult to understand why the Queen was so indignant, in 1864, with Lord Ellenborough for his speech in the House of Lords suggesting that the impression abroad was that England "was now not in the condition in which it was when George the Third declared himself to be an Englishman, and that the German sympathies of his two predecessors would not influence the policy of his Government, which should be guided only by English interests."

At the outset of the Schleswig-Holstein conflict Queen Victoria was undoubtedly very indiscreet in conveying her sympathies to the Prussian Royal family; and seven years later even the Crown Princess of Prussia had to warn her mother, during the Franco-Prussian War, "You must not in any way allow yourself to be separated from your own people—the *first* people in the world." But the Queen, in spite of her Pan-Germanism, was beginning to realise that all was not perfect in Prussia. As early as August, 1865, she was constrained to say: "Prussia seems inclined to behave as atrociously as possible, and as she *always has done!* Odious people, the Prussians are, *that I must say.*" The following year the Crown Princess of Prussia wrote of Bismarck: "Not a day passes that the wicked man does not, with the *greatest* ability, counteract and thwart what is good, and drive on towards war, turning and twisting everything to serve his own purpose." The Queen and her daughter and son-in-law, the Emperor Frederick, looked forward with hope to a natural alliance between England, Germany, and Austria—"when these three mighty empires stand firm together we may enjoin

peace on the world." Happily they could not foresee that this great ideal would be nullified by the dislike that ensued in future years between their respective sons, King Edward VII and the Kaiser William II,¹ and that England and Germany would be antagonists in a war infinitely more terrible than that of 1870.

At home, it is pleasant to observe by this date a much calmer and more reasonable attitude of the Queen in the matter of her ceremonial duties. She appeared in public several times, and in 1871 she opened Parliament without any discomfort except a subsequent headache: she no longer complained, as she did five years earlier of the similar function, that she felt "very bitterly the want of feeling of those who *ask* the Queen to go to open Parliament . . . to *long* to *witness* the spectacle of a poor, broken-hearted widow, nervous and shrinking, dragged in *deep mourning*, ALONE in STATE as a show where she used to go supported by her husband, to be gazed at without delicacy of feeling, is a thing *she cannot* understand." Time was now beginning to soften the bitterness of her grief, and her nerves were better. This new mood was reflected in a more affectionate disposition towards her eldest son, whom she often refers to as "dear Bertie." The Prince's very serious illness at the close of 1871 is vividly presented in the Queen's Journal, for she thrice visited Sandringham during those weeks of acute anxiety and gloom. The Queen fully expected that the Prince would die on December 14th, the tenth anniversary of his father's death; but instead the condition of the Prince of Wales greatly improved on the fatal day. It was indeed a curious coincidence that seven years later Princess Alice, who had so ably nursed her father and brother during their illnesses, was destined to die on December 14th. It is with this sad event that the present series of Queen Victoria's letters ends.

(1) It may be of interest to quote Queen Victoria's reference to her grandson, the future Emperor, when he was a child of seven:—"Osborne, 27th January, 1866.—Dear little William's birthday. May God preserve him, and may he grow up good, clever, and liberal-minded in his views, worthy of his beloved Grandpapa, who was so anxious about him, and that he should not grow up into a 'conceited Prussian.'"

W. L. GEORGE

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

THE attitude of the general public towards an author who has succeeded in pleasing it is not unlike that of the little boy who greets the crises of his father's life with the cry: "Do it again, Daddy!" If there is anything that a successful author may rely on in the public expectation it is that he shall "do it again." When he has done it several times the public will reward him by forbidding him ever to do anything else.

This was much the fate of W. L. George at the hands of his readers. His first book was a remarkable story of Woman in relation to the problem of prostitution. Its subject was brought home to the public with additional emphasis by the fact that the libraries considered it unsuitable reading for their customers, and put it under a ban. *A Bed of Roses* would almost certainly have passed the censor had it been published to-day. Indeed, at this time it enjoys an unrebuked sale in a popular edition. But it appeared at a time when public susceptibilities were more easily offended, and it committed the crime of treating prostitution as a profession instead of a romance—moreover, as a profession which could be a success as well as a failure, like any other profession.

The same crime had been committed only a little earlier by Shaw in *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and from Shaw, too, the ban has now been removed. One would not at the first glance be inclined to associate the work of W. L. George and Bernard Shaw, and as almost up to the publication of *A Bed of Roses* the former had lived in France and seen humanity from a Gallic rather than from a Hibernian angle, there is probably no direct literary connection. But the two writers have this much in common—they are both sociologists rather than psychologists, and they are both almost painfully sincere. The public, at least the greater part of it, does not trouble about sociology, and in George's case it saw only an extremely

interesting story of what it considered an immoral woman. It did not notice the sincerity, it saw only the libraries' ban, with its implications of impropriety.

The result was that when the public, according to custom, proceeded to order Mr. W. L. George to "do it again," it ordered him to do something which he had never done before. He was interested in Woman chiefly because she is part of Society, and under modern changes and complications in many ways the most interesting and difficult part; he was interested in prostitution in so far as it is a social problem and one of the oldest difficulties of civilisation. Nevertheless, with *A Bed of Roses* began the public acclamation of Mr. W. L. George as a specialist on Woman, and especially on Woman as opposed to morals.

At first he ignored the public outcry. His second book dealt with the conditions that he knew so well of modern Parisian life. In *The City of Light* he gave the public a story of contemporary French life written from the inside by a man who was by birth and upbringing half a Frenchman. The public was pleased, and there is no doubt that from a literary point of view *The City of Light* is infinitely superior to *A Bed of Roses*. But it did not contain the same provoking qualities, and Mr. George's name was still linked with the former in the public mind.

His third book was even more widespread in its social sweep, being a study of the inter-relations of England and France as shown in *The Making of an Englishman*. In many respects this book contains more of autobiography than any of the others, since it is the story of a young Frenchman coming to England and striving to adapt himself to English ways and English points of view, through a process which culminates in his marrying an Englishwoman and taking out his naturalisation papers.

Still the public remembered *A Bed of Roses*.

George's outlook grew even wider. In his fourth novel he moved to Poland, and in *Israel Kalisch*, which for some time he considered his best work, drew a picture of international politics and the strivings of anarchy. But the fine breadth and soaring spirit of *Israel Kalisch* left the public unmoved; it was determined to have its *Bed of Roses*, and

in his next novel Mr. George seems to have yielded, perhaps unconsciously, to its long-drawn expectation.

The Second Blooming, in many ways his best book, is at the same time the book which the public had always wanted him to write. It is the story of a woman viewed psychologically rather than sociologically, though the social point of view is there, since George was always incapable of a narrow vision. It is the theme of the Dangerous Age treated with an insight, a sympathy and a poetic imagination which make the novel stand apart from the many that have tackled this rather tiresome subject. For one thing, his heroine is quite charming. She is not the usual bundle of nerves and introspection. Her marriage is no crashing failure, her husband no monster of cruelty or indifference. It is simply that the first fervour of her marriage is past and there is nothing to take its place. A comfortable income with its consequent troop of servants seems to make her unnecessary to her children. Her husband, a successful barrister, takes her as a matter of course. Then once more love revives in a wonderful second blooming, which flowers, then also fades, but does not leave her withered.

In contrast with Grace are her two sisters, one a woman of energies and committees—the suffragist, feminist type with whom George always had a certain amount of sympathy—the other a woman who is all mother and therefore all contentment. I said that the sociological point of view is not lacking in this novel, and, indeed, it presents a wonderfully vivid picture of upper middle class conditions just before the war, when the suffragist movement was at its height. George could not write a novel which was of feminine or even psychological interest only, and this fact has been passed over by the many who have persisted in regarding him as a writer on Woman, whether they have praised or blamed him in such a capacity.

From the publication of *The Second Blooming* his fate was sealed. He was now openly and sternly bidden to "do it again" for ever and ever. Editors demanded from him articles on feminist subjects, on the war as it affected women, and, later, on every problem connected with

women and their temperament rather than their welfare, which rose on the journalistic horizon. He made efforts to escape, but his jailors were inexorable—he *should* write about women, and if by any chance he did not his work should be judged a failure—witness the reception of that truly excellent and vividly written *London Mosaic*, or of one or two of his subsequent novels in which he swept femininity aside, such as *Caliban*, the story of a great newspaper lord, or *One of the Guilty*, the autobiography of a thief.

In a measure he may be said to have acquiesced in his fate. He was kind-hearted towards his public, he wanted it to have its desires of him. He was good-humoured enough not to resent its total misapprehension of his real spirit. But his interests were always immeasurably wider—they were always the interests of *A Bed of Roses*—centred in Woman only in so far that Woman was in his eyes the most difficult, interesting, and attractive part of the social machine.

Woman as part of the social machine is really the subject of *The Confession of Ursula Trent*, a book which was reviewed and read almost solely as a study of the more hectic kind of feminine temperament. It was also regarded as a literary *tour de force*, in that it is the autobiography of a woman written by a man. Perhaps this is a pity, because W. L. George invariably writes better as a man sympathetically observing women than, as it were, from inside a woman's skin. Ursula Trent writes too much like a man and a philosopher. Her tastes and emotions are accurately observed, but her point of view is rather what a man would expect her to take. The story is in many ways the least successful of W. L. George's novels, and represents his maximum surrender to the popular demand.

Indeed, it is remarkable that, apart from *The Second Blooming*, his best work has been done in defiance of his readers. As it were fighting his bonds, he has written one or two novels which are either partly or entirely a defiance of the general public.

Blind Alley appeared during the war. It is not a pacifist

book, but it is the book of a man for whom war has no illusions. Every aspect of its effect on Society at home is analysed with that ruthless clarity of vision which is one of this writer's chief qualities, and has earned for him more condemnation than any of the characteristics which led to the banning of *A Bed of Roses*. This clarity, combined with the fierce logic of his Latin inheritance, produced a strain of what the public called cynicism, and what in the end undoubtedly was cynicism.

It is characteristic that in many of George's novels there is a masculine character whose chief function is to talk, and by talking expose—Enoch Fenor of *The Second Blooming*, Angus Hallam in his latest book, *Gifts of Sheba*, and, most predominantly, Holyoak, the hero of *The Triumph of Gallio*. Gallio may be said to expound Mr. George's more cynical philosophy of life. Like most philosophers he had more than one philosophy. A rather wistful, tender and tragic outlook, entirely human in its sympathy, is that of Sir Hugh in *Blind Alley*. There is nothing wistful or tender about Holyoak, and he would even deny his own tragedy. He is merely a man who has schooled himself to indifference because he is convinced that nothing matters, and this conviction, far from enervating him into helplessness, has enabled him to tackle certain terrible problems of life that might have overwhelmed many a more comfortable philosopher. The fact that the inhabitants of New Zealand and Australia "do not fall off," though upside down to our way of thinking, was the realisation which enabled Holyoak to lose all that he valued in life and yet remain walking upright as a man. It was not a philosophy likely to appeal to, or indeed to be even half understood by, the general public, which prefers something more in the nature of "It isn't life that matters, it's the courage you bring to it." Fundamentally both probably mean the same thing, but George the philosopher was terrified of optimism, terrified of compassion, for fear that they should mean the surrender of the one thing he was not afraid of—the truth.

This clearness of vision, this determination to seek truth no matter at what cost, led inevitably to a philosophy

which seems to involve moral anarchy. This is especially apparent in his latest book, *Gifts of Sheba*. Here George presents a man who is not only non-moral—such characters have appeared with rather wearisome frequency in recent fiction—but is also a cad. Angus Hallam is a cad because he sees too clearly. His vision exposes almost indecently the normal evasions of life. Decent men take their sport, such as shooting partridges, but it is not decent to keep mice for the pleasure you give your cat in killing them. Subtle questions of good form, which save socially certain actions and damn others that to a mind unbiased by tradition might seem exactly similar, have no meaning for Hallam. He is the non-moral man carried to his logical extremes, stripped of the values and restraints which would have been imposed by the less clear philosophy of a writer of another race. "There are no values," he says, "freedom—equality—what words, what monstrous dreams! . . . if you recognise no standard of values, if you doubt good and evil, if you doubt the agreeable and disagreeable. If you see yourself as an interval in a million years, a million plus eternity, what difference will it make to you how you have figured in relation to other intervals?"

This is not the whole of W. L. George's philosophy, but it is a strain which persists through all his books—simply the logical Latin carrying the drift of the Anglo-Saxon to its inevitable conclusion.

W. L. George was not entirely a novelist, though no doubt it is by his novels that he will be chiefly remembered. I have already referred to *A London Mosaic*, a vital, humorous, philosophic guide through some of the less known aspects of London life. He also wrote a sociological treatise on Woman, though here he was hampered by considerations of length, having to dismiss in paragraphs ideas that required chapters for their application. He is perhaps at his best in his volumes of criticism, *Dramatic Actualities* and *A Novelist on Novels*. His detestation of false standards and literary conventions show vividly in these. He always resented the exaltation of the ancient over the modern, the assumption,

more rife before the war than it is to-day, that no literature has been produced since 1890. He was anxious to show that the modern school of writers is doing as good work as any of its predecessors. His encouragement of the young writer, his appreciation of modern work, was one of his most lovable characteristics as a man of letters. He knew no professional jealousy. He was the friend and adviser of many young authors, whether his advice took the practical turn that is so much needed by a beginner—and George was an excellent man of business—or whether it took the more subtle form of suggesting ideas and their fit expression.

A form of literature with which he only experimented was the short story. In *Olga Nazimov and Other Stories* there are some excellent examples of this kind, rather of the O. Henry surprise type. One wishes that he had gone further in this direction; his sense of technique and French tradition would have been of service here, but he was too much interested in the large landscapes of life to paint on a small canvas.

Perhaps his most remarkable quality as a writer is the extraordinary vitality of all that he wrote. W. L. George may confuse, irritate, occasionally repel, but he never bores. He always denied that his writing had any germ of immortality, but one cannot read a book of his without saying, whatever one may think about its chances of survival—"It lives." It may not live for ever, but at least it lives now—and that is more than could be said of the work of many writers.

THE COAL REPORT—NO SOLUTION

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

REGARDED as a presentation of fact, it may be said that the report of the Royal Commission on Coal is an industrious piece of labour. But it is not very fruitful in useful ideas, and therefore offers no solution of what is the gravest problem that has ever beset this country. Altogether it is a commonplace document in keeping with the tradition of Royal Commission reports. It has striven to be judicial but has merely succeeded in being tactful and timid, with the result that its conclusions are weak and watery. Moreover, in some important instances these conclusions are based upon information which was secured privately. It is quite impossible, therefore, to determine how far they are justified.

It must be admitted that the Commissioners had a thankless task to perform. The coal problem, as everyone knows, is a very old one. Successive Governments had dodged it. And when it could be no longer dodged, Mr. Baldwin resorted to the very expensive makeshift of a subsidy, and the familiar expedient of a Royal Commission with a warrant to investigate the whole history, science and economics of coal in a month or so, and at the same time discover solutions, both temporary and permanent, of the existing problems of the industry. Is it any wonder that the Commissioners, following the examples set them by Cabinets, have also to a very large extent dodged these problems?

The Commissioners rightly say that the industry is faced with "impending disaster." Their immediate task was to find a means of averting the impending disaster, of stopping the tap which had been left running—in other words, the flow of taxpayers' money in the form of subsidy—and of putting the industry, which without this subsidy was in an insolvent state, on a paying basis again.

At the very outset they express the conviction that the decline in coal exports is the cause of all the trouble, and straightaway set out to discover whether or not the decline

represents a permanent condition. The conclusion which they reach is this:—

The depression in the British coal export trade is, in the main, part of a general depression affecting almost all European coal-producing countries: an excess of supply over demand caused partly by the impoverishment of customers, partly by the development of new coalfields, and partly by the increased use of substitutes.

The assumption is that the conditions described have merely produced temporary reaction on the British coal industry, and that sooner or later it is bound to recover the ground which it has lost in foreign markets. The main conclusions of the Report are based upon this assumption. If it is a correct one then our difficulties will be solved in the course of time—solved not because of any recommendations which the Commissioners have made, but as a consequence of a change in conditions in other countries; but how soon no one knows! If it is incorrect then things will go from bad to worse, and the "impending disaster" will come about.

It is disappointing to find that the Commissioners produce no evidence at all to justify their conclusions that a recovery of the export market is possible. Their opinion, as we have seen, is based upon the belief that there has been an over-production of coal in other European countries. But, in fact, if we exclude Russia, whose contribution to the world pool is negligible, Germany is the only country to which this statement applies. And Germany's over-production is explained by the great economies she has effected in the industrial use of coal and the enormous increase in the production of lignite or brown coal. Consequently Germany has had more coal available for export, and so has been able to compete successfully against British coal in foreign markets, and to diminish her own imports of British coal. It is most unlikely that the conditions which have enabled German coal to oust British coal from European markets will become less effectual; on the contrary, the probabilities are that they will become more so. The development of lignite production will doubtless continue, and we are only at the beginning of economy in coal consumption everywhere.

The bulk of British coal exports go to Germany, Scandinavia, France and Italy. It is in the latter three countries that the competition of German coal has been most severely felt, and a fact which made a great impression upon the Commissioners is that the extensive development of hydro-electricity in these three countries was accompanied by an increase in coal consumption and imports. At once they jumped to the conclusion that the increased use of hydro-electrical power leads to the expansion of industrial activity, and so to an increased demand for coal. Such a conclusion is comforting, for it suggests that our foreign markets will survive. But it is superficial.

Take the case of France. France has partially carried out a great programme of reconstruction, the effect of which has been to put her in the forefront of the manufacturing nations of the world. Consequently her coal consumption is ten million tons in excess of what it was before the war, six million tons of which represent the increase in imports.

But her hydro-electrical undertakings, although well advanced, are by no means completed; the more power that becomes available from this source the more it may be found that the need for coal diminishes. The fact is that, great as has been the development of hydro-electricity, it has not been adequate to the requirements of expanding industry. But the hydro-electrical resources of France are enormous; and among the numerous projects that are being carried out for the use of them is one to harness tidal energy.

What is true of France is also true of Italy. There the great development of hydro-electrical energy has been accompanied by increased importation of coal. But this hydro-electrical development has by no means reached its limit. At present it is not equal to the enormous expansion of industry which has taken place since the war, and therefore more coal has to be purchased from abroad. When plans already in progress or contemplated are completed, another story may have to be told. Both French

and Italian statesmen have repeatedly expressed their determination to render their countries independent of foreign coal supplies.

In Germany and Scandinavia, both important markets for British coal, hydro-electricity has also been developed extensively, and still larger projects for its production have been planned.

All the facts which I have set forth justify the view that the Commissioners are wrong in thinking that present conditions will continue, that, in other words, the development of hydro-electrical energy will always be accompanied by an increased demand for coal, and that, therefore, foreign markets are assured. They are wrong, moreover, in thinking, as apparently they do, that German competition can be overcome. Life in Germany is different from life in this country, and the German miner is content with a rate of pay which even the coalowners themselves would not have the hardihood to ask the British miner to accept. And, finally, in any consideration of the prospects of recovering foreign markets it must be borne in mind that neither the German mines nor the French mines have reached their maximum output.

In addition to hydro-electricity the competition of oil has to be taken into account. It is true that the world's production of oil is only one-tenth of the total amount of coal mined, but the demand for it is insatiable. It is generally supposed that supplies are restricted, but, as a matter of fact, vast resources remain to be exploited, particularly in the rich shale deposits of the United States. The increasing substitution of oil fuel for coal at sea is a very serious matter for this country.

Let us turn next to the home market, and see what are the prospects there. The Commissioners say:—

No substantial recovery can be looked for except from a recovery of the heavy industries.

But one of the main causes why the heavy industries are depressed is that coal is so high-priced, and that, therefore, the cost of production is excessive. It follows that if, as the Commissioners assert, a revival of the home coal

market is solely dependent upon the revival of heavy industries it will never come.

To get a true picture of the plight of the British coal industry we must bear in mind that whereas since the war there has been a substantial increase in coal production throughout the world, the production of British coal has declined. As coal production is a barometer of the state of industry generally we cannot feel too happy about this position.

If we take a long period, a period covering half a century, the comparison becomes even more disturbing. For whereas in that period we did no more than double our output of coal, America increased her output nearly tenfold, and Germany hers nearly sixfold. In the same period the world's production has gone up nearly tenfold. But of that production our share fell from two-thirds to as low as one-fifth.

What is the cause of this failure of the British coal industry to keep pace with the coal industries of other countries? The answer to this question is to be found in the Report of the Commissioners. It is an answer of momentous interest, and fully bears out all I have previously written in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* on the subject.¹ The Commissioners write:—

Great Britain has had a large mining industry exploiting its mineral resources for generations longer than any other country in the world. For this very reason that industry must fight against physical conditions of steadily increasing difficulty. This fight need never be a losing one . . . technical progress may bring within reach coal now ruled out as inaccessible and valueless. The fact of growing difficulty remains; the easy coal in Great Britain has long been taken; production is maintained by drawing year after year from greater depths of thinner or more difficult seams. . . . There is no need either for mine owners to blame miners, or for miners to blame mine owners, for their common fortune or misfortune of living in an old country, with coalfields past their early prime.

In my view this paragraph is the most important paragraph in the whole of the Commissioners' Report. Nothing of greater importance for this country has been said for a century or more; it marks the end of an epoch of continuous industrial expansion and the opening of an

(1) *Coal and the Future*, THE *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, August, 1925; *Factories and Farms*, THE *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, March, 1926.

epoch in which everything is uncertain. The verdict of the Commissioners is that the natural advantages which this country so long possessed over her rivals, and which gave her the industrial leadership of the world, have passed away, and that she is now encountering physical disabilities which impose a severe handicap upon her in the keen struggle now taking place for world trade. It may well be that we are face to face with a calamity far greater than the war, one that may prove to be not the less devastating because it will be drawn out over a long, a very long period of years. And the continued insolvency of the coal industry certainly would be a calamity of that magnitude, for it would involve the closing down of mines in increasing numbers, the intensification of industrial depression, the progressive lowering of the standard of living, and rise of unemployment.

What can be done to avert it? As I have shown, the conclusion of the Commissioners that the export trade can be recovered is based upon false reasoning. And as far as the home market is concerned they offer little hope of improved conditions.

Of what use then, it will be asked, are the proposals which they make for the reform of the industry? Very little, I am afraid. Lower wages will result in lower output; that is a law of human nature, and economics do not exist without human nature. The acquisition of royalties by the State may be a righteous act; but it will have an unappreciable effect upon the cost of coal production.

Profit-sharing is all very well, too, but it would have been a more attractive suggestion had the industry not been bankrupt and possessed of no profits to share. Amalgamation of small mines is also desirable, but as compulsory legislation for the purpose is not proposed it will be a slow and difficult process. This exhausts the main recommendations of the Commission; were all of them carried out they would not restore the industry to prosperity, while one of them—that which favours lower wages—would have the effect of making matters much worse than they are at present.

The Commissioners themselves are not too hopeful. For on page 130 of their Report we find the following:—

... Seven men are endeavouring to live in mining off the same total output as six had before the war and are claiming to live as well. They can do so only if the price of coal has risen at least one-sixth more than that of other articles, and it has not done so. This is an account that no goodwill and no fine words can balance; the gap must be filled in one of three ways: by a marked rise of coal prices, by better organisation leading to greater output, or by acceptance of a lower standard of living. The first is an event improbable to the extent required at an early date, and one on which we cannot count for certain at any date. The second is an achievement for which we may hope, but it may come slowly. The latter is a price that may have to be paid in wages or hours or unemployment.

Elsewhere the Commissioners observe that, whatever course may be taken, it seems to be inevitable that a certain number of older mines must be closed in the immediate future. And they do not think that the labour so displaced can be transferred to other mining areas. They are thus prepared for a shrinkage in the industry and for an increase in unemployment. This is bad news, for depression in the coal industry means depression in all industry. To have to face immediate shrinkage when most of our rivals are engaged in immediate expansion is a sad prospect. But it would be worse still if this shrinkage were to be continuous, if, as I believe, no early recovery, or for the matter of that no recovery at all, is possible under the conditions which the Commissioners propose to introduce.

What, then, is to be done? Are we to conclude that the position is quite hopeless, and that from now on the progressive decline of Great Britain is unavoidable?

The answer to these questions is that despair is not the last word on the subject. The problem is capable of solution, but the only solution possible is a drastic reorganisation of the industry on the lines of modern scientific knowledge.

The Commissioners treat of this aspect of the question, but they do so in a thoroughly unsatisfactory manner. As a consequence, a remedy which is at hand is made to appear remote, and not only remote but also of questionable utility.

It is well known that the present methods of consuming

coal in a raw state are wasteful. It is equally well known that if the wastefulness were eliminated and the full value extracted from coal the industry would gain considerably and the wealth of the nation would be increased substantially. There are two processes by which this purpose could be achieved:—

(1) The pulverisation of coal into fine powder. The combustion of coal so treated is complete and smokeless. What is more, the coal in its pulverised state is easy to handle—almost as easy as oil.

(2) Low temperature carbonisation or distillation, which produces gas, oil, motor spirit, and smokeless fuel.

The first method—the pulverisation of coal—is extensively resorted to in the United States and on the Continent. A considerable amount of data exists to prove that it has resulted in a big fuel economy, and so has cheapened the cost of production in industries where it is used. The large consumption of powdered fuel in France is one of the chief causes of the fall of the export of British coal to that country. Yet the only comment which the Commissioners have to make is this:—

There is room for further investigation as to the possibilities of pulverised coal for use in this country.

We come next to low-temperature carbonisation. The Commissioners do not deny the supreme importance that such a process would have for the country. Among other advantages they note what has always been said of it, that it would dispense with the need for importing oil, and that it would enable the atmosphere of towns and industrial districts to be cleansed of smoke, thus having a beneficial effect upon the health, temperament, and outlook of the people and upon the arts and amenities of life generally. But their comment here is not much more hopeful than it was in the case of pulverised fuel, for while recording their conviction that low-temperature carbonisation is “within measurable distance” of practical success, they add that:—

We can find no evidence that it has yet been anywhere established on a commercial scale for a period sufficiently long to enable the claims that are made on its behalf to be fully tested.

The vagueness of this statement renders it quite valueless. The Commissioners give us no idea of the extent of their search for evidence. We do not know whether this search was thorough or merely superficial. Then the Commissioners offer no definition as to what is meant by commercial scale, and no suggestion as to the length of period in which a low-temperature plant should be working to be regarded as commercially successful according to their undisclosed standard.

If it was considered wiser to ignore claims made on behalf of various large experimental plants in this country, information could have been obtained from Germany as to the successful working of plants there over a long period and on a scale regarded as commercial by their owners. Much additional information of a like character could doubtless have been secured from the United States.

There is nothing to show that the Commissioners made their own direct enquiries abroad, and we are left to conclude that they relied upon evidence at second hand. But the matter does not end there. The Commissioners apparently have something in or on their minds, for they say further on:—

We recommend that the Government should give sympathetic consideration to any proposals of the Fuel Research Board for the further investigation of the process on a commercial scale.

What are these proposals? It is to be presumed that the Commissioners were made acquainted with them, since one of their assessors was the Director of the Fuel Research Board. What is more, they go on to make various suggestions as to the manner in which the Government could assist the development of low-temperature carbonisation. They recommend, for instance, that Government Departments should purchase smokeless fuel in preference to coal, and low-temperature oil in preference to imported oil. And they go so far as to anticipate that it may yet be desirable in the national interests to impose a special tax upon smoke-producing coal, or alternatively to pass legislation prohibiting its burning altogether, the purpose being to assure a market for smokeless fuel.

From these suggestions it is evident that the Commissioners have a feeling that low-temperature carbonisation is the only salvation for the industry and consequently for the nation itself. But it is equally evident that they have formed no idea in their own minds as to what ought to be asked of low-temperature carbonisation, and that they did not make themselves acquainted with its present technical development and commercial achievements and possibilities.

There is a strong body of expert opinion both in this and in other countries which believes that low-temperature carbonisation has already proved itself to be a technical and commercial success, and, as with pulverised coal, a vast amount of data on the subject has been accumulated.

The Commissioners merely affirm that they have been unable to discover evidence of the commercial success of the process, but they fail to produce such evidence as came under their notice apart from that tendered publicly, which was obviously not the evidence upon which they reached their conclusion. The omission is a serious one; because of it the most important part of the Report lacks substance and fails to carry conviction.

But whatever doubts may be admissible as to commercial success under existing conditions, all these would vanish were the suggestions put forward by the Commissioners for the State encouragement of low-temperature carbonisation to be carried into effect. Indeed, to ensure the healthy and rapid growth of the new process it would be quite sufficient to adopt one of these suggestions: that Government Departments should purchase such quantities of the oil and smokeless fuel produced as might be required to meet their own needs.

Since low-temperature carbonisation and coal pulverisation offer the only solution, it is greatly to be deplored that the Commissioners contented themselves with so superficial an examination of their possibilities. It may be said that a wide field had to be covered, and that the time allotted for the completion of the task was very short. The answer is that all other problems were of relative unimportance. They had been investigated before time without

number, and the recommendations which the Commissioners have to make in regard to them are old and familiar.

But the problem of the utilisation of coal, of how to prevent its wasteful consumption and extract the fullest possible value from it, was urgent and crucial; for unless it be solved the industry will never recover despite the three hundred printed pages of the Commission's Report. What the situation called for was not a Royal Commission with a warrant to wander at large over every conceivable subject connected with coal, but a small committee of scientists and business men to devise a practical and immediate plan for the utilisation of our coal resources in accordance with modern technical development. Other nations are getting to work on these lines. Already we suffer sufficiently from physical disadvantages which no amount of human ingenuity can entirely overcome, and which are bound to increase as time goes on. Are we to make matters worse by lagging behind other countries in technical development?

The conclusion is inevitable that the Coal Commission has been a lamentable waste of time and an altogether needless proceeding. The best that can be said of it is that it merely added to time that had already been wasted for a long, long while. But what of the future?

THE IRISH BOUNDARY SETTLEMENT

By "MACDARA"

THE London Boundary Settlement has produced strange and quite unexpected results in Ireland. It will probably be responsible for the complete ultimate defeat of the Ministry and their programme and the birth of a new intensive semi-Republican but pro-Treaty form of nationalism. It may ultimately prove to be Ireland's salvation, but not in the way prophesied by any of the three political parties who were responsible for it. Goodwill outside the purely governmental circles is, to say the least, not very apparent between the contending parties, and the Northern Nationalists are betraying a bitterness and anger against the Free State Government equal to, if not greater than, their former hostility to the Belfast Government. The very mildest type of Nationalist whom I met in a recent tour of the North was a Belfast man, who told me that never again would they of the North trust or obey or believe in the Free State Ministry. They blame them not specifically for the result, but for the whole course of the boundary negotiations, even for the loose way in which Clause 12 is drawn, and, very strongly, for the appointment of Dr. McNeill.

But their real, and perhaps not altogether unjustifiable, anger is due to the fact that, while the boundary menace still hung over the heads of both North and South, the way was open for them to make "terms" with the Ulster Government in regard to the rights of minorities. They maintain they held back in order to strengthen the hand of the Free State in the negotiations, with the result that the North won their "not an inch" policy, and now, with the ball at their opponents' feet, the Nationalists think they will find it very difficult indeed to make a "deal" on their own account.

The Free State will in the immediate future find few friends and supporters among the Nationalists of the North.

The North will probably, for materialistic reasons, find a good many new platonic friends, but whether such friendships will develop into a warmer feeling, and result in a marriage of interests, or will explode as platonic friendships have a way of doing, can only be revealed by the future.

That is the dark side of the picture from the Nationalist point of view. The brighter and more constructive standpoint is that the Nationalists of the North, who are as varied in their sections as the Free Staters of the South, now realise that they have only themselves to depend on for their future. That fact is giving them a new-found self-reliance, and is also showing them the futility of fighting further among themselves when really their cause and their children's future is a matter of common import to all of them. These considerations proving vital, events have moved quickly, and men of very varied national views have come together to form a new constitutional political organisation for Ulster. A constitution is already drafted, a possible understanding with Labour is hinted at, and therefore a very good constitutional Opposition may ultimately be secured for Sir James Craig's Parliament.

It will certainly be a big gain for Ulster and a correspondingly big loss for the Free State when the Catholics and Nationalists of Ulster give up thinking of the Free State's interests and devote their sole attention to what is best in Ulster's interests and in their own.

The Free State will no longer have a garrison working for them up North, and when the Nationalists do speak with their big new, united voice, even the Ulster Government will have to hearken. Mr. Cosgrave's Government were at first anxious that the Nationalists of the North should "go in," but they are realising that it will be a very different proposition for them if the Nationalists go in, not as protesting Free Staters, but as independent Ulstermen bent on making a good bargain for themselves. Not for some time, but ultimately, this condition will make for Unity between North and South.

Of course there are several immediate difficulties to

be adjusted, primarily the question of leadership, which is apparently desired by Mr. Joseph Devlin, whose claims are, however, as strenuously denied by quite a large number of Nationalists. But my information is to the effect that Northern diplomacy will find a way out of the difficulty. A second and even greater obstacle is the desirability of bringing the Sinn Fein element in. They are essential to unity, but they are strenuously opposed to entering the Northern Parliament, to which, however, they have elected two representatives, Mr. de Valera and Mr. Eamonn Donnelly. It is just possible that a way also may be found of bridging this gulf, especially as all sides stand to gain by doing so.

Great constitutional changes may be expected in the South, for Padraic O'Maille's and Professor Magennis' new party are likely, if they succeed in their policy, to try to change the present map of Ireland.

At first their programme, frankly in opposition to the present Government, appears to border on the revolutionary. On closer examination one finds that it is not revolutionary at all, but skilfully seeks to harness the awakened national instinct to constitutional methods. That would be the biggest deed ever done for Ireland, and perhaps the most difficult. The Free State Government have made no effort to do it, and the Republicans, in a very futile effort, have signally failed. Until it is done Ireland will never be at rest; for the ultra-Nationalists, until they are persuaded to throw their energies—and they have the unconquerable energy of enthusiasts—into a strong political party, will never cease the careful oiling of their hidden guns.

To make the constitution broad enough to bring in the great mass of moderate Republicans and let them get busy with the material needs of the nation will, therefore, not only be a national but a sound commercial achievement. Non-political business men are desperately keen only from a trade point of view, Imperialists desire it because a revolutionary at the council table becomes just a man who can be met and dealt with on ordinary business principles instead of a person who may at any moment

voice extravagant demands behind the shelter of a loaded gun.

Above all the great body of common men and women desire and pray earnestly for a strong constitutional Opposition to take the fifty vacant seats in the Dail, and act at one and the same time as a brake on a very dictatorial and undemocratic Ministry, and as spokesmen for the needs of the minority. This party also might not have been formed but for opposition to the London Agreement.

In this way the new parties of North and South, though they are only founded on a groundwork of fierce opposition to the London Agreement, may well change the destiny of Ireland. Some people will not like or dare to support the Southern party openly, but nearly all will support it *sub rosa*, and Cork business men in particular have already made tentative offers to finance it.

It is the only and the best way to deal with Irish unrest—to organise a movement from inside Ireland by the Irish to unite the opposing Nationalist forces. It may perhaps bring back that lofty idealism, that deep-souled sense of nationality, which made the Irish a few years ago so irresistibly attractive a people. It should be, but is not, recognised that the Gaels are different in every instinct—in every reasoning power—from the British, and that to bring out the best that is in them and win their friendship entirely different methods must be used to those that the English would like. A Gaelic race unless it is nationally content will never be economically secure.

There are signs that the British statesmen are really beginning to understand the Irish, for some of them have already signified their readiness to let the oath go, realising well that as long as it remains Irish sentiment will be against the British. An oath never yet made a man loyal, and in Ireland it makes him savagely disloyal. The oath has been of no service to either race, and has not turned a single heart towards England; nor in this country does any man regard as binding an oath which he is compelled to take. Its quiet removal will strike a blow at anarchy, for with the exception of half a dozen blustering

politicians the rest of the Irish will be able to stand on a constitutional platform, regarding England no longer as a national enemy but rather as a business opponent with whom one is on the best personal terms.

The opportunity is England's now, and she ought not to be too slow to take it. The situation is helped by the complete lack of policy of the official Republicans, which is steadily losing them ground both at home and abroad, and will the more readily induce their followers to join a new national organisation with a powerfully constructive programme.

The Southern group, strenuously opposed to the boundary settlement, is also at the moment opposed to the Northern Nationalists taking their seats in the Northern Parliament, but there is every reason to suppose that they will acquiesce in whatever the Northerners think best, and be prepared to deal with the situation as it is, and not as they wish it to be. And herein lies the nucleus of an All-Ireland understanding.

The position in Ireland is strange in many respects to-day. For example, the South, which is supposed to be essentially Catholic and Nationalist, has almost as many Unionists and Protestants in power as the Ulster Government. A few weeks ago, for the first time in the history of the Free State, a Catholic was elected vice-chairman of the Senate, but a Catholic was defeated for the chairmanship; the secretary of the same chamber is an old British civil servant, and he has one of the best "jobs" in the Free State. It is, I hear, the same story in every department of the Free State. The Government, in their desire to show strict impartiality, have probably gone too far and antagonised their own people to an unnecessary extent.

Many of Michael Collins' helpers and Arthur Griffiths' friends have been obliged to emigrate, and it is of course not difficult to understand the national animosity to a native Government which allows such things to be. More sympathy and understanding of national sentiment might certainly have been anticipated from the Free State Government, and would possibly have obviated the need

for so many Treason Bills. By the way, Northern Imperialists express their astonishment at the severity of Southern treason laws.

The result of the boundary settlement in the South is that it has undoubtedly alienated a considerable amount of support from the Ministry. Some people regard it as a distinct victory for Ulster, and bitterly blame the Free State Government for the manner in which they conducted the negotiations; another, and a very much larger body, accept the settlement as the best under the circumstances, but strongly resent the manner in which the Ministry negotiated it without first obtaining the consent and the backing of the Dail. Such secret negotiations, they declare, are the negation of democracy, and are a most dangerous precedent for a young country, since it is obvious that a settlement which has already been accepted by a Ministry is certainly prejudged, and cannot be freely voted upon in view of the fact that its defeat would mean the resignation of the Ministry. Business men largely take the latter view, and the man in the street the former. Both the business man, therefore, and the man in the street are turning their eyes for widely different reasons towards Padraic O'Maille's new movement.

Probably ninety per cent. of the people in the South dislike their Ministry, and want either to remove them or restrain them. So, pushed by divers hands, the great political lever of political evolution is slowly gaining momentum. It will kill when it swings, but it will do good for Ireland, and therefore ultimately for Great Britain.

The women of the Free State seem likely, because of their new attitude to the Government, to play a critical part in Irish developments. They were recently responsible for the first defeat that the Free State Ministry has ever suffered in the Senate, and they brought the Government majority down to five in the Dail. This was done by persistent and determined canvassing by the Women Citizens' Association, and was on the occasion of a Civil Service Amending Bill, which sought to deprive women of the right to compete for certain posts in the Civil Service and to debar them altogether from certain

services. The Bill also gave the Ministry the right to nominate persons to certain positions without examination, and was fought with such determination by women that, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the Government, the Bill was defeated on its second reading in the Senate, and is now held up for nine months. If it is again brought forward the women say they will demand a referendum, as the Bill is in direct opposition to the equality of sex declared by the Treaty.

But the fight has brought out the fact that the Irish Government, unlike the British, is decidedly anti-woman, and has definitely alienated the support of a great number of thinking women. Women are now holding meetings to consider the setting up of a party of their own, or of the other most effective means of combating in elections the present Ministry. If women are really sincere in this intention to fight for their sex they can achieve a bloodless revolution in Ireland, for they have the majority of voting power in every section of the Free State. The New People's Party are well aware of this, and are taking steps to establish exceedingly cordial relations with the various women's societies.

The most determined opponents of women's equality would probably admit that if women were admitted to take a bigger part in legislation there would be considerably less social crime in the Free State. As it is social problems are not practically dealt with in this most strange country, neither are the common, every-day problems of the citizens, and this to a big extent is due to the fact that in the Free State the laws are specially man-made and man-administered by men who have had no experience of social problems.

Take for example the question of immorality and white slavery, an evil which is daily increasing in this country and is almost unchecked because of the lamentable state of the law. The Free State is far behind Great Britain in its social legislation, although the Free State is a Catholic and England a Protestant country. The highest penalty which can be inflicted here on a man for the most debasing moral crime, namely, forcing a woman to support him

by her immoral earnings, is only six months, while neither women warders in the Bridewell nor women police to take charge of women are provided. The crime, too, of killing the unwanted child, formerly unknown in the Free State, is now a matter of daily occurrence, and no special steps have been taken to cope with it. Small children are brought in to be tried in the ordinary police courts, emigrants leave the Free State unknown and uncared-for by their own people, and the preparation of food in the Free State and its method of delivery reads more like a story of the dark ages, or some horrible nightmare from one of Upton Sinclair's books.

Free Staters are spending millions a year on an army that will be useless to them; they maintain at huge cost at least two Ministries which appear to serve no purpose, yet they are daily pauperising Ireland by allowing their babies to be fed with milk from tuberculous cows and allowing beasts to be slaughtered and prepared for human food under such horrible conditions in private slaughterhouses, that if the people once understood the situation they would never touch meat again. Profiteering is unchecked, so is the inrush of foreigners to get work and the outrush of the young Irish to emigrate. These signs in a young colony are absolutely unhealthy, and Ireland cannot become economically free while she continues to raise effete and rickety citizens. The President and his Ministers themselves could hardly deny that their economic condition, their over-taxation, is unsound.

As a matter of strict truth, conditions in the Free State have not in any way improved for her in social respects since she was accorded her own Government, who, indeed, are open to the suspicion of having considered English examples more than local Irish needs. The Republicans cannot escape their share of responsibility, for the above conditions could not have arisen had they not first contested and then refused to occupy their seats in the Dail, thus making the Ministry a present of an unchecked dictatorship.

To sum all up, the condition of Ireland, both economically and socially, is very feeble, and the Boundary Settle-

ment, however disliked, will prove an infinite blessing if it acts as an irritant which focusses public attention on the need for securing new co-operation, new rulers, and new methods of ruling. There is every reason to suppose that it will, because the Irish act with greater energy when spurred by hatred or anger than under any other circumstances.

Judging her by her resources, by her absence of public debt, and by the huge reserves of capital which she keeps unused in the Irish banks, or invests in foreign securities, Ireland has as great a future or greater than any European nation, but she must very quickly change her methods of housekeeping. One good sign of a beginning in this respect is the fact that Northern and Southern Ministers have already consulted together on matters of mutual interest. Under all circumstances such inter-consultation is a healthy sign, and is so far the one really good tangible result of the London Agreement, though it is probably only the precursor of the more important political events which I have already indicated.

The North, like the South, is losing the flower of its youth by emigration, and there is no chance of the linen trade and little chance of the shipbuilding giving its former employment. This is one problem—unemployment and emigration—which must be handled jointly by North and South. If not checked time will leave North and South with a population composed of the aged and the halt and the blind—plus Jews and foreigners.

The Free State Government are beginning in their way to occupy a position of splendid isolation. The Chambers of Commerce are complaining of the crippling taxation, the unduly high cost of Government, and the many inconveniences caused to business men by an unbusinesslike Government, while the Minister for Local Government has just made a very ominous and gloomy statement concerning the condition of the counties. Co. Wicklow were recently demonstrating to him their poverty and unemployment owing to the closing down of various industries, and to other natural and economic causes. The Minister replied that he "did not believe the case of

Co. Wicklow was much exaggerated, but practically every other county had put up an equally good (?) case."

On the other hand, foreign factories are swiftly opening here and are doing well; the boot trade is occupying more people. So are the ready-mades and several other trades, not, it is true, by the use of Irish capital, but by the use of foreign capital, to give work in Ireland. The Government maintain that they have successfully tried tariffs, but the various efforts have been disorganised and lopsided, Army and other governmental expenditure has been allowed to stand at an abnormally high level, while sectional grants for such service as old age pensions have been cut down.

To sum the whole situation in Ireland up in a few words, I may say that the Boundary Settlement has removed the old political landmarks; it has given an impetus to nationality and unity by its very alleged injustices, and has undoubtedly undermined the life of the present Government. Therefore it has created a crisis which has made the ordinary public take stock of the situation and realise that they have been standing on the verge of an economic and social precipice. This is apparently spurring them to bring forward new blood, new rulers, and new methods of rule. England need have no fears—evolution will not mean revolution, and a nationally contented Ireland will be a better friend and a worthier and more willing partner in the commonwealth of nations.

From what I have seen in the last month I am convinced that Ireland is going to turn from a land of many economic possibilities to a land of at least a few achievements. But, of course, she is going to do it in her usual abrupt and disconcerting fashion, with weapons and from an angle that no one could have anticipated.

At any rate, she is facing another of her many Great Opportunities.

TWILIGHT IN BATH

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

DIM on the cradling hills an opal haze
Clings with a faint translucency—serene
As the eternities that hem our days,
Our frontiers of the unseen.
And I, companioned as I go
With phantoms through the city ways—
The dead I knew not and the dead I know—
Pass with a spirit strangely stirred,
Hearing the phantom word,
Touched by the phantom hand,
Like one far-travelled from an alien land.

Clear from the mist, I see the half-moon bright
Hang like a silver lyre
In the arms of night,
Strung with the trembling wire
Of its own light;
And as I pass my spirit is aware
Of far-back centuries that crumble, dead,
Beneath my tread,
Of Roman dust and record buried low
Beyond the casual moment's thought or care;
While wall and portal bear the later fames
Of other crowding names,
Snatched as the flotsam of oblivion's flow.
But closer to my heart
Lie the memorials that are all mine own,
A sanctuary apart
Wherein I tread alone;
And street and girdling hills and moon-mist seem
The setting of a dream,
The cincture of a secret place that keeps
This mystery of the soul, its heights and deeps
Untouched by years or loss or mental strife—
The lonely consciousness that is our life.

"FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" STORIES

THE VANITY-BAG

BY WILLIAM GERHARDI

I

It was not that *he* thought her beautiful: but other people thought so, which made him think of her as such. And when these others came in swarms to wrest the prize from him which he had looked on as his own, he fell in love with her. During his first week in Salzburg he received a card from Frau von Kranich: "*As you wish to be introduced to interesting people, I would like to bring you on Monday next, on the 15 February inst., to Professor Hollmann-Blum, where there will be a pretty large party. Please komme to me at a quarter to five o'clock P.M. We will go together, or better still, in the tram car. With my kind regards yours truly,*—EMMY VON KRANICH."

Calling, he beheld in the drawing-room with Frau von Kranich a young girl with clean-cut, regularly chiselled features—he remembered later—of a quite extraordinary beauty. After introducing them: "Mr. Mackintosh Beck, of America. Miss Schulz," Frau von Kranich suddenly excused herself and went out. There was a pause. "What the devil can I say?" he thought.

"Do you dance a great deal?" He felt this was a happy shot.

"No," said the girl.

"I notice that you Austrians dance very differently from us, and I have, so as not to feel provincial (he smiled; the girl did not), gone in for dancing lessons at Herr Pfleger's—despite my middle age! (Again she did not smile.) I am told, on good authority, that he is better than Herr Loewe."

"No," said the girl. "Loewe is better than Pfleger."

"But I think Herr Pfleger dances better than Herr Loewe," he proffered tentatively.

The girl smiled a faint smile, as if of compassion for Mr. Beck's poor understanding. "No," she said. "Loewe dances better than Pfleger."

There was an end of it. Mr. Beck was silent. Frau von Kranich came back with an enigmatic look on her face which implied: "Well, have you two young people hit it off?" And Mr. Beck felt sensitive for Fräulein Schulz, for, beside her, he was no longer young. But Frau von Kranich was so old that from the vantage ground of her years the ages of both Mr. Beck and Fräulein Schulz seemed quantities so small as to appear to have no visible differentiation. She overtly began the match-making. "You must take long walks together in the spring as soon as the snow begins to thaw. She must show you round the lakes and up the hills." Now that Frau von Kranich, who had no illusions about the hearts of young girls, was back, Fräulein Schulz

ceased to be assertive and became the shy and diffident young maiden Frau von Kranich must have thought her: When called upon to speak she blushed and lowered her lashes.

"Ah! Ah! Herr Direktor Schulz!" A tall, massive man of sixty-five, with long silver locks, stood in the doorway and now sat down by Frau von Kranich and talked to her, his big hands moving all the while in little gestures. Mr. Beck was looking at Herr Schulz and thinking of his daughter. He thought of the last girl he should have married and reflected, with a twinge of melancholy, that it was always girls who were to blame for the deflections in his career. He had wanted to remain at Haverford and prepare for a professorship, then a girl came in sight and he had to think of making money quickly. He left the University, and took to banking. Then she left him; he ceased banking and went back to the University. And—strange, he thought—every time he was engaged it always happened that the cause of their estrangement was a male relative, a brother, father, or an uncle, whom, as a human being, he liked better than the girl.

After Herr and Fräulein Schulz had left, Frau von Kranich pierced him with her sharp, watery old eyes, and said: "I will bring Irmgard Schulz for you to the Baroness Hauch's dance on Thursday afternoon."

"Must I dress?"

"Yes."

"Dinner-jacket?"

"No—cut-away."

II

The trouble was that Mr. Beck possessed no "cut-away." Accordingly, he had one made, and standing facing the three glasses at the front, with his back against three more, he suddenly perceived that he was very ugly. The tailor looked at him with glee. "American? Ah! Ah! Dollar! A lot of dollar—he, he, he!" and recommended the most expensive stuff available, while Mr. Beck reflected with discomfort that not the least of his reasons in coming over to Austria was the resolve drastically to reduce expenditure. "Have the honour—kiss the hand—my compliment—greet God—commend myself," the tailor bowed him out. In the afternoon Mr. Beck dropped cards on Baroness Hauch, on the door of whose apartment he read: "Baron Karl Franz Egon Gaestner zu Hauch Wolf-Kadelburg von Hofmannsthal," and on Thursday, as arranged, he called on Frau von Kranich. Irmgard came. In her brown hat which covered her exquisitely moulded forehead she did not look quite so lovely, and he noticed that she had the small, burning eyes of her father. At the Hauchs' Irmgard appeared a little shy. She wore a blue dress with white lapels and American brown shoes, and all the young men fell in love with her at first sight and danced with her uninterruptedly. The hostess spoke agitatedly, with her mouth full of crumbs, and every now and then a crumb would be shot out of her mouth to fly like a bullet into the middle of the cakes and pies. "What a beautiful girl," she remarked, watching Irmgard dance with her son, Franz Egon Rudolf Ferdinand.

"She's just like a Cinderella," answered Frau von Kranich, "waiting for Prince Charming to claim her."

"But I hear her father is not liked, because of his intolerable conceit. I am told that when someone asked him recently about German authors, Herr Direktor Schulz had the indiscretion to reply that he was by far the greatest writer living! And he looks as though he thought it—walking round in that old-fashioned bowler and the astrakhan coat, looking like an English lord."

Frau von Kranich wrinkled her nose. "He is a little bit of a *parvenu*," she said.

"I haven't noticed that," rejoined the Baroness, while a crumb shot from her mouth right into the sugar basin.

"Still—a little."

They were beginning to play bridge—the princes seated in one room, the counts in another, the barons in a third, Mr. Beck among the barons, who spoke to him of the high purchasing power of the U.S. dollar and urged him to subscribe to various aristocratic charities. Frau von Kranich had long since gone away. When the gathering at last dispersed he went with Irmgard to the tram, but she suggested walking home together to the castle. "I like walking after a dance."

Mr. Beck considered. "I like walking—with you." He thought this very daring. And he reflected, with inward satisfaction, that he was actually making love in German—for the first time in his uneventful life. It wasn't—"half bad!"

She paused. "I like—walking," she said.

This was cautious. And Mr. Beck put out feelers. "I don't want to impose myself on you, and please tell me when you've had enough of me."

"I'll tell you."

"I mentioned it because it seems to me that Frau von Kranich is rather inflicting my heavy company upon your slender shoulders. Needless to say, for my own part I like it. At the same time, I feel I may be boring you with my imperfect German, and I'd do anything in the world rather than be a nuisance to you."

"He means well," said Irmgard; and they walked along in silence through the frosty streets.

"Have you always lived in Salzburg, then?"

"Always—since my birth."

"Do you like it?"

"I hate it."

"But the people here are good people."

"I hate them."

"You ought to go abroad, where the people might be more to your liking," suggested Mr. Beck. "You'd like America."

"I hate Americans."

"Why?"

She thought hard. "Because they wear such ugly knickerbockers—the tourists here."

"The child!" he thought. "The touching innocence!"

III

In bed, Mr. Beck pictured the wedding. Her dad showing off to advantage. What a splendid old fellow! Then the honeymoon, the bridal night, the return to her parents, the departure for the United States. Their married life, when she would get used to him and find in him a vessel for her tenderest outpourings: when she would take him by the hand and, looking frankly in his eyes, would say:

"Mackintosh, I love you."

Through his mind flashed pictures of travel, hotels in the hills, of evenings together, and kisses, caresses, and love. And life seemed wonderful and miraculous and full of exquisite anticipations.

IV

When next day he went to Gmunden, he was stopped in the street by a lady whom he recognised as one of the two middle-aged disciples of Herr Schulz, to whom he had been presented after the concert. "Have you, Herr von Mackintosh, come to see the Herr Direktor Schulz?" she asked.

Mr. Beck had come to have a quiet view of Gmunden. But he did not deem it polite to say so, and answered, haltingly, "M-yes—I think I have."

"Splendid! The Herr Direktor is now taking his after-dinner nap, but he will be up for coffee at a quarter past four o'clock, and would be delighted to have you take a cup with him."

"Curse him!" he thought. But at a quarter past four Mr. Beck was at the green, freshly painted gate of a beautiful white villa, trying hard to open the latch from inside, and Herr Schulz, just up from his nap, was coming smilingly down the steps in his pale yellow boots to Mr. Beck's assistance. He wore a coloured jersey with a plain back to it, and no coat, so that if you looked at him from behind his shoulders appeared like gigantic epaulets, and there was something which suggested a field-marshal in his colossal bulk. They settled down to coffee in the over-heated glass veranda, the two ladies watching every movement of his brow. "Have you had a good sleep, Herr Direktor!" they enquired in unison.

"Yes."

There was a pause.

"Yes," he repeated, "I have had a good sleep."

"That's good."

Herr Schulz sighed. "Creative work is very exhausting. It's not the same as giving a lecture. It's work of the spirit, and must be spun out of your own soul's substance, so to speak. That's what I keep telling the professors here—he, he!" he laughed maliciously.

"Entirely so," agreed Mr. Beck. Odd: all the time that the other was talking he could "see through him" and laugh inwardly; yet Mr. Beck's replies were sincerely respectful.

"I don't mince words. I tell the professors here straight what I think of them—he, he! They don't like me."

"No wonder," said the guest, instinctively falling into line with the commanding personality of the other.

"At the heat of creative work I can't write, and so I dictate my thoughts to this lady here. I wish to goodness, Grete," he turned towards the younger of the ladies, "that you would learn to use a typewriter." He held out his cup: the lady filled it. "To attempt to read your hand is insufferable. How do you, Herr Doktor Mackintosh, do your work—Ethnology is your subject, I think you told me?—do you use a typewriter?"

"I've an Underwood Portable—it's quite small."

"H'm. I don't think I could ever use a small typewriter. I should want something big and solid by way of a typewriter."

"Yes! Yes!" the two sisters exclaimed ecstatically. "You must have everything big and solid, Herr Direktor, to express your personality."

"He-he!" he laughed, and turning to the guest: "These ladies are hero-worshippers," he explained.

"The Herr Direktor is always making fun of us," they said, and looked at him adoringly.

"Perhaps if you will kindly follow me upstairs it might be of interest to you to see the room where some of the more significant strands of thought occur to me of a morning. Sophie and Grete come in and draw the blinds open for me when I ring. I let the sun shine in my eyes, and as I lie in bed all the morning, I think—God! the wonderful things that come into one's head at these times. *Ach!* . . . My family are jealous of these ladies because I spend so much time here. But I can't work at home, with my wife and fourteen children in the house and the telephone going, doors banging. As I said to my wife when I left the house the other day, in protest: 'It's not the *fact* of the door banging that upsets me. No; it's the brazen thoughtlessness *behind* the act, the invidious ignorance of the effect of such a bang upon an intellectual worker. That's what drives me away from home to seek my real 'I' in solitude amid nature. Here I have peace. The ladies are so kind and thoughtful. It costs me nothing. They are only too glad to have me, and my company, they say, amply compensates them for whatever food I may consume here. Here I feel I can work. The sun shines in my window till I get up for dinner at two o'clock. After dinner I take a little nap on this tiny balcony till about a quarter past four, when I go down to coffee. After coffee—this reminds me—I take a little walk—you must come with me—till supper time. H'm. We might as well go now."

They went down the steps, Herr Schulz breathing heavily upon the nape of the visitor's neck, who, turning round, asked: "Do you do most of your work after supper, then?"

"No. I turn in early. Creative work is very exhausting. After supper we have a little game of chess—and then we all turn in."

"I see. You do your writing in the morning, in bed?"

There was a pause. "I have ideas buzzing in my head for a novel, a play—a philosophical work. But what I lack is the *inner* freedom. I am upset by the invidious perversity of the people around me, by the perfidious, shameless, iniquitous meanness of mankind!"

Grete met them at the foot of the stairs. "I suppose, Herr von Mackintosh, that you're an American journalist who has come over to Europe to acquaint himself with the life and works of Herr Direktor Schulz?"

"Well—perhaps—yes—though, of course——" mumbled the visitor.

Herr Schulz now stood half-turned away from them, with his hands behind his back, brooding.

"I should be glad," said he, turning back to them suddenly, "if you, Herr Doktor Mackintosh, would acquaint the people of America—for whom, I assure you, I cherish the warmest regard (their achievements in technical knowledge are most valuable, I am sure, and are a significant contribution to mechanical progress), if you would acquaint them with my writings and works and . . . if you would be so kind," he concluded.

"Gladly."

"For I must confess that I do not expect much recognition at the hands of my own people—the professors especially. I have even coined a good aphorism about these gentlemen—'science officials,' I call them—he, he! They don't like me. It's nothing new, of course. There is even the proverb: 'No man is a hero to his own valet'—I rather meant another proverb: 'No man is a prophet in his own country.'"

"Pardon me, Herr Direktor, but will you be good enough to acquaint me with the titles of your works?"

Herr Schulz suddenly grew earnest. "There is that *God Triumphant*—you know that. Or—I beg your pardon—I will send you a copy of it when I get home. Then—then there are one or two little—well, youthful attempts—school essays. Since I left the bank two years ago I have not been able to do anything at all. I lack the inner freedom."

"No matter. With us it's not so much the work as the personality that counts. And that, I can assure you, you have in ample measure. You even, if you will pardon me for saying so, remind me of Henrik Ibsen."

"Of Björnson," corrected Herr Schulz. "Ibsen was small—insignificant looking. But Björnson was a man after my own face and stature—he, he!"

"Yes! Yes!" chimed in the ladies. "The image of Björnson!"

"Though some people say I look rather like an English lord—he, he!"

Mr. Beck had never seen an English lord and did not know what a lord exactly looked like: but he knew he did not look like Herr Direktor Schulz. He gazed at the Director as he stood there with the "epaulets." He was a great man; there was no doubt about it when

you looked at him—six foot and a half high and two full spans between the shoulders!

"I shall now leave the two gentlemen to themselves," said Grete. "They have doubtless important matters to discuss which are not for a woman's poor mind."

"We shall be back for supper, Grete," rejoined Herr Schulz, "which I trust we shall enjoy the better after our walk."

"I will do my best that it may come up to your expectation, Herr Direktor." And the two men went through the garden into the adjacent wood, Herr Schulz breaking off dead branches (an easy enough job, the visitor reflected), as if to bear out the impression that he was, in every respect, a colossus. "You are lucky," he said. "You're still young, independent, can do your work without interruption. But I—I try to keep it down, but bitterness—bitterness rises here in my breast against—against people—debts, petty tyrannies—the invidious meanness, the iniquitous perfidy of mankind!" Herr Schulz broke off a dead branch. "If I had some great sorrow I would rise to the occasion like a tragic hero—a King Lear, let us say—with credit and glory. But no! These petty, senseless, little pin-pricks—the telephone ringing while I am composing a lyric, the door slamming away, these pin-pricks . . . these—these dirty little setbacks——"

Mr. Beck looked sympathetic. "I understand. Even Tartarin de Tarascon used to say: *Des coups d'épée, des coups d'épée, messieurs, mais pas des coups d'épingle!*"

"Don't know. Haven't read him." He stopped, and suddenly from habit, though no one was about, took off and waved his hat high in the air, as if acknowledging the greeting of somebody behind the trunk of the tree, then put it back on his head. "While I am trying hard to mount Pegasus I am pulled down ignominiously by the breeches, so to speak, because they come to tell me that baby has choked himself with orange pips. My wife has given birth to fourteen children. I ask: What can a poet do?"

"Exactly. On that ground I am in favour of eugenics."

"What!" Herr Schulz broke off a dead branch. "You are in favour of that—that invidious—that—that infamous practice? You——"

"I am. I have a nightmare: overpopulation."

Herr Schulz pooh-poohed this statement. "Nonsense! Look"—his eye was searching forward past the densely growing trees; he pointed to an empty meadow—"Look: plenty of standing room."

"I am thinking," the American pursued, "of the poor women who bear child after child without respite——"

"It's their business."

"But surely, Herr Direktor, there is many a wife who does not want any children. What are you to do with such a woman?"

"Fling her out of the window," was the advice. "No, no, Herr Doktor Mackintosh, it's no good arguing. My wife has had eleven children by me and three by my predecessor. I have no money. Being honest, I retired a poor man. I am creaking under a burden of debt.

But I won't stop. I will not contradict the will of God. And my old woman knows better than to show signs of unnatural reluctance. She knows her man, he he!"

"But don't the children get to be weaklings?"

"Not a bit of it. My youngest boy, who is only two, is the cleverest of the lot. I can talk to him as I do to you. Though naturally," the Direktor hastened, "he hasn't got your knowledge. Ethnology is your subject, is it not?"

"Quite so."

"Of course."

"And your daughters, Herr Direktor?" Mr. Beck thought this might be the chance to ask Herr Schulz for the hand of Irmgard, though, on second thoughts, he resolved that it would be wiser to approach the daughter first.

"My daughters are not quite so clever. But then, what can you expect of mere women? Though Irmgard is awakening. She has vague, unfocussed longings. . . ."

"That reminds me," chimed in the guest. "I have been reading recently the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller. There is a passage where Goethe speaks of spring: 'I have an objectless sorrow in spring . . .'"

"I, too," said Herr Schulz. "*Ach!* when I look at the hills and the lakes and the breaking rigour of the sky, I want—I want to go 'praying through the world!'"

"Entirely so," said the other.

They were returning to the villa, and Grete was waiting for them on the steps. "All's ready," she smiled dotingly.

V

And now Frau von Kranich began inviting him: "*Please komme on Fryday next at 4 o'clock P.M. We will go together to Wolfs.*" Or, "*Please komme on Thursday at 3 o'clock P.M. We will go to Schmidts.*" Presently he had another letter:—

"*Miss Schulz is just staying with me and wishes me to invite you for next Thursday to komme to the castle at 4 o'clock P.M. Then she advises you further to take dancing lessons by Herr Loewe to learn Winerwalzer. I hope you don't think me forward. If so, I beg your pardon. With her and my best compliments, Yours truly, Emmy von Kranich.*"

Next morning there was another missive. Across a visiting card on which stood "Emmy von Kranich, née von Kolbe," she wrote: "*You are getting with this an invitation for a closed society fancy dress to which Miss Schulz will also komme. She is kounting on you beeing there because you are to accompany her home. Yours truly.*"

When on Thursday he set out for the Schulz's he walked as it seemed to him a deuced long way, until at last the river spread wide before him and he perceived the castle on the hill, looking rather less

than a mere house. He went up the winding path, till in the annexe on the second floor (the castle had been commandeered during the war, and ever since the Schulz's could not get the lodgers out) he rang the bell and waited, while his heart thumped loud within him. It was Irmgard herself who opened the door for him—Irmgard in a dark-blue velvet dress which she might have worn when she was only fifteen, and her hair, he noticed, was put up for the first time. As he entered the drawing-room (which, for lack of space, served also as a dining-room and, in fact, as a study for the Herr Direktor at such rare times as he was at home: to-day he wasn't) the mother of the fourteen children rose to greet him—a woman remarkably fresh for her achievement. On a pedestal stood a huge bronze bust of Herr Schulz, and on the shelf behind two small busts—of Goethe and Schiller. There was a moment of confused silence. Mr. Beck surveyed the view through the window and expressed ravisment in no measured terms. A tiny little boy of two came in. "This is Karl, our youngest," said Frau Schulz. And Irmgard, to give herself something to do—for she seemed very shy, Mr. Beck felt, at this overt arrival of the first grown man who had come expressly for her sake—took her little brother on her lap and screened her face with him from the visitor. But tight as she held him, he managed to crawl off and whispered something into his mother's ear.

"No, the Herr Doktor is not interested to see your horse," she rejoined aloud.

"Oh, but I am!" And by the mother's pleasant smile he felt that he had thus commended himself to her heart.

"Well, fetch it then," she said to Karl, who vanished; and presently there came a scratching, squealing noise from the adjoining room, and Karl dragged in on a long string a cadaverous, moth-eaten rocking horse and began taking off the saddle in front of the visitor, who patted it to gain time, while thinking hard of what he might say next. He had an agreeable feeling of being taken straight into the heart of the family. Mother and daughter had fixed their eyes on Karl and Mr. Beck—who, as it were, made a tableau together—and the guest ransacked his mind for something at once appropriate and amusing to say to Karl. But—"Can you strap the saddle to the head?" was all he could produce. The little boy, evidently not amused, gravely repudiated the suggestion. Irmgard got up and busied herself with the tea things. Her mother's glance followed her fondly. "You can't guess, Herr Doktor, what Irmgard will be wearing at the fancy dress ball?"

"No, no!" cried the girl. "You mustn't tell or he'll recognise me!"

On the piano lid stood a family group which attracted Mr. Beck's attention—*padre, madre*, and fourteen *bambinos*: twelve girls, two boys. "This is Heldmut, our grown-up brother. He is twenty-nine."

"H'm! A good-looking youth," commented the visitor.

"He used to be good-looking. But a year ago in tobogganing down the hill he banged with his nose into a tree, and ever since his nose is twice its former size. I always tease him about his double nose."

"How very funny!"

The hours flashed by like lightning. The window grew dim. The

maid came in, lit the lamp, and drew the curtains. The hostess looked as though she thought that Mr. Beck ought to go now. But Mr. Beck sat still, and did not move.

"Irmgard is going to town now to a dancing lesson at Herr Loewe's. She feels a little out-of-date and wants to regain confidence before the dance to-morrow," Frau Schulz imparted to the lingering guest.

"You can come with me," said Irmgard, "and arrange with Loewe about your *Wienerwalzer* lessons."

They went down the endless road, Irmgard smiling to herself. She called in at several shops. "Just wait outside, will you." He noticed through the glass door how the men behind the counter stared at her with rapture, and he felt proud of being—even if compelled to wait outside—her immediate companion. "Now we can go to Loewe's," she said—and sighed. And at that sigh, consummative of their arduous day's work, he felt a thrill—and also sighed. "Now I should ask her," he told himself; but they were crossing the main street and dodging vehicles, and now already they were at Herr Loewe's door. He watched her take her lesson, Herr Loewe as he held her in his practised arms smiling all the while into her eyes. And when she left Herr Loewe exercised him for an hour and a half in the whirling motions of the *Wienerwalzer*, charged him a hundred thousand crowns, and instructed him to come again to-morrow.

On the way to Herr Loewe's next day he called on Frau von Kranich.

"Mind the lamp," she drawled. But Mr. Beck had already knocked his scalp against the pike of the brass fitting, and so sat down, feeling a little stunned, facing the old dame. "He he he—you are so tall," she laughed, and looked at him in a strange way, as if to ask "Is it coming off all right?" Mr. Beck responded with a look of joyous confidence. And she said, "We may soon be able to congratulate you?—he he he!"

"I hope so," he responded, rising and once more knocking his head against the lamp.

"Mind!" said Frau von Kranich. She sat there in a soft arm-chair, with feet resting on a cushion, and smiled before her faintly—an old, old white-haired woman with one foot already in the grave.

"What's this?" he asked, striding over to the wall.

"A miniature of my mother as a young woman at the time my father was Bavarian Minister at Rome."

Herr Loewe that day had hired two girls to spin Mr. Beck round, and, clad in his new cutaway, with his tails in the air, he went round and round till one girl was fagged out and the other took him on and whirled on with him till he felt faint, and the blood rushed to his eyes.

"Come now, beat the time with the right heel," Herr Loewe admonished relentlessly. Mr. Beck spun round in a pink faint and reflected that his suffering must be endured for love's sake.

"Now you're all right," Herr Loewe absolved him, more kindly, pocketing another hundred-thousand-crown note. "The secret, remember, lies in beating the time with the right heel."

On his way home, his heart thumping irregularly after the lesson, he thought: "Am I too old for her? Can girls like Irmgard really begin

to love middle-aged men like myself?" The tailor had brought the new dinner-jacket and retired: "Have the honour—kiss the hand—greet God—commend myself—my compliment," and as he was putting on his new clothes he whistled: "I, Mackintosh J. Beck, am taking out the prettiest girl in Europe!" He shaved with especial care and beheld his face and his entire figure in the looking-glass with genuine satisfaction. Walking through the sloppy streets—it seemed that spring was already beginning—he remembered a bet with a college chum at home. The first of them to be engaged was to send the other a cheque for fifty dollars. He imagined his chum opening the envelope. He pictured how he would arrive in America with his young wife, how he would spite the dark-eyed Susy who had broken with him just because he happened to prefer the company of her intellectual brother to her own.

Schindler's at last. All shake hands and introduce themselves, the Secretary in addition presenting Mr. Beck right and left as "Mister Captain Mackintosh." He waits at the door. She comes in at last, dressed as a butterfly and wearing a black mask with a tilted nose. It was cold in the room and she twitched her nude girlish shoulders.

"I recognised you straightaway."

She looked a little sulky. Or was it the black mask that made her look so? The mother smiled sorrowfully. "I said he'd recognise you straightaway if we went in together."

"I'm afraid this is not a very good table," said the cavalier, escorting them.

"It will do," said the girl.

"Why so sulky?"

"I was so before we left."

"Why?"

"Oh, never mind."

The waiter came up. "What will you have?"

"Nothing yet."

Remembering what Frau van Kranich said—"You ought to have come not as a butterfly but as Cinderella," he ventured.

Her mouth smiled behind the mask, but the eyes still looked defiant. "Oh, yes, while I remember—" The mother was fumbling in her bag and presently produced from there a copy of *The God Triumphant*, with a huge brown man with a broken nose upon the cover, and duly autographed inside. "My husband sends you this, with his respectful compliments."

"Oh, thanks"—Mr. Beck was peeping furtively into the pages and—"It's a great book," he gave his grateful verdict.

"Yes, not everyone can understand it," agreed the author's wife.

Through her black mask with the unbecoming tilted nose Irmgard's eyes glared angrily, defiantly, and he wondered what precisely was the matter. When the waiter came again she would have nothing. When he came a third time she would have nothing. When he came a fourth time Irmgard said, abruptly, that she would have lemonade. Mr. Beck suggested wine, and she said she would have none; and Mr. Beck,

thinking she was sorry for his pocket, hastened to suggest light-heartedly that Tokai wine was very nice and sweet. "I know Tokai wine," she said in a tone implying that it was certainly as familiar to her as to himself; "but I don't want it."

After that Mr. Beck sat silent for a while. And the waiter brought the lemonade. She sipped at it once, and then did not touch it again. The waitress came along with the cakes. "Will you have some?" he ventured.

But she shook her head and sighed. He looked at the mother, and the mother cast a sympathetic look at her. "Cheer up. He may come yet."

The girl did not answer. Mr. Beck thought he must on no account whatever miss the moment of proposing to her. "Shall I now?" But at the sight of her defiant eyes he let his head drop on his chest; and, behold! he noticed, with dismay, that he had dropped pieces of the sticky chocolate-cream cake on to his trousers, and, thinking this was possibly the reason why she was angry, he began to scratch it off tentatively with his fingernail. She averted her glance, still looking angry; and thinking that *this* then was why she was angry he stopped scratching. Mother and daughter exchanged vague glances. "But to-morrow he is sure to come."

"Yes, I think he'll come to-morrow," said the girl—and looked more friendly. Mr. Beck rose. "May I have this dance?" She got up, without answering him, and, adjusting her butterfly wings which hung down from her wrists, came into his arms, and they glided away cautiously and not too confidently. "Shall I now?" But he had to concentrate his attention on manœuvring her past other couples, while she seemed very frightened of making a mistake, and it was a relief to them both when the music stopped and they returned to the mother. "A bad floor," said Mr. Beck.

"Yes, the floor is not good."

"Do take off your mask."

She shook her head.

Mr. Beck did not dance the next dance, nor the one after. Nor did a single cavalier come up to her.

"Oh, come, take off the mask!" her mother urged at last.

Irmgard shook her head. A minute elapsed. And she took off the mask.

No sooner had she done so than a cavalier was at her side, then a second, a third, a fourth, a tenth. Introductions—Herr Baron—Herr Graf—all the impecunious aristocracy of Austria was wooing her virginal charms. Irmgard brightened up. She danced. "What a beautiful girl!" "What an exquisite face!" said the old fogeys surveying her. They wished they could dance, too, but their dancing was of the old school; alas! they were ignorant of the jazz.

But at last the conductor held up his baton more definitely—and it went off, the old, ever-popular waltz *To the Beautiful Blue Danube*. All the old fogeys who had so far languished in obscure corners crawled out, like beetles, at the sound of the first bars, and went spinning round

on their axes to the large, deliberate rhythm. Mr. Beck wanted to try his luck, but before he could open his mouth Irmgard was off, whirling round with Baron Karl Franz Egon Gaestner zu Hauch Wolf-Kadelburg von Hofmannsthal. Mr. Beck looked at her complexion. It was perfect as in a child, and the nose shone slightly. Clearly she hadn't even begun to use powder.

Elated by her sudden success, Irmgard wanted to go to Herr Loewe's dance next door. She was impatient—could not wait for the cloak-room ticket—could not wait till Mr. Beck had got back his change. She danced with him, excited by the stares which she received from every side, drunk with success. "Now let's walk," she said, taking his arm.

"This is the time," he thought. "Still, one can't very well barge into it like that. One ought to tell her first something about oneself," he argued with himself; and opportunely said: "You hardly know anything about my life and work. I must seem a stranger to you—a blank, signifying nothing. And yet I've written some standard works in ethnology and am of some account in that branch of science."

"You must write in German if I am to read them," she replied. "Now we must rush back."

At that "we" he felt unusually intimate, and he said as he helped her on with her coat, "Turn up your collar," and even turned it up for her, at which she frowned. "Now for it!" he thought.

"I want to tell you something."

"Afterwards," she said, and rushed away from him back to her mother.

He walked with them to the castle. At the injunction of the mother Irmgard did not speak and held her shawl close to the chin. When he went to bed it was past five o'clock.

VI

The night after he joined them at the dance in the City Hall. It seemed that the entrance ticket had already been provided for him by the girl. But when, pocket-book in hand, he was about to give her the money, she flared up—"Don't give it me here!"

And he smarted. When he came up to her in the ball-room he saw that she was red and angry, standing with her brother Heldmut with the double nose, who was also red and angry. They could not secure an empty table and stood in the draughty doorway, jammed by the crowd. "Will you put this into your pocket?" She handed him her little vanity-bag. The band struck up a *Wienerwalzer*, and he asked her. It didn't go as well as it should have done after two lessons. "Beat the time with the right heel," he remembered Herr Loewe's injunction. And he *did* beat it, and with the right heel. Only he could not get it exactly in time, and the left heel came down of itself just as the right one was due, every time. They had only done a few paces. "No, that won't do," she said, releasing him.

Two lessons gone for naught! However that may be, he must not

miss the chance—perhaps the last—of proposing to her: "Shall I now?"

But she looked angry. Her (father's) small eyes looked angry, as if at the perfidious meanness, the invidious perversity, of mankind. Her sister Elsa's *fiancé*, a young man employed at the local circus, was making funny little signs to Irmgard, to amuse her. But she never looked. Mr. Beck gave up talking to her.

Exhausted, he sat down in the gallery and watched the crowded ball-room heave in whirling couples to the mighty rhythm of the *Danube Waltz*. The big orchestra put a dashing emphasis into the mighty, regularly whirling rhythm. "For you the hesitant irregularities of jazz: for us the regular abandon of the *Wienerwalzer*," these whirling sounds and faces seemed to sing aloft. And behold! a military figure holding in his martial arms a slim fair lady went round and round, tapping the time with his right heel. And there again—an elderly couple: they had placed their hands on each other's shoulders at arms' length and went round, the man tapping his heel. A postal official whirled round with his girl, his face all of a smile. These multitudinous couples did not bang into one another as often as one might expect. Like so many spinning tops, they each turned on their particular axis, just clearing each other, while the music lashed them on into a frenzied passion of regular rhythm. Mr. Beck leaned forward, watching down into the vulgar opulence of the gilded ball-room—stunned, fallen into a trance or reverie. And the conglomeration for some reason recalled to him those crowded frescoes packed with human figures that one sees in Botticelli. Away, away was the postal official. And there, nearing his end of the room, was Irmgard, the beautiful girl!

When at length he returned to the joint table Irmgard was not there; it seemed as if she avoided him. Mr. Beck caught a sentence which had passed between Elsa and her *fiancé*: "It's too late—he won't come now. Poor Irmgard!" The betrothed young couple took pity on the lonely Mr. Beck and, with the aid of another young couple, got him to join in a complicated dance in which Mr. Beck had to describe elaborate, intricate figures with his tired legs—and felt like a fool. Irmgard, with an angry frown, danced with a pale young man with a pinched look. Mr. Beck paced round alone, pulling out his watch and rehearsing mentally how, in parting, he would thank the betrothed young couple for their kindness to him and hand Irmgard back her vanity-bag without a word—and go. They talked of wanting to go on to a coffee-house to drink coffee till eight in the morning, by way of doing justice to the carnival; but Mr. Beck only wanted to get into bed and to calm his poor nerves. The hours dragged. It was four; then it was five; but still the dancing went on. At last he buttonholed the circus man. "I want to go home," he pleaded wearily.

"No, no! We're staying on till six. Surely, Herr von Mackintosh, you don't want to be guilty of ruining our little carnival party?"

Mr. Beck did not want to ruin anything, and, as a cultivated man in foreign parts, deemed it only right not to do anything which might

cause them, in their own poor light, to think him ill-mannered. So he paced on by himself round and round (he was afraid that if he sat down he might fall asleep), now and then pulling out his watch and yawning into his white-cuffed hand. The clock struck half-past seven. It struck eight o'clock. Somebody was making a collection for the band, and spoke: "If we pay them they'll play on till nine." A sleepy waiter looked angrily at Mr. Beck. "All d-ham foolishness!" said he, evidently recognising an American in him. "All d-ham foolishness! The lights are only paid for till half-past eight." He was falling over from fatigue; his eyes were closing of themselves. He was a tottering figure in the corner. Mr. Beck was still pacing about, waiting eagerly for the Schulz's to make a start—when suddenly he ran into the circus man. "The ladies have just gone home with their brother Heldmut and asked me to say good-bye for them."

"What! They've gone?"

He was staggered by the news—his heart all weeping tears. In the large vestibule there was a draught, and as he pressed his way through the crowd Mr. Mackintosh Beck felt all nasty inside—as if he had just arrived at the Hook of Holland after a particularly vile crossing from Harwich. While waiting for his coat and hat in the icy cloak-room with the doors swinging to and fro he had a chilly feeling in his bosom, as though some improvident maid had left open all windows and doors and a tremendous draught was sweeping the length and breadth of his inner rooms. When he came out of the City Hall it was morning, and a round white mist stood on the sharp mountain edge, like an enormous balloon. The snow fell in heaps; it seemed as though a new winter spell were beginning. He shivered in his coat and felt a dull ache in the pit of his stomach. As he walked home it was bitterly cold, and a sharp wind blew from across the river. And suddenly it seemed as if the mountains pressed their awful weight upon his chest, stifling his breath, so that he could have screamed in anguish—rapped his heart. . . .

He could feel the vanity-bag in his side-pocket, and thought: "That girl ought to be whipped!" And to be treated like that by a mere *Backfisch!* It came over him—the urgent wish to press all his latent claim to renown upon her. Impudent nincompoop! The tears in his throat rolled back at this rebellious thought. He shaped in his mind the letter he would write to Frau von Kranich: "I return the vanity-bag which—I am sorry that your good intentions have involved me—" No, that would never do. "Of all the rude girls that I have ever met—" No, no, that might lead to unpleasantness, who knows? Suddenly her brother Heldmut with the swollen double nose rose before him, threatening. Mr. Beck did not know for a fact whether Heldmut had been a student and so was a ready hand at sword-duelling. He assumed, nevertheless, that Herr Direktor Schulz, despite his record, had not begrudged his son a university education, seeing how extraordinarily cheap it was on the Continent of Europe. He could not remember having seen any sword cuts on Heldmut's face. But he recalled the swollen double nose, which, though no direct indication of

unusual ferocity, yet did argue a certain dare-devilry, a love of courting danger—which might well mean danger for Mr. Mackintosh Beck. "Damn!" he thought, "blast the whole bally crew of them!"

He pictured the duel, the rising in the cold early morning—a sword in his vitals—his death. "No," he thought, "the blooming girl isn't worth it!"

Suddenly he felt old, too old to take on such risks. He understood that young girls like Irmgard could not love men like himself. He crossed the bridge, and slowly began the ascent to his *pension*. It was still snowing, and the sky looked bleak, solitary, senseless. And he thought: "I am glad. I am glad."

Going back to his room—all upside down from the erewhile ardour of dressing—he remembered how he had looked forward to both nights and had dressed with particular care. It had seemed to him then that he looked very smart. Now the new dinner-jacket looked loose, the shirt crumpled, the new patent leather shoes cracked. He sat down to the table and saw his face in the glass: it was sallow, haggard—as though he had been travelling for three nights on end without a sleeper. What mental suffering could do! And the powder on the upper lip had melted away and revealed the red patches from the scraping blade. He noticed that whenever he shaved with particular care it always came out worse. His hair was turning very grey—there was a bald patch on the crown. He remembered how ugly he had looked in the glass at the tailor's—and understood.

And now, with fluttering heart, he opened the vanity-bag—a plain little wallet of pink chiffon—and beheld its contents: a pinch of greased powder, sweet-smelling, in a scrap of crumpled paper. And he thought she never powdered! Two white spotless maiden handkerchiefs with the initial "I" and three little flowers around embroidered in blue silk. In another pocket, a crumpled bit of white paper containing rouge. How touching! And behold! a long hair—Irmgard's. He took it up between his fingers and pressed it tight, and it seemed to coil, like a snake, as if alive. And in that cruel, treacherous movement also was Irmgard.

But what was this? A photo of a young, good-looking student. Another photo—Irmgard and the student. A third photo—Irmgard, Elsa, Heldmut and the student. It dawned upon him suddenly how during both nights she had been strangely distracted; he recalled the words and looks that passed between her and her family. He understood: he perfectly understood. . . .

And the whole vanity-bag smelled sweetly—like her sweet seventeen. By a simple flash of intuition into her being, he understood how she had moods and a life independent of his, and that it was right that it was so. In this her first carnival dance, long since prepared for, she had been disappointed, and not the least disappointed in him, and perhaps also was crying now. And suddenly his sight was blurred. He took off his horn-rimmed spectacles and wiped the glass with his big handkerchief. . . .

VII

Next morning he despatched the vanity-bag, with a note, to Frau von Kranich, requesting her to hand it to the proper owner, and having done that he felt relieved, and even whistled. When he came back to lunch he was informed that in his absence Herr Direktor Schulz had telephoned no less than half a dozen times, and that Frau von Kranich had also telephoned. "Aha!" he thought. "They've smelt a rat! They've got the wind up!" He remembered the attitude of Frau von Kranich right from the beginning. He recalled the glib, glossy manner of Herr Schulz. A bag of vanity! What was he after? What was this indeed? An attempt at the eleventh hour to enmesh him, an American, into matrimonial entanglements? He pictured how they had prevailed on her, the dollars looming largely in their mind, to give up the student and to accept him before too late. Like a good American, he was afraid of being drawn into the dark jungles and tangles of European affairs—family affairs most of all—and, for the first time in his life, he perceived the deep significance, the traditional sacrosanctity of the Monroe Doctrine of uncompromising isolation and entrenchment. As he finished his soup the maid came in to say that Herr Direktor Schulz was at the telephone and had also sent up his son with a message of an urgent kind. The blood rushed to his temples. "A plot!" he thought. "A finely laid snare!" Mr. Mackintosh Beck became that most scared of all things: a middle-aged gentleman afraid of being seduced. But he conquered these insidious thoughts. He held fast to his chair and spoke:

My head is bloody, but unbowed.

He packed in a frenzy, strapping up his bags before he was quite ready and at the last shoving things into his pockets, and set off to the station, and as he crossed the bridge chucked *The God Triumphant*, unread, into the river. He was pacing the platform, muttering through his teeth—

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll:
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—when he heard a heavy puffing at his back and, turning, he perceived Herr Schulz, in the square bowler hat and astrakhan coat (looking like an English lord), striding up to him in his large pale-yellow boots. "Herr Doktor Mackintosh!" The man was holding out his arms. "Ach! how incredibly glad I am to have caught you!"

"Now he'll begin throwing the girl at me when I don't want her," the American reflected, and steeled his heart and bowed his head as if to meet the attack. Herr Schulz breathed heavily and wiped his brow. "It's . . . awful! On the one hand, this lovely weather—these mountains—lakes—the breaking rigour in the sky—when I look at nature I feel—I feel I want to go *praying* through the world! On the other hand, this other life, immediate, extravagant calls on my nervous

force." He spoke on, with little wavy movements of the hand. "If I had some great sorrow, by God I would bear it—like a Lucifer, I would bear it! But these petty, senseless, dirty little pinpricks . . . setbacks, bills, petty tyrannies, telephone calls, interruptions. At last, I could stand it no longer; I opened the door. When I'm angry I'm like a raging elephant. I'm a big man, and my family know that at such moments I am capable of anything, and they are then like frightened mice—he he! 'I want Herr Doktor Mackintosh!' I shouted. I felt that I must have a kindred soul to talk to—immediately, that very moment—if I was not to suffocate of rage and bitterness which rises—rises and boils here in my breast! My wife began undoing trunks and boxes, looking, if you please, for my old waterproof! I lost my temper. It's not the act, the absurdity of looking for a rain-coat when you crave the presence of a human soul: it's the thought *behind* the act—or rather this sheer thoughtlessness and inattentiveness, this—this invidious meanness and perversity in mankind that stabs me. I said: *Herr Doktor Mackintosh*. There was no possible chance of misapprehension. Well, I had them telephone to you all morning—to Frau von Kranich. They couldn't get you. They can never get anything. I slammed the door and went. Heldmut ran up against me and said they'd told him you had gone straight to the station. And now I'm here. Well, how are you? Where are you going?"

"At first to Vienna. Then to Venice, Florence, Rome, Paris, London, and so home *via* New York."

Herr Schulz looked at him, and down at his own pale-yellow boots, but with a vacant stare, obviously not perceiving either. "We poets need friends. Goethe had Schiller. I have nobody. Yes, we need friends—even little poets," Herr Schulz added, unexpectedly.

Mr. Beck stood speechless, thinking hard what he could say. "Your book was wonderful," he said at length.

"It was very well received."

The guards were already slamming the doors, and Mr. Beck stepped inside and let down the window and shook hands with Herr Schulz. The whistle went. The train moved. And Herr Schulz, waving his hat in the air, his long silver locks flying grotesquely in the wind, receded and glided away.

"*She* had not stirred at all then . . ." He felt a mild pang to his pride. He had adjusted his things on the rack. It was hot in the compartment, but he had not yet taken off his coat because the old lady next him was sitting on his coat buttons. Past glided the long yellow building, the barracks, the hills, the Café Schindler, the City Hall, the river—towers and pinnacles. "All the same," he reflected, "I think I like the old duffer best."

CURRENT LITERATURE

BY S. M. ELLIS

It is difficult to revivify the old fires of political controversy, for the statesman, like the actor, however great his ability and achievements, is only memorable to future generations by hearsay: he leaves no tangible evidence of his art or fame such as is bequeathed by the painter, the poet, and the musician. We have consequently to rely upon what our fathers and the memoirists have told us, if, having faith, we accept their assertions that Mr. A. was the greatest of Hamlets and Mr. B. the most brilliant debater ever heard in the House of Commons. Perhaps the statesman has some advantage over the actor in his chances of posthumous fame if his name be associated with some great historical event or political change. Lord John Russell is a case in point. He was not a particularly successful Premier or Minister in office; his resignation at the time of the Crimean War was reprehensible and unpatriotic; and his style as an orator not very effective, according to a contemporary who often heard him and asserted "his voice is so damnable that he is almost inaudible in the gallery." Yet his name survives for his participation in the Repeal of the Corn Laws, because Free Trade and Protection seem to be eternal slogans on the battlefield of Politics. To his Whig contemporaries, indeed, Russell was at one time indispensable, and most Englishmen, whatever their creed, admired his tenacity and self-confidence (excepting the one occasion when they failed him at the time of his resignation on the Crimean War motion). As Greville truly said, he was "a gallant little fellow."

Lord John Russell's political life was a long one. It commenced in 1813 and ended in 1866, a period of fifty-three years. This seems to suggest that the Victorian statesmen had more vitality and staying power than their successors. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Bonar Law were worn out at a comparatively early age, and I do not think any later politician has equalled the term of years Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, Disraeli, and Gladstone devoted to their appearances in the arena of Politics.

Mr. G. P. Gooch has now edited the correspondence of Lord John Russell¹ during the last thirty-eight years of his life, thus completing the work of the subject's son, the late Rollo Russell, who published his father's correspondence during 1805-1840 twelve years ago. In the present volumes we get kaleidoscopic glimpses of all the political events of the years 1840-1878, together with an occasional sidelight upon a notable person. Thus Lady Holland writes of Macaulay, her friend and the faithful attendant of her Salon: "Macaulay holds very absurd

(1) *The Later Correspondence of Lord John Russell, 1840-1878*, edited by G. P. Gooch, in two volumes (Longmans, 32s. net).

language in Paris, quite calculated to do great mischief. In short, he is a fool unless with a pen in his hand, or a studied oration in his mouth." Macaulay seems to have shared her opinion of the poor spectacle he presented as a politician, for two years later (1842) he tells Russell: "Society has not seduced me from the House of Commons. I have been much more frequently occupied by my books than by either dinner-parties or routs when you have missed me on the Opposition bench. To say the truth, I am convinced, after full and calm consideration, that literature is my vocation, and not politics."

Of considerable interest is the report of Lord Cowley, British Ambassador in Paris, upon Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, when it first dawned upon Parisians, in January, 1853, that here was their future Empress, though as yet even her correct name was misapprehended:

The Emperor's *entourage* is getting seriously alarmed at his admiration for a certain Spanish young lady, Mlle. Montiche by name. Her mother, an Englishwoman by birth, is with the young lady playing a bold game, and, I cannot doubt, hopes that her daughter may share the Imperial Crown. Some of the Emperor's friends are not without apprehension that she may succeed in her intrigues, and St. Arnaud, the Minister of War, has, I know, spoken very openly and strongly to the Emperor upon the subject—as if a man in love ever listened to reason . . .

The Emperor's marriage with Mlle. Montija is settled. Family, friends, ministers, nothing has availed. He sent for one after the other yesterday, and announced his determination to them. These are early days to speculate upon the results of such a marriage, but I have heard but one universal voice of disappointment and blame among his friends and adherents. I am told that Morny is an exception and that he has advised the young lady. A word about her. She is, I believe, about six and twenty, very handsome, very *coquette*, and (her success shows) very clever. Of course, every one now has some story against her. Here is this man with France prostrate at his feet and all Europe afraid of him, unable to withstand the blandishments of an arrant *coquette*, and ready to risk everything for her fair eyes. It appears to me to be a grave fault, and one that may cost him dear.

Unexpected amid the political records comes an amusing exhibition of Leigh Hunt as a sycophant. Lord John Russell had obtained a pension for him in 1847, and after acknowledging a copy of *The Town* he received from Leigh Hunt this reply, which might well have been penned in the eighteenth century by a needy author to the Great Noble his patron:

The kind letter which I received yesterday from your Lordship was such a relief to my mind and gave me so much pleasure every way that I should have written to thank you for it on the instant had not my very pleasure prevented me. I can do nothing on such an occasion but get up from my chair and walk about the room, and communicate the comfort to my family; and so the day goes on in a kind of holiday excitement . . . I feel that in the great friend whom I have the honour to possess in Her Majesty's Councils I shall at all events have a defender, if need be—one who will save a grateful man from misconstruction in the minds of his Gracious Mistress and of the Prince who has deigned to accord him the addition of his kindly notice . . . I rejoice to fancy Lady John and your Lordship reading some of my pages, among others, at your evening table. It is the kind of place and of readers which I aspire above all others to please, whether in palace, or in lodge, or in lettered cottage;

and therefore I hope my friends in Richmond Park¹ will allow me to consider them in future as among those to whom I particularly address myself. I shall not be afraid even of your Lordship's accomplished style or of her Ladyship's eyes as long as I utter, in whatever style I may, the truth that is in me and my admiration of all loving and lovely things.

Seventy years ago a Lord was, happily, an influential personage, and influence still operated very powerfully in the distribution of offices and honours. Thus Dr. Renn Hampden, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, did not scruple to petition the Premier for a bishopric, ending his letter with the words: "I would solicit your Lordship's favourable consideration of me among the candidates for the appointment of the See which is now about to be instituted." Lord John presented him to the See of Hereford, which raised a storm of protest from both the High Church and the Evangelical parties, for Hampden, a Broad Church clergyman—an earlier Colenso—held very unorthodox views. Philpot, Bishop of Exeter, remonstrated with the Premier against this appointment in strong terms: "My Lord, the Crown has no *right*, can have no *right* (I trust, too, that it will be found to have no *power*) to force a Bishop on the Church, whom the Church has just right to reject as a 'setter forth of erroneous and strange doctrines, contrary to God's Word.' . . . Forbear, my Lord, while you have yet time. Persist not in your rash experiment." On the other hand, Maltby, Bishop of Durham, congratulated the Premier for his sagacity in promoting Dr. Hampden. But poor Lord John recognised he had raised a hornet's nest of the most diversified beliefs: "I am afraid that the Tractarians, who are nearly Roman Catholics, will disapprove of Dr. Hampden's appointment. But I think that having stood the onslaught of Newman and other equally faithful members of the Church of England entitles a man, when he is getting worn with his work, to honourable reward. The Archbishop at the time recommended Newman to Melbourne as Professor of Divinity. I think we should have been in a pretty scrape when the Regius Professor of Divinity went off to Rome, bag and baggage."

In these present days of public indifference to theological discussions and questions of Church doctrine, it is not easy to realise how portentously the shadows of Newman, Pusey, Manning, and the other disturbers of ecclesiastical quiet, loomed on the Early Victorian horizon. Their agitating influence was reflected in much of the lesser fiction of the time. In *Lewis Arundel*, by Frank Smedley, a book which reproduces with fidelity the social life and thought of the 'Forties, there is an amusing exposition of the views and output of a fashionable publisher. He says:

I possess a regular scale, Sir, which I have had worked out minutely, proceeding from the broad outlines of Christianity to the most delicate shades of doctrine, and descending even to the smallest points of the canon law. Such

(1) Lord John Russell had the use of Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, granted to him by the Queen.

an ecclesiological table is most important in our line. Public opinion, Sir, fluctuates in such matters, just like the Funds, up one week, down the next, up again the next. Now, I'll just give you an instance. There was a little work we published, *Ambrosius, or the Curate Confessed*. It was thought rather a heavy book when it first came out. The public would not read it; the trade did not like it; it hung on hand, and I expected to lose from £200 to £300 upon it. Well, Sir, the surplice question began to be agitated. Fortunately the author had made Ambrosius preach in a white gown. I immediately advertised it freely, the thing took, we sold 3,000 copies in a fortnight, and instead of losing £300 I made £600. Shortly after that, the Rev. Clerestory Lectern, one of the very tip-top ones, went to Rome, and took his three curates, a serious butler and the family apothecary, with him. This made a great sensation, convulsed the public mind fearfully, and brought on a general attack of the ultra-Protestant epidemic. Accordingly, I sent for the author of *Ambrosius*, offered him terms he was only too glad to jump at, shut him up in the back shop, with half a ream of foolscap and a bottle of sherry, and in little more than a week we printed off 5,000 copies of *Loyoliana, or the Jesuit in the Chimney Corner*. The book sold like wild-fire.

To return to Lord John Russell. I have touched on the lighter side of his correspondence. Graver matter will be found in the letters relating to the Crimean War. Again, as ever when considering this subject, one is amazed at the ridiculously trivial cause—a struggle between the Greek and Latin Churches for possession of the Holy Places—which generated that unfortunate conflict, and more amazed that the British Government should have engaged in this war without having made any adequate preparation for its waging. To say nothing of the scandals of lack of supplies and medical details, there was, as Lord Clarendon pointed out to Russell in October, 1854, a shortage of transports; and a month later, when more ships were available, there was then a shortage of troops. Lord Palmerston wrote: "The state of our affairs in the Crimea is alarming . . . our armies have been weakened by casualties from battle, fatigue, and sickness. . . . There is great danger of some great calamity unless we can send out strong reinforcements . . . but we are scanty in men. I imagine we have scarcely a disposable battalion in the United Kingdom, except two or three that are expected from Canada." Before this date Lord John Russell had said "This is the worst Government I ever belonged to"; and so, in 1855, when Roebuck raised his motion for inquiry into the conduct of the war, Russell abandoned his chief, Lord Aberdeen, and resigned from the Cabinet. As Mr. Gooch truly observes: "The sudden decision to leave his colleagues in the lurch without giving them time to discuss the situation was almost universally condemned at the moment, and has ever since been regarded as the greatest error of his career."

Seven years later Russell perpetrated another grave error in permitting the "Alabama" to sail from Birkenhead, for the exploits of this gallant privateer of the Southern States of America cost the British taxpayer £3,000,000.

The introductions which Mr. Gooch has furnished for the various chapters of Lord John Russell's letters are illuminating and unpreju-

diced. I should only take exception to one statement, namely, that "public opinion was opposed" to war with Prussia and Austria in defence of Denmark at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio in 1864. It is clear from contemporary reports and letters that a large section of English public opinion, headed by the Prince of Wales and the Marlborough House set, was eager for active measures in aid of Denmark; and that Palmerston would have supported them, even to the extent of war against the Germanic powers, had not his sympathies been nullified by the strong pro-Prussian demands of Queen Victoria, and the fact that several members of his Cabinet were opposed to war, though Russell was again his ally, as he had often been before during the long span of their political but ever friendly rivalry.

NEW BOOKS

By J. A. T. LLOYD

SPRING. By Ladislav St. Reymont. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE opening volume of this astonishing tetralogy, which, under the general title of *The Peasants*, received the Nobel Prize, invited an almost inevitable comparison with the Russian Bunin. But, as the Polish saga continues, a great difference between the Russian's treatment of village life and that of St. Reymont presents itself. In spite of all its misery, its poverty, its desertion, Lipka rejects the stagnation of one of Bunin's typical Russian villages. Spring is in the air throughout this third book. And though the women have been deprived of their menfolk who are in prison, as the result of the Homeric battle described in *Winter*, they react ceaselessly against the oppression of environment. There is something epic, indeed, in their very brawls, something epic in the longing with which they await, like the earth itself, the coming of their men. Agatha, the penniless wanderer of the saga, has returned to Lipka for the spring, and finds it greatly changed. Boryna, the elderly farmer, whose wedding with the beautiful Yagna was the closing scene of *Autumn*, is now slowly dying. Watching him, and watching each other with mutual loathing, are his daughter-in-law, Hanka, and Yagna herself. Antek, Hanka's husband and Yagna's lover, is still in prison, and remains in prison even when the others have been released. He is the bone of contention between the two women, but, as the days grow longer, the forgiveness of spring seems to infuse itself into Hanka's heart. She really, alone in the village, finds a certain unwilling sympathy for Yagna, whose very sins are like the uncalculated caresses of spring.

But Boryna cannot taste the wonderful renewal; it is too late for Boryna. Slowly he dies amid the brawls, the church festivals, robberies, arson, and endless quarrelling. In the very moment of renewal Boryna must pass. He must die, but the earth will eternally renew itself, and neither the dying husband of Yagna, nor her imprisoned lover, nor any other of these wonderfully differentiated villagers is in reality the hero of the saga. The earth itself is the hero, just as the sea is the hero of *Pêcheurs d'Islande*. And there is something Homeric in the impassiveness with which the author surveys the passing of the seasons and the whole life of Lipka, in its relations to them. There is no censure in his attitude. He does not judge even Yagna, whose *amours* shock the whole village, and Lipka is not easily shocked. No one, in this Polish writer's pages, is finally condemned, for the earth, in more than one sense, rejects none:—"In the end, the oppressed ever triumph: therefore have ye trust. . . . Man's happiness is a field to be sown with blood and sacrifice and labour: whoso has sown it thus shall see the crop grow and shall reap the harvest. . . ." Thus spoke Roch, the revered figure who understood Lipka much too well ever to dream

of judging it. But beyond the purpose, good or evil, of Lipka, beyond its moods, its passions, its pains, is the deeper purpose, the more steadfast continuity of the earth. That, indeed, is the final lesson of this strong, concentrated saga of Polish peasant life, presented without any petty didacticism and with no hint of melodrama. *Summer*, the final volume, will be eagerly looked forward to in its English rendering.

SEVENTY YEARS. By Sydney Rhodes James, C.B.E., M.A., V.D., T.D. (Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d. net.)

Quite young people write reminiscences nowadays, and the reader has certainly a more comfortable feeling when he sees "Seventy Years" on the title-page instead of, for instance, twenty-five. Archdeacon Sydney Rhodes James, Canon of Worcester Cathedral, was a master at Eton from 1879 to 1897, when he became headmaster of Malvern, where he remained until, at the outbreak of the war, he became a Chaplain to the Forces. All sorts of memories crowd into these pages, from his school days at Haileybury in the 'sixties up to quite recent years. Of the Rev. E. H. Bradby, the then headmaster of Haileybury, the author has an enthusiastic opinion, and he alludes to him as "one of the greatest Headmasters of all time." Still, when this same Headmaster used to come to the Sanatorium to make enquiries about the patients he received, all unknowing, a quite original reception from two young gentlemen down with scarlet fever: "Our quarters were on the top landing, and, little brutes that we were, we would lean over the bannisters and rub our hands together—we were 'peeling'—and watch the little flakes descending, as we hoped, upon the Head's bald pate." On life at Cambridge, in the early 'seventies, he gives us some interesting notes, including this on lawn tennis, which he claims to have been invented in 1873: "I have played three aside on a court ninety feet long and I think forty feet wide, with a racket such as is used for rackets, and a ball about the size of a large fives ball, uncovered, of course." Of Eton he has many memories, but he assures us that the most delightful experience of his life there was that of a volunteer in the fourth battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

On one occasion the ex-Kaiser, who was staying at Windsor, expressed a wish to see the battalion on parade, and everyone did his best to make a good impression: "I was going through the firing exercise, and ordered a volley without blank. One boy only turned a deaf ear, and when the command 'Fire' was given, while all the rest of the rifles duly clicked, his went off with a bang. The ex-Kaiser, who was sitting 'easy,' was all but thrown out of his saddle. Had he broken his neck . . ." Naturally, this book has reminiscences of the "Eton and Harrow" at Lords, but the author is uncertain as to the exact date of the following incident, which took place in front of the pavilion, immediately after the match: "I was looking down from the top and I observed a red-faced, elderly gentleman with an umbrella

decorated with light blue in one hand, and a walking-stick with dark blue in the other. These he raised alternately, with the appropriate war-cry. Presently an Eton boy, whom I knew quite well, came behind him, and next time he shouted 'Harrow' knocked his hat down over his eyes and withdrew. On the Monday, when we had all returned to Eton, I sent for this boy and began to express my opinion of his conduct in rather scorching terms. 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'it's perfectly all right; that was my father.'" This splendid anticipation of twentieth-century home discipline naturally disarmed the author. On another occasion, too, he was disarmed. Seeing a largish boy repeatedly throwing a cricket ball at a small victim on the nearly deserted Sixpenny he hailed the oppressor: "'What,' said I, 'is your disgusting name?'" 'James, Sir.'" Indubitably, as the author of this freshly written and delightfully varied volume admits, his brachylogy was unfortunate in this case.

THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS IN LITERATURE. By Annie Russell Marble. (Appleton. 12s. 6d. net.)

There is no doubt that considerable interest is taken in this country in the annual award of the Nobel Prize in Literature. This book, which gives a biographical account of the winners from 1901 to 1924, is likely to appeal to many for whom even the names of some of the prize winners are a dead letter. The list is headed by Sully Prudhomme, who gained the distinction in 1901, "as an acknowledgement of his excellent merit as an author, and especially of the high idealism, artistic perfection, as well as the unusual combination of qualities of the heart and genius to which his work bears witness." Mistral shared the prize in 1904, Romain Rolland gained it in 1915, and Anatole France in 1921. Theodor Mommsen was awarded the honour in 1902 as being "the greatest living master of the age in the art of representing history, taking into special regard his monumental work, *Römische Geschichte*." The German philosopher, Rudolph Eucken, secured the award in 1908; Germany has also Paul Heyse (1910) and Gerhart Hauptmann (1912). Björnson obtained the distinction in 1903, "as a tribute acknowledging his noble, splendid, and varied works of art which have always been distinguished by freshness of inspiration, and at the same time by unusual purity of soul." Another Norwegian, Knut Hamsun, won the prize in 1920 "for his monumental work, *The Growth of the Soil*."

Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish writer, was the second Scandinavian to secure the prize, when she received it in 1909, "because of the noble idealism, the wealth of fancy, and the spiritual quality that characterise her works." Rudyard Kipling gained the Nobel Prize in 1907, "in consideration of the power of observation, originality of imagination, and also the manly strength in the art of perception and delineation that characterise the writings of this world-renowned author." In 1913 Tagore was awarded the prize, the Inscription reading: "For reason of the inner depth and the high aim revealed in his poetic writings;

also for the brilliant way in which he translates the beauty and freshness of his Oriental thought into the accepted forms of Western *belles-lettres*." In 1923 Yeats was the recipient of the coveted honour, "for his consistently emotional poetry, which in the strictest artistic form expresses a people's spirit." It is a formidable list, beginning with Sully Prudhomme and ending with the Polish writer Ladislas St. Reymont, "for his great epic, *The Peasants*." It is admittedly a formidable list, but there are also formidable names among the excluded. One can hardly realise that the creative genius of Ibsen, Tolstoy, Strindberg, and Chekhov has received no recognition. And if idealism is indeed a *sine qua non*—as has so often been urged in regard to the claims of Thomas Hardy—how is it that Merejkovski, on the one hand, and Fogazzaro on the other, are among the rejected? Nor can the lack of idealism be urged against that Italian patriot whose genius, at least, was not killed by politics—Gabriele d'Annunzio. However this may be, the Nobel Prize in Literature is a stimulating award of world-wide interest, of international importance, and, one may add, despite Lombroso's old gibe at academies in their relations with genius—of conspicuous intellectual integrity.

*** 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 type-written.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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AFTER GENEVA

By "AUGUR"

Geneva last March the statesmen and diplomats of old hope received a shock: a notion, cherished for untold years, was taken away from them. They had believed—and had persuaded the world to believe—that if the so-called Great Powers came to an agreement on any question their decision was binding on all other States. Resistance to the will of the Great Powers was not to be thought of, much less attempted.

At Geneva last March the unexpected happened. After a week of nerve-racking wrangling the problem of the seats on the Council of the League was believed to have been solved. Germany was to be admitted immediately, Sweden and Czechoslovakia were to retire gracefully in favour of the Dutch and the Poles, and Spain and Brazil would be asked to wait. But Brazil, uncouthly ignoring the tradition, refused to be persuaded, cajoled, or bullied: Germany should not become a member of the Council if the same privilege were not permanently secured to Brazil.

The latter was sternly summoned by the Great Powers to cease disturbing the peace of the League of Nations. As a supreme "irresistible" argument Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand telegraphed to the Brazilian President. All was useless. The so-called Great Powers and the League of Nations with them had to bow before the will of a single State. The iron rule of the Covenant prescribes the need of unanimity in the decisions of the Council. It was made by the Great Powers to suit their convenience. But great were the recriminations against the Brazilians for daring to use their right of vetoing the arrangement unanimously arrived at by the other members of the Council. Yet the bitter pill had to be swallowed.

It had happened before that the Swedes, as members of

the Council, had shown a disposition to make use of the veto. On the question of the Mosul vilayet they had opposed Great Britain and France, and on the question of the redistribution of seats they had held out against Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan. But their case was different. They had always given way or compromised in the end, when faced by a unanimous decision of all the other members of the Council. The surprise caused by the stubbornness of Brazil was so great that efforts were made to discover the Power which had secretly intrigued at Rio de Janeiro. The Italians were first of all suspected of being the culprits. Then the Government of the United States got its share of suspicion. Some Germans even accused the British of being the moving spirit of the Brazilian opposition. In British circles there was a tendency to see in the business the hand of the Quai d'Orsay. Only gradually the truth percolated into brains bedimmed by preconceived notions that the people whose influence really dominated at Rio were the Brazilians themselves. It was reluctantly admitted that after all Señor Mello Franco may have expressed a view based entirely on considerations of national dignity. For, after all, the Brazilians had been asking to be given a permanent seat for many years, and they refused to consult the convenience of the Great Powers of Europe any longer.

A few political observers had tried to warn the Governments and the Press of what was before. But preconceived notions die hard. People were unable to grasp the fact that a State lost far away in the swamps of the Amazon could resist the will of the Great Powers. When at Geneva the stage was already set people who should have known better remained blind. Responsible journalists, priding themselves on their knowledge of international affairs, must now be ashamed of some of the despatches they sent to their newspapers. For days they went on slinging mud alternatively at the French, the Italian, even at the British delegation, and did not discover the serious nature of the Brazilian opposition. Nervous little Mello Franco was clamouring: "I will veto," but he was not believed.

The net result of the Geneva failure is that the entry

of Germany into the League is postponed until next September at the earliest. If Brazil continues firm in her present attitude the deadlock in September will be as complete as the one which happened in March. And if Brazil is elected again by the Assembly to a temporary seat on the Council the future may look dark indeed. Diplomats are now inclined to lull their apprehensions by the thought that September is still far away, and that in the months remaining the usual compromise can be arranged. Hoping that this optimism is justified, we should try, nevertheless, to understand the political situation so as not to be taken unawares next autumn.

Instead of following the barren path of recriminations and criticism we will try to form a constructive view of the situation. In this we may find some assistance in the following memorandum, which, as we happen to know, has been widely circulated among diplomatic circles:—

After the last failure at Geneva the problems with which the League of Nations and the members of the League are confronted are: (1) The question of the attribution of seats on the Council at the next election and (2) the question of the reorganisation of the Council itself.

We all are agreed that the next September meeting will be critical, because the League cannot afford another failure. It is also more than probable that in the few months which remain the negotiations on the questions above mentioned cannot be concluded. The question arises, therefore, What is to be done to take the sting out of the critical September date?

The only reasonable solution would seem to be to create such a state of affairs which would destroy the critical nature of that date. This can be achieved by carrying to its logical end the idea expressed already at Geneva that Germany morally is in the League. If the majority of the members of the Council agree to treat Germany from now on as a *de facto* colleague no great harm would be done if eventually the September meeting adjourns its decisions. To treat Germany as a *de facto* member means consulting her Government on all questions which may arise in the Council during these summer months. It may even be desirable to call the next meeting of the Council in Berlin.

On the second point: it would seem that the question of the reorganisation of the Council resolves itself into the question: What is the status of a Great Power? The question is peculiar to Europe, where the public mind is poisoned by preconceived notions handed down from a preceding historical epoch and inextricably tied up with the factor of armaments. Now nobody knows exactly what is a Great Power. Hence intrigues and hole-and-corner conversations. What is needed is a formula, based on modern ideas, free from the preconceived notion about military power, which by its automatic action will avoid intrigues and patronage.

The solution may be in the Treaty of Versailles, namely, in Part XIII, which deals with the Organisation of Labour. Part XIII is outside the Covenant, but it is an integral part of the Treaty, and establishes at Geneva an international organisation, of which the original members of the League of Nations, as well as all the new ones, are automatically members. *Incidentally it may be of interest to note that Germany is already a member of this organisation.* The latter is governed by a Conference which corresponds to the Assembly of the League, and by a Governing Body which is the opposite number of the Council. But the Governing Body is constituted in a different way. Instead of permanent seats occupied by the Great Powers it has eight seats which belong (clause 393) to those States which are of "chief industrial importance." In practice this means that all members are scrutinised and receive marks according to a schedule, and the eight States which have the highest aggregate of marks are considered to be "of chief industrial importance." Therefore a formula is applied which allots seats automatically, and no State can keep a seat if it ceases to deserve it.

It should be possible and very desirable to see the same principle applied to the appointments to the permanent seats on the Council of the League of Nations. The elaboration of a formula to this end should be the first object of the work of the Commission now formed to deal with the question of the reorganisation of the Council.

Putting it into plain words, this means that the statesmen of Europe must begin at last to seek a way out of the situation created in the Council by the contrast between permanent and temporary seats. When the League of Nations was created concurrently with the signing of the Peace Treaty at Versailles the States which had won the war by their prowess arrogated to themselves the right of being members of the Council "for ever and ever, until the world ends." A similar seat was foreseen for Germany, which had fought against them, and for a Russia, the future of which at the time it was impossible to foretell. All these countries were the traditional Great Powers, and the fact of fighting each other was not sufficient to destroy the corporate feeling.

During the first years of the existence of the League of Nations the presence of permanent members has proved itself to be a valuable element for stability and continuity. The rank and file of the members of the League—many of them newly fledged States—accepted the domination willingly and even gratefully. But swiftly the situation underwent a change. In the Assembly of the League of Nations there are dozens of States the highest ambition

of which is forbidden to go beyond the aspiration to one of the few temporary seats. It is among these members that signs have begun to multiply of impatience with a tutelage seemingly destined to go on "for ever and ever, until the world ends." One cannot be blind to the fact of a growing resentment against the domination of the permanent members. This resentment has not lost in force by having been kept secret for a long time. At the meeting at Geneva last March the temper of the Assembly was ominous of a brewing storm. The decision to take up the question of the reorganisation of the Council was a concession by the Permanents to the feelings of the rank and file of the League.

There is much to be said in favour of applying to the permanent seats on the Council the methods already used to determine the order of precedence among the members of the International Organisation of Labour. The formula employed in the case of the latter includes the following criteria:—

- (1) Total wage earners, including mining and transport.
- (2) Proportion which the industrial population bears to the whole population.
- (3) Total horse power in industry, excluding locomotives and vessels.
- (4) Horse power per head of population.
- (5) Total length of railways.
- (6) Length of railways per thousand square kilometres of area.
- (7) Tonnage of mercantile marine.

A Special Committee sitting at Geneva in April, 1921, reviewed the working of the formula, and studied the question of new criteria and the relative values of those which are now applied. Its report was published in May, 1922 (L. of N. document C. 410, 1922, V), and should be carefully studied in view of its bearing upon the present problem of the reorganisation of the Council of the League of Nations. Since 1919, when the formula was first introduced by the Organising Committee which met at Washington, the formula has worked well on the whole, and much unnecessary friction was thus avoided. The

"Permanents" on the Governing Body of the International Labour Office now are (in French alphabetic order): Germany, Belgium, Canada, France, Great Britain, India, Italy, and Japan. In 1922 Poland competed with India for a seat, but her demand could not be acceded to because her index numbers under the formula were below the Indian ones. In 1925 there was no dispute whatsoever, and the States which ranked highest in the index lists remained in occupation. It is generally recognised that the "chief industrial importance" formula will need some additions from time to time, for example on the point of "national wealth," but on the whole it has worked in the most satisfactory manner.

Here we have, therefore, in the frame of the Treaty of Versailles the example of the practical application of a principle which pays due respect to the position of the principal States yet refuses to secure to them any privileges "for ever and ever until the world ends." The elements which constitute the formula of the Governing Body of the International Labour Office are not quite suitable, perhaps, for the more complicated political formula which should govern the distribution of the "permanent" seats on the Council of the League of Nations. But this is a question for study and adjustment once the principle itself has been accepted. The advantages of such an arrangement are evident. The allocation of permanent seats would be entirely removed from the sphere of international intrigue and would cease to be governed by secret diplomacy. If any doubts or disputes arose they would have to be decided by an impartial tribunal like the International Court of Justice. States which at present are absolutely deprived of the hope of a privileged seat would find an incentive for development in the possibility of gaining a higher seat at the Council table. We want to believe that even the vexatious question of disarmament may then be brought nearer to a practical solution. In any case the difficult problem of the "economic potential," raised by the French in connection with disarmament, will then be easier to understand. Thus the Council of the

League of Nations would be organised more in conformity with the spirit of modern democracy.

Whatever the formula finally devised—as it will inevitably some day have to be devised—Great Britain shall clearly rank first among all other States of Europe, so that her "permanent" seat will be secured for an indefinitely long period. Yet we can hear already the volume of protest which will arise at the mere suggestion of giving up the right of a seat "for ever and ever until the world ends" secured by the Treaty of Versailles. Those same people who now clamour for the revision of the Peace Treaty will strenuously oppose its alteration on this very point. Their argument is, and will be, that nothing can or should be done to impair the position of the British Empire and of Great Britain in the League. They forget that the principle of "for ever and ever" in politics is as hopelessly obsolete as that of the *main morte* in the social laws governing property. The position of Great Britain and of the British Empire in the League of Nations is determined by the measure of their live power in every sense. If the power dwindles, no prescriptive right can maintain that position "for ever and ever." To hide behind such an alleged right is to confess intrinsic weakness. The sense of power is such a live thing with the nations of the British Empire that they can afford to stand on their merits alone, and to leave to intellectual snobs and political drummers the security of words as empty as they are high sounding.

Another question with regard to the reorganisation of the Council of the League of Nations which is bound to be raised, if not to-day then to-morrow, is that of the need for unanimous decisions. Here the way out of the difficulty appears to be simple. At present unanimity is the rule, and decision by a majority the rare exception. Let the position be reversed; establish decision by a majority for all questions not specially reserved as demanding unanimity. The list of reservations, to begin with, will be naturally very long. But as the League of Nations develops and consolidates its position this list will be

whittled down gradually and painlessly until only a few questions will be left on the reserved list, those questions which no State can surrender if it wants to maintain the principle of its sovereign rights in the sphere of its own domestic affairs.

At Geneva last March the Brazilian stand against the conclave of the Great Powers was the spectacular event. But in real importance it was overshadowed by a circumstance which has escaped attention. Is it not striking that during those hectic days at Geneva there was no real antagonism between France and Germany? M. Briand and Herr Stresemann got on well together, and, if one works through the mass of reports on what happened daily, one finds little evidence of a real conflict. France and Germany are drawing together, and in the last twelve months this movement has proceeded with increased speed. In this country, though we thunder against the French, at heart we are all for the Entente, because we know how useful it is to us. But many of us forget that the Franco-British Entente is an entirely political combination. Herein is its weakness, because nowadays economic factors are supreme in international relations. A Franco-German economic Entente is at present in the making. Chauvinism in France and Nationalism in Germany obscure the issue, but they cannot prevent the steady march of events. Germany is making at present a bid for economic co-operation with France.

Those who watch the general trend of international relations in Europe see how day by day Germany is consolidating her position as the chief economic factor in Europe, and is preparing the next step to the extension of her economic influence. Here is an illuminating example. When this article will be published the work of the international commission for the preparation of the Economic Conference will have just started. The British and French delegates have been furnished by their Governments with long lists of reserved questions. Whilst this is practically their sole contribution, the Germans arrive with a complete constructive programme. It foresees the gradual removal of all

customs barriers in Europe, a grandiose Continental *Zollverein*. The Germans know that they cannot get away with this scheme, but they want to secure for themselves the advantage of the constructive initiative. Meanwhile they have already begun practical work. Austria is prepared to form one unit economically with Germany. The world will be shown the document which Berlin has in its pocket at an opportune moment. This will open the way to the economic annexation of Hungary, and then the danger of encirclement will oblige Czechoslovakia to make an economic peace with Berlin. German statesmen want to form the whole of Central Europe into one economic block. French statesmen know that when this happens it will be to their advantage to join the combination. Fascist bombast on the Brenner will not prevent Italy from becoming a member. Those who follow developments in Paris know that the attitude there towards Germany has undergone a marked change. A political observer on his return to London reported on it in the following terms:—

The respect of the Quai d'Orsay for German statesmanship is growing. Responsible advisers, whilst insisting on the necessity of the political entente with Great Britain, preconise an economic entente with Germany, and are ready to recognise the preponderant importance of the new combination. . . . The greatest experts in Paris believe that the economic entente with Germany is inevitable and its completion is only a question of time. . . . The Germans are continually making determined efforts to get French policy into the orbit of their influence. They are making a bid for it all the time. . . . French Government circles have begun to move with increasing speed towards the view of the desirability of responding to German advances. . . . If a Franco-German economic entente comes into being it will work some day against the political Franco-British Entente. . . . The Franco-German Entente should not be allowed to develop outside the scope of British influence.

To show the constructive effort of Germany we will give the following remarkable example:—Article 370 of the Treaty of Versailles stipulates that German waggons shall be fitted with apparatus permitting the appliance of the continuous brake to goods trains. It must be explained that since 1907 the need of supplying goods trains with automatic brakes has been recognised by the States which are parties to the Berne Railway Convention. After the

war the Allied experts came together to decide which system of brakes was most suitable. Experiments on a wide and lavish scale were undertaken, and this year, at last, a decision seems to have been arrived at in favour of the Westinghouse brake. Meanwhile not a single goods waggon on the Allied railways has been furnished with the necessary appliances. The Germans, weary of waiting, have long ago evolved their own system of automatic brakes, which has been placed already on thousands of waggons. Not only that, but when they had to deliver waggons as reparations in kind, as was the case of Yugoslavia, they supplied their own make of brakes. The result is that now it is not for Germany to comply with the programme of her victors, but for the latter to see where they stand in view of the important practical results already achieved by Germany.

Italy has been of considerable assistance to German policy in Paris. This statement sounds curious, but is perfectly true. Under the Treaty of Locarno Italy is a guarantor of French security on the Rhine. Rome concludes from this fact that she has the *droit du regard*—the right to be informed of all political agreements which France would like to conclude with other States in Europe. The French found that their liberty of action was restricted in Central Europe as well as in the Balkans. The Franco-British Entente ties the hands of the French Government considerably, so far as foreign policy is concerned. This restriction until now was accepted with sufficiently good grace in Paris. But dictation by the Italians passed the limits of all endurance. There is now, therefore, in Paris a cooling off towards the Treaties of Locarno, and a desire for a straight understanding with Germany "without intermediaries." The Treaty now being newly concluded between Germany and the Soviet Union comes to complete the plan of Berlin to be the arbiter of East and West in Europe. As Herr Stresemann put it when he was in London: "Germany is the bridge between West and East."

Nevertheless the Franco-British Entente, that much-abused political combination, remains the backbone of all

international combinations in Europe. The need for it is so strong that some time ago, when, after the sad events at Geneva, rumours began to spread that Sir Austen Chamberlain would be obliged to resign because of the failure of his pro-French policy, the following words could be read in a dispatch:—

The wave of anti-French feeling in Government circles is very strong indeed. This is directly due to the influence of the City, which is disgusted with the financial methods of the French Government. Yet, if Sir Austen goes—though really it is certain that Mr. Baldwin will never let him go—and if there comes to the Foreign Office a new Minister with anti-French tendencies—in a month's time the foreign policy of this country must again be Ententophile. . . .

Let us open the brackets of this cryptic remark and see if we can state clearly the reasons which make the continuation of the Entente with France a very necessary thing. From the point of view of purely British interests the Entente with France is necessary for the following three reasons:—

- (1) For our security against any political and economic block in Europe.
- (2) For the security against any danger in the Mediterranean to the communications of the British Empire; and
- (3) For keeping down the expenditure on armaments.

To these points may be usefully added a fourth one: the utility of a united Franco-British front in the Near East.

On the French side the weight of evidence in favour of the maintenance of the Entente is as great. But, unfortunately, whilst we on our side have several equally good reasons, the French are governed by only one consideration—security against attack across the Rhine. Therefore, if in a period of peaceful relations, or by the clever policy of other Governments, the fear of a danger on the border is allayed, the French may become temporarily less keen on keeping the Entente alive. That they are certain to come to regret the neglect, and soon enough, may serve to console practical politicians in this country. Meanwhile the affairs of Europe will suffer.

THE MODEL MANDATE

By A. RYAN

Is Iraq an asset or a liability to Great Britain? Are we heading there for a war with Turkey, and, if so, what steps are we taking to prepare for such a menace? Is our garrison, aerial and military, adequate, and how far are the native troops efficient? If, on the other hand, Turkey does not mean to do battle for the northern provinces, can we afford to contemplate the internal progress of Iraq with satisfaction? Are the Arabs learning the arts of self-government, and are they contented under our mandate? Is another 1920 rebellion possible, and is Baghdad likely to be the scene of such alarms and excursions as have, for the last six months, been agitating Damascus? If, finally, the Turk keeps to his own side of the frontier and the Arab remains friendly, what is the commercial and industrial future of Iraq? Will the desert yield to the sower as it did in ancient times, and shall we replant the Garden of Eden, leaving the land of the two rivers restored to the glories of Genesis, but with the modern addition of oil wells and pipe lines?

Such questions deserve discussing because, in spite of the limelight that has played round it intermittently for some years, Iraq is still in outer darkness so far as most people are concerned. The country has suffered from the exaggerations alike of friends and enemies. The "bag and baggage" Press has written it off as a remote and barren wilderness, fruitful only in international complications, and occupied by us merely to satisfy wrong-headed imperial strategists and to provide employment for surplus Indian civilians and flying officers. At the opposite pole, enthusiasts have waxed eloquent over the infinite capacities of the Arabs for civilisation, and over the unlimited wealth that lies hidden in the soil of their country. Now that the dead hand of the Ottoman Empire has at last after long centuries been lifted, there is nothing, these partisan

advocates assert, to prevent our making Iraq one of the richest corners of the earth.

No one who has travelled, as the present writer has within the last few months, across the Syrian desert towards the boundaries of Persia and from north of Mosul to south of Baghdad, can doubt that extreme optimism in regard to the future of Iraq is only less justified than acute pessimism. A man who aims at judging fairly of how matters stand must put behind him all glamorous ideas, for there is no link left between modern Mesopotamia and its glorious past. The Baghdad of Haroun al Raschid has vanished as utterly as the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar or the Nineveh of Sennacherib. It is only a confusing accident that has retained the name. The city of the Caliphs might well have been rechristened, as Assyrian Nineveh has become Mosul. The memory of what once was can scarcely be said to survive even as a dim tradition. As one flies above the great, empty plains one sees, sunk in the sand, skeletons of buried cities and ruins of water works and canals. But to the modern Iraqi these mean hardly more than Zimbabwe means to the modern Mashona or Matabele. Outside a very small urban population mankind in the land of the two rivers is still in its cradle.

When the military occupation came to an end, the British advisers were taking over not a wealthy and an anciently civilised country, but a poor and backward Turkish province. There was no framework of orderly, routine government. The best that can be said of the Ottoman administration is that it was tolerant through indolence. What it did it did badly and corruptly. Officials were only active when they were seeking to line their own pockets. Large areas, especially in the highlands and west of the Euphrates, were left to the control of tribal leaders who at infrequent intervals received visits from headquarters, generally in the shape of an armed column. Provincial governors made no effort to get into touch with their subjects or to tour their districts, and experts in irrigation were until recently as non-existent as they had been in the days after the Mongol invasion. In

short, Iraq, like a boy who has run wild when he ought to have been at school, was ill-disciplined and uneducated. The task of its new masters was thus exceedingly onerous, and they were further handicapped by not being quite certain about the limits of their authority. They had to govern not a colony but a mandated territory, and the definition of a mandate, while it had been laid down in theory, had not been worked out in practice. Constitutional problems of exquisite nicety had to be solved at a time when much energy had also to be expended on such urgent duties as the putting down of brigandage, the enforcement of the more elementary laws of hygiene, and the regular collection of taxes. This is not to criticise the principle of mandates, but merely to bring out the inevitable complications introduced by that principle and so to do full justice to the achievement of the British officials. They have made mistakes in the past, and they are still not above reproach, but one can only object to details—and these not the most important—of their administration. As a whole they are entitled to point with pride to the fruits of their stewardship.

The Iraqi enjoy to-day a better government than they have ever known, and they are, temporarily at least, satisfied. There exists among them no powerful section of opinion demanding the withdrawal of Great Britain or protesting that she has misinterpreted the mandate to her own advantage. Experience of the fierce self-consciousness and resentment of all outside interference which has characterised small nations since the war would suggest that this is too good to be true. Nevertheless it is a fact. Even the nationalists in opposition, although they complain about the behaviour of individuals and the treatment of certain internal questions, level no general charge against our system. They say frankly that they need British help as much for the setting up of an efficient government and Civil Service and for developing the country industrially as for protection against invasion. They admit, moreover, that a most encouraging beginning has been made. The various ministries are rapidly learning to work the everyday side of civilised administration,

and the local authorities are teaching the peasants to expect justice. These latter officials are a new class that has been inspired by the British political officers to get to know its districts.

One of the most obvious consequences of this new organisation is that the revenue department is able to show increasingly satisfactory returns. Leakage in tax collection is growing less, and the incidence of taxation, although it is far from being perfect, is improving. In spite of gloomy forebodings the budget for this year has come down comfortably on the right side. Between the responsible native officials and their British advisers there is a surprising absence of friction, which proves good sense in the former and tact in the latter. It would, of course, be rash to suggest that, in the restless Orient of to-day, these conditions are permanent. But, regarding them through the eyes of a disinterested observer and not those of a prophet, one is filled with admiration for what has been accomplished. After witnessing the hopeless confusion and wild discontent that exists in Syria, where, until the arrival of the present High Commissioner, hardly anything had been done to work out the mandatory system, a visit to Iraq is a refreshing tonic.

To turn from the civil to the commercial and industrial side of the picture is to find a more sketchily covered canvas. The civil cannot be described as complete, but it is at any rate all there in rough outline. What remains to be filled in is plainly seen, and we may already express an opinion as to the excellence of the artist. But over commerce and industry we cannot do more than state possibilities. At present Iraq depends for its wealth on agriculture, on being the depot for Persia (almost all that country's imports proceed by caravan through Baghdad or Basra), and on minor, miscellaneous exports, of which dates are the most lucrative. None of these sources is sufficient to give Iraq much more than a bare living. Her hopes of ever being really rich depend on two very imperfectly explored factors—on oil and cotton.

The first of these has been the motive of much diplomatic and high financial manœuvrings for many years, but

it has yet to face the acid test. That oil exists, not only in the north but scattered over the country, including the vilayet of Baghdad, has long been known. But, so far, no wells have been sunk, and until this is done it is impossible to say whether oil exists in sufficient quantity to render its exploitation commercially profitable. The Turkish Petroleum Company, controlled by international capital, has been granted a concession by the Iraq Government, and has offices in Baghdad and surveyors in many districts. Uncertainty as to the political future had delayed the activities of the "T.P.C." until the new Treaty was finally ratified by the Imperial Government. Now the work is going ahead, and drilling may be expected to begin soon on a fairly large scale. But, as the early history of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company shows, progress is slow, and some years at least must elapse before output and profits begin to assume large proportions. If all goes well, and the Iraq fields prove a worthy counterpart to their near neighbours in Persia, then the problem of the pipeline—that is of conveying the oil to the most convenient sea base—will have to be settled. So far there is no agreement as to where such a port would be located. Various points on the Syrian coast have been suggested and compared with others in Palestine. The final choice would, of course, be partly dependent on the route followed by a future trans-desert railway linking up the Mediterranean with Baghdad. Enough has been said to indicate that no definite assertions can yet be made as to the prospects of oil, and that some considerable time is likely to pass before the question is placed beyond doubt.

From oil one has to pass to water, for cotton, the second potential source of wealth in Iraq, is bound up with irrigation. Here one has to tread warily, for one is on holy—and thorny—ground. Baghdad of the Caliphate, Babylon, Ur of the Chaldees, Ctesiphon and other famous centres of ancient civilisation all lie buried in the delta of the rivers which now only supports a series of meagre villages. The moral seems obvious, and it has often been drawn. The irrigation works of the ancients have only to

be repeated with modern improvements and Mesopotamia would blossom into a second Egypt watered by two Niles instead of by one. Much can unquestionably be achieved in this direction, but here again one has to guard against generalisations and to stick, as far as possible, to figures. It is not altogether clear either how much the ancients watered by artificial means at any given period, or how far conditions may have changed. The distinguished Egyptian expert, Sir William Willcox, who carried out an elaborate survey and built the Hindiya barrage, and is probably the first authority on the question, decided that out of a maximum available twelve million acres, no more than seven million were ever simultaneously cultivated. Centres of civilisation shifted repeatedly and new areas were sown, while others were surrendered back to the desert. According to the most recent statistics (and in the absence of any thorough cadastral survey these must be accepted as approximate) about half a million acres of wheat and rather more barley were all Iraq had to show, and about half the wheat, even then, came from the rain-served north, outside the Delta. So there is no doubt that, making ample allowance for every possible adversity, enormous improvements could be brought about by a progressive administration with funds at its disposal.

The capital cost would, as Sir William Willcox agreed, run into many millions, and at the moment there is little prospect of capital being attracted from abroad and none of its being raised in the country. The experts (recruited from Egypt) are therefore wisely confining themselves to such minor works as are within the means of the Government. Their problem is distinctly different from that confronting irrigation officers in Egypt and the Sudan. For, whereas the Nile floods slowly and with almost clockwork regularity in late summer, the Tigris and the Euphrates flood uncertainly and in spring, followed by a hot summer. Experiments with cotton have been conducted vigorously in the last three or four years, and as a result, it has been found that a variety described in Lancashire as "a good bread and butter cotton," is the most suitable. But there has not yet been

time for cultivation on a wide scale as the figure for last year, 940,000 lb., will show. Growers, among whom King Feisal, who owns a farm near Khanikin on the Persian frontier, has been markedly successful, have had to face many difficulties. Shortage of labour, which would be very serious if really large areas were planted, has to be got over; the whole population of Iraq is only about three and a half millions, including a considerable proportion of nomadic tribes. Cotton, then, like oil, must be set down as a hopeful but not as a certain asset. How far it can be developed will not be decided until it has undergone many more tests than have hitherto been possible. That it can become an important commercial proposition, so far as the soil enters into the matter, has been fairly conclusively established. But beyond that doubt remains. When one remembers for how brief a period these matters have been explored, one need not be surprised that so much obscurity still enshrouds them. Iraq must be regarded as a virgin, undeveloped country, and its future as a hopeful gamble.

While its people are beginning to fight over again the battles won and lost so long ago against the great rivers, they, like their forerunners in all ages, have to keep one eye on their frontiers. Informed opinion on the spot does not believe that the Turks mean to attack. The Nationalists of the republic, it is felt, have barked without seriously intending to bite, and they have been encouraged by the attitude of the anti-mandate Press in England. Having gained so much more since the collapse of the old empire than seemed possible, they have the greatest confidence in the powers of bluff. But theirs is now a small country, weakened by internal trouble with the Kurds, and they are not anxious to embark on an expensive war. This view is naturally advanced with caution, but it has been strengthened by the acceptance of the new Treaty in London and in Baghdad, which has made a strong impression in Angora. Nevertheless, the possibility of a war cannot be ignored, and it is not easy to see how Great Britain could keep out of one were it to begin. From a strategical point of view, if from no other, such a campaign

would be intensely interesting. For aircraft would play a more predominant part in it than ever before in history. The defence of Iraq is now under the command of the Air Vice-Marshal, and the land force at his disposal is small. There are two battalions of British infantry, some units of the Indian Army, Arab and Assyrian levies under British command, and the British-trained national army. This last, which, it is hoped, will one day take over the full defence of the country, is improving, but it is not highly trained, and its native officers leave something to be desired. Even taken together, this mixed British, Indian, Arab, and Assyrian force is not so formidable as to make a Turkish invasion out of the question. Reinforcements could, of course, be sent in five days from India, and the Mediterranean Fleet would be able to bombard the Turkish ports. But in Iraq a lion's share of hostilities would go to the Royal Air Force. There are eight squadrons stationed in aerodromes scattered along the frontier, in Baghdad, and in Basra. When one compares this with Egypt, Palestine, and Transjordan, which have four squadrons between them, and India, which has six, it will be seen what a large proportion of our flying strength is concentrated in Iraq. (Only at home, where there are twenty-five squadrons, is there a greater muster.) In this connection it should be emphasised that the taxpayer at home has no reason to complain that he is paying heavily to police the sands. If these eight squadrons were not in Iraq they would have to be maintained elsewhere, for, unless our policy is radically changed, expansion rather than cutting down is to be followed in the upkeep of the air arm. In peace time the R.A.F. does certainly save the administration of Iraq considerable expense, for it is used to keep order where otherwise a column would have to be despatched. It is not used, as has been alleged, purely to punish tribesmen in arrears over their taxes, but only when there have been breaches of civil order committed. How far it would prove effective in war remains to be seen. It would operate undisturbed by enemy aircraft, as what few aeroplanes the Turks could bring in could offer no serious resistance. It would be able to inflict terrible

casualties on any army that attempted to advance into Iraq down the narrow mountainous gorges which are the only way of approach east of Mosul. But these are so awkward (no wheeled traffic can cross the mountains anywhere east of Mosul and up to the Persian border) that it is almost certain that an invasion would either follow roughly the course of the Euphrates or strike at Zakho and thence at Mosul. In these cases the aeroplanes would not be offered quite so admirable a target, and their effectiveness would be dependent on the *moral* of the invaders under continuous bombing.

Before leaving the military aspect of Iraq's future it may be observed that without Mosul the country could not have been defended. The mountains lie some fifty miles north of Mosul, and from that city the plains stretch unbroken to Baghdad. From a strategical angle there can be no doubt as to the justice of the League of Nations Commission's decision. Nor, indeed, can there from any other angle. The argument that the Turks have been insisting upon lately, that unless they have all Kurdistan under their rule they will always be disturbed by revolts plotted beyond their frontier is valueless. For the Kurds are so scattered through Turkey, Iraq, Persia, and even Syria, and are so nomadic, that no conceivable frontier adjustment would produce the desired effect. Moreover, the Turks would endure tranquillity much more certainly by treating the Kurds already under them with justice than by trying to bring others into their merciless fold.

Such is a brief, unbiassed survey of the position in Iraq now that Great Britain is pledged to remain there for a generation. In conclusion, it should be added that when the Cairo to Baghdad air service (which already runs every fortnight) becomes a regular, civil route, Iraq will be an important stepping-stone on the way to India. Already the weekly desert motor mail, which only began less than three years ago, has brought Baghdad to within about a ten days' journey of London, whereas until 1923 it had been more remote from Europe than is Bombay.

FROM VERSAILLES TO GENEVA

BY JOHN BELL

WITH Germany a member of the League of Nations, presumably, in September, and exercising her authority on the Council in the same fashion as those nations with whom she was at war, the time seems opportune to take stock of the momentous things that have happened since peace was signed at Versailles. And much has occurred between the acts at Versailles and Geneva, much that is worth recalling in view of the situation in Europe to-day and its possible developments.

When the nations who were engaged in the European conflict sent their peace plenipotentiaries to Paris to draw up a treaty to be presented to the beaten foe they little thought of the difficulties that would be encountered in its application. They knew that it would be a long time before the ravages of war could be effaced, before the nations could return to pre-war conditions. They had in mind the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars—serious economic disturbances, money crises, food shortage and high prices—but not all those who participated in framing the Versailles Treaty imagined that the settling down of Europe would be so difficult a business, so fraught with disappointments.

The prophet who dared to suggest that seven years after the signing of peace there would be more than a million people out of work in England, that a dole system would be in operation, and that the coal industry would be subsidised, would have been ridiculed. And if a French prophet had suggested that the value of the franc would fall to something like eighteen centimes, while the money of defeated Germany would be based on the gold standard and would be equal to the pound, he would have been considered by the majority of his compatriots as a fit subject for Charenton, the madhouse near Paris.

It was inevitable that the Peace Treaty should create

illusions. A great deal of time was wasted when the plenipotentiaries got to work, and later on they were in too great a hurry to complete their task. This was the impression formed by many of us whose duty it was to record the work of the peace-makers. What floods of useless talk there were in Paris! When the moment arrived to put up the floodgates there was a general consensus of opinion that much valuable time had been wasted. Even the Big Three—President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and M. Clemenceau—wasted time, for each had his point of view on all the great questions that had to be settled, and sought to impose it on the others.

Seven years is, after all, a short space of time, and it is significant that the Big Three have been effaced by death or by political vicissitudes. There was no doubt about the attitude of President Wilson. His keenness often took the form of a dictatorship which M. Clemenceau would not tolerate. There were times when the "Tiger" was inclined to show his claws. His task was not easy, for he had not only to fight President Wilson and from time to time Mr. Lloyd George, but he was constantly pestered by certain politicians who feared that he was surrendering the rights of France. The most watchful observer of the Big Three was M. Poincaré, then President of the Republic, who followed the deliberations at the Peace Conference breakfast table with some concern, and there were moments when he chafed and deplored the decisions reached.

M. Poincaré was particularly insistent on the security of the occupation of the Rhine. As President of the Republic it was within his province to guide the President of the Council in matters of national defence. He felt that M. Clemenceau was not showing sufficient firmness, was not obtaining satisfactory guarantees of French security before the Rhine was evacuated, and he found it necessary to write long letters to the Premier on this subject. M. Clemenceau had also trouble with Marshal Foch, who was naturally anxious that the victory gained for the Allied cause should not be weakened by the peace plenipotentiaries. It was the view of the Commander-in-

Chief of the Allied armies that the peace conditions drawn up were far from perfect, that the Rhine should have been made the political frontier, and he had the courage to protest against what the peace-makers had done at one of the last sittings of the Conference when the conditions were enumerated.

M. Clemenceau was bitterly accused of having made an unjust peace, so far as France was concerned, by those who to-day are among the strongest French pacifists. The man who by his resolute courage had killed defeatism in France, had put an end to propaganda favouring the designs of Germany, had inspired the nation to a determination to continue the war until victory was achieved, was assailed on all sides and driven into retirement. He is now finding solace in literary work, wielding that facile pen of his and turning out books in which the philosophical note is supposed to be brought out, but which in reality are studies of disillusionment. No man who has worked for the good of his country can write more feelingly on human ingratitude than M. Clemenceau.

While he was in Paris, which gave him the welcome of a popular king, President Wilson kept aloof, skilfully frustrating all efforts to lionise him. He had come to the Peace Conference with fixed ideas as to the conditions that should be imposed on Germany, and it was soon made clear that he intended to impose them on the plenipotentiaries. As we have seen, his ideas were not just, either to the European nations or to the United States; for while the former accepted them in most part, the latter repudiated all that he had signed on their behalf. Not only did they refuse to participate in the work of the League of Nations, but also in the application of the Peace Treaty. It would not be difficult to argue that what was done in Paris in the name of the United States is in some measure responsible for the present aloofness between them and Europe.

The other great figure in the Peace Conference scenes, sometimes dramatic, sometimes pathetic, and always marked by great anxiety, alternating with hope and despair, was Mr. Lloyd George, of whom his present foes

and former friends must admit that throughout the trying period he kept a level head and did all that was humanly possible to establish a peace in conformity with the interests of the British Empire. Surrounded by a multitude of counsellors, he had the knack of readily assimilating expert advice. Then, too, he was animated with the sincere desire to work loyally with M. Clemenceau, for whom he had, and still has, a profound admiration.

Mr. Lloyd George was always frank and candid. At the weekly tea-parties at the Hotel Majestic, the headquarters of the British Peace Delegation, he allowed himself to be heckled by the Press representatives of the British Empire. In those days he had a tremendous admiration for France. One of the greatest speeches he ever delivered was not reported. It was a panegyric on France and M. Clemenceau delivered in stirring language which moved his hearers to intense enthusiasm. They had met to do honour to Sir George, now Lord, Riddell, who had rendered inestimable services to the newspapers of his country by the able manner in which he imparted Peace Conference news. I have often asked myself how it came about that Mr. Lloyd George changed his views about France, how he came to forget that great speech in which he depicted in pathetic terms the sufferings of a country that had bled and suffered so much before England was ready to participate in the struggle, how he came to look upon France as militarist and Imperialist. Unfortunately, this false idea of France spread in the years that followed the Peace Conference. The pity of it is that it not only disturbed the relations between France and England, but it operated against the application of the Versailles Treaty. The Marquis of Crewe, the British Ambassador in Paris, rendered a useful service when he had the courage to speak plainly and to inform the world that it was a *bêtise* to hold the view that France was a militarist and Imperialist nation.

It was inevitable that difficulty should be experienced in forcing Germany to execute a peace treaty which she never intended to accept, which was signed by two representatives, Dr. Müller and Herr Johann Bell, whom the

German nation in the mass, in spite of the powers given to them, regarded as figureheads appointed to discharge a disagreeable but necessary duty. From what has happened the world knows now, if it did not know then, that the Treaty was signed with mental reservations so far as Germany was concerned. She considered it an unjust and inexecutable Treaty, and she set to work first to have it revised and finally to make it inoperative. Who will say that she has failed in her efforts? Her diplomacy has often been described as clumsy. It has not been at all maladroit in its application to the Peace Treaty. The disarmament clauses are supposed to have been fulfilled, and the Cologne zone is evacuated. Our régime there was from first to last marked by that sense of justice characteristic of our race, and yet on the morrow of the evacuation we had Dr. Adenauer, the Oberbürgermeister of Cologne, speaking of the oppression of the occupation.

Germany has acted very cautiously in her handling of the Peace Treaty, and when note is taken of all that she has accomplished it must be admitted that she has shown remarkable skill. Unfortunately, she received great encouragement by Allied dissensions on the subject of reparations. It is a painful story, this wrangling, continued for years, over what Germany should be called upon to pay, and how she should make her payments. Asperities are softened by the lapse of time. It may have been the result of clever German propaganda, but it is a fact that we in England got the notion that France was showing a merciless attitude towards the beaten enemy, that she was insisting on the impossible, that she was seeking to keep Germany down for ever, thus preventing that economic reorganisation of which Europe stood in need. The vision of certain British politicians was so clouded that they could not grasp realities, could not see, and would not admit that France was only clamouring for her due—just reparations for the damages she had suffered.

Successive French Premiers, MM. Millerand, Leygues, Briand, and Poincaré, pleaded in vain for a united front against Germany, for a common reparations policy just as

there had been a common military effort. The dissensions to which Mr. Lloyd George lent himself led to recriminations against France which are now admitted to have been unjust. While most people, guided in their appreciations of national virtues and failings, of aims and political ambitions, by events, now realise that France is animated by peaceful aspirations, Mr. Lloyd George and certain organs of British opinion still refuse to look facts in the face. For them it is a case of distrusting our great ally in the war and of placing unlimited confidence in Germany, who, let it not be forgotten, still poses as the innocent victim of the conflict, still refuses to admit that she was in the wrong.

It was natural that Germany should seek to profit from Allied divergencies. She got it into her head that with a strong section of British opinion mobilised against France, who wanted to bring her to book for her failure to furnish reparations, no action would or could be taken against her. Germany reckoned without M. Poincaré. The French Government was bound to take action, but it is possible to conjecture that we should not have had the Ruhr adventure had there been a united Allied front on the question of Germany's default in her reparation payments. She would have somehow found the means of preventing an Allied occupation of the Ruhr, which even Mr. Lloyd George himself had envisaged before 1923. Did he not talk of making Germany pay up to the last penny?

The outcome of the Ruhr occupation by the French and the Belgians was the Dawes Plan, which was accepted by Germany not because she thought it could be executed, but because she would have been placed in a bad light if she had refused it. There was another reason: by consenting to furnish reparations under this plan there was no longer any justification for the occupation of the Ruhr. The plan is working very well so far; reparation in money and kind is being made. But who can say that the Germans will not seek to modify this plan just as they have obtained modifications of the Peace Treaty? Already complaints are heard of the intolerable burden which the execution of the plan places on German industry, and once

Germany enters the League of Nations it will not be long before she makes representations, as she can do, for a modification of the scheme of payments on the ground that it cannot be executed.

The logical sequel to the Dawes Plan was a security pact. Having put Germany's financial house in order—she was herself largely responsible for the cataclysm which brought about her bankruptcy—having helped her to meet her reparation payments, the Allies very properly considered that the time had come to remove the menace of war, to give France that assurance of security to which she was entitled. France would have preferred the Geneva Protocol, painfully elaborated, but in the face of British opposition she had to abandon her dream of mutual assistance and arbitration.

The world, sighing for peace in Europe, experienced a shock when Germany herself proposed a pact of security. It was a dramatic stroke on the part of the Berlin Government. Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Herriot, the then French Premier, rubbed their eyes. They wanted to make sure that they were not dreaming. A pact of security proposed by Germany—why, that would mean the end of all revengeful thoughts! It would mean that the world had been deceived, that Germany had no idea of another war, no desire to wipe out the ignominy of her defeat. It could also be taken to indicate that instead of thinking of revenge she wished to forget the tragic past and enter on the path of reconciliation.

At any rate, this was the interpretation that Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Herriot put upon the German offer. They could not do otherwise than come to this conclusion. In the face of a Europe obsessed with fears of another war they were forced to give serious attention to the German offer. To be just it has to be said that the German *démarche* gave great satisfaction to that large association born of the peace known as the Reichsbanner, the adversary of Nationalist groups who still believe that Germany was not militarily defeated, and that she ought to think of one thing only—to prepare for the day when the restoration of the monarchy, the symbol of the nation's might,

would be restored, when there would be a return to the state of things which existed in 1914.

The German proposals were dictated by two motives: (1) to give the world a proof of Germany's peaceful intentions, and (2) to put forward every effort to profit from them. The Berlin Government had nothing to lose by its offer, but, on the contrary, there was every chance that a great deal would be gained. So after many weeks of diplomatic activity between England and France it was resolved to take Germany at her word. The English and French Foreign Offices were agreed that they would have to act cautiously. Germany had offered a pact of security for the West. There was no mention of a similar proposal guaranteeing the security of the nations beyond her eastern and southern frontiers.

The position of France was rather delicate. When the proposal emanating from the Peace Conference that Britain and the United States would go to her aid if she was the victim of an unprovoked aggression fell through because the American Government refused to ratify it, France found it necessary to make what arrangements she could for guaranteeing her own security. The idea was to hem in Germany, to make defensive alliances with countries like Poland. The existence of these alliances complicated the situation created by the German offer. They had to be taken into account. So far as France was concerned there had to be security in the East as well as in the West. For what would be the use of a pact of security for the West if there was to be trouble on Germany's eastern frontier, if the German dream of getting back Upper Silesia, of doing away with the Dantzig corridor, was realised?

French logic prevailed at Locarno. If Germany was sincere in her offer of a pact of peace and security in the West she should be not less sincere in her wish to preserve the *régime* on her eastern and southern borders as laid down in the Peace Treaty. Thus it came about that arbitration treaties were signed for West and East alike. What we know as the Locarno spirit was born. Europe breathed freely. The menace of war was removed.

Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand, who had been animated by one common thought, to establish an era of permanent peace in Europe, to bring about reconciliation with Germany, and to receive her into the League of Nations, returned home as diplomatic heroes.

What they had done did not please everybody in England and France. It would have been strange if no dissentient voices had been heard. The work of Sir Austen Chamberlain, in spite of the criticism of writers in a section of the British Press, will be considered by the dispassionate historian as a great achievement. And this must be the verdict whatever happens, for he seized the opportunity of effecting European reconciliation, and if Germany once more breaks her word—and having regard to her deplorable past we have no absolute certainty that she will keep it—no blame can be attached to him. He could not have acted otherwise, and, despite the fulminations of certain writers in the English Press who appear to have forgotten the war and know very little of the real mind of Germany, he showed caution and circumspection demanded by the occasion and the circumstances.

The first tangible result of the Locarno spirit was the evacuation of the Cologne zone. If the date of evacuation was overdue it has always to be remembered that Germany was to blame for the delay. From the first and all the time there had been trouble to force her to fulfil the disarmament clauses of the Peace Treaty. She concealed her armaments. She did her utmost to hoodwink the Inter-Allied Commission of Control. Finally, she was considered to be disarmed, and in keeping with an undertaking given at Locarno, an earnest of the readiness of the Allies to practise the spirit emanating from the Pact deliberations, Cologne was evacuated. But is Germany wholly disarmed? It is to be hoped so, though there are uncomfortable evidences now and again to the contrary. The fact remains that a very considerable section of Germans are not disarmed in their hearts. The Nationalists are still a force to be reckoned with. They, at any rate, refuse to share the Locarno spirit.

The doings at Geneva proved once more, and in a some-

what dramatic fashion, that there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Here, again, Sir Austen Chamberlain and M. Briand cannot be held responsible for the painful disillusionment which marked the last session of the Council of the League of Nations. It has been argued that what happened was a cruel set-back to their diplomacy. What they really aimed at was to preserve the decisions reached at Locarno. The desire to enlarge the Council was no concern of Germany, not yet a member of the League. Her attitude was not that of a suppliant, a fit demeanour to assume in the circumstances; it was that of a dictator. German writers have let it be seen that if Germany entered the League it was with mental reservations. Since Poland raised no objection to her obtaining a permanent seat on the Council there was no reason why Poland should not be given a non-permanent place. The effect of Sweden's abnegation was defeated by Brazil's recalcitrancy. But all is not lost, as some of Sir Austen Chamberlain's critics would seem to assume. The set-back at Geneva must be overcome. The air must be cleared in September.

Germany will be received into the bosom of the League. For her there can be no drawing back, whatever the composition of the Council. And for this reason: she has everything to gain and nothing to lose. We have a clear idea of what she hopes to gain. Dr. Stresemann has spoken plainly. With Germany a member of the League with a seat on the Council, sworn to abide by the decisions of Locarno, she will strive, first of all, to create an atmosphere and a state of mind in conformity with the spirit of what has been signed. What can her former enemies, now her partners in a pact of peace, say to her demand that the Rhine be evacuated, that the last foreign soldier shall leave her territory?

For many Germans it is through the League of Nations that the hateful Versailles Treaty shall be done away with or modified beyond recognition. And, indeed, the other parties to a pact which is supposed to inspire confidence as well as to secure peace will not be in the position to resist her demand. Germany will have logic on her side. She

will ask her former enemies to give her the surest manifestation of their goodwill, which will be to quit the Rhine. Except for the burden of the Dawes Plan she will then be free either to live in harmony with the rest of Europe or to live and wait for the day when she will be sufficiently strong again to make the attempt to wipe off old scores.

Sharing the Locarno spirit, confirmed at Geneva notwithstanding the barren result of the last session of the League Council, let us give her the credit for good intentions. If she follows the straight path she can render inestimable services to Europe. For there are many problems to be solved besides that of instituting an era of permanent peace. There is the anguishing problem of restoring the former prosperity of the Continent, of finding employment for the millions of workless people in England, Germany and in other countries. Things cannot remain as they are. If arrangements have been made by which military clashes in the future will be avoided, steps ought to be taken to prevent war of another kind—an economic conflict by means of tariffs, cartels and depreciated exchanges, which permit some countries to sell much and buy little, while other nations with a gold standard, like England and Germany, experience difficulty in finding markets for the goods they produce and have to support their idle people.

The primary desideratum is a re-establishment of the rates of exchange, the second an understanding about tariffs of a character to eliminate cut-throat competition. A Customs Union for Europe would be a fitting complement to the Pact of Security. It would consolidate the Locarno and Geneva decisions in that it would enable the nations to work together united by a common economic bond. There would still be international competition, but it would be less severe if wages and labour conditions, factors in the cost of production, were about equal. There is an International Labour Bureau at Geneva which keeps an eye on the hours of labour, and the question arises whether it would be possible to regulate wages in the same way. This is admittedly a difficult problem, but so was that of getting the nations to agree on a common peace

policy; and if it could be solved it is conceivable that not only would there be a fairer distribution of the world's markets, with money values restored and tariff walls reduced, but we might have fewer industrial conflicts and a better spirit between employers and employed.

There is all the more reason why the nations of Europe should settle these matters—and a settlement would appear to be necessary if economic reconstruction has not to remain a vain phrase—when we note the state of things, and particularly the state of mind, in America. To say that America is the only country that emerged from the Great War with greatly increased prosperity is to repeat a truism. The dollar is the master of the world. It enslaves all other currencies. Unfortunately the enslavement will not be temporary. Arrangements already made or in the making for settling the debts which the Allies owe to America mean that the enslavement will continue for at least three generations. The Allies fought to conserve their freedom, to avoid the hegemony which Germany would undoubtedly have imposed upon them had she been victorious. What they really did was to avoid the slavery that successful militarism would have imposed and to fall under another slavery—that of money.

America, an associate in the war which would in time have been fought in her waters and conceivably in her territory had Europe fallen under the heel of Germany, was in the position to make a generous gesture. It was left to England, who had lost over seven hundred thousand of her sons and had borrowed money in order to enable her Allies to carry on, to make it. It will ever redound to the honour of the British Government that it made the offer to annul all war debts owing by the Allies if America did the same. But America, with her teeming wealth, refused to join us in making the *beau geste*. She preferred to regard the debts question not from the point of view of a stricken Europe needing help, not from moral or sentimental considerations, not from the standpoint of a creditor who had done so well in his dealings with Europe that he could well afford to be generous, but strictly from a commercial standpoint and with the soul of a Shylock.

There is a pathetic side to this question. For a time the attitude of the debtors towards the creditor savoured of subserviency. We were afraid to say what we felt about the matter. We were silent because we hoped that the debtor would in time be gripped by generous impulses. We were true to human nature in that we felt that the proper demeanour for an enslaved debtor to assume was one of silence. But even a worm turns; and when we have the egregious Senator Borah demanding that the British Government should compensate America for the American vessels seized before America came into the war it was high time that the pent-up indignation should be let loose. Mr. Churchill had the courage to voice the universal feeling. He could have said more. He could have dwelt on the hate of America created in Europe by her attitude since peace was signed—how, having engaged in the war, she refused to associate herself with the other combatant nations in applying the peace, except to arrange the money end of it.

The Dawes Plan, as its name indicates, is largely an American arrangement, and the more the effect of its operation is considered the stronger is the suspicion that the yield in gold marks will just be sufficient to recoup America for the money lent to the Allies.

It has been a painful journey from Versailles to Geneva. The gloom of a threatening war has been dissipated, and Europe may well hope that the sunlight of peace is come. But the money war has yet to be fought for economic and financial well-being, and up to now the dolorous portents are that the dollar is not the same friend to the pound, the franc and the lira as it proved itself to be during the last year of the military conflict.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW SELF-REVEALED¹

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

PART II

HENDERSON: I am often struck by the fact that there is no satisfactory vocabulary, terminology for playwriting. We speak of writing a play, constructing a drama, concocting a scene, devising a situation, creating characters. To what process—trade, science, art—do you find the making of a play most analogous?

SHAW (*smiling*): Singular and senseless conundrum! What do you collect analogies for?

HENDERSON (*dubitably*): I am neither a logician nor a literary entomologist. I merely want to talk intelligently. For instance, will you be so good as to take one of your plays the "construction" of which (that is, the way you "built" it) you think most typical of your own individual "style," and tell, as explicitly as you can, how you wrote it—constructed it?

SHAW (*exasperated*): I have been telling you nothing else for the last half-hour. You don't listen to a word. I say; you just wait for your turn and begin all over again. I am not conscious of my own individual style. If I have occasion—say in quoting another author—to copy out a sentence by another hand, I have to do it to my own rhythm. I know by this that I have a style just as I have a handwriting; but I could not caricature it. Swinburne tried to caricature his own style in his *Heptalogia*, but the result was only a caricature of other people's caricatures of him; he was unable to get at himself directly. Your suggestion that I should pick out one of my plays as the most typically Shavian is unworkable; you are asking me to deal with a factor which is visible to everyone but myself.

HENDERSON (*downcast*): This is most disappointing. I wish now I had picked out a play myself and tempted you to talk about it. Authors are extraordinarily shy about

(1) The earlier part of this discussion was published last month.—ED.,
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giving away the secrets of their art. Do you happen to know, anywhere, in any literature, the confessions of a dramatist as to how he wrote a play?

SHAW: No. How could he tell? The play itself is the How and Why as well as the What.

HENDERSON (*desperate*): You forget Pirandello; but no matter— Well, since you have side-stepped my leading question, perhaps you will tell whether, at any period of your career, you have consciously altered your technic?

SHAW (*takes the bait; sits up*): No. Just think. A writer is not like a painter or sculptor or composer; he has no special technic. He is professionalised solely by writing down what he has to say until the irksomeness of that very tedious operation wears off, and gives place to the painless facility of habit. His art is an art of speech, of thought, of imagination, recorded and transmitted by a technic of writing and spelling and grammar which everyone has to learn for the purposes of daily life. Painters and composers laugh at authors who talk about literary technic; for the painter or composer can write anything he has to say as well as the author without any apprenticeship; but ask the author to draw his hero, or paint the landscapes he pads his novels with and bores his readers by describing, or to put into musical notation and harmonise and orchestrate the delicious airs he tells you his *prima donna* heroine sang "on such a night" over the Adriatic and he cannot do it, because he has not mastered the technic of painting and music, which are so elaborate and difficult that only a few of the great masters have excelled in all departments of their art: for instance, Schumann and Chopin were hopeless duffers at orchestration as compared with Elgar; and Turner and Michael Angelo, though both pre-eminent painters, can hardly be regarded as practising the same profession.

In this sense a playwright is like any other author: he has no professional technic: what he has is simply a procedure; and as there are more ways of killing a dog than hanging, he may change his procedure. I know a playwright as eminent as myself whose procedure is so different from mine that I envy him the grip that it requires. He

writes his play with its stage business complete and ready for rehearsal at a single operation, sending it to the printer sheet by sheet as it comes from his pen in that finished condition, and not subsequently changing it. I could not do that to save my life. I write my dialogue first, the stage being in my mind only sufficiently to keep my work theatrically practicable and effective; and then I begin all over again and get all the stage business detailed and exact. Then there is the procedure at rehearsal, as to which I have a very precise system, whereas other producers, I am told, vary between a haphazard and—for the unfortunate actors—contemptuously inconsiderate succession of interruptions and wrangles which makes it astonishing that the play is produced at all, and a rigid dictation by the producer in which the actors are reduced to puppets, and are expected to reproduce even the exact tones of the producer's voice, which they sometimes revenge themselves by doing only too faithfully; so that the whole company gives ridiculous imitations of the producer instead of acting. Neither in this matter nor any other have I ever changed my procedure. I have found it successful and adaptable to all the developments of my work.

HENDERSON (*overcome*): That's fine; it took you such a long time to say No! And now to another matter. The procedure of dramatists has a direct bearing upon the question of texts. There has been much expert testimony and learned discussion of late regarding Shakespeare's texts. You have described to me the procedure of—as I happen to know—Sir Arthur Pinero. I should like to have a word regarding your own procedure.

SHAW (*interested*): I suppose you want to know if my plays were acted as printed or printed as acted. That is a valid question; for whereas my earlier plays were printed first and acted afterwards, many of my later ones were acted under my direction years before they were collected into volumes, to be finally revised for press in the light of my practical stage experience of them, and prefaced by essays to which they had no more relation (if so much) than a text has to a sermon.

Let me illustrate the consequences by an example.

My *Cæsar and Cleopatra* was written and published before it was acted. It was, except for the old copyrighting farce which has no importance and is now abolished by the last Copyrighting Act, first produced in Berlin. During the rehearsals it was discovered that I had forgotten to remove one of the characters, Apollodorus the Sicilian (hero of the carpet incident) from the stage in the third act. I had accordingly to write in a speech or two to dismiss him.

Later on, when Forbes Robertson, for whom the part of Cæsar was written, was at last able to take it up, he said one day that the big scene with Septimus in the second act required some additional preparatory ferment to enable him to make the most of it. I immediately wrote in about a dozen speeches to get it right for him. An edition from Forbes Robertson's prompt copy would contain those speeches, which I regret to say I have been too lazy to have inserted as yet in my own editions.

But there is a further complication. The great length of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* when performed in the old-fashioned way in acts separated by long intervals to allow the carpenters to put up and remove heavy scenic sets, led to several expedients to shorten it. I first cut out the third act; but the fascination of this episode of fun for the actors, and its success in Berlin, produced a rebellion against the author, and it had to be restored. To make room for it I struck out the first scenes of the first and fourth acts, and replaced them by a sort of grand overture in the form of a prologue to be spoken by the god Ra. But the difficulty was that this required another Forbes Robertson to deliver it; and the English stage produces only one at a time. Now suppose some twentieth century Heminge and Condell print in folio a version of the play from the authentic prompt copies used by our Burbage, the original Cæsar, and take my published editions as the equivalent of the Shakespearean quartos: the quartos will have scenes which are not in the folio, and the folio will have an entirely different opening and several passages which are missing from the quartos. Picture the resulting problems for the commentators—if my reputation ever runs to commentators.

HENDERSON: You must have had some hectic times

with *Man and Superman*. I think Mr. Esme Percy told me that he was the only man who had ever given the whole play—in Edinburgh, was it not? What relation did the *Dream in Hell* originally bear to the three-act comedy ordinarily played?

SHAW: Well, if its text had to be put together from prompt books and scene plots the materials would be: first, a three-act comedy, and, second, a piece of an indescribable genre entitled *A Dream of Don Juan in Hell*, the connection between them being discovered by the documents of later performances in which this dream, with an additional scene to explain its introduction, was performed as the third act of the comedy.

From *John Bull's Other Island* to *Pygmalion*, the prompt copies and the printed editions should be the same, because the plays passed through the furnace of production by the author before they were issued for press; but they are not quite so. I made revisions—of no great extent but of importance, as such things go—in many of them. And further changes are possible. The rehearsals of future revivals may suggest changes to me. An actor at a loss for his line may improvise one happy enough to be annexed by an author who has always taken his goods where he found them and been thankful. The passage that was right for one actress may be wrong for another, and may be modified accordingly. The changes need not be improvements: they may be adaptations to inevitable circumstances. The more skilful the author is, the more apt is he to adapt his work to the conditions instead of quarrelling with them. He may easily damage his work by adroit but too hasty alteration to suit merely accidental emergencies. There is a great deal to be said for obstinacy.

HENDERSON: Quite fascinating! And I seem to recall that one of your plays exhibits the curious "double time" found in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*?

SHAW: Yes. In *Fanny's First Play* the third act was written as two acts with an interval of a month between; but I hate intervals, and dislike violating the very valuable unity of time unnecessarily; so finally I ran the two acts together as they now stand. But, please note, I never

took the trouble to make the contingent alterations fully; and the act now presents a phenomenon called "double time," my act assuming a lapse, sometimes of a month, and sometimes of a single afternoon.¹

HENDERSON: At no time in the world's history, I daresay, has so large a percentage of the population tried its 'prentice hand at playwriting as now. I have read somewhere the figure that approximately one hundred thousand plays are written in the United States annually. Our colleges and universities—Harvard, Yale, Pittsburgh, North Carolina, to take conspicuous examples—offer courses in playwriting and play production. Do you think it possible to teach or train, successfully, anyone to become a dramatist?

SHAW (*sceptically*): Yes, if he is a dramatist already. It is like teaching people to read music at sight: you are wonderfully successful with pupils who have a sense of absolute pitch; but they would read just as well without you. My first play was a crude affair in some ways; but it held to the end an audience half of whom had come intending to hoot it off the stage. You see, they always wanted to hear what was coming next; and so the end was reached before they thought their moment had come: and then there was nothing for it but to hoot *me*. Now I could teach a beginner as much as I have learned technically since that evening in 1892: I daresay it would all go on half a sheet of notepaper. But why should I teach, seeing that he can find it out for himself, and that I have something better to do?

All the instruction that was offered to me was either wrong absolutely or wrong for me. All the books that profess to show how to write plays are wrong from beginning to end, and should be labelled *How Not To Do It*. There is a great deal to be learnt on the stage as to stage execution; but it must be learnt by watching the masters at work to see how they do it, and watching the duffers to find out why and where they failed, also by practising public speaking and learning thereby how to "put it across." But teachers who are not practitioners and never

(1) The content of the last three speeches, with much more detail, is to be found in the *Times*, October 25th, 1917.

have been are no use; and professors are the very devil, only duller. If you can't write a play without being taught, don't.

HENDERSON: Your epigram is famous: "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach." But I was looking at the matter from the viewpoint of the pupil, not the professor. And I think a good case might be made out for the contention that the author of *St. Joan* is immeasurably superior, as a dramatist, to the author of *Widowers' Houses*. Now I come to the last two matters, which are the most interesting and provocative of all. First, what principal factors must be borne in mind in writing a play?

SHAW (*taking a deep breath*): The aspect and mechanical limitations of the stage only. The born playwright has "theatre sense" and bears them in mind automatically. They do not hamper his imagination, because all human faculties accept the limits of possibility without protest if they are conscious of them: that is, in this case, if they have theatre sense. For instance, no writer feels trammelled because his hero may have only one head and two legs, and cannot be in two places at once. In the same way the genuine playwright does not feel trammelled because he has to work under conditions which are not imposed on the novelist.

By the way, it would be great fun to make a novelist work out all his scenes on a stage. He would be amazed at the number of physical impossibilities he would encounter. That is why all playwrights feel that any fool can write a novel. What is there to hinder him when he is working on a plane where he is absolutely fancy free—where there is no real time, space, dimension or gravitation? Both the playwright and the actor have to produce the illusions of this free plane within the limitations of a material framework in which there is inexorable time and very little of it, and a narrow space which is far more cramping than space in general, because though it has three dimensions it has only one aspect, and is therefore halfway between ordinary space and the space of one dimension with which the painter has to be content.

It is really very curious from the point of view of a

student of the evolution of human faculty that some men should be born not only with the power of adapting their imaginative visions to these excessively artificial conditions but with a positive habit of doing it. It is what makes all the difference between the playwright and the novelist. Compare Shakespeare and Molière with Scott and Dickens, and you will hardly venture to say that Scott lacked Shakespearean rhetoric or knack of character drawing or sense of landscape, or that Molière's Jourdain is a better character sketch than Dickens' Dorrit. The difference that made the first two of them playwrights and the second two novelists seems to be simply that the playwrights knew all through that their figures would be real, ponderable, solid men and women who would have to speak and move actually on, say, a hundred square yards of boarding in such a way as to be visible and audible to a crowd of spectators at one end of the boarding, whereas the novelists imagined them as imponderables in Lochleven or in London at large. In short, the playwright accepts the Aristotelian Unities, which Dickens makes fun of in *Nicholas Nickleby* without knowing what they are. The unities are not the same for a Greek theatre as for a Restoration theatre, or a Victorian theatre, or a movie show; but each of these theatres imposes its own limitations; and in writing a play you must keep within those limitations or your play will not be playable. The odd thing is that the limitations are natural to the born playwright, whereas they paralyse the novelist, making it impossible for him to take the stage seriously. The gravest novelists begin to tomfool the moment they try to write for the stage, unless they have theatre sense as well, like Galsworthy.

HENDERSON (*rhapsodically*): How divine is Art! How godlike the dramatist! Out of the cloudstuff of his fancy he shapes, moulds, creates, the vital beings of the living world, often more verisimilar than the shadowy creatures of flesh and blood among whom he moves. Behind it all is a mystery. With a curiosity intense and insatiable, one longs to know what takes place when the dramatist creates a play.

SHAW (*mystically*): Imagination. If I could tell you more than that, I should be famous, not as a playwright, but as the greatest psychologist that ever lived. But the object of the mental procedure is plain enough. It is to select from the unmeaning mass of events which you can record by cinematographing a crowded city street—a spectacle which leaves you as ignorant and bewildered as it has left many a bootblack who has seen it day after day for years—a set of imaginary but possible persons and a series of imaginary but possible actions which make life intelligible and suggest some interpretation of it. When the great dramatists are driven by their evolutionary appetite to do this, and have invented the theatre and the art of acting, and the dramatic form in literature to communicate their lesson to the world, then smaller men in the theatre work for smaller ends to raise a laugh, to tell naughty stories in dramatic form, to tomfool or sentimentalise according to their taste and depth and that of the paying public; but the root of the business is our desire for larger and clearer consciousness of the nature and purpose of that wonderful mystery Life, of which we find ourselves the tormented and erratic, but still aspiring vehicles.

ON GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS

BY LIONEL CUST, LITT.D., C.V.O.

IN a recent letter to the Prime Minister Sir Joseph Duveen has put forward an urgent plea for an increased support of the Fine Arts in England at the public expense on the lines of the support given in this way, especially to the art of painting, in France, Belgium and elsewhere. The subject is by no means new, for similar appeals have been made to former Governments, followed sometimes by hastily devised schemes, occasionally with unfortunate results, in which the yearning public took but a fleeting interest.

Sir Joseph Duveen thinks that England has lagged behind in such matters. Is he quite sure of his ground when he speaks of the blessings of Government patronage of Art in France and elsewhere? Any traveller who cares to visit the local museums and art galleries in France can judge for himself. It is evident that the intention may have been good and may not always have failed in its object. Each year the Government, be it Royal, Imperial or Republican, has set aside a sum of money to be expended upon the purchase of paintings from the Salon and other public exhibitions in Paris. No system seems to have been followed, the opportunity of doing a bit of patronage being in the hands formerly of the Sovereign, but now of the Minister who for the time being holds the portfolio of the Fine Arts. Allowing for a certain amount of intrigue, experience seems to have pointed out that the easiest, and perhaps the kindest, method of spending the money has been to buy the largest picture of the year on the assumption that unless the painter has been carrying out a commission given beforehand he, poor devil, would have little chance of disposing of his *magnum opus* in any other way. The next step would be to find a home for this painting in some public institution. One by one the local art galleries in France, great and small, have got crowded

up with huge canvases of no local interest, by painters now almost unknown, and often representing some incident from ancient history of a peculiarly sanguinary nature. It may be said that in every case the painting has been executed with great skill and great labour, and if it could have been used for some suitable decorative purpose the painter might have obtained greater esteem for his work. The fatal words *Don de l'Etat* have sealed the fate of the painting and condemned it to moulder unwanted in some remote place of exile. The only satisfaction that remains is that the painter, as Sir Joseph Duveen would wish, did receive some public money in payment for his work.

Take, again, the treatment of these art galleries by the governing authorities in France. Setting aside Paris and a few great provincial towns, in which immense sums of money have been spent on a pretentious art gallery, which in itself may be a greater source of pride to the citizens than its contents, the collections of paintings in public possession will usually be found stuffed away into two or three ill-lighted rooms in the town hall or some other public institution. Access can in some cases only be obtained by ringing up and paying a fee to the *concierge* of the building. There is seldom any attempt at arrangement, and hardly ever a catalogue. Every collection contains a few pictures of some special interest, and often other works of art. The gallery at Alençon, for instance, contains a very precious collection of drawings by Old Masters, which fortunately cannot for want of space be placed upon exhibition. A casual visitor would never know of their existence. A different policy prevails at Nantes, where there is a brand new art gallery with gigantic staircases and marble floors to contain a collection of moderate excellence, but including a very fine collection of drawings by Old Masters, which have in this case all been placed on exhibition in reckless disregard of the special care which these precious objects need. Speaking generally, the attitude of the ordinary French citizen to the fine arts is one of indifference based upon ignorance. Does Sir Joseph Duveen consider England lagging behind France in this matter? Take, for instance, the Art

Gallery at Birmingham, entirely created by the enterprise and generosity of its citizens. Take Manchester or Liverpool, or Bristol, or Norwich, or Glasgow. In each case the local art gallery is a living factor in the life of the city itself. It may be conceded that the taste of a provincial citizen in England may not be quite the same as that of a millionaire in New York. At all events it is well represented in the National Gallery of British Art, to which Sir Joseph Duveen and his father have been such generous benefactors. It is through these great provincial galleries that the public support of working artists has been and is still being practised. They would not welcome any *Don de l'Etat*. They would prefer to do the giving themselves.

The British Government has never lent an entirely deaf ear to appeals on behalf of the art of painting. Do many people ever reckon up how much has been done in this direction during the past hundred years, or how much they have taken the trouble to see or note for themselves? Sculpture and architecture have had their day, especially during the last ten years. Leaving architecture alone, has not London been blessed during the last twenty years with such triumphant works of art as the Victoria Memorial, the Cenotaph, the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner, the Edith Cavell Monument, the sculpture on the new London County Council Hall, and the now famous Rima in Hyde Park? Strange to say, though, these great works, in some cases by Royal Academicians of high repute, have not given universal satisfaction. Our civil authorities have been so anxious to maintain the supremacy of British art that they have hidden away from view the great group of "The Burghers of Calais," by Auguste Rodin, a gift to the nation by the National Art-Collections Fund, for fear lest the work of a foreigner should be esteemed of greater artistic merit than any of the works already referred to. Few men in the street could tell a stranger where to find Rodin's wonderful group. As regards painting also the Government has never been entirely indifferent. Even at the present moment they have given commissions to certain leading

painters to fill some empty spaces in the lobbies of the House of Commons. The painters selected are in every case the favourites of fortune already, so that the struggling artist will not get any assistance this way. The eminent artists selected are not to be allowed to select their subject or treat the decoration of the panel in their own way. The committee responsible for the selection of subjects seem to have consulted a well-known book written about fifty years ago by Miss Charlotte Yonge of immortal memory, entitled *Cameos from English History*, gauging in this way the intellectual level of the visitors to the House of Commons. Had each of the admirable artists selected been allowed to choose his subject and submit a design something might have been achieved, but to set Mr. Orpen to paint "Alfred and the Cakes," or Mr. Glyn Philpot "The Signing of Magna Carta," would seem to be rather a misdirection of good will.

The gist of all this discussion is that the British climate is not suitable for any large extent of mural decoration. In most cases our painters have not had time to study the peculiar circumstances in which their work would have to be executed. A painter, like most of those to be employed at Westminster, could hardly afford to give up his whole time to a work which it might take him weeks or months to complete. The Government could hardly afford to pay adequately for the artist's whole time. Lord Leighton, with a strong sense of duty, spent an enormous amount of time on a great mural painting in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which is well preserved and highly distinguished but is hardly noticed by any visitor, except, perhaps, a foreigner with a guide book. In other countries, as at Antwerp, the new London County Council Hall would have been the occasion of a great scheme of historical painting denoting the history of London. The opportunity was not taken. It should, if done at all, have been carried out with the architect as part of the whole scheme. The memory goes back to that fine series of modern paintings in the Cloth Hall at Ypres, which was shelled to pieces deliberately by a nation which prided itself on its Kultur. It is not the case that large mural paintings, if done on

canvas, not on the wall itself, must perish. It is a matter of temperature, which in these days can be regulated, rather than actual damp. Few people realise as they pass down Whitehall that in the Banqueting Hall can be seen some of the finest decorative paintings by Rubens which exist. Executed by a master, who knew his art from end to end, they are as brilliant as the day when they were first set up to commemorate King James I. Verrio and Laguerre have been unreasonably condemned, but as mural painters they were masters of their trade. So was Sir James Thornhill, strange to say an Englishman, and therefore ignored, whose fine designs can still be discerned dimly through the mist in the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. In Italy the mural painter's task was easier, because the climate is more favourable to his work. It was, however, the patient industry and matchless skill of Luca Giordano, Tiepolo and the Neapolitans which enabled them to perform those feats of mural painting which have excited wonder ever since they were completed. It must be repeated that the first function of mural painting should be decorative. The actual subject does not matter so much, unless it can be made the centre of the whole design.

Returning to Sir Joseph Duveen and his letter to Mr. Baldwin. This letter assumes that the patronage of the Fine Arts is little more than a matter of cash payment. It is rather important here to try to define what a work of art really is. Is it a work of inspiration, conceived for the first time in the mind of the artist, some dream of the beautiful, some glimpse beyond the ordinary bounds of human expression, even some conception of extreme ugliness, which so besets the artist's mind that he must use the skill which he has obtained by training to seize this fleeting vision, and give it a concrete expression on canvas or in clay? Does he then set to work with this object, or is he, or she, only concerned with the thought that this will be a good subject, which is likely to command a very good price? Is there any actual money-value in a genuine work of art, as opposed to its artistic value? Is it not merely the caprice of the moment which fixes its value? Take, for instance, two companion landscapes by Sargent,

one of which was given by him to a friend, the other purchased, let us say by Sir Joseph Duveen, for several hundred pounds or more. There is no real difference in their value as works of art. Sargent, when he made a present to his friend, would not have said or even thought that he was giving him several hundred pounds of goods. Judging from the annual bazaar of paintings held at the Royal Academy each year, one would expect to find that few of the paintings exhibited came into being through the mere inspiration of the artist. It may be urged that a painter must live, must exhibit when possible, and must put a price upon the picture. The first may be granted, but it is difficult, and not necessary, to depend for your livelihood upon painting pictures which no one wants, or, at all events, can afford to buy. A better living could in these days be obtained as a municipal dust-sweeper, provided that the waiting list for this delectable post was not so long as to give little hope of success.

When an artist has arrived and got known, life can be maintained by pot-boilers. Teniers did it, Frans Hals also, and jolly Jan Steen, all of whom could turn off a slight portrait or drollery at one sitting. George Morland paid his bills in sketches. These pot-boilers kept the wolf from the door, and the painters themselves did not worry their heads about the money value so long as it was sufficient for their needs. In our days even the most laborious pot-boiler has a price always in mind. There are far too many working artists in England. The majority of them cannot hope to earn more than a precarious living by painting, and even Sir Joseph Duveen's own generosity is not likely to reach down to those who have not attained any success. It is a mystery what becomes of the many hundreds of works of art which appear at the various exhibitions each year. Only a minute fraction of these can hope to survive long enough to become an Old Master. Few of these exhibited works of art, other than portraits, can have any preconceived destination. Portraiture is a branch apart, because here the artist starts with a commission beforehand, while the demand for definite portraits of some sort is large and likely to increase. The demand

precedes the supply, and offers some security. Even the most inveterate pot-boiler artist could hardly hope to make a living by constant repetitions of bishops, dons, M.F.H.s, or ladies in fashionable dress. There seems to be very slight opening in this branch for Government assistance, and certainly no need for it.

Complaints are made from time to time by working artists that most of the money available for the purchase of paintings is spent on Old Masters, while their own works are proffered in vain. There is really a very great gulf between the two systems of purchase. Old Masters were not necessarily more inspired than modern artists, but many of them were better craftsmen. During the course of centuries time has eliminated a great mass of waste material, and that which has survived consists mainly of works of art, which by the approval of generations have earned their *right to live*. The fact that they are fewer in number and a diminishing quantity has contributed to their rise in value, not as works of art, but as precious treasures for the collector. It is true that a hundred years ago or more our ancestors who went on the grand tour thought it their duty as an English Milord and a patron of art to spend money on a mass of second and third rate paintings, which they were assured were priceless treasures of art, only to be secured through the agency of some experienced dealer. Going even further back into history, when collectors were fewer in number and their critical powers not up to their enthusiasm, it is not surprising to modern connoisseurs, who enjoy all the benefits of wider travel, and better documentary information, to find that such celebrated collectors as the Duke of Mantua, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, the Duke of Buckingham, and others were the victims of unscrupulous dealers, as they might have been in the early years of the nineteenth century. Such paintings were useful as ornaments in the stately mansions of our aristocracy, but owing to the break up of the great estates a mass of this second-rate material has been thrown upon the market, and its value reduced almost to zero. There are many persons who dabble in picture-dealing who insist that a painting must be good

because it is old, and a fairly lively market for such paintings is always kept in action. The paintings, however, which are only too frequently connected with the name of Sir Joseph Duveen are very few in number. The same may be said of the paintings which should, if they pass out of private possession, become the property of the nation. Here is certainly a case where the intervention of the Government is indispensable, as well as private beneficence. It cannot be insisted upon too strongly that when the National Galleries or the National Museums make an appeal to the nation for special support, and when the National Art-Collections Fund makes a similar appeal either in such a cause or in one of their initiative, the occasion is *invariably* a good one, and no lover of art should hesitate to support such an appeal.

The mention of the National Art-Collections Fund is a reminder that Sir Joseph Duveen in his letter to the Prime Minister made no allusion to the good work done by this fund and a few similar societies in this country. Sir Joseph is inclined to view London too much from the point of view of Paris and New York, where so much action is on the surface, making a splash and exciting, not only general attention, but an increasing market for its goods. There are many art-lovers in the provinces unknown to Sir Joseph Duveen, who do help artists by buying their works, and who do not spend all their money in buying Old Masters. Artists would have no need for anxiety but for one special reason. This reason is the cruelly high taxation still levied by the Government in the form of income tax and super tax. In former days the private art-lover, rich or poor, took a pleasure in acquiring from time to time such works of art as were within the scope of any surplus income. At the present time such surplus income has ceased to exist, certainly among those who might be called well-to-do, and to a great extent among those who are usually believed to be wealthy. How can an unfortunate citizen contemplate the purchase of a new etching, or water-colour painting, or even oil-painting, when in the letter-basket on his writing-table there may be lying the bilious yellow demand notes of the tax collector,

and the nasty little flimsies of the local rate collector? How often to meet these demands has the taxpayer to take down his most valuable and therefore his most cherished water-colour or etching? No prospect offers itself of replacing them in the future. The lamb is being shorn too close; there is little wool left, certainly none for the struggling artist. Public institutions and municipal bodies have to meet the vast increase of expenses forced upon them by successive Governments since the war. Educational authorities are in the same plight. At the same time there is a wish among private individuals to possess works of art, but the prices asked by artists, however justifiable they may be, are a deterrent for the would-be buyer. Take the price list of any exhibition, and think how many of the larger prices are likely to be realised. It would probably be to the artist's advantage to sell his or her works at a much lower price. The wealthy manufacturer of the Midlands, on whom Royal Academicians and others in former days relied for their support, is a disappearing quantity; those that survive are sadder and wiser men. In these days, with the much more widely spread knowledge of the Fine Arts, it is not easy to find a rich patron to invest money in a painting until it has established its right to live. This right is not owned by any work of art simply because it has come into existence. Fifty years is a severe task for any modern painting. If such a painting survives so long and has kept its repute, it may be said to have established a right to live. Recent sales show how strange and uncertain are the changes of caprice. The late Lord Leverhulme was a careful and lavish collector. Having accomplished his great wish, that of building an art gallery in Port Sunlight to the memory of his wife, in which he has placed a selection of his best works of art, he did not seem to care what happened to the remainder. When these came to be sold there were but few cases in which the combined efforts of the dealers in London and New York succeeded in pushing up prices to the level of what Lord Leverhulme had given for them.

The long and short of it is that the Government would be well advised to receive Sir Joseph Duveen's letter

with cordial thanks, but to take no action in the matter. A Committee of Fine Art Experts was appointed not long ago to advise on such matters, but if this Committee has met and acted it has kept its actions very secret. Government interference is not always helpful, for at any financial crisis Government support of the Fine Arts is one of the first victims of economy. The National Gallery of British Art owes its existence originally to Sir Henry Tate, of sugar fame, and in the next place to the late Sir Joseph Duveen, and now to his son. Facilities have been given to Sir Joseph Duveen to carry out his generous intention of building a new gallery for modern Continental painting, a collection which as yet has attained but small dimensions. On the other hand, the National Portrait Gallery, presented thirty years ago to the nation by Mr. W. H. Alexander, has been in urgent need of extension for the last twenty years; at last the Government had promised to make an extension this year, but owing to the financial crisis this laudable intention and, indeed, promise has been revoked. Meanwhile the taxpayer has to pay for the maintenance of young and strong men, women and children who do not desire to do any work, and by way of pleasing addition to his bill he is now called upon to pay for the support of someone else's widow. Meanwhile the Fine Arts are starved, and no doubt many artists will be reduced to applying for the dole themselves, in spite of the kindly help of Sir Joseph Duveen.

JOHNSON, GIBBON AND BOSWELL

BY THE HON. SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, BART.

GREAT men are generally simple and, like other men, are often, from various causes, the victims of shyness.

It is unlikely that shyness was the reason why Samuel Johnson and Edward Gibbon, fellow members of "The Club," never were cordial in their intercourse.

What, then, was the cause of the coldness between them?

Was this another case of *cherchez la femme*, but, stay! we speak too soon.

Johnson, at the date of this meeting, was in his glory. The "King Critic," as Cowper called him, sat upon the literary throne of England with undisputed sway.

Gibbon, too, was an honoured man in the world of letters, for had he not published his great *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which still stands at the head of English historical writings?

Gibbon's life story was a curious and varied one.

His bad health as a youth gave Gibbon a distaste for games and exercise and drove him to books for his amusement. His name was not (he writes in his *Autobiography*):

enrolled among the sprightly race, the idle race of Eton and Westminster who delight to cleave the water with pliant arm, to urge the flying ball and to chase the speed of the rolling circle.

The Dynasties of Assyria and Egypt were my top and cricket ball.

Even as a boy at Westminster he devoured books ravenously.

He arrived at Oxford (at the age of fifteen)

with a stock of erudition which might have puzzled a Doctor and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed.

He was his own guide in reading, even at Oxford, where at that time the professors considered care of themselves of much greater importance than the instruction of the students.

Gibbon did not trouble Oxford for long, for he was sent down on his becoming a Catholic. His father sent him to Lausanne to study under a Calvinist minister, and in

eighteen months he was weaned from his newly acquired faith. It was at Lausanne that he met Mademoiselle Suzanne Curchod, afterwards the wife of Necker, the French Minister of Finance, and the mother of Madame de Staël. With Suzanne he fell in love and wished to marry her. His father obdurately opposed the marriage, and, as Gibbon records:—

I sighed as a lover. I obeyed as a son . . . and my cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the lady herself.

Suzanne forgave Gibbon, and they remained good friends throughout life.

After five years of reading in Lausanne Gibbon returned to England and passed two and a half years of hard work in the Hampshire Militia. He owed, he tells us, three results to his military experience. It made him an Englishman. He acquired some knowledge of military tactics, useful to him when he wrote his history, and taught him to drink port and thus sow the seeds of gout in his constitution.

Gibbon tells us when he conceived the idea of his great work:—

It was at Rome on the 13th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the City first started into my mind.

He published with immediate success the first volume of his history in February, 1776, and it brought him, as he says, "a name, a rank, a character," all of which, he adds, he thoroughly enjoyed.

Meanwhile he has entered Parliament, where for eight sessions he maintained absolute silence—golden silence—for he was rewarded with a post worth £700 a year.

Timidity fortified by pride, and even the success of my pen, discouraged the trial of my voice.

Once he prepared to speak, but remained dumb, for the great speakers filled me with despair and the bad ones with terror.

Gibbon was not a disagreeable man. The letters of Lady Maria Josepha Holroyd, daughter of his life friend,

Lord Sheffield, show this. She says it is true he was methodical—a "clockworker," sometimes "grumpy," fond of eating, averse to exercise, that "he did not like playing a second," but "wished to lead and preferred listeners to orators," but he was hospitable, and nothing could exceed his kindness and attention to his guests.

M. Jean Suard (1773-1817), Secretary of the Académie Française, gives an account of Gibbon's conversation:—

His vanity never showed itself in an offensive manner. Anxious to succeed and please, he wished to command attention, and obtained it without difficulty by a conversation animated, sprightly, and full of matter

The rigid and religious Hannah More applied to Gibbon a saying of Ganganelli's:—

I wish these shining wits would manage matters so that one might hope to meet them in heaven; for one is very sorry to be deprived of such agreeable company for all eternity.

Such was Gibbon when, as fellow member of "The Club," he was thrown into contact with Johnson and Boswell—obviously an interesting and clubbable associate. Sir Joshua Reynolds thought so, and made much of him. Gibbon always writes of and quotes Johnson with respect, and is said to have copied Johnson's style in writing.

Then, too, Dr. Johnson's favourite religious author, Law (who had been too much for Johnson and turned him to religion), had been a member of the Gibbon household. "Flavia," the Pagan sister, and "Miranda," the Christian sister, who figure so prominently in Law's *Serious Call*, were both aunts of Gibbon. These are further circumstances which should have inclined Johnson toward Gibbon.

How was it, then, that Gibbon and Johnson did not hit it off?

Did Boswell come between them? He certainly cordially hated Gibbon.

Gibbon is an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow and poisons the Club for me,

writes Boswell to his friend and confidant, Temple.

And yet in appearance there was a certain similarity

between the two men. Colman the younger met Gibbon and thus describes him:—

He wore a suit of flowered velvet and a sword and a bag wig. . . . He tapped his snuff-box, smirked and smiled. His mouth, as mellifluous as Plato's, was a round hole in the centre of his visage.

Rather a close resemblance to Boswell, as he appears in one well-known portrait, if only you substitute a larger mouth and a gold-headed cane in place of a snuff box.

Boswell himself certainly was no Adonis, and yet he never tired of jibing at Gibbon's looks. In his pamphlet, *No Abolition of Slavery* he shows his delicate taste by calling Gibbon a "Beau-Garçon" who prefixes his books with "his pleasing countenance to captivate the ladies." Boswell would have us believe that the reasons of his dislike of Gibbon, besides his ugliness, were his supposed infidel writings and his changes of religious belief. Thus he records:—

We talked of a work written in a very mellifluous style, but . . . which contained much artful infidelity. I said it was not fair to attack us unexpectedly, he should have warned us of our danger . . . the author had been an Oxonian and . . . turned Papist . . . that as he had turned several times I did not despair yet of seeing him a Methodist preacher.

Pretty malicious all this, but the humour of the situation was that Boswell scoffed at Gibbon for the very same religious gymnastics he himself had practised.

Rogers, in his life of Boswell, records:—

Before the end of the College session (1760) Boswell had resolved to embrace the Catholic Faith and to qualify for Orders in the Romish Church.

Gibbon's father sent him to Lausanne. Boswell was sent to London, and Lord Hailes by his father's request begged the Reverend Dr. Jortin to look after him. That eminent divine's report is good:—

My hopes of success are small; nothing in the world is more intractable than a fanatic. I pity your friend, but if his son be really sincere in his new superstition and sober in his morals there is some comfort in that, for surely a man may be a Papist and an honest man.

However, the distractions of London succeeded where the eminent divine had no chance of victory.

The root cause of Boswell's dislike was something more

potent than Gibbon's ugly face and presumed infidelity. Wilkes, the dear friend of Boswell, could give points to Gibbon both in ugliness and infidelity. Even Johnson met Wilkes on friendly terms.

What, then, was the real cause of Boswell's aversion to Gibbon? Was it that while Boswell, like Gibbon, had staked all on the production of one great book, Gibbon had triumphed, but everything was with Boswell still doubtful and uncertain?

About the time that Gibbon sat in "the ruins of the Capitol while the bare-footed friars were singing in the Temple of Jupiter" Boswell with Johnson sat in a tavern in Fleet Street and heard Johnson thunder, and a great idea had started in his mind, that he had before him the subject of an epoch-making biography! He, too, had for years toiled at the achievement of a great ideal book, but success and fame for which he hungered seemed still as far away as ever, whilst triumph, honours, and name were already Gibbon's.

Poor Boswell, he had to wait twenty more years—his triumph then was phenomenal, even greater than Gibbon's, but it came too late—or almost so—for this success found him in declining health and in the grip of the demon of drink. He enjoyed it but a very short while. The two men are united, however, in this: their triumph will ever keep their memories green and their names famous.

No doubt Boswell's detestation of Gibbon did something to prejudice and to make his friend Johnson shy of Gibbon, but there must have been something more potent to cause such *gêne* between two men of the world such as Johnson and Gibbon. What was it?

The real cause, as we assert it, was only recently discovered, as lately as 1921.

Like many a discovery, two must share the credit for it.

On September 22nd, 1921, Mr. William T. Whitley addressed a letter to *The Times* asking for information about a cousin of Johnson by name Phœbe Ford, and making reference to a letter of hers as advertised in a sale catalogue of 1831. Mr. A. L. Reade, that worker in Johnsonian research whose labours have never received

the recognition they merit, took up the matter, and all details are to be found in his *Johnsonian Gleanings*, Vol. IV.

He shows that Phoebe Ford was Johnson's first cousin, and she was a domestic servant in Gibbon's employ. A faithful but illiterate woman, she had written to Johnson alleging Gibbon had treated her badly.

Here is the letter unearthed by Mr. A. L. Reade in the Salt Library. She had evidently not studied her great cousin's dictionary with the care it deserved, and yet there is a certain Johnsonian flavour about the style:—

Bentinck Street,
may ye 17 - 1780.

Sir,

I ask pardon for the libberty I have taken in writeing to you, but having the Honowr of being related to you, as I am the only Survivor of your Unckle Corneliuses Childern, and haveing no friend to make my Complaints to has bin the only indusement of giveing you this trouble, as for Mr. Ford, the Clergyman I cant tell wheather he is Dead or liveing as I have not heard of him these manny years.

I live at present Howsekeeper with Mr. Gibbon auther of the Roman Hisstory, and with his Mother in law before she Married and in this Fammely this Eight and Thirty years, after the Late Mr. Gibbons Death My Masster took a Howse in Bentinck Street, Cavindish Square. . . . me his Servant whear I have livd this sevin years, & might have bin verrey comfortable & happy but really I have bin quite the revers owing to My Masters Servant, who was a poor Laburers son & made Footman to my late Master & after his death my present Masster took him & put him out of Livery and a great Gentleman he is, I have more difficulty to please him than his sewperior, he treats me verrey ill and frequently Insults me before the other servants wich makes them not treat me with that respect that Ime intituled to, I have always livd in an upper station and allways was treated with friendship and respect by all the servants wherever I have lived before, Ime fearfull he has not done me manney good offisses with my Master for his behaviour is verrey different to what it was formerly, he yoused to see me once a fortnight or month to see my Books and seemed verrey well satisfied with my performances but now hee frequently does not see me once in half a year nor takes no sorts of notis of me which makes it verrey uncomfortable liveing, all orders are sent by Mr. Caplyn and they are delivered to me in a verrey Lordly overbearing Manner I have had thoughts of leaveing My Masster but was fearfull few would be willing to take a Servant be tween Sixty & 70 & was fearfull of puting myself out of Bred. I believe Mr. Caplin would be glad to get me out for I have great reason to think from his behaviour that hee has an other in his view that he would get in my room. Ime fearfull he will soon have his desier. I thank the Allmighty he has allways Blessed me with a strong Constitewtion till within this half year, I have had a Weakness in my

joinis seemingly as if the sinnews whear relaxssed when I have walked a streets lenth my strength seems allmost gon & I am greatly Fateagued & almost reddy to faint, I beleive disstress of mind & lowness of Spirrits has helped to make me wors, if this should continew I must be obleeged to leave servis as I shall not be capable of performing as I ought, & then I cant tell What I shall doo as I have saved but little as I had but low wages & that I put out to too Gentlemen for an Annewity one of them went to Anntegoe some years agoe and Ime informed he is Dead, if soo the Monney is all sunk, I have had no Authentick a count of his Death as I think I ought pament has stopt for some time and his Bonds Man is gon to Amerryca. Ime fearfull I have tried your patience & humbly ask pardon and am Good Sir,

Your Humble Servant,
PHEBE FORD.

(Addressed)
Doctor Johnson,
Johnsons Court, Fleet Street.

What Johnson replied is not known.

Be it said to Gibbon's honour he, in fact, treated poor Phoebe well, and also provided for her in his will, and she lived to the ripe age of eighty-five.

Johnson was no snob, but at the same time can there be any doubt that the knowledge that so near a relative was a domestic servant in the house of his fellow-clubman would produce a feeling of awkwardness and want of cordiality on both sides, and prevent easy intercourse between the two great men?

Had things been otherwise, and the relationship cordial, Boswell might have had more riches to add to his biography, and might have received helpful encouragement in his own long-sustained effort.

If this all be so, Phoebe, the humble handmaid, had an influence on the lives of the greatest lexicographer, the greatest historian, and the greatest biographer our country has produced.

BRAZIL AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

INCOMPARABLY the most important event of the last month in Parliament has been the masterly speech in which Sir Austen Chamberlain confuted his critics and triumphantly vindicated the policy that he had followed at Geneva. He showed that his attitude throughout the meeting had been that which had been traced for him by the home Government, viz., that, without prejudicing in any way his future attitude or inclination to further the Spanish and Polish claims in September, he had made it sufficiently clear that Great Britain would not support any change in the Council which would have the effect of preventing or delaying Germany's entry, while he abundantly proved not only that the prestige of his country had been worthily upheld, but that it was mainly owing to his efforts and those of M. Briand that a *media via* had been discovered which ultimately found favour with every nation except Brazil. He declared that the various delegations had left Geneva with undiminished faith in the future of the League, and that the final declaration of the signatories of the Locarno Pact clearly showed that complete entente between them had been realised, and that only incidents not connected with European politics had intervened to delay the anticipated entry of Germany into the League.

Notwithstanding this masterly defence, a numerous and influential body of opinion both here and in America continues to profess the greatest astonishment and indignation at seeing how the great work achieved at Locarno has been undone at Geneva. They declare that Germany's admission to the League has been made the subject of secret bargains, pledges, and even threats, and that jealousies and enmities which are utterly at variance with the methods and spirit of the League continue to characterise international relations. They declare that Sir Austen sold himself into bondage to M. Briand and that Germany did not receive the measure of fair play to which she was entitled, since

the only *raison d'être* of the Geneva meeting was to ensure her entry within the Council, while they urge that not only is British prestige at so low an ebb that none is so poor as to do us reverence, but that Sir Austen, by helping to raise expectations which only confused the issue before the Assembly, is directly responsible for one of the most deplorable failures which British diplomacy has had to register within the last four or five decades.

Now it appears to me that these critics not only display a very imperfect understanding of the nature, functions, and limitations of the League, but that they appear to be curiously misinformed, if not prejudiced. Utterances like these, moreover, are hardly helping to bring the true conception of the League into clear consciousness. They do not recognise that we have to deal here not with a mere system, but with an immense and more or less unconscious stream of political tendency, one which has only just started for its goal, one, again, which exhibits apparent divergencies, back currents, and eddies in its mighty motion, and whose real character can only be discerned if we synthesise the few scattered facts that we possess of its past in order to forecast the future towards which it appears to be making. The League of Nations should, in fact, be regarded as a genuine essay in international appeasement which possesses enormous potentialities for good, but which, like everything that is new and tentative, must be treated gently and with the greatest possible care.

Taking first the criticism that has been raised in America, I fully realise that the wonderful results achieved at Locarno had so fired the imagination of the idealists on the other side of the water that they were most naturally plunged into an abyss of disappointment when they saw that difficulties had arisen with regard to Germany's entry into the Council of the League. But even this cannot justify the scorn and abuse which have characterised some of the American comments on Geneva, and particularly the assertion that jealousy and enmities continue to characterise international relations. As America has at present no part in the Assembly, it is extremely difficult for her citizens really to appreciate the enormous difficulties

that it has to overcome, this being one of the rare instances when the adage that detachment enables the observer to see a thing in a better perspective does not apply. The other criticism raised by certain American statesmen, according to which the League is only a feeble replica of the Holy Alliance, even if true in a certain superficial sense, is in any case by no means a damning indictment, if we consider the measure of achievement that can be laid to the credit of the 1815 Pact. Like the League of Nations, the Holy Alliance was created in order to preserve peace, as the statesmen of 1815, like those of 1919, considered that the only way of avoiding war was by maintaining the *status quo*. Accordingly they grouped in a close alliance all those nations which were supremely interested in the stabilisation of Europe. Here, however, the resemblance terminates, for whereas the League of Nations is an association of nations which seeks to promote international peace by guaranteeing the territorial integrity and political independence of its members, and submitting disputes arising between them to arbitration, the Holy Alliance was purely an association of monarchs whose principal care was to preserve the fruits of the victory which they had wrested from the great Napoleon, and to avoid a repetition of the troublous epoch during which so many time-honoured institutions had tottered to their fall. It should, moreover, be noted *en passant* that, in spite of its reactionary character, the Holy Alliance exercised a highly beneficial influence on its age. It not only maintained peace in Europe for a period of over thirty years, but it successfully solved such delicate questions as the granting of independence to Belgium and the formation of the Greek kingdom, all of which constituted no mean achievement.

Many English critics, and those more especially who have singled out Sir Austen Chamberlain for attack, display, however, an even more lamentable ignorance with regard to what they loftily call the spirit of Locarno and the League, which they so emphatically censure. They forget that even if the assumption is made that as a nation we are definitely opposed to any extension in the Council's

permanent representation after seats have once been allocated to Germany, the United States, and Russia, there can be no question of our country setting up as dictator. The League is an association of nations, all possessing equal covenanted rights, and if, owing to our privileged position as foundation member and one of the Allied and Associated Powers, our seat is unassailable by virtue of the ruling that no permanent member can be unseated if his deposition is not ratified by every member on it, we cannot have it every way. In other words, we cannot complain if the unanimity vote, which holds good in Council matters, often enables a solitary nation to veto any vital measure to which it finds objection. To assert, furthermore, that our prestige is, or should be, so high that we should at all times be able to impose our will on the League of Nations is not only an evidence (if one were wanted) of our colossal impudence in international matters, but an assumption of hegemony that we are far from possessing, even if the word of Great Britain still, happily, has weight in the world. In any case it is directly opposed to the "Locarno spirit." But all the other insinuations that have been made with regard to wire pulling, private bargaining, and subterranean intrigues are equally characterised by a similar lack of insight and discrimination. I do not deny, of course, that many of the misconceptions which have arisen, and in particular the strong suspicion which has been awakened in this country with regard to our alleged commitments to France over Poland have in the main been due to the habit which Ministers and diplomatic Chancellories have long contracted of saying as little as possible on the most complex situations. We were not told, for instance, that both at Geneva, when the detested Protocol was in question, and during the crisis with Turkey over the problem of Mosul, M. Briand gave this country the most loyal and unflinching support; in short, that the definite laying to rest of the Protocol was entirely due to his strong pro-British attitude, and consequently that, if only out of sheer regard for these great services, Sir Austen was more than justified in paying the greatest attention to the French Premier's request that the

Entente should back the demand of the Polish Government for a permanent seat on the Council. I see, nevertheless, little justification for the violence of the attacks that were directed against both France and Sir Austen, since even the merest tyro in politics knows that secret conclaves have always been, and will long continue to remain, a characteristic feature of international diplomacy, if only because diplomats persist in the belief that publicity would stultify their aims. To those who are inclined to dispute this view on the ground that the crisis reached at Geneva was due essentially to the intrusion of these methods of old diplomacy into an international organisation, I would point out that all the conversations held by the Locarno Powers with regard to Germany's entry into the Council had to be conducted in secret, as Germany would not otherwise have persevered with her claim owing to the risk of being torpedoed. There is little doubt that this would have taken place if the question of her admission had been debated in public. The assertions, furthermore, that Spain and Poland would never have advocated their claims with such persistency if Sir Austen had not pronounced himself in their favour; or that Brazil, seeing Spain and Poland not merely demanding permanent seats but being upheld in that demand by Great Britain and France, resolved to insist on one, too, and in the end carried her obduracy to extreme lengths, completely overlook the fact that two of these claims at least existed at a time when German membership of the League looked like being postponed interminably; or the further fact that they were obviously only brought forward on this particular occasion because the claimants realised that, once this opportunity was allowed to pass, it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to reopen the question of seats on the Council for many years to come.

Before dealing, however, with the main subject of this article, the question of Brazil with special reference to those nations in the League who are the most directly affected by her action, I would briefly point out that the other misapprehension already alluded to, that Germany

did not receive fair play at Geneva, is hardly borne out by fact. I grant that it would have been preferable to have informed the German Government officially of the other claims which were to be brought forward when her own came up before the Assembly, and I am unable to understand why a statesman as experienced and world-wise as M. Briand apparently forgot to keep the Germans informed of what was happening. But it is as undeniable that the Government of the Reich was equally remiss in not informing the Allies of the various replies sent by Brazil to the German Memorandum of September, 1924, and of the clear indication which they gave that, though Brazil would not in theory oppose Germany's entry into the Council and was virtually in favour of it, she was strongly of opinion that the whole question would have to be fully discussed in the Assembly itself, together with her own application for a similar seat. The Brazilian reply, moreover, stressed the fact that Brazil had every intention of persevering with her claim for a permanent representation. There was, therefore, no question of unfairness or of a surprise having been sprung on the Government of the Reich, the German refusal to enter the Council if another permanent member were appointed to it being chiefly inspired by the conviction that, in view of the lukewarm attitude taken by the German people generally with regard to the League, it might be inexpedient to enter the Council under other conditions.

There has been endless speculation concerning the motives which influenced Brazil in declaring that Germany should not become a permanent member of the League of Nations Council unless she was also admitted to the same privilege. Some have declared that Mussolini was behind her, others that the Vatican or Germany had decided her to make that perfectly justifiable use of her covenant rights which has made many call her the villain of the piece, while an even larger number of people are of the opinion that she was unofficially assured of the support of the United States, in whose favour she had undertaken voluntarily to vacate her seat if that country joined the League.

That all these stories are pure fancy is evident to anyone who takes the trouble to study the past history of the League, so that one is left wondering at the extraordinary gullibility of the public and its readiness to accept even the most fantastic of rumours. For at least five years Brazil, like Spain, has claimed a permanent seat on the Council, her candidature first dating from 1921, when the Chilean representative brought up her name before the Commission. Her claim was again raised before the first Commission of the second Assembly, and also before the first Commission of the fourth Assembly, when Señor Edwards' suggestion that she should be allocated a permanent seat, as being the most important nation in South America, received the strongest of support. In fact, she has most consistently advanced the same proposal from the day when she was appointed temporary member of the Council, and has been "nursing" the League with such success that when the Geneva meeting opened on Sunday, March 7th, she had already secured promises of support from over twenty countries, including most of the South American Republics. It cannot be urged, therefore, that her intentions have ever been obscure, or that it was not extremely likely that she would again bring forward and press her claim on the first favourable opportunity, that is to say, when Germany's application to permanent representation on the Council came up for consideration. As Brazil, moreover, vetoed Spain's admission to the Council in 1921 simply because her own claim to a similar privilege was then refused, not even the regrettable fact that the Brazilian replies to the German Memorandum of September, 1924, were not duplicated to the Secretariat of the League can excuse the assumption that seems to have found general acceptance that she would on this occasion support Germany's entry, even if her own application were turned down. Yet I rather imagine the attitude taken by Brazil towards Spain in 1921 was almost entirely overlooked by European statesmen, both at Geneva and in the various Chancelleries of Europe, when her decision to veto Germany's entry was first made public.

The Brazilian claim for a permanent seat on the Council

rests, however, on something far more tangible and valid than her constantly reiterated desire to obtain this signal recognition of her importance as a nation. As a signatory of the Treaty of Versailles, and consequently a foundation member of the League of Nations, she claims that no other country has displayed a more lively sense of its duties and responsibilities or signed as many treaties of arbitration as she has done (over thirty), and she points with justifiable pride to those statutes in her federal constitution in which compulsory arbitration is laid down as one of its most fundamental principles. Her country is territorially one of the largest in the world (three and a half million square miles), her resources are immense, if largely untapped, and her population well over thirty-five millions, that is to say, equal to that of the rest of South America. She declares that from the beginning of the League's existence she has protested against the injustice done to America in the treatment of old and new countries, and points out that on her own continent there are as many as twenty nations without a single permanent seat in the Council. Her position, in short, is that to include a fourth European nation as permanent member of a Council which has only one non-European member, Japan, is to subordinate world policy to a purely regional or Continental agreement, and that she must consequently continue to uphold her just claim, confident that sooner or later the League will begin to realise that the co-operation of American nations in the great task of international concord is indispensable.

Such, briefly, is the Brazilian point of view, and such the various misapprehensions which it has tended to create in the mind of that very large section of British opinion whose lamentable ignorance of foreign politics is only equalled by its disdain of the subject. It may now be permissible to give the views of those nations of the League which are the most directly concerned by her action, in order to deduce from them the probable attitude that they will take up at the next meeting of the League.

Taking Germany first of all, as being the country most affected, it is certain that, in spite of the check that she has received, she will in no way change her attitude either

to Locarno or to Geneva. In other words, she is not averse to changes being made in the Council's organisation, but continues to hold the view that she must come into it alone and unpledged before these modifications can be carried out.

Spain, like Brazil, has been claiming a permanent seat on the Council off and on for at least four years, but in spite of British support has always found herself vetoed by one nation or another at the moment when her election seemed assured. When faced with the German ultimatum she agreed not to oppose Germany's entry, but declared that she might withdraw from the League if refused a permanent seat when Germany obtained hers. Her present attitude towards Brazil is friendly, as she considers that the appointment of the new Commission, which is to consider the future constitution of the Council, would never have been made if the South American Republic had given way to the pressure which the majority of the League nations brought to bear upon her.

Poland, who, like Sweden, won golden opinions by her general attitude and the way in which she agreed to accept a temporary seat in order to placate Germany, welcomes the respite afforded by the action of Brazil, and considers that the fact that her representatives and those of Germany will sit on the same Commission ensures that Polish-German co-operation which was one of the principal objects of the Locarno Pact. She will continue, however, to press her claim for election with all her power, as she realises that the campaign which was launched against the extension of permanent seats in Great Britain was due almost entirely to the policy of secrecy generally adopted by the Chancellories of Europe and a very erroneous idea that French and Polish intrigues were endangering the peace of Europe by complicating simple issues.

It would be well, therefore, if our last lingering suspicions with regard to this country were now swept away and that more people began to realise that Sir Austen's advocacy of Polish claims is not as unjustified as at first sight appears, or even purely the crowning expression of the irresistible sway which the French wizard is held to

exercise over any man who happens to cross his path. Insufficient notice is taken, furthermore, of the fact that Poland is territorially larger than Great Britain and Ireland, that her population is well over thirty millions, or that, since she is the one link connecting the West with the Soviets and the only country likely to induce them to enter the League, her demand for permanent representation is worthy of special consideration. No treaties or pacts, no scheme of disarmament, will ever achieve any lasting good if a Greater League is not constituted to include every nation, even Russia; and Poland is the only country that is capable of inducing the Soviet Republic to modify her attitude towards that body. The Poles know and understand the Russian mentality, and the relations between the two countries have not only become amicable but even cordial. How the Poles feel toward Brazil is another matter. They are naturally sorry that her opposition prevented the compromise which had been reached, but are of opinion that a new non-permanent seat will be created for them in September, and that there will therefore be no necessity for Sweden to make the sacrifice of her own seat. For the present they are quietly consolidating their position and basing their hopes on the Commission, whose first meeting is on May 10th.

Sweden's attitude to-day, as yesterday, has never wavered, and she remains convinced that she was justified in supporting Germany's plea that no other nation should be appointed to a permanent seat on the Council until she herself had been admitted to that privilege. She is not averse to a change being made in the constitution of the Council, and, like the Argentine Republic, is of the opinion that every nation in turn should be nominated to a temporary seat on it, being prepared to vote in favour of such an amendment. She recognises, furthermore, that, great as was the value of Locarno, Senhor Mello Franco was at least right when, in his defence of his country's action, he declared that "the admirable work of Locarno should be brought within the framework of the League of Nations, and not the League of Nations within the political system of Locarno." In her general attitude Sweden will

probably be followed by the Scandinavian and northern group of nations.

The South American nations, on the other hand, in spite of their last-minute appeal to Brazil at Geneva to withdraw her veto, an appeal that was certainly the result of M. Briand's wizardry and eloquence, are not altogether displeased at the turn matters have taken. They are inclined to the view that the League and Council, as at present constituted, do not take sufficient account of the smaller nations; in fact, that the very basis on which the League was constructed, that only the Great Nations should have permanent seats on the Council, is contrary to the spirit of the League, and does not make for concord and peace within that body. I attach, therefore, little credence to the report current in some London circles that their differences with Brazil have now become acute, as I have reason to believe that when this latter country seeks re-election on the Council next January the votes of South America will of a certainty be cast solidly in her favour. The Brazilians in any case are sanguine enough to believe that such is the case.

Before closing this brief survey of the attitude generally taken by those nations in the League which are the most affected nationally by Brazil's attitude, it may be permissible to diverge for a moment to give the view of those countries in the League which, like ourselves and France, are purely concerned with recent happenings at Geneva from the larger standpoint of the world. We should realise that the *contretemps* which happened at Geneva was unavoidable, that both Sir Austen and M. Briand did everything in their power and explored every possible avenue to find a way out of the impasse, and that what they sought to achieve then they are equally resolved to achieve to-morrow when the question of Germany's admission to the Council comes up again for consideration. It is certain that they place great reliance on the Commission lately appointed to report on possible revisions of the Council, and that they will continue to seek both to-day and to-morrow the *via media* which will satisfy the legitimate aspirations of every nation. In this attitude I am certain

they will be followed in the main by those other nations, like Italy, Japan, and the Little Entente, who, like ourselves, hold the belief that the League constitutes an important milestone on the path towards the attainment of the threefold aim of arbitration, security, and disarmament, and that consequently everything should be done to ensure its stability and future development.

Two last points: It is clear that the veto of Brazil has vindicated to the world the principle of national sovereignty within the League, and that no nation should be coerced into any policy which it does not fully approve of. Whatever modifications are made in the constitution of the Council, it is certain that this right must stand. Another point is that the desire of the smaller States to demand for themselves full equality in the Assembly and Council will have seriously to be considered in the near future. It must not be forgotten that the League, from being an association of victorious nations, now embraces almost the entirety of the civilised world, and that consequently for the principle that permanent seats are to be allocated only to the Great Powers another more equitable may have to be substituted. If the spirit of the League is really what it represents to be there is no doubt that ultimately this reform will have to be made.

BUDAPEST

BY G. B. STERN

It was in a Viennese coffee-house, one of those low-pitched rooms, dim with smoke and "Stimmung," enclosing Paradise to those who still like their Bohemianism thick and concentrated, that a fat man sitting quietly at a table with two or three friends, suddenly and without rising began a song, of which the refrain was: "Wass macht ein' Kuh am Stefansplatz?" . . . And we were all quiet and listened, because the theme was an enchanting speculation. The Stefansplatz, in Vienna, is more or less the equivalent of our Oxford Circus; and what, indeed, would a cow do at Oxford Circus? Verse followed verse, while to us the melancholy but still dignified cow grew more and more a live acquaintance, as in vain she tried to find a niche for her personality in shops that synchronised with Peter Robinson's, or Mudie's Lending Library. . . . "Wass macht ein' Kuh am Stefansplatz?" It was not nonsense, this cabaret ditty, but an expression of the eternal tragedy of the square peg in a round hole.

And "Wass macht ein' Kuh am Stefansplatz?" is what the typical Westerner might say, finding himself in Budapest. For with Hungary, and conveyed not blatantly, but by a thousand subtle and peculiar signs, the East begins. Vienna is the last outpost of Western civilisation in Europe. The very words "Tzigane" and "Magyar," with their suggestion of such traditional stage properties as the wildness, the fiddles and the galloping horsemen that Hungary will provide for us, these very words, the odd, harsh look of the tz, of the g next to the y, threaten strangeness and even barbarity. Study the names of the little railway stations, if you are travelling to Budapest by train: Bicske and Csuth; and then, for the sake of contrast, murmur to yourself that verse in A. E. Housman's Saxon English:

Clunton and Clunbury,
Clungunford and Clun,
Are the quietest places
Under the sun. . . .

You may take ship from Vienna, if you prefer that to the train, down the broad stream of the Danube, into Hungary; past low willow-covered banks, where once lurked the fierce Dacians; past flat, sedgy islands, the home of a myriad wild fowl. You will go by Pressburg with its frowning fortress; and, seeing Pressburg Cathedral, perhaps picture for yourself the dramatic moment in 1915, when, in the open place outside, little Emperor Karl had galloped up a short flight of steps, leapt his horse over a stone, wheeled, and, swinging his sword, east, north, west and south, had turned, triumphant, to the Empress anxiously watching from a window: "Now at last and indeed I am King of all Hungary!" . . . For there had been no little doubt in the Royal Family of Hapsburg as to whether their kingship of Hungary would not conclusively end with the death of the Emperor Franz Josef.

But now his domain has shrunk most grievously. The Czech has filched a slice, and the Rouman an even bigger slice. The Serb has the southern Dalmatian lands; "The Serb is a man; he can fight," says the Magyar; "but when have we lost a battle to the Czech or Rouman? Shall they then hold the fairest of our lands? *Nem, nem, soha!*"—which means, "No, no, never!" and sounds very nice if you roar it out in a voice like rifle butts on flagstones. And here I remember, guiltily, the story about two typical Etonians: "Not a bad sort of sunset!" "Well, but you needn't rave about it like a bally poet!" Yet it is exceedingly difficult not to rave like a bally poet, and like a bally patriotic poet at that, when writing about Hungary. For whereas some places cause a thrill only to those who happen to be born there, like "Southend" or "Glasgow," others have a universally romantic appeal. There are many natives of Folkestone who will wail like a banshee when Ireland is mentioned; there are Wiganites to whom "Russia" at once conjures up an enchanting picture of a pleasingly inspired imbecile shooting out his legs in a dance that is like sitting down without a chair to sit on. We have done our best to tame the word "Magyar" by associating it with a form of blouse without shoulder-seams. But even then, the thought of going to Hungary and

seeing Budapest, that fantastic city on the Danube, is not without its call of magic to the susceptible ear.

And especially when you first become conscious of the plains.

. . . At once, on leaving Austria behind, the horizon seemed to recede; yes . . . surely it was very far away. Nothing now but long, flat fields of velvety earth that received in the late afternoon light the tint of a plum with the bloom still on it. The chief crop of the country appeared to be maize; and field after field of upstanding maize with tossed and dishevelled yellow hair is a very fair sight. A painting of the Hungarian landscape, by an impressionist, would show us purple earth and gold maize, over and over again, as the train rushes by, wheeling like spokes to a vanishing point on the horizon. The little villages, with their painted mud huts squatting low on the open plains, infect you with a complete and more poignant sense of their helplessness than ever Alpine villages, or villages of the Dolomites or the Salzkammergut. For mountains have their valleys and clefts and sharply shadowed hiding-places. Mountains are inaccessible. But here the low blue hills show so faintly in the distance that they are as likely to be a plainsman's dream of the hills, as reality and shelter. Willows and acacias, and sometimes a poplar standing solitary sentinel, were the only visible trees. Wherever the fields were bright green they betrayed the snow-whiteness of scattered geese. I have never seen so many hundred geese; all over Central Europe you eat goose-liver as a frequent delicacy, but somehow or other, served with toast and butter, it loses its association, so that you do not logically speculate as to what becomes of the rest of the goose, when liverless. Yet the goose is a fairy-tale bird, on its native soil; and especially when attended by a pretty brown-skinned girl wearing a red petticoat and brandishing a stick. Nearly all the goose-girls whom I saw whilst whizzing in the train through Hungary, wore ragged red petticoats; and in the background stood usually a clump or hedge of tall sun-flowers, brilliant in the slant of the last rays from the west. . . . And you will thrill to the certainty that somewhere is

a castle gate over which hangs a white horse's head; and that Grimm's fairy-tales are true, after all. Far away in the soft light of sunset, far out on the pansy-coloured bosom of the sorrowful plains of Hungary, are wheeling horsemen. You glimpse them for a moment, galloping furiously, a swagger of white and green and scarlet—and they are gone, along the road that leads to a distant village. I was told they were a wedding party.

The Czikos, which is the Magyar equivalent for cow-boys, wear coarse white linen blouses open at the throat, and over their breeches a queer divided skirt in the same embroidered white linen. They are fine and fierce riders, these Czikos, and they need to be, rounding up cattle with the peculiar wide horns and short legs of this species. Bull-fights were once held in Budapest, but so little skill was shown in the arrangements that many of the audience were gored and trampled to death; a recent attempt to revive the Spanish pastime had to be abandoned because, as a native told me with exquisite simplicity: "The bull would not come!" . . . The bull seems to have shown sagacity!

I first heard Hungarian spoken by the little grape-boys who ran, chanting, up and down the station platforms, with pyramids of pale green and purple grapes on their trays. It resembles no other language except, perhaps, the language of the Finns. I was to find out afterwards that in this country you could make yourself understood fairly easily in German if, first, you took the precaution of speaking in English. After that your conversation would flow on in terms of Hungarian and English aristocrats condescending, for the purposes of convenience, to a mutual but inferior tongue. Such is the ritual; but if you speak straightaway in German, especially to a policeman or any other official, they will imagine that you believe a Hungarian to be the same thing as an Austrian, and will stubbornly refuse to understand a word.

Presently, to complete the atmosphere of a journey which was looped midway between an Oriental fairy-tale and a musical comedy, the train ran for a while along the shores of the Danube, and I could see Budapest, the old town

on the right bank, and the new on the left. It hung swathed in tender grey gauzes of evening mist, so that the myriad lights which twinkled from the invisible hills whereon the city was built looked to be suspended in mid-air without any solid foundations of window or house. Slowly the city began to take shape . . . and a feeling of having been transported to the East was heightened by the domes and spires and cupolas that shone in green copper among the throng of flatter roofs.

I only stayed three days and nights in Budapest, so that the fantastic city did not have time to materialise and grow human. At one moment it was sublime, and the next moment sheerly ridiculous; never was it a serious commercial or political proposition.

Anything bizarre might happen to you in Budapest. You could disappear there, and never be found again. . . . "He was last seen," says the usual informant, the Young Journalist, or the Best Friend of Hero, to your hysterical relatives, "he was last seen between six and eight o'clock strolling up and down the tree-shaded promenade on the East Bank, between the river and the row of expensive hotels, where women more excitingly beautiful can be seen than ever in Bond Street or the Rue de la Paix—if we except, perhaps, the unfortunate flamboyance of their frequent gold teeth," he will continue, most deplorably forgetting your sinister disappearance. Recalled to it, however, he will promise that that night a policeman shall push his way into the gay and popular Papagaly cabaret, where the decorations are rococo-gone-mad splashed with painted parrots, and arrest a Bolshevik or two, in your interests. . . . And, meanwhile, you are safely sitting in a coffee-house, where suddenly, but without surprise, you have seen that pretty girl whom you last met at Pittsburg, Ohio; you are sitting at a table sipping your Sliwowitz, a plum-flavoured liqueur laced with what might well be shampoo, and wishing that you liked it better; while the fiddler of the Tzigane Band is gliding closer and closer to the girl, his black eyes fixed steadily upon her fairness, persuasively pouring forth that music which is like no other music on earth; for it is not a melody that you can pick out and afterwards hum, but more like passion flowing

rhythmically on and on, never resolving itself into rest. And it would seem quite natural to be all together, you and the Tzigane and the pretty girl from Pittsburg, Ohio. . . .

A Tzigane band, as presented at Daly's or the Gaiety, could not fail to be gaily arrayed in velvet jackets and gorgeous large ear-rings and a brilliant coloured handkerchief twisted round the head. As a matter of fact, the real Tziganes at Budapest, mostly to be found in the coffee-houses and not in the cabarets, wear plain, rather dingy black suits. If you forget their dark Mongolian faces, and until they begin to play, you might easily take them for depressed bank clerks out of a job. There is no piano in a Tzigane band; usually it consists of two fiddles, a 'cello and a tzimbal, which is not at all like our idea of cymbals, but a sort of baby grand piano with the lid off: taut strings across a frame, beaten by two sticks tipped with little felt balls.

The shops of Budapest are not rich nor luxurious; it is more amusing to saunter along the streets than to go inside. You will notice that the names above the windows are touchingly often "Kiss Albert," or "Kiss ——" somebody. For, of course, in Hungary the surname is placed first, and the large family of "Kiss" seem to have conquered most of the retail trade of the town.

A famous gourmet once remarked that the soul of a place is only to be found in its menus; so that at your first dinner in Budapest you will be wise if you go to the "Hungaria," and talk confidentially to the head waiter. I chose to start with *fogas vajjal*, which is a white river-fish only to be met in Hungary, and, so said the head waiter, the especial favourite of our King Edward, who invariably ordered it grilled with sauce tartare; *gulyas* was my next choice, perhaps for the childish treat of shaking out the bright vermilion *paprika* from its castor; then, suddenly becoming very British, and mixing my gastronomic metaphors, I finished with Scotch woodcock. The climax of the meal, of course, was a bottle of Imperial Tokay—*Tokaje Aszu 1866*—there is no more mellow drink in all your cellars; and it is easy to believe, luxuriously sipping it, that Tokay is a little hill in Hungary on which the

sun shines all day long. How sweet to imagine a little hill in England where the sun shines all day long!

All this while, to my amazement, the restaurant was filling with ladies and gentlemen not in evening dress! At the present time practically no evening dress is to be seen in Budapest, even in the most elegant hotels; yet the people look much more care-free than in Vienna. Perhaps the true explanation was given me by the driver of my *fiacre* from the station. He was followed by the driver of an empty *fiacre*, and when they were alongside, they both stood up and quarrelled furiously, shouting Hungarian epithets at each other; it is a language very rich in abuse.

"What is the matter?" I asked, when we reached our destination.

My brigand laughed merrily: "Why, I took his fare," he explained in halting German.

"His fare? Who was his fare?"

The brigand pointed at me. "But the gracious lady was his fare."

I look puzzled; I did not remember having been the other man's fare.

"He is annoyed," said my temporary owner; "it is perhaps that he has not enough bread in his belly; here in Budapest we are all hungry."

"But you seem so gay," I said.

"Oh, we are gay! We are gay and we are hungry. . . ."

We are gay and we are hungry.

The Danube is very broad and swift where it rushes through Budapest and down to the incredible Balkans; and, of course, not at all blue. The Danube is never blue. We can imagine old Johann Strauss having sipped "Heuriger Wein," which is simply new wine, so dear to the Viennese, for a great many convivial hours on that celebrated evening before he went home and wrote *The Blue Danube*. And we can imagine, too, his argument with his family the next morning:

"But papa, *lieber* papa, look but for yourself; there is no blue in our Danube! Yellow, yes; but blue, no."

Johann, of course, to prove that he had been quite sober, would still stick to his point: "You are all blockheads! The Danube is blue, I say!"

And so the legend arose.

Pest and Buda are linked by two suspension bridges, and also by several steam ferry-boats. The swiftness of the stream makes it impossible for these to cross sedately from bank to bank. Their passage begins with a sideways lurch, then another lurch, and then a long desperate stagger, comically like an inebriate who from a distance sights the lamp-post outside his home and determines to reach it somehow.

The Royal Palace, with its many copper domes, stands in the ancient city of Buda, which used to be called "Ofen." It is built on a low hill rich in chestnut trees; the spire of the cathedral of St. Matthias is not far away. . . . Long vistas of gracious empty rooms, sunshine falling on the polished floors, very tall windows, and beyond them terraces and gardens overlooking the river. Up and down those terraces, gracious people used to stroll—kings and queens and their courts. Now and then from the walls the arrogant portrait of a Hapsburg catches your eye: a sad face always, in spite of the obstinate upper lip. Here is Franz Josef at the age of nineteen, in gorgeous Hungarian uniform, a very handsome stripling indeed. Why did he later grow those fair side-whiskers? And here is Prince Otto at the age of four, eldest son of Karl and Zita; he also wears Hungarian costume: a long yellow velvet coat richly edged with fur, and a round fur cap with a cockade. The great ballroom is all one silvery glitter of crystal upheld on pillars of pale gold marble; it might have been the very room where Cinderella went to her first dance.

The guide, a melancholy bearded man with courteous manners, described to us how it had looked when the candelabra were a hundred thousand twinkling lights; and furred Hungarian uniforms, blue and green, or pale blue and silver, walked beside spreading skirts and white shoulders. I should like to have seen a ball in that room, and I could not forbear from asking the guide: "Do you think—they—will ever come back?"

The man drew himself up and saluted: "Steadfastly I hope!" he replied.

I could not resist it . . . in my early youth I had been

inoculated with *The Prisoner of Zenda*; the Ruritanian novel was in my system, and ran in streams of imperial purple through my veins. . . . "I, too!" I whispered, for fear of the—the—oh, the enemy. . . . Our guide's eyes flashed in response. Silently he held out his hand. We shook. The accompanying tourists looked at us in stolid astonishment. It was all very secret and splendid. . . . "Nem! Nem! Soha!" You behave like that—in Budapest!

Karl and Zita were popular in that country. In fact, I have heard it said that Karl was far more proud of being King of Hungary than Emperor of Austria. I saw a picture of their coronation that had taken place in the tall Moorish church of St. Matthias, with its abundantly decorated spire, its many-coloured tiles on the outside; and inside, all the stones picked out in faded red and blue and green paint; and the walls and the nave, pillars and ceiling painted with strange, twisted arabesques and contortions that had a weird effect in the dim light filtering through the stained glass. They called it Moorish, but to me it seemed veritably a Tzigane church. There was a lavish gipsy recklessness about its adornment; inconsequent but impressive. Kings of Hungary have to be crowned twice over, once at St. Matthias and once in the town of Pressburg.

The rest of Buda is very quiet and sunny, like a place that has lived long ago, but is now serenely dead; little steep streets and rounded archways, chestnut alleys dreaming beside the river, old houses grouped round their cobbled courtyards, small tranquil shops that seem content to do no business. The natives do not speak any language but their own; they appear to have forgotten that Pest, with its activities, factions, and gaiety, is just across the Danube.

Among the posters on the walls, my eye suddenly caught the word "Bunbury." It seemed incongruous. "Bunbury" was, apparently, a play by one "Oscar Wilde." . . .

ARE WE LOSING FAITH IN SEA POWER?

BY ARCHIBALD HURD

THE Socialist Party has decided that this country must have a Fleet, or at any rate it has refused to vote for its abolition—at present. It was directly challenged on this issue by Mr. George Lansbury immediately after that M.P., whose name has been so prominently associated with Poplar, had been promoted to the Front Opposition bench, though he has never held even the most insignificant Ministerial office. He celebrated this triumph by proposing that the *personnel* of the Navy, which in the present year will number 103,125 officers and men, should be reduced by 100,000. His motion was possibly put forward for two reasons. In the first place, he may have desired it to be known that, though he had been called to the "seats of the mighty," he was still an unrepentant Socialist of the Left Wing; and, in the second place, he may not have been averse to challenging the leadership of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for there is no vanity comparable to the vanity of the "hot gospellers" of the "New Social Order." Mr. Lansbury's gesture was not taken very seriously either on the Opposition or the Government benches, and consequently only nineteen M.P.s went into the Lobby in favour of casting adrift 100,000 officers and men of the Royal Navy.

The acceptance of the proposal would obviously have involved the scrapping of the whole British Fleet, for men-of-war without crews would be an absurdity. Mr. Lansbury's proposal consequently would not only have affected the *personnel* of the Fleet, who will draw in the present year upwards of £23,000,000 in pay, victualling, clothing, and medical services, but would have inevitably led to the closing down of the Royal dockyards, which give employment to nearly 36,000 men, and would have arrested progress on the vessels now building in private shipbuilding establishments. The dockyardsmen would have gone short of wages amounting to £5,694,500, and the distribu-

tion of about £18,000,000 in payment of work in all the various shipyards, factories, and workshops which assist in maintaining the Fleet would not have taken place. Socialists of Mr. Lansbury's type overlook the fact that the sums voted for the Navy from year to year go, in the main, into the homes of the humble people, whose interests he and his friends profess to have at heart. If the Navy were abolished national expenditure would be reduced by £58,000,000, but, apart from other important considerations, that economy would be effected at the expense of several hundred thousand wage earners, most of them with wives and families. In the present condition of British industry these men could hope to find no alternative means of employment, for, whether they serve afloat in the Fleet or are employed ashore, most of them are unfitted for any other work than that which they are now doing.

It may be that Mr. Lansbury's motion was merely the flamboyant gesture of a passivist, over-impressed by the dignity to which he had been raised. But, however that may be, his intervention in the Navy debate will have had at least one useful purpose if it reminds taxpayers, groaning under the burdens which they bear, that the money which is voted for the Fleet is spent to good purpose, since it constitutes the livelihood of a great concourse of men, for the most part highly trained. It is distributed not exclusively in the naval ports, or even in the shipyards where men-of-war are constructed, but percolates through practically every industrial district. Ships of war are not merely mobile instruments of defence, but are the living places of the crews, who are entitled to the modest comforts of civilised existence. Thus it happens that the Navy Votes go to the support of a wide range of workers in the coalfields as well as in the Potteries, in London as well as in Sheffield and Birmingham and other industrial centres. Since Mr. Lansbury has committed the Opposition definitely to the doctrine that this country still needs a Fleet, those of us who realise how essential adequate naval defence is to this country, as well as to the Empire at large, may forgive him his heresy, content in the know-

ledge that it can now be said that there are only nineteen Members of the House of Commons who would abolish the British Fleet in the present condition of world affairs.

But doubt still exists as to the scale upon which that naval defence should be provided. The Navy is being reduced from year to year, and there is no assurance that the movement will not continue in view of the attitude which Parliament has assumed towards the first line of defence of an island country which is the pivot of a world-wide maritime Empire. It is apparent from recent debates that the House of Commons has been mesmerised by the disciples of air power. A new element has been conquered, and everything which is new has a peculiar fascination for a certain type of mind—which is one reason why the bankruptcy court is so well patronised. M.P.s appear to be more and more inclined to think in terms of air power instead of sea power, and for that change in outlook the Admiralty has been largely responsible. It cloaks all that it thinks and all that it does in an atmosphere of mystery. It might be imagined that this country was engaged in preparations for another war instead of having just emerged from a struggle which supplied a supreme vindication of sea power, and in the course of which we exposed to our Allies, including the United States, practically all the secrets of the Admiralty. Little or nothing was hidden from Admiral Sims, who represented the United States Navy in Europe and was admitted to the inner councils of the Admiralty, and that Navy to-day happens to be the only one on a parity with our own, with which anything in the nature of rivalry is conceivable. The concordat with the French, Italian, and Japanese Navies was also of the most complete character. But, nevertheless, a veil was dropped over all our naval affairs as soon as the treaty of peace had been signed, with the result that even the people of this country know little or nothing about the post-war Navy beyond crude statistics with reference to the necessity of replacing some of the cruisers which are wearing out. The man-in-the-street is consequently no longer interested in the Fleet, and pays little or no heed

to the plaintive and patriotic warnings in which the Navy League indulges from time to time. It was the custom to speak of "the silent Navy." It is now dumb.

On the other hand, the Air Ministry courts publicity, and even contrives occasions for publicity, and it has created a body of public opinion which consistently supports it. In the old days naval enthusiasts lost no opportunity of painting the terrors of invasion and the dangers associated with any interruption of the trade routes, the spokesmen of the Admiralty supporting with the fullest information a healthy spirit of watchfulness. But the tradition of alertness which the Admiralty once encouraged seems to have passed into the keeping of the Air Ministry. That change was illustrated by the recent address of Lord Thomson, the former Air Minister, to the Manchester Publicity Club. One might have almost imagined that he had been reading one of the speeches which Field-Marshal Earl Roberts used to deliver on the invasion peril. Lord Thomson stated that it was difficult to visualise "the terrible effects of a really well-organised offensive by air," and indulged the fear that "even so long a period as an entire century might elapse before adequate defence against air attack could be devised." He painted a lurid picture of the effects of an aerial attack on this country, and urged that "we ought to make Britain the great centre of imperial aviation." If Lord Thomson somewhat over-coloured his canvas, in common with most speakers on this subject, and if he failed to emphasise that air power is an offensive weapon which could be used with as great effect by this country as by other countries, his tendency to exaggeration was at least more excusable than the silence which persists as to the dangers which may threaten the inward and outward flow of the sea-borne cargoes which are essential to this country's existence.

Many Members of the House of Commons, and no mean part of the nation, are apt to evade the fundamental issue of our defence problem when discussing the functions of the fighting services.

In all discussions on air power, military and civil, there has been a tendency to forget the physical basis upon which our fighting navy and

our commercial navy have rested—the one complementary to the other. First and last, it is not so much mobility as weight-carrying power which justifies sea power, for the ship is slower than the express train or the high-power motor car. That emphasis on weight-carrying power applies to the ship of war as well as to the ship of commerce. The burden of both, whether armaments or commerce, is cast on the sea, and man's efforts have been solely directed to moving the weight of cargo of armaments or goods through the water with the least expenditure of motive power, and therefore of money. Neither producer nor consumer has been prepared to buy high speed, presumably because it does not pay him to do so. That is one point to be stressed in considering air power. And the other is that the ship of war has always been complementary to the ship of commerce since the qualities of both ceased to be combined in one hull.

In contrast with the ship of the sea, the ship of the air, whether aeroplane or airship, has first of all to lift itself as well as any weight it may be carrying into its aerial highway, and then the weight has to be sustained and moved in any given direction at high speed. The aerial vessel, in order to justify its existence, must travel faster than either the railway or the ship of the sea, and high speed is costly—on land, by sea, and in the air—and commerce has not been prepared hitherto to pay the price.¹

Our defence problem, in the main, is concerned, in present conditions, with the carriage of enormous weights, and, since we live in an island, these weights have hitherto been carried by sea in ships defended by other ships specially designed and armed for the purpose. We may no longer be impressed with the danger of invasion, but the safe movement of our sea-borne trade must still be the primary consideration when we consider how best to assure our safety. Freshly returned from the command of the East Indies Squadron, Rear-Admiral Herbert Richmond recently reminded his fellow countrymen that a blow at the stomach might be as disastrous as a blow at the heart, and it is to the latter peril that Lord Thomson, Sir Samuel Hoare, and others with their exclusive outlook address themselves. Whatever may be the developments of air power in the distant future, we must to the limit of our vision continue to rely upon the ship of the sea to carry our trade. There are no exact figures as to the weight of our imports and exports, but some conception of their volume is suggested by the fact that last year we imported goods to the value of £1,162,500,000, and that

(1) Paper on "The Future of Sea Transport," by Archibald Hurd, Institution of Naval Architects, April 10, 1924.

our exports of British produce amounted to £755,500,000, the trading account being balanced to the extent of upwards of £400,000,000 by the services which we were able to render to other nations. One essential contribution to these "invisible exports" consists in the freights earned by our merchant shipping, which reached a total, after all the necessary deductions had been made, of £115,000,000. The articles we make and sell overseas, even if we include exports of coal, now sadly depleted, do not pay more than two-thirds of the bill for our imports. It is apparent that we are urged by every consideration to insure our sea-borne trade against the possibility of interruption, and the only way in which we can do so is by supporting an adequate fleet. Air power as an offensive weapon is of short range; the radius of action of a bombing aeroplane extends only for a distance of about 100 miles round our coast; our trade routes cover 80,000 miles of sea and ocean. We are counselled by our peculiar and delicately adjusted economic system to maintain the British Fleet for the defence of British shipping as it goes on its lawful occasions, since it is not only the channel of our trade, but supplies essential aid in the payment of our imports.

We are also counselled, in particular, to be on our guard against what may be described as "stunt publicity," the strength of which lies in the advertisement of what is new and strange. Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, now in his ninetieth year, recently reminded the nation that the air scare bears a close resemblance to the torpedo scare of forty years ago, when a talented Frenchman, M. Gabriel Charmes, and the French naval officers of the "Jeune Ecole" persuaded Admiral Aube, the Minister of Marine, to stop building battleships, and a naval officer in the House of Commons moved that all expenditure on two battleships, the *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, then in course of construction, should be stopped. "The motion, which received considerable support, was successfully resisted by the Secretary to the Admiralty (Lord Ripon, then First Lord of the Admiralty, being in the Upper House), on the ground that some other countries

were still building battleships, and the two ships referred to were far advanced in construction; but it was almost admitted that these two ships were probably the last we should ever build."¹ As this veteran officer has remarked, it is easy to discredit sea power to a public which has little or no knowledge of the sea and seems "to imagine that our overseas supplies come to us by nature." Our trade is, on the contrary, conducted in face of the incalculable enmity of Nature—gales, fogs, and other adverse circumstances—and may, at any moment, have to be maintained in face of the enmity of other nations which, as the recent proceedings at Geneva have suggested, are not yet ready to beat their swords into ploughshares. At least 30,000,000 people in this country live on imported food and make a livelihood by working on imported raw materials, and the possible failure of those supplies to reach us, as the submarine campaign of the Great War should have proved, constitutes the over-mastering problem of defence.

- Are we, as an island nation, going to abandon our sea heritage after a thousand years, during which it has been watered by British blood and British tears? It is many years since we arrogantly vaunted the British Fleet in the eyes of the world, singing "Rule, Britannia!" "Hearts of Oak," and other inspiring songs. We have forgotten that there was ever a time when British commanders were instructed to compel the vessels of other nations to strike or lower their sails when passing the King's ships in the "narrow seas." This rite was insisted upon from the time of King Edgar, down the centuries, and was only abandoned during the Trafalgar period. Almost down to the day when Nelson died in the hour of victory the King's Regulations directed that "when any of His Majesty's ships shall meet with any ship or ships belonging to any foreign Prince or State within his Majesty's seas, which extend to Cape Finisterre, it is expected that the said foreign ship or ships do strike their topsails and take in their flags in acknowledgment of His Majesty's sovereignty in those seas; and, if any shall refuse or offer

(1) Letter to *The Times* of March 10, 1926.

to resist, it is enjoined on all flag officers and commanders to use their utmost endeavours to compel them thereto, and not suffer any dishonour to be done to His Majesty." We cannot regret that the arrogance of the past has gone, and that the salute of honour between men-of-war, whether in the "narrow seas" or in the great oceans of the world, has for a century and more been merely a courtesy which the navies of all "the polite nations," as Nelson called them, pay each other. But the sea tradition persisted after our ancestors had abandoned their haughty demand. Is the sea tradition also to go?

The second phase in the history of British sea power opened when the fleets of Spain and Holland had been vanquished and this country at length settled down to translate into terms of ships, guns and men the Two-Power Standard, accepting France and Russia as the probable antagonists. With the passing of the German Navy Act of 1900, the cementing of the Triple Entente with France and Russia, and the conclusion of the alliance with Japan, the situation underwent a dramatic change. But the Two-Power Standard was not abandoned, but received, during the struggle for the command of the sea which was waged with Germany, an extended application. During the Victorian era and during the reign of King Edward VII. the sea tradition was maintained without abridgment. When the hour of destiny struck, on August 4th, 1914, the British Fleet was at the very zenith of its strength. Under the pressure of high taxation—or what taxpayers at the time considered high taxation—which the race in naval armaments had imposed upon the country, British public opinion was beginning to weaken, when ultimatums began to issue from the Chancellories of the Triple Alliance, on the one hand, and, on the other, of the Triple Entente. France and Russia had been unable to maintain the pace set by Britain and Germany, but the Allied Fleets were overwhelmingly strong. They possessed 165 battleships and battle cruisers, built and building, as compared with 66 under the ensigns of Germany and Austria; they had 240 light cruisers, as compared with 78 of their opponents; they were able to

mobilise nearly twice as many surface torpedo craft as Germany and Austria, as well as 105 sloops and gunboats, as against 29, and 248 submarines, as compared with 59 possessed by Germany and Austria. Britain and her Allies had at their disposal 5,407,008 tons of warships of all descriptions, whereas Germany and Austria had at their command only 1,715,936 tons, but their resources proved none too great. The balance of power by sea was tipped still further against Germany and Austria when Italy joined the Allies, and again when, finally, the United States intervened. The strength of the Allied Fleets did not prove excessive.

In these conditions the naval war opened, the main burden inevitably falling upon the British Fleet, with more than twice the tonnage of the German Navy. From the first, owing to the distribution of German cruisers, the struggle became world-wide in its character. The British Government speedily recognised that, while the Grand Fleet could hold the Germans in check in the North Sea, other forces were necessary for dealing with the situation which developed in the Atlantic and the Pacific. It was confidently assumed in some quarters that the struggle would be short and sharp. Sir Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, who was the Director of Naval Construction at the time, has since stated that "immediately after war was declared great pressure was exercised to complete the ships then building for the Navy, and to order such other vessels as could be designed and finished in the shortest possible time, since very many wise people told us the war would last only a year, or possibly eighteen months—in fact could not be carried on for a longer period." The British naval shipbuilding effort was dominated by this belief that the war would soon be over, and it was checked by the overwhelming demand which subsequently arose for armaments for the new armies which Lord Kitchener was raising to cope with the peril on the Western Front and the embarrassments encountered in Gallipoli and the Near East. But, in spite of these factors and a shortage of steel as well as of labour, the strength of the British Fleet was increased by about 2,000,000 tons, a larger tonnage

being built during the war than during the previous twenty-five years, though in that quarter of a century the race in naval armaments in Europe was sustained with unflagging determination. A sum estimated at between £250,000,000 and £300,000,000 was devoted to strengthening the British Fleet during the war, and when the curtain was rung down, on November 11th, 1918, the British Navy, in spite of the heavy losses which it had sustained, was supreme as it had never been supreme in its long history, and possessed trained officers and men numbering 406,977.

When the naval situation came to be studied it became apparent that new conditions had emerged as a result of the war. The United States and Japan had embarked on great shipbuilding projects while Europe had been engaged in conflict. When the war opened the American Fleet had, built and building, fourteen modern capital ships and Japan only four; when peace was at last concluded there were twenty-nine American capital ships, either already afloat or in course of building, besides thirteen older vessels, while Japan possessed thirteen units. In spite of these new conditions the British naval authorities initiated an energetic scrapping policy. On April 7th, 1919, the Grand Fleet ceased to exist, and one hundred and seventy men-of-war of various types were forthwith sent to the scrap-heap as a first instalment. Almost before the ink of the signatures to the Washington Treaty was dry the task of eliminating from the effective list further vessels was resumed, and the *personnel* was drastically cut down.

The process of reduction has gone on without respite ever since the war closed. In the Estimates for the current year provision is made for less than one-third the number of officers and men who were borne during the war, and less than £50,000,000, equivalent to about £30,000,000 at pre-war values, is to be spent on maintaining the Fleet and replacing essential ships which have become obsolescent, apart from the sums required for the pensions of the officers and men. The Fleets at sea have been drastically reduced, and there are now only 13 capital ships in full commission, as compared with three times as many

twelve years ago. The policy of economy has been applied in every direction, afloat as well as ashore: Pembroke and Sheerness dockyards are being reduced to a care-and-maintenance basis; three more cruisers, a flotilla leader, and 33 additional destroyers are about to be sold out of the Service. Instead of the 127 cruisers which existed in 1914 there are now only 62, including those building or projected, and in destroyers and submarines the British Fleet is far weaker than the American Fleet.

What is to be the future of the British Fleet? In the light of all that has happened during the past eight years the question is not an idle one, particularly as there is talk of another International Conference for the discussion of plans for disarmament. Is the policy of scrapping our sea traditions, as well as our ships and men, to continue, under the influence of a mistaken conception of our dominant problem of defence? Are we going on ruthlessly economising on the only force which can assure to us the arrival in due season of the vast cargoes of food and raw materials which are essential if we are to live and work? Are we to continue restricting the only insurance policy under which we can safeguard the "invisible exports" which must be maintained if we are to balance our trading account from year to year? Are we to persist in sacrificing the one force upon the strength of which, as events continue to remind us, our prestige as well as, in the last analysis, our credit depend? Shall we throw away the one instrument that protects our shores inviolate against overseas invasion by the great armies which are still maintained on the European continent? These are questions which will have to be answered at the judgment seat of history.

Signor Mussolini has lately declared that Italy's destiny "is now, and will be, on the sea." Are we, in this little but densely crowded island, with a world-wide maritime Empire looking towards us for security, losing our faith in the virtues of sea power?

IMPORTED REVOLUTION

BY G. M. GODDEN

"The best book upon politics is a blank book. Look around you, and write what you see."—*Grotius*.

"Look around you, and write what you see," counselled the great Internationalist of the seventeenth century. Englishmen to-day, should they happen to "look around," are inclined to avoid seeing that which they do not want to see. It is a national habit which has encouraged the importation, into this country, of quite a number of active Societies, known to their Continental founders as Innocents' Clubs. Now, you can fool some of the faculties of John Bull all the time; you can fool all his faculties part of the time; but you cannot, fortunately for the continuance of John's national existence, fool all his faculties all the time. And he is discovering that these factories of revolution, imported, financed and controlled by hostile alien forces, and camouflaged as Innocents' Clubs, are well worth not only looking at, but looking into. Especially are they worth looking into at the present moment, when the international organisers of revolution are welcoming the British coal crisis as a "great opportunity," an opportunity capable of development into "gigantic social battles of world importance."¹

Among the most effective of these organisations are the W.I.R., the C.W.P.A., the N.U.W.C.M., the R.S.I., F.O.R., A.R.C.O.S., the N.M.W.M. and the N.C.L.C. The façade of each of these Societies is, of course, especially designed to attract the particular kind of innocent for whose beguilement it was invented. The sentimentalist of all classes walks readily into the portals of the W.I.R., otherwise the "Workers' International Relief," the statutes of which were drawn up at

(1) Zinovieff Address to the Congress of the Third International, Moscow, March, 1926.

a Congress held in Berlin in 1924. The less scrupulous among men of commerce hope to find good business in the magnificent buildings of A.R.C.O.S., occupying a site worth some £40,000 per annum in Moorgate Street. The C.W.P.A., from its office in Fetter Lane, appeals to the tender-hearted in all countries, as the Class War Prisoner's Aid. The victims of trade depression are drawn into the net of the National Workers' Unemployed Committee Movement, but they have found it fuller of holes than of fishes. The Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the No More War Movement capture the Pacifists and defeatists of Europe. Both these groups devote their chief energies to sapping the manly vigour of the youth of all nations, a propaganda of immense value to the protagonists of minority rule by armed force. Conversely the R.S.I., or Red Sports International, attracts the Red youth of both sexes into Sports Internationals, with the aim of hardening muscles in readiness for civil war. The N.C.L.C., or National Council of Labour Colleges, applies a similar discipline to the mental growth of our young proletarians, mindful of the letter addressed by the Soviet Union of Educational Workers to the "Teachers' Labour League of Great Britain," calling on the English teachers to join forces with their Bolshevik colleagues of the Soviet Government in order to create a powerful "international organisation of teachers and educational workers on the platform of the class-struggle."¹

The W.I.R., an almost perfect specimen of the genus, operates ostensibly as the Workers' Red Cross. It is but five years old, but is already established in twenty-five countries. In England it has affiliated councils in Woolwich, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bolton, Huddersfield, Gravesend, Chelsea, Camberwell, Northumberland, Lincoln, Coventry, Richmond, Edinburgh and the Clyde. In France the W.I.R. is allied with three hundred workers' organisations and runs a cinema and a pictorial paper. In America it has been fortunate in capturing the wealthier innocent:—"We described the misery of the people in the most glowing terms," wrote an American

(1) *Pravda*, December 6th, 1924.

organiser, "and by this means got them to fork out \$5,000,000." Wherever funds can be obtained, the W.I.R. appeals will be heard. Wherever there is distress among the people, agents of the W.I.R. will be found distributing bread with the right hand, and incendiary propaganda with the left. It is these left-handed activities of which the thousands of affiliated innocents are kept in ignorance. They are not told that the general secretary is, by the foundation rules of the organisation, appointed by the Third Communist International at Moscow. They are not sent the minutes of a committee meeting at which the declaration was made, "the real object for which we exist is to do propaganda work on a large scale for Soviet Russia." They are not told that the British section has been soliciting subscriptions for a loan of £20,000 for the Soviet Government, and establishing local agencies both in London and the country, for the sale of Soviet bonds. The Workers' Red Cross might find these financial operations a difficult mouthful for even an innocent to swallow. A few months ago the officials of the Soviet "Trade Delegation," now permitted to occupy the premises belonging to the Russian Embassy, were ready with the information that the W.I.R. was doing excellent work in Ireland—excellent work, that is, aimed, on behalf of the Soviet Government, at the destruction of Great Britain. At the same time an official of a branch of A.R.C.O.S. was handing out W.I.R. leaflets and posters from the offices of A.R.C.O.S. in Mason's Avenue, Coleman Street, E.C. The Soviet Chargé d'Affaires, with his huge "staff" occupying the late Russian Embassy at Chesham House¹, a staff three times larger than that of any ambassador in London, and the gigantic mechanism of A.R.C.O.S., scattered over various palatial offices in the City, are given permission to remain in England on the strict understanding that they carry on no propaganda. Yet A.R.C.O.S. distributes the leaflets and posters of the W.I.R.; and

(1) When Greece resumed "diplomatic" relations with Soviet Russia she was "staggered and perturbed by the arrival in Athens of a Legation staff of fifty-one persons." The Soviet "Embassy" at Peking distributes "tons of propaganda" in China.

Chesham House declares that excellent work is being done by an organisation that exists "in order to do large scale propaganda for Soviet Russia." An Innocents' Club which has secured the support of the Foreign Office is a phenomenon well worth examination.

It must not be thought, moreover, that the W.I.R. operates in England only through the so-called "Trade" and "Diplomatic" delegations of the Soviet Government. True to the definition of its founders—"this is one of the strategic means used for obtaining access to the wide masses of the proletariat," the W.I.R. collects the pennies and the sixpences of the warm-hearted British working men and women, by means of collections for "famine victims" and "Russian orphans." Taking cover under the sacred name of brotherly charity, this engine of class hatreds and "heavy civil war"¹ extracts funds from the pockets of English workers for the purpose of the violent destruction of the English State and the English nation.

Allied with the W.I.R., but of even greater interest for the student of international revolution, is the I.C.W.P.A., otherwise the International Class War Prisoner's Aid. This organisation is the British section of those Continental revolutionary groups known as the Secours Rouge Internationale. As in the case of the W.I.R., standard posters are used, for which the lettering, in the language of each country, is added, according to national requirements. The parent cell of this organism is the M.O.P.R. of Moscow, a branch of the Third Communist International. The M.O.P.R. has its agents in every Russian town and village, and sends some £10,000 to £20,000 out of Russia every month, extracted from the meagre purses of the Russian workers and peasants and officials, for the creation of international revolution. Our English section of the M.O.P.R., the International Class War Prisoner's Aid, distributes, from its London offices, "speakers' notes" and "information circulars," conveying such information as:—"The

(1) The British section of the W.I.R. announced at the Battersea Conference held last April that "we do not want peace in industry, but war in industry"; and declared itself to be "a permanent auxiliary to the workers' industrial and political battle-front."

whole system of British rule in Egypt reeks with spies and *agents provocateurs*"; "the bloody hand of British Imperialism must be stayed"; "the history of India is one long story of ruthless political oppression by Imperialist Britain"; "strikes are smashed at the mouth of the machine gun and the point of the bayonet." In England the I.C.W.P.A. has not as yet ventured on international assassination; but there is no reason to doubt that the recent happenings in Paris would also "happen" in London, if orders of sufficient stringency arrived from Moscow. In Paris, last August, the Speaker and the Deputy Speaker of the Bulgarian Parliament were walking, in broad daylight, down the Champs Elysées. A group of Communists flung themselves on the unsuspecting visitors, and would have succeeded in their murderous aim, had not the Paris police dashed to the rescue. The plot was traced to the offices of the Secours Rouge Internationale, in the Boulevard de la Villette, offices which are outwardly just such a simple Communist bookshop as that which incarnadines our own Covent Garden. To this Paris bookshop came every Soviet agent, on his or her arrival from Russia; and from here each emissary of revolution was despatched to whatever district in France was reported as being, at the moment, the most likely soil for the seeds of civil war. In a room at the back of the shop a great number of letters from Moscow were found. Not a few shops in London would well repay similar investigation—investigation made, *bien entendu*, before and not after attempts at political assassination.¹

These two organisations, the W.I.R. and the I.C.W.P.A., shelter their activities under the sacred name of charity. Another and perhaps more deadly group works under cover of the no less sacred name of peace. The fact that the members of the latter appear to be, in the main, genuine "innocents" does not make the results of their labours

(1) Bookshops shelter many "innocents." The famous Communist dictator Bela Kun, who established the reign of terror in Hungary in 1918, held a three days' conference, lately, in a Jewish bookshop in Vienna in order to reorganise the Hungarian Communist Party. All good citizens have noticed with great satisfaction the recent closing of the Soviet Government Book Agency camouflaged in Bury Street, W.C.

any the less useful to the promoters of universal hatred. The N.M.W.M., the No More War Movement, the W.R.I., the War Resister's International, and the F.O.R., the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, may indeed be said to be almost perfect examples of "Innocents' Clubs." All three are organisations aimed at the ultimate destruction of the armed forces maintained to protect the people of England both from invasion and from the far more imminent attacks of hostile foreign forces now attempting to destroy the nation from within. They are composed of pacifists, more accurately termed defeatists, and carry out the tactics repeatedly enjoined by Lenin and by the Third International. "Pacifism," writes Stalin, one of the most conspicuous members of the Soviet Government, "is shaking the bourgeois power, and is preparing the soil for revolutionary upheavals." Lenin, when urging a vigorous pacifism, wrote: "Refuse to vote military credits." In the summer of 1924 the Third International organised a great "anti-war" campaign in all countries. The programme of the Fifth Congress of the Third International, held last year, included among its aims, "above all, the fight against militarism." Our leading English Communist, and an honorary member of the Moscow Soviet, Mr. A. A. Purcell, M.P., obeyed these injunctions of the Fifth Congress to the letter, in his Presidential Address to the Trade Union Congress, at Hull, eighteen months ago:—"International anti-war days," he declared, "must be used in every village, and town and city, to create positive hatred and detestation of war . . . our duty is to dare to proclaim that we refuse to associate with war movements and war preparations." These utterances make it clear that International pacifists, defeatists and "conscientious" objectors are welcomed by the organisers of the Third International, as useful, even if unwitting, aids towards the violent overthrow of the State in all countries. The fact that Pacifism undermines, as far as it

(1) *Communist International*, N.S., No. 6, p. 6.

(2) *Socialism and War*, Lenin and Zinovieff, *The Communist International*, No. 5, N.S., p. 8.

(3) *Programme of the Communist International*, 1924, p. 36.

(4) *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, February, 1925, p. 241.

is able, the first line of national defence has been effectively recognised by these astute enemies of all free nations. Pacifism, moreover, undermines not only the security, but also the authority, of the State, by its open support of law-breakers.¹ It is the height of irony that our Pacifists, who band themselves together in hostility to all war, should thereby be actively helping to prepare for that "heavy civil war," with its "outpourings of rivers of blood," to create which the Third Communist International is employing all its strategy.

As regards the English Pacifist groups, it is worth noting that Mr. Ponsonby, one of the leading exponents of Pacifism, is now at work on a scheme for the enrolment of a million of his fellow-countrymen, pledged to resist "the next war." English Pacifists have recently formed an International Affairs group, which meets once a month in the House of Commons. The Miners' Federation of Great Britain gave a unanimous vote, last July, calling for an international miners' strike, in the event of any war; and Mr. A. J. Cook appealed to all workers to unite in the slogan, "Not a man, not a gun, not a ton of coal for another war!" This appeal reads oddly beside Mr. Cook's recent declaration of his readiness to "shoulder a gun" himself should revolutionary civil war break out; but the International promoters of revolutionary strife understand very well the logical sequence of the two utterances.²

To know that an Innocents' Club has been established, with monthly meetings, in the citadel of the British Constitution at Westminster must have caused a gratified smile at Moscow. The psychological affinity displayed between Pacifists and the blood-deluged Soviet Government of Russia—"where Robespierre killed by thousands, Lenin killed by tens of thousands"—is a curious phenomenon. The same Mr. Ponsonby, who deprecates any war, was

(1) The Secretary of the F.O.R. writes, in the official organ of this group, of the "injustice maintained by all the forces of law and order" in "Western civilisation."—*Reconciliation*, April, 1925, p. 62.

(2) It is worth noting that the leader of the Pacifist Youth Movement in England has addressed the National Union of Railwaymen on the "Supplementary Army Reserve."

straining every nerve, little more than a year ago, when Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to effect an alliance with the greatest promoters of "mass murder" in history. He was meeting, daily and in friendly collaboration, men responsible for these massacres. And Mr. Ponsonby typifies all Pacifists. Everywhere the Communist and the Pacifist are comrades. The Communist position is perfectly logical. Activities that sap the manly vigour of a nation are valuable to the sworn enemies of all nations. It is possible that the understanding of the average Pacifist should fail to perceive this political sequence.

"Look around you, and write what you see." We see organisations, working in England, under the cloak of divine charity, with the purpose of fomenting class-hatreds in preparation for universal civil war. We see English groups carrying out, in the divine name of peace, the measures devised by international organisers pledged to the ruthless employment of armed force in all countries. We see individual leaders of these Pacifist groups seeking alliance with these engineers of revolution, who contemplate the irrigation of the whole world by "rivers of blood." The international and national activities, in spurious charity of the W.I.R. and in spurious peace propaganda of the F.O.R., the N.M.W.M., and the W.R.I. are doing excellent spade work in preparation for that armed assault upon all nations, the preparatory propaganda for which is so assiduously exported from the Headquarters of the Third International at Moscow. "Our task toward the State," declares the international *Manual of Party Training*, is:—

- (1) To expose its real nature.
- (2) To undermine its authority.
- (3) Ultimately to destroy it.¹

The innocent sentimentalist unwittingly contributes his and her labour under the first and second of these categories. The ultimate aim requires heavier battering rams, and for this work quite another class of innocents has

(1) *Manual of Party Training*, Communist Party of Great Britain (British Section of the Communist International), London, 1924, p. 23.

been enrolled. "If need be," wrote Lenin in his famous *Left Wing Communism: An Infantile Disorder*, "we must resort to strategy and adroitness, illegal proceedings, reticence, and subterfuge."¹ Thus the magnificent premises of A.R.C.O.S. in Moorgate, occupying a site worth some £40,000 per annum, is financed by the Third International, in the name of the Soviet Government, in order to allure the business man; to handle, as we have seen, that propaganda, the distribution of which this "Trade Delegation" so vociferously denies; and last, but not least, for the application of the funds so lavishly voted at Moscow for the import of revolutionary activities into Great Britain. "The main task of the Communist International in all fields is now being transferred to England," announced Zinovieff last year. Last month this indefatigable exporter of revolution declared, at the Spring Congress of the Third International, that a "great opportunity" would be presented in the British coal crisis in May. The Soviet Press in Moscow, Petrograd, and the provinces are now daily devoting their chief space to "Britain's impending revolutionary era."

The task of creating revolution is one requiring liberal allowances of ready cash. A.R.C.O.S., as a recognised banking house, is in a position to receive, legally, drafts up to any amount from the Soviet Government; and can then allot whatever sums are needed for the work of the many Soviet agents now in England.² Last June £2,000,000 was received by the Bank of England for the credit of A.R.C.O.S.; £15,000,000 has now been lodged in England for the subsidising of imported revolution. In 1924 the Executive Committee of the Third International, sitting at Moscow, voted a monthly allowance of £7,000 to the English strike funds; and sent over £5,000 for the English Communist Press Fund. The Finance Minister of the Soviet Government agreed, two years ago, to the vote of £200,000 for the

(1) *Left Wing Communism*. Translation published by the Communist Party of Great Britain, p. 39.

(2) A street-corner agitator, recently arrested for obstructing the police, had £15 in his pockets. Illegal work requires, of course, larger sums.

British Communist Party, of which some £75,000 arrived in England in the course of one month. These funds are voted by a "friendly" Government for the express purpose of the destruction of the English nation.

What may be termed the lighter side of the incessant activities of A.R.C.O.S. is the arranging of those gratis "holiday tours" for parties of English men and women, in selected areas of Russia, accompanied by selected interpreters, which might be fitly termed the tours of the Innocents Abroad. The German miners, it is useful to note, are now refusing these invitations into the Soviet parlour, *unless allowed to select their own interpreters*. This permission the Soviet Government has refused.

"Education" for adult innocents, by travel, is reinforced by systematic education of English youth in the principles of revolution under the N.C.L.C., an organisation working as "The National Council of Labour Colleges," and including the *Plebs League*. The first object of the Plebs League has been officially defined as "the training of workers into class-conscious revolutionaries." A working arrangement exists between "Plebs" and the British Communist Party, and the inaugural lecture given at the recent Plebs summer school defined the N.L.C. and Plebs movement as "an integral part of the process by which the working class of Great Britain comes again upon the path of revolutionary struggle." The agents of subversive education are also active in creating "study circle fixtures," notices of which will be found in the offices of the A.R.C.O.S. lines of steamers, in Mason's Avenue, Coleman Street, E.C.

In the world of underground strategy, operated with such skill by the practised exporters of revolution at Moscow, Innocents' Clubs can be established as easily on sea as on land. Such a salt water centre, somewhat screened from too great publicity, in the purlieus of Crutched Friars, is to be found in the discreet offices of

(1) *The Communist International*, No. 25 [English Edition], "Working Class Education," by Arthur MacManus, p. 55.

(2) *Plebs*, September, 1925, p. 345.

the *Soviet Navigation Company*. Here, not many months ago, came the notorious Madame Kollontai, who was one of the sixty "Russian" revolutionaries despatched by the German War Lords to Russia, in order to disintegrate the Allied Russian armies. The result was the release of the German armies on the Russian front during those critical days of the spring of 1918, when the armies of England were fighting, in the words of Lord Haig's despatch, "back to the wall." It was no fault of Madame Kollontai, and her fifty-nine colleagues, that our armies were not annihilated by the overwhelming odds liberated against us.

It was Lenin—the "most powerful mechanician of revolution"—who proclaimed the new gospel that "Russia must continue to foment revolution in all countries"; and it was a characteristic of Lenin that "he left to-day behind him, and forced himself into to-morrow in his thoughts." When we look around the England of to-day, what kind of to-morrow is it that invades our thoughts? If we intend to secure for this country an immediate future of civil and industrial peace, common sense bids us eliminate the exporters and promoters of civil and industrial war, those men and women who "are under resolve to destroy by force of arms the existing government, and who consider their present rights and liberties as mere licence for working the destruction of existing society." The great American democracy entertains no compromise with those who have pledged their allegiance to the Third International—"a foreign body inimical to a free people"—and who "are carrying out its commands in our midst." Their doctrines, declares democratic America, "teach ultimate insurrection and civil war, with present criminal activities leading up thereto. Their tactics involve the cowardly purpose of injuring until they can destroy. They plan the looting of the nation." A similar attack is now concentrated upon England, and is being directed down a hundred channels. It is probable that our Innocents'

(1) Findings of the Supreme Court of Michigan on the trial of American Communists, December, 1924.

Clubs are utilised as a skilfully devised liaison system, linking up open and subterranean operations. The logical American brain, the clear-sighted Latin mind, has no hesitation in protecting the citizens of the free republics of France and of America from these imported activities of a hostile and tyrannical power. The free citizens of our own country might very well begin a national purge by creating a *Society for the Protection of English Innocents*, with the Home Secretary as President.

Meanwhile, England is threatened with an immediate coal strike, upon which the Continental architects of revolution hope to construct a "revolutionary era." When America was threatened, in 1923, with a similar coal crisis, the alert intelligence of the American miner detected the efforts of these exporters of revolution to get Sovietism across the Atlantic. The American Miners' Union announced that the agents of the Soviet Government had attempted to use the crisis in the American mining industry in order to "control organised labour in the United States," and thus to create a base for the overthrow of American democracy, to be replaced by an arbitrary dictatorship directed from Moscow by the Third International. The American miners defined this attempt as "one of the best organised and far-reaching campaigns that any country has ever been confronted with."¹ Great Britain is confronted to-day with just such a far-reaching and highly organised campaign, waged by skilled exporters of revolution, who have announced, in Moscow, that they see in the present crisis "a great opportunity." Will the British miner be as alert as his American fellow-worker to detect the enemies of all free democracy in the men and women who are now striving to induce him to exchange the British method of reasoned demand for the alien expedient of blind revolutionary action?

(1) Findings of the Committee of the United Mineworkers of America, September, 1923.

INDIAN SWARAJ AND THE NATIVE STATES

By STANLEY RICE

THE dyarchical experiment in India is pursuing a chequered and, on the whole, an unsatisfactory course. Its implacable opponents exclaim jubilantly that it is dead, and express the pious hope that it may soon be buried, as Aurangzib said of Indian music, so deep that it may never arise again. Its abrupt termination in Bengal and its precarious and sometimes almost theoretical career in Central India have been hailed as its dying throes, and it is pointed out with some satisfaction that in Madras, where its course has been smoothest, the practical working of it has benefited greatly by modification and even rejection of its leading principles. But its failure, if it has failed, is less due to inherent defects in the scheme than to persistent opposition by Indian politicians of a school which would reject a divine dispensation so long as it did not accord with, or fell short of, their own aspirations, and it has been attacked by the opposite school not so much for any faults of its own as because it represents a policy which it distrusts. Nevertheless it is not popular; it does not please Indians, be they Extremists like the late Mr. C. R. Das or Moderates like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru. It is equally displeasing to the English "reactionary" school, and the most that its friends can say for it is that it continues to function in spite of criticism. The inherent defects in the scheme in so far as they affect the internal administration of British India are outside the scope of this inquiry, but since everything points to a considerable modification of it when the time arrives to consider the grant of a new instalment of self-government in accordance with the terms of the Declaration of August, 1917, it seems worth while to examine its bearing upon India as a whole, and to ask the question whether, having regard to the promise of "progressive realisation of responsible government," we are on the right lines.

It must be remembered that the announcement did not promise complete self-government at any time. The policy was to be the "increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions." These were to be achieved by "successive stages," and India was to remain "an integral part of the British Empire." It might therefore be logically argued that the scheme does not contemplate "Dominion status" as its ultimate goal, and that the progressive realisation of responsible institutions may well stop short at a point suited to Indian conditions. In particular it might be contended that foreign policy and national defence might remain wholly reserved to the British, while other departments were gradually handed over until the whole internal machinery becomes Indian. That, however, is not how India has understood the Declaration, and to argue thus forensically would certainly be denounced as breaking faith in the spirit if not in the letter. It is, moreover, not practical politics. It is difficult to imagine a situation in which England has divested herself of responsibility for that part of India which she possesses in full sovereignty, and retains only that part over which she claims only a suzerainty, and in spite of Indian illusions on the subject, to consent to maintain an army which, for the principal and more important part of India, would be under Indian orders. Such a situation would be Gilbertian. We cannot administer India on *opéra bouffe*.

Now the ablest of the Moderate leaders, who have at least a constructive policy, have frankly admitted that India is not yet ready to take over charge of foreign affairs and national defence. The National Convention which they have put forward particularly provides that the "Commonwealth Parliament" shall not interfere with the latter, and shall have only limited powers in respect of the former, though the relations with the Native States are excluded from this limitation. It is doubtful whether the framers of the Convention have fully realised all that this implies, for it is admitted on all hands that the two subjects which are intimately connected are the great obstacle:

to advance, but so far no one has been able to propound a solution. And yet solved the question must be if there is to be any real progress towards an ultimate goal. It is no use to look at them with a shrug of the shoulders and to pass on to criticise the working of the reforms in the civil administration of British India as if they did not exist. How delicate the question is, and how urgent the solution, has been shown by two recent events. The abdication of the Maharaja of Indore, faced as he was by the alternative of what amounted to a State trial, and the answer of the late Viceroy to the Nizam of Hyderabad in the matter of Berar, were, each in its own way, striking indications of the claim of the paramount Power to interference, for neither Indore nor Hyderabad can be counted among the lesser States. Would such Princes as these have admitted so readily similar claims by an Indian Government?

India is unique among the countries of the world because, in the midst of a vast territory owing allegiance to a Central Government, there are some seven hundred States which honeycomb the Empire in every direction. The numbers are imposing, but, like the one hundred and forty-seven languages, most of them are unimportant. The States, however, cover a very large area, and each of them is semi-independent in varying degrees. The great block of the Rajputana States intervenes between the Punjab and Bombay Presidency, and throws out a long arm in the shape of the Central Indian States, which, reaching to the Bay of Bengal, separate Bengal from Madras, while Hyderabad and Mysore, themselves separated only by the Madras district of Bellary, form a very large block in the centre of the peninsula. The summary excludes the border States, Kashmir, Nepal and others, as well as the maritime States of Travancore and the Kathiawar Agency, but these, of course, have problems peculiar to themselves. Neither does it pretend to be exhaustive, since there are many others scattered over the face of the country, especially in Bombay. The total area of the Native States is nearly six hundred and eighty thousand square miles, or more than three-fifths that of British India, and the population is approximately seventy

millions, a figure about equal to the total Mussulman population of India. These geographical facts and statistics are necessary to a true understanding of the magnitude and complexity of the problem; they show that the States are so intermingled with British India that they can hardly be treated as separate entities, since what is done in British India must certainly react upon them, and, as we shall see hereafter, many delicate problems arise in connection with various branches of the public service which require very careful handling. To brush them aside as a problem that will settle itself, and to treat them as isolated units which can be dealt with separately, are equally futile proceedings.

The expression just used that the Native States are not separate entities must not be taken to imply any derogation from their position as semi-sovereignties. Much thought has been expended in trying to define their status accurately, but at least a working idea is conveyed by calling the relations of the Government of India to them an active suzerainty. The word was much discussed before the South African War, and no one had any very clear idea of its political significance as regards the Transvaal. In India, however, although it is hard to define in any comprehensive phrase, its practical effect is very clear. The States are "protected," in that the suzerain Power is bound to resist external aggression upon any one of them, whether it come from a common enemy of the Indian Empire or from a neighbouring State. The States themselves are bound to come to the defence of the Empire, as they most nobly did in the late war, and must receive the accredited agents of the suzerain. As regards internal affairs, they are given a free hand, but the suzerain power reserves the right of interference in case of glaring misgovernment, of proved incapacity, or of criminal practices. Those who have founded their ideas of an Indian ruler upon the distinguished visitors to England are apt to forget that among the native rulers there is a considerable range of capacity for government in the modern sense, and that while some States, such as Mysore or Baroda, can challenge comparison with British India,

others, such as Manipur, where the murder of Mr. Grimwood in 1890 is comparatively recent, are extremely backward. The reservation of interference in case of misconduct or of criminal practices, however unnecessary it may seem in the better administered States, has practical value in dealing with those who cling to old traditions or are themselves in a low grade of civilisation.

The Foreign Department of the Government of India is thus divided into two branches, one of which concerns foreign affairs properly so called, and is occupied chiefly with Afghanistan and the north-west frontier. This business is sufficiently complicated and delicate, as we have reason to know in the past, all the more because our policy towards the States bordering on or having influences on India is controlled by the state of affairs in Europe. It is hardly necessary to recall the Russian scare and the incident of Penjdeh or the threatened advance of the Central Powers to the Persian Gulf as examples. We are, however, concerned with the other branch of foreign policy which deals with the Native States, and if this is not so wide in its range as the other it is scarcely less important from the point of view of India. The relations with the States are regulated by treaty, and subject to the reservations and obligations already alluded to (though the list is by no means complete), the greatest care is taken to avoid unnecessary interference and to respect the cherished rights of the Maharaja or Raja concerned. A fugitive offender can take sanctuary in a Native State as securely as in French territory, and his rendition in the case of the one as of the other is regulated by an extradition treaty. The laws of British India are not current in the Native States except in so far as they may have been adopted by the Prince or may have been introduced for special purposes with his consent.

Apart from the major questions of defence, of internal order and of good government, there remain many points of detail which are hardly less important and on which friction may easily arise. It is clear that when a railway passes from the territory of the paramount Power through that of a number of States, all of which are independent to

the extent at least of making separate laws, the complications that might arise from such a confusion of jurisdictions might be considerable. This was felt very early, and a solution was at first found in the surrender by the Indian ruler of the actual land occupied by the railway. This was found inconvenient. Further complications arose when old land was abandoned and new required, and when land, as frequently happens, was needed temporarily. All such transactions were a matter of negotiation, if not of treaty, and the Princes themselves were very reluctant to part with territory. They have therefore surrendered the jurisdiction which vests in the British Government with reversionary rights in the land to the State. Posts and telegraphs similarly demand continuous jurisdiction. Again, the question, so vital to India, of water for irrigation is a matter for negotiation with the States. We have lately seen a first-class case of the kind when Mr. Chamberlain imposed upon Egypt a clause which gave England a free hand in the Soudan, with no reservation of the Nile water to Egypt. In that case the British were the masters of the upper waters; in India, since the British hold the coast and the States are for the most part in the interior, the situation is reversed. Plans made by the States for extensive projects which draw off the water to their advantage have to be carefully examined in order to see that the vested rights of British subjects are not infringed. This may seem a small point to take, but anyone who knows India knows that where there is water there there is trouble. From the individual ryot who quarrels with his neighbour, and the adjoining villages whose disputes end in a levy *en masse* and bloody coxcombs, to the larger landowners who tenaciously cling to every vestige of right to water they imagine themselves to possess, the struggle for water is incessant, and we may be sure that if negotiations are carried on with more dignity and on a higher plane they require very dexterous handling as between the States, who have in this regard equal sovereign rights. Lastly, for these items are not exhaustive but only illustrative of the intricate manner in which the States are bound up with British India, the existence of cantonments such

as those at Secunderabad brings in the question of the Army, and the problem opens out upon the still more important subject of national defence.

It is easy to see why in return for the protection which the British Government affords and from the knowledge that without that protection the smaller States would be open to attack by their neighbours, or that internal troubles might swell to proportions beyond local control, the Indian Princes have parted readily with a portion of their sovereignty. But that which counts for more than this advantage is the dignity attached to such a position, and, as we know, dignity counts for a very great deal in the East. In dealing with the claim of the Nizam to Berar Lord Reading said :—

The sovereignty of the British Crown is supreme in India, and therefore no ruler of an Indian State can justifiably claim to negotiate with the British Government on an equal footing. . . . The right of the British Government to intervene in the internal affairs of Indian States is another instance of the consequences involved in the supremacy of the British Crown.

This is firm language, and the claims are clearly enunciated, but there is nothing in the letter humiliating to the Nizam.

To surrender powers to the suzerain when that suzerain is the head of a great and widespread Empire; to accept his arbitration or the arbitration of officers who derive their authority from him are acts which involve the surrender of not one iota of dignity. But the class of government which is gradually taking the place of the British in India is essentially *bourgeois*. It is the creation of British policy; it is the outcome of British education, and it represents neither the caste system of ancient India nor the aristocratic nobility of the Middle Ages and the Moghuls. It is usual to attribute the unrest to the Brahmans, who see their power slipping from them; but this is not correct. The ancient rulers of India, of whom Rama and Krishna are the types, were Kshatriyas, and the Brahmans, whose claim to priority was emphasised, if not established, by their guardianship of the Scriptures, were their assistants. In Moghul times the successful warrior was preferred, and it was he who, in the dissolution of

the Empire, carved out kingdoms for himself, the most notable relic of those times being Hyderabad, the premier as it is the largest State in India. But the leaders of the people to-day are lawyers, journalists, professors, mostly Brahmans, as is natural from the conditions of the case, but not always, and certainly not necessarily, of that caste. And these leaders are drawn from what we should now call the upper middle classes. The histories tell us that before British times the lawyer was little heard of; we know that the Press was imported from the West, and if the earlier universities produced professors they were of a very different kind from those who are now taking a leading part in politics. Granted that they are able men, granted that they have the capacity to rule, granted everything that makes for intellect and efficiency, are we sure that with prestige lacking the Princes will be willing to treat with them as they have hitherto treated with the British Government? To surrender power to such as these, to accept their arbitration, will be a very different proposition; the position will not be wholly unlike that of the Cavaliers to the Roundhead Government, or that of the *ancien régime* to the lawyer of Arras. And what has the Indian Government so constituted to give in return? Not the protection of the suzerain Government, for admittedly they cannot manage the Army, let alone the Navy and the Air Forces; not the control of internal disorder, for the same reason; not probably the adjustment of interstatal disputes, partly for want of experience, partly from the natural reluctance of the Princes to accept it. It may, however, be argued that the Montagu-Chelmsford Report was only intended to provide for the immediate present and that it could not be expected to arrange for every contingency that might arise in the future. There is specific mention of the Native States in two parts of the Report. On page 129 (paragraph 157) it is clearly recognised that "changes in British India may react upon the States," and as clearly that our obligations to the States are of equal importance and require the exercise of equal good faith with any promises which we may make to British India. "The volume of business which is of common concern to the States and to

British India is steadily growing in importance. . . . If the control of matters common to India as a whole is shared (by the Government) with some popular element . . . it must be anticipated that these rulers may wish to take a share in such control also." That is very well. The Report goes on to allude to the ferment in British India, which may easily extend to neighbouring States; but "our business is to observe our treaty obligations and to refrain from interference and to protect the States from it. We must leave the natural forces at work to provide the solution in due course." There is here that touch of the extreme hesitation of the Government of India to do or even to say anything which might seem, however remotely, to savour of infringing the sovereign rights of the Princes. But no solution of our difficulty is propounded. There is no hint of any remedy if the changes in British India which react upon the States react to their disadvantage.

We turn in vain for any light on our problem to the chapter specifically devoted to the Native States. There is much in it intended to reassure the Princes as to their constitutional relations with the Government of India, and a further reference to possible reactions upon the States of reforms in British India. The Princes are to be "assured in the fullest and freest manner" that their rights, dignities, and privileges, which have been secured to them by treaties, sanads, or otherwise, will not be impaired. The reason why this particular aspect of the problem now under discussion has been omitted is not far to seek. To discuss the hypothetical possibility that the transference of power to popular hands might be distasteful to the Princes was clearly a delicate matter; to suggest that self-government must be withheld at their bidding was hardly diplomatic as well as unfair to all the parties concerned. Moreover, the whole report proceeds upon the assumption that the two cardinal points of national defence and foreign policy must remain in British hands. "The defence of India is an Imperial question," says the Report, "and for this reason the Government of India must retain both the power and the means of discharging its responsibilities for the defence of the country and to the Empire

as a whole." It is "the supreme responsibility" of the Government of India to control relations with India's Asiatic neighbours and by inference therefore to conduct also the other half of Indian foreign policy for which in certain eventualities the army, the power and the means of discharging that responsibility, might have to be requisitioned.

The whole plan of the Government of India with regard to the Native States is towards unity and co-operation. In the earliest days of British power they were treated as separate powers with the conduct of whom the Company had no concern; this was what Sir William Lee-Warner calls "the policy of the ring-fence." It was, however, recognised that the reactions of the different parts of India upon one another were so important that such a policy was impossible. Intervention was, however, avoided as far as possible, with the result that things were allowed to drift until the situation was intolerable and annexation followed. As, however, it was no part of the policy of the Government of India to absorb little by little the independent States, the present policy of mild intervention, which, if necessary, removes the ruler without extinguishing the State, has held the field, and upon this has been grafted the effort towards union and co-operation. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary, the goal of the Government has been for a long time past to make of India, so far as is possible to a Government, a unified country.

Now, having regard to these considerations, are we sure that in establishing dyarchy in its present shape we are really working towards the goal of self-government combined with the unification of the country? The system of dyarchy divides the Government into two halves, one of which is administered by the officers appointed by the Secretary of State and the other by Ministers chosen from the elected representatives. Certain departments have been made over to the latter with an implied promise of more, should the Commission appointed for the purpose find that such an instalment may safely be granted. If this addition is to be *ejusdem generis* it is probable that

the important subjects of police and internal order will again be reserved, and that foreign policy with the control of the army will come last of all, if it ever comes. For the two problems are intimately connected. You cannot well divide up foreign policy into its component halves, especially because some of the border States, such as Nepal and Kashmir, could hardly be dealt with by one authority while the policy over the border is controlled by another; and you cannot separate foreign policy from the army, partly because the demands made upon States in full sovereignty must be backed by the means to support, if not to enforce them, and partly because the army is actually stationed in native as well as in British territory, and may at any time be called upon to suppress disorder. That the Princes are under an obligation to come to the assistance of the Empire as a whole in time of need, and that for this purpose they maintain the Imperial Service troops, are factors which bind still more closely these two crucial branches of the administration.

The political department of the Government of India is recruited partly from the Indian Civil Service and partly from the army. Of the latter there is no need to say anything, for admittedly there is as yet no Indian material to draw upon. The Indian civilians who elect to adopt a "political" career leave the ordinary cadre and seldom return to it. They are ranked separately for pay and promotion, and are liable to be sent anywhere in India and even to Asiatic places outside it: for example, to the Persian Gulf. It is clear, therefore, that in the eyes of the Government of India political work is of a special kind for which special training is needed. It is rare to find a Foreign Secretary who has had no "political" experience, and the Viceroy himself holds the foreign portfolio. It would seem that there is no scope for the Indian man of parts, who can now become a Minister, or if he has legal experience Law Member or High Court Judge, for in the work of ordinary administration the well-educated man already possesses some knowledge, and like the Justice of the Peace in England he can depend upon his subordinates to keep him in the straight path of official

procedure. But how is the Indian to learn political work if he never begins and has no chance of beginning? The political list of 1924 does not show a single Indian in any really responsible position, and only two or three in any position at all.

It is, of course, possible to continue the plan of dyarchy in much the same way as has been done in the army, by introducing Indians into the lower ranks of the political service and leaving them to work their way upwards by merit and the ordinary course of promotion. In this way the existing scheme would continue, leaving the Foreign Department still in British hands until such time as Indians were ripe for responsibility. There is more than one objection to this course. In the first place it is sure to be too slow to please the more impatient, and the signs show that every party in India is impatient to some degree. It goes without saying that it would not please the Extremists, but as nothing pleases them except the immediate surrender of all power upon their own terms, they need not be considered. It would not please the Moderates, since they have shown an evident desire to quicken the pace, and look upon the transfer of foreign policy as practical politics in the not distant future. Secondly, it is by no means certain that Indians would choose this career, since it involves the possibility of long-distance transfers and even of service beyond the limits of India. Previous experiments in this direction have not been encouraging. Indians did not flock to the volunteer ranks when they were thrown open to them; and it is said that young Indian officers are by no means eager to leave the regiments commanded by Englishmen for those staffed by Indians. This objection is, of course, open to the answer that if Indians do not choose to accept the way offered to them, the Department must perforce be filled by Englishmen, and the responsibility is clearly Indian. But such an answer would provoke the retort which has at least political value, that the offer was made with the express knowledge that it would be unacceptable and therefore with the deliberate intention of delaying the progress of Swaraj. Such a retort has been made in the

case of the army; it has been said that the tentative efforts to introduce Indian officers may bear fruit a century hence. The principal objection, however, is that the Indian Princes themselves might not view with equanimity the prospect of receiving as Resident a man of their own race or possibly of a race which they do not hold in equal respect with their own and of a class distinctly inferior. The Resident's path is usually a smooth one, but there come times, especially in the more backward States, when a firm hand is necessary, and the distinction between firmness and insolence is sometimes rather fine drawn and liable at any rate to misunderstanding.

The alternative of a reversion to the old bureaucratic type of government, which a certain school in England advocates and not a few Indians would probably welcome, may be ruled out altogether, unless, indeed, we are prepared to cancel that part of the Declaration which refers to responsible government, that is, democracy, and to keep only that which promises the increasing association of Indians in the administration. But even so, we are faced with exactly the same proposition and exactly the same objections as those we have just discussed. For the increasing association of Indians only means, local affairs apart, the substitution of Indians for Englishmen in the various branches of the Government; there is no need to recapitulate the argument.

There remains a third alternative, the boldest but possibly in the end the safest and the most satisfactory. India can and ought to be differentiated from the other great Dominions in many ways, and not the least by the continuance of semi-sovereign States in the midst of the territory directly administered by the paramount Power. The terms "Dominion self-government" and "Dominion status" are only applicable in a qualified sense; the government of India need no more be modelled upon them than France must model her republic upon the lines of Soviet Russia. Let it therefore be taken as axiomatic that, as in the case of the Government of India and the Native States, the administration of the country as a whole must be one of union and co-operation. It remains true that

this narrowing of the interpretation of the Declaration might disappoint Indian expectations. But it is wiser to say frankly that the Declaration did not contemplate "Dominion status," and that, in fact, the conditions do not admit of it, than to persevere in a course which cannot lead to it, and allow Indians to remain in a fool's paradise. The principle advocated would involve not the eventual ousting of the Englishman till everything is Indian, but a gradual displacement up to a limit which would still keep the political department intact, with such reserve of material in the secretariats and the districts as might seem necessary. The Viceroy would still be English, and there would be an irreducible minimum of Englishmen in the cadre of the Indian Civil Service, so that a supply would always be available for the political and foreign departments, supplemented by the officers of the Army, as at present. There would thus be a *raison d'être* for the Army, for it is at present not clear how the British Army can remain in India if it is to be wholly under the orders of an Indian Government. There would be real force in the stipulation that India must be an integral part of the British Empire, since she is bound to it by no other ties than that of self-interest. Such a system might further guard those technical departments such as the railways, for which Indians have hitherto shown no special aptitude. Finally it would continue the policy of a unified India by establishing firmly a central rallying point in place of the disruptive tendencies of the present dyarchical system which threaten in the logical course of events to divide India into provinces, and to shiver into fragments the policy so laboriously built up of welding all India, including the Native States, into one common Empire.

POLITICAL PARTIES IN EGYPT

BY VIATOR HIBERNICUS

POLITICAL news from Egypt is at present somewhat bewildering. But that is no phenomenon, and, indeed, quite apart from the confused impressions which the recent political reports convey to the western mind, it must be remembered that fully three-quarters of the population of Egypt are totally lacking in political sense, and live in a state of constant bewilderment. The fellah, however, is not allowed to remain in apathy. He is surrounded by politics in his village, and is persistently exploited by one party or another.

A story is told, dating from the autumn of 1921, when the antagonism between Zaghlul Pasha, newly returned from his first exile, and the Liberal Constitutional Party, which was then in power, was at its height. Zaghlul, in defiance of the Government's veto on political meetings, was touring the country, and two fellahin found themselves shouting and gesticulating with national fervour in the middle of an hysterical mob. "Who are you booing?" asks one of the other. "*Ismoheih*" (What's-his-name), comes the second patriot's reply—slightly indignant at the interruption. It was enough. "*Yascut ismoheih*" (Down with What's-his-name) was shouted with the vigour of which Egyptian lungs alone are capable.

There must be many Egyptians at the moment to whom the cry "Down with What's-his-name" would be as intelligible as any other. And, indeed, to the foreign onlooker, the political situation and the outward re-grouping of parties is barely susceptible of coherent analysis.

Some time in February it was announced that the Ziwar Government was about to bring to trial certain prominent Zaghlulists in connection with the murder in 1922 of two notable adherents of the Liberal Constitutional Party. A few days later a large unofficial—but none the less representative—meeting took place in Cairo in protest against Ziwar Pasha's methods of government. It was

presided over by Zaghlul Pasha in person. He was supported on his right and left by his erstwhile opponents of the Liberal Constitutional Party, Adly Yeghen Pasha and Sarwat Pasha. And to add to the maze of contradiction the meeting passed off in perfect order, thanks to the excellent police arrangements made by Ziwar Pasha's Government.

The only comment which occurs to the Western mind is that, bewildering though they doubtless are, these facts do testify to the growth—albeit erratic—of a party spirit in Egyptian politics, and to the development of a determination of a Government in being—however unpopular it may be—to carry out its duties as guardian of law and order, irrespective of parties.

Ziwar Pasha, the Premier, has brought his country through the crisis of the British ultimatum of 1924; he has successfully negotiated with Italy a frontier agreement which was long overdue, and from which all previous Governments since 1922 had fought shy; and he has solved the anomalous state of German nationals in Egypt. Such a record of foreign policy is one to be proud of, and he deserves a full measure of praise. But Egyptians do not yet appreciate the value of good international relations, and these outstanding attainments have only opened him to the attacks of his fellow-countrymen on the grounds that he has been careless of Egyptian national rights.

Egyptian politicians and the Press, which they inspire and control, are, in fact, still only interested in local politics and local political personalities. In this sphere it cannot be said that Ziwar Pasha has been a particularly successful leader, and to this failure is due, almost entirely, the present unpopularity of his Government. He himself is a non-party man, and was therefore an ideal head for the Coalition, which he successfully brought into being after the collapse of Zaghlul Pasha's ministry. The Liberal Constitutional party was of his feather, and had leaders of distinction and energy, and on account of their hostility to Zaghlul Pasha and his methods, they were agreeable to serve under Ziwar Pasha's presidency on an equal footing with the newly created "Ittehad,"

or Unionist Party. This latter party was the child of the Palace, and was fostered by the notorious Hassan Nashat Pasha, who has just been removed from the political arena. This Coalition showed little outward signs of disintegration during the first months of its career, and successfully weathered a partial defeat in the elections of last spring by resorting to the somewhat crude manoeuvre of dissolving a hostile parliament whose confidence they could not have secured.

But coalitions are unwieldy in any country, and in Egypt they are even more precarious than elsewhere. Intrigue is endemic in Oriental politics, and personal jealousies allow of a degree of treachery which would not be so easily possible in Western countries. The Liberal Constitutionals and the Unionists after a few months of outward harmony began to quarrel in the council chamber, and after Ziwar Pasha's departure for Europe on a well-deserved holiday, settled down to intrigue against each other throughout the country.

The Unionist Party had the powerful support of the King, and was organised and directed through his ambitious henchman, Hassan Nashat Pasha. In the early summer, after Ziwar Pasha's departure, an ingenious manoeuvre, conceived and prosecuted by the Palace camarilla, over a religious treatise written by a member of a prominent Liberal Constitutional family, brought about the resignation of the Minister of Justice, Abdel Aziz Pasha Fahmy, one of the leaders of the Liberal Constitutional Party. Flushed by this success, the Palace, through Hassan Nashat Pasha, intensified its pressure on the Cabinet to such an extent as to render the counsels of the Liberal Constitutional ministers absolutely abortive, and their retention of office both undignified and humiliating. In the early autumn—Ziwar Pasha was still in Europe—they all resigned, and since then the Ministry has been to all intents and purposes Unionist.

It is difficult for the Western mind to appreciate the position and powers of the King of Egypt. As an Oriental monarch he has the luxurious trappings and the aloof glamour which is associated with Eastern majesty

As head of the State he presides over the Council of Ministers, where, if he wills, he can practically enforce any particular personal wish. He is thus a power apart both in the eyes of his people and in the calculations of the various political parties. In the case of the latter he must be considered as a factor to be conciliated or opposed, and there are few Egyptian politicians who would risk their tenure of office to come out in open opposition. Governments come and Governments go, but he remains the last word in Egyptian politics.

King Fuad throughout his reign, and especially since he became King in 1922, has not followed good counsels nor surrounded himself at his court by wise advisers. Though he naturally has remained behind the scenes, he has given to the outside world—both foreign and Egyptian—the impression that he has ever been striving for more power. This impression has been fortified almost consistently by his failure to give to his successive Prime Ministers his full and unselfish support, and by his proneness to associate himself with the Opposition behind the back of the Government in power. A grave measure of responsibility must be set to his account for the break-up of Ziwar Pasha's Coalition Ministry.

When persons, political parties or countries find themselves in danger of unwelcome isolation they are ready to turn to unlikely or even previously antagonistic quarters for support. Italy seceded from the Triple Alliance to the Entente because her voice was of no account in Austro-German policy. After the Boer war this country sought an "entente cordiale" with France when the Fashoda incident was still fresh in the minds of all. Mr. Lloyd George associated himself with the Socialist Party in January, 1924, to secure the fall of Mr. Baldwin's Conservative Government. So it has been in Egypt with the Liberal Constitutional Party. The Palace policy of last summer had driven it into the political wilderness, whither Zaghlul Pasha and his party after their disastrous attempt at government had preceded it in November, 1924. A common grievance is wont to create mutual sympathy in fundamentally uncongenial quarters. The

Liberal Constitutional Party was justly incensed against the Unionists, but its indignation was nothing to the fury of the Zaghlulists against Ziwar Pasha and his Government.

Zaghlul Pasha's departure from office had given him no satisfaction. He resigned with the knowledge that his light-hearted conduct of the nation's affairs had encouraged licence throughout the country, culminating in the murder of Sir Lee Stack. He could not be blind to the fact that in the eyes of the world he had over-stepped all limits of human toleration. His fall had been accepted with relief even by Egyptians, and although he never lost his hold on the affections of his countrymen, he must have realised that, for the time being at any rate, he was impossible as head of a Government. During the electoral campaign of last spring his party had shown ominous signs of disintegration under pressure from Ismail Sidky Pasha, the Liberal Constitutional Minister of the Interior in Ziwar Pasha's Ministry, and for a time he certainly underwent an eclipse. But his success in the elections revived his fortunes, and although he was badly thwarted by Ziwar Pasha's summary dissolution of the Zaghlulist majority in the Parliament, he had not long to wait for an opportunity once more to further his political rehabilitation.

The first Egyptian electoral law was drafted as long ago as 1922, when a Liberal Constitutional Government was in power. It was promulgated a year later, and according to its terms the first Egyptian elections were held in the autumn of 1923, and Zaghlul Pasha was returned at the head of a crushing majority. During his Premiership the Parliament voted certain amendments, widening the franchise, and the second Egyptian elections were held in the spring of last year under the amended law. Zaghlul Pasha was once more returned, although with a considerably reduced majority. The second Egyptian Parliament was the shortest on record. It assembled at 9 a.m. one morning and was dissolved at 6 p.m. the same night. The success of Zaghlul Pasha was naturally a bitter disappointment to the Coalition

Government, and they quickly decided that the next elections should take place under a law which would be more in keeping with the political development of the country. They hoped, however, to be able to redraft the law in a form which would make the return of a Zaghlulist majority in a future election a matter of much greater difficulty.

Zaghlul Pasha rightly interpreted their motive, but he was astute enough to attack them on other grounds. He charged Ziwar Pasha with tampering with the law of the land, which without the consent of Parliament, which had been unlawfully dissolved, was unconstitutional. It was an excellent stick with which to flog the Government horse, and the Zaghlulist campaign never flagged. At the outset, however, he can hardly have hoped that circumstances would influence the hitherto hostile Liberal Constitutional Party to join forces with him within a comparatively short space of time to bring about the destruction of the Ziwar Government. How the *rapprochement* took place will never be known; possibly it was imperceptible; but it exists now, and is the predominating factor in Egyptian politics at the moment.

It is impossible not to sympathise with Ziwar Pasha, but at the same time he is certainly open to criticism. He has allowed his Government to drift from being a Coalition of the reputable factors in Egyptian political life into a single party unit which during his absence in Europe became servile to the dictatorship of Hassan Nashat Pasha. On his arrival in Egypt in October he quickly realised his dilemma, but he should have done so months before. Shortly after his return he was relieved of the interference of Nashat Pasha, and, it is understood, made every effort to restore the Coalition by the reappointment of Liberal Constitutionals to vacant Ministries. But his late colleagues refused further association with the Unionist Party, and have declared their sympathy with the present Zaghlulist programme in open opposition to the Government. To a certain extent Ziwar Pasha has stolen Zaghlul Pasha's thunder by his eleventh hour decision to hold the coming elections under the old

Electoral law as amended by the Zaghlulist Government in 1924: but less dilatory methods in dealing with the successive ministerial crises which occurred last year would have saved him from his present predicament. To extricate himself he has announced that he will only remain in office until the assembly of the new Parliament, after which he will resign.

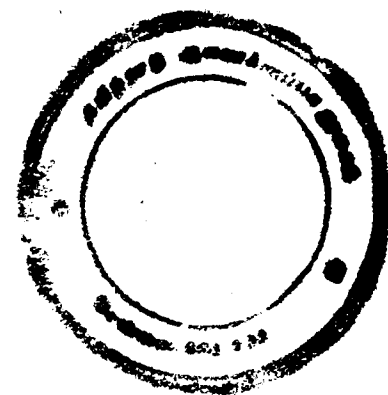
His Ministry will be succeeded by either a Zaghlulist-Liberal Coalition or a purely Zaghlulist Government. Apart from the natural prejudice which all students of political history have against coalitions, it must be admitted that a combination of Zaghlul Pasha and Adly Yeghen and Sarwat Pashas would be singularly artificial, and would present few of the elements of stability. Zaghlul Pasha is a veteran in age and politics. In the eyes of his fellow countrymen he is still the great national hero and will remain so until he dies. He is certainly not the man to share his honour with others, nor would he be a particularly amenable colleague of those who in the still recent past have devoted so much of their time and energy to thwarting his wishes.

But at the moment the alliance serves Zaghlul Pasha's purpose. The Liberal Constitutional Party has a reputation for efficiency and statesmanship; it is neither disliked nor distrusted by the foreign colonies in Egypt, and its association with the Zaghlulist Party during the present political developments tends to encourage the hope that moderate counsels will be brought to bear in the Zaghlulist camp. All this reacts to the advantage of Zaghlul Pasha himself. But whether there is a coalition or not, one thing may be accepted as certain: that whatever Ministry succeeds the present Government, it will be Zaghlul Pasha who will call the tune.

It is perhaps impertinent from the remoteness of this country to offer advice to a political party in another country. But the temptation is strong to counsel the Liberal Constitutional Party to retain its freedom, to join no coalition, and in the new Parliament to constitute itself officially as King Fuad's Opposition Party. It is the essence of a sound parliamentary system that there should

be an active Opposition, and its rôle in safeguarding the interests of the country is second only to that of the Government itself, which has to dictate national policy.

In the coming developments the King will have a difficult rôle to play. For the moment the Unionist Party is associated to its detriment with the intrigues which led to Nashat Pasha's removal. It is therefore no longer a factor of prime political importance. His Majesty's relations with the Liberal Constitutional Party have been strained since it came into being in 1921, and he cannot hope to enjoy their full confidence. And, lastly, the Zaghlulist Party is led by the man who is admittedly the greatest power in Egyptian domestic life. The King also has great power, and it will be for him to establish an association with the coming Government which will ensure the blending of the two dominant Egyptian interests, his own and Zaghlul Pasha's. He is a constitutional monarch ruling his country through a Government elected by popular suffrage. He has therefore to raise himself above all party politics and to collaborate sagaciously and sincerely with the coming new Ministry. But above all he is in a unique position to shepherd Egyptian international relations with other Powers, in which province the Zaghlulist Party has shown itself to be singularly inept. The young Egyptian independent State needs to cherish and encourage the sympathy and support of the great European Powers, and particularly of Great Britain. King Fuad has the experience and intelligence to do his country royal service in this direction, and the report of his coming visit to London, his first official visit to any foreign capital, has thereby an enhanced interest and importance in the eyes of the British public.



CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

By W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER I

YOUNG LIFE ADRIFT

THE steamer *Juan Alvarez* was sinking. Heaved up and pounded by an enraged sea, she rose and fell in the trough of the waves, which now, since she had no way upon her, battered her sides, striking again and again, making a sound like that of cannon. At every blow of the sea, after every rise of the smitten ship, she seemed to sink a little deeper, to list a little more steeply to starboard. The sea, that was black and ragged, flooded her decks, poured into her sides where her vitals had, a few minutes before, been blown out by the explosion of one of her boilers.

It was a terrible scene under the blue-black sky of the Gulf of Mexico, a sky thick with tempest, fleeced and clotted with piebald clouds. About her the sea in a rage of appetite curled, forming mouths and great black maws, running towards her from the northern horizon, in lines and lines of waves, spitting foam and casting a veil of spume over the gaping deck. With the scream of the wind and to the pounding of the sea joined a shrill cry of escaping steam, as if the ship shrieked in her agony. Yet upon this atom so near eternity human beings struggled, rushed about the slippery decks, fell upon the sloping planks, saved for a moment by the rail. A group of men clung, lifted and thrown about, to the davits of the starboard boats, striking with axes at the falls that were tangled and knotted as matting. A fall gave way, and a boat, swinging loose, struck the group that was fighting for it. They disappeared, three overboard, one reduced to a black, motionless object, which slowly rolled down the deck to the rail, and stirred no more.

The voices of the women were heard, and those of the children. There was crying, a very little crying, as little children struggled up the companion way, fell upon the deck, rolled, a struggling heap, buffeted by the wind, drenched with spray. Above all, the voice of a woman, her head bound in a white wimple, who, clinging to a hatch, threw upon the wind her prayer: "*De profundis clamavi ad te Domine.* . . ."

The *Juan Alvarez* had loaded her cargo two days before at the port of Aranillo, on the Venezuelan coast. It was a peaceful little port, except for earthquakes, which could be expected every dozen years or so; a little port inhabited by good-humoured Indians and half-breeds, who sunned themselves and, when compelled, worked for the foreigners. There were many foreigners in Aranillo—American, English, German, a few Spanish and French, merchants, engineers, and their families. The town had a gay air, with its avenues of palm trees and coco-nut

palms. The heat fell languidly. It was a happy country, a country where little happens and little matters.

But some days before the departure of the *Juan Alvarez* one of these tidal waves which often arise in the Pacific, so seldom in its brother ocean, had suddenly come running out of the North, beating upon the coast. Aranillo had found itself at the apex of the assault. Out of the sea another sea had risen like a green wall, which had submerged the lower cliffs, filled the harbour, and, like a tongue of ice that yet can burn, flooded the city. Almost simultaneously, while the sea struck at the houses, while its green tongue licked up human beings and broke down trees, an earthquake shock had run along the coast. As the water retreated, as the houses fell, electric wires and streams of gas from the broken mains threw out flame. Water and fire fought for Aranillo, the one breaking, the other destroying. Since the houses were close-packed, because the site was narrow, flame went from house to house; all through one day, through a night as light as day, the city burnt. Aranillo was in ashes, but upon these ashes already prowled Indians armed with knives, and a few convicts escaped from the local prison. The foreigners were camping some half a mile out of the blazing city, their children collected about them, counting their dead; the two cables were broken, and within a hundred miles of desert there was no telegraph line. A sort of order invaded the hideousness of the scene, for some of the foreigners had witnessed an earthquake eleven years before, and knew what a riot of murder and pillage would follow the disaster. Four hours after the shock eighty well-armed men, more than half Americans, the others British and German, seized the little military post, took charge of the arms, and established a militia which paraded the smoking streets of Aranillo, preventing the major horrors of pillage, though they could do little to provide food.

For three days the little band struggled with conditions that became rapidly more terrible, for the water mains had burst, and only a foul supply came from the wells. Death was busy, and since there was no time to dig graves, the bodies of men and of children were cast into the harbour for the tide to carry away. Only four ships were in the harbour when the earthquake came, and two of these had foundered. A meeting of the foreigners decided that help must be at once obtained if all were not to die. They also decided to save the children. There survived at Aranillo a hundred and thirty foreign children, two-thirds of these under the age of six, since no white child could safely develop in the steamy heat of the coast, and was early sent back to America or to Europe. Hurriedly, the two ships were taken over. The smaller took the youngest children and the only doctor who could be spared. The elder children, of whom there were eighty-three, made the cargo of the *Juan Alvarez*. With them went a few mothers and the two French nuns, Sister Anne Marie and Sister Madeleine. Though the sea was high after the tidal wave, and though the *Juan Alvarez* was old, yet she managed to leave the harbour and to set out towards Cuba, where they would be in safety and whence would come help. As she went the mothers wept. There was no room on board for many of these.

But, though the tidal wave had spent itself, behind it came a storm which the ship encountered, which she met with a terrified, half-mutinous dago crew, with engines labouring in the heavy weather, sweating oil, groaning and pitching, making seven knots an hour, yet forced on by her captain, so forced on that suddenly, on the second night, came the disaster, the bursting of a boiler, the parting at last of the old seams, and the scene in the lurid, wind-swept night, the ship settling deeper and deeper under the impact of a white lather of sea. Yet, though the port boats were useless, and though one of the starboard boats had been lost, it was possible to crowd into one boat seventy-three of the children, a few bags of biscuit and a breaker of water. In the dark night, lit only by the taffrail lamps, a few mothers crowded towards the rail, while the crew struggled with the falls. Sister Madeleine leapt into the boat, and three mothers were about to follow her when, as one rope was released, the other parted, and the boat fell towards the sea. There was a cry. Sister Madeleine seized the slack rope, which whistled through her palms. There was a shout as she fell into the sea, and one of the Indian sailors, terrified or foolish, cut the sound rope. A scream came from the ship, and hands were held out towards what could hardly be seen, the boat lifted already by a wave, then cast down into the trough, carried away into a night darker than its own sides.

And yet in the night still rose the prayer of Sister Anne Marie, who, kneeling by the hatch, repeated again and again: "*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine . . . de profundis clamavi ad te, Domine . . .*"

Still the sea pressed upon the ship; the list to starboard became steeper. No boat could be launched now; among tears and among cries the *Juan Alvarez* heeled over more and more, very near the sea, of the sea. The sea rose slowly, and after a while the ship was seen no more.

Eight children had remained upon the ship, and now, constantly lifted and then cast down into the deep green valleys, the boat drifted towards the south. There were no babies among this company; they were all little children aged five to eight. Now they sat upon the thwarts or huddled upon the bottom of the boat, making no sound, but looking about them with large eyes, wondering what was happening to them and seeking an adult, someone who could tell them what to do, who might play with them or tell them a story. The disaster had happened late in the night, and now dawn was coming, suddenly, as it does in the tropics. In the threatening eastern sky fan trails of palest green, dirty yellow, where soon formed pink streaks of ragged cloud. The boat drifted swiftly before the northern gale, rose and fell in a smoking white sea. The early terror of the children, or rather their bewilderment, had passed, and now the restlessness of their years made them want to move, which they could hardly do in this boat, so closely packed. They wriggled on the thwarts, too young to feel seasickness. They pushed each other, and here and there a child began to cry. There was no one to still their tears. They talked at random: this made things difficult because their languages were not all the same.

You will imagine, seated forward, a small dark boy with two little

fair girls. The wind has not fallen, but the sun has risen. He has in his pocket a pair of scissors, with which he cuts now unreprieved holes in his tunic. The little girls are interested. They laugh. Their laughter mingles with the tears of a child some distance away that is hungry and cold, and seeks comfort.

Only as the day passed, and still they drifted south, did first tears, then sleep and stupor come. The children found themselves hungry, and, because unsatisfied, wept, jostling each other, inclined to be quarrelsome because they suffered. But as there was no food, as they were exhausted, little by little they fell asleep, except two or three who cried persistently for their mothers. It was only as evening came that they revived, that again this tiny racked humanity began to try to move. In their childish brains the idea of food was entirely dominant.

Among the children, seated aft, was a small boy, presumably aged six, a boy rather tall for his age, distinctly thin, dark-haired, white-skinned, and endowed with eyes that separated him from all others—deep blue eyes, fringed with black. He was among the most restless, and because of this pushed frequently against a little girl of his own age who with three others shared his thwart. She was a pretty child, having brown eyes and a mass of fair hair, now sodden and sticky with salt water. She resented his restlessness and pushed him back. The small boy pushed her again viciously, upon which the little girl raised her hand and slapped him across the face. The little boy reddened, and, seizing the girl by the hair, dragged her head down, kicking and slapping her wherever he could. They fell together, locked, upon the bottom of the boat, and for a while fought ferociously, separating at last, breathless, neither being victorious.

"That will learn you something, my lad," said the little boy, who used "lad" to either sex.

"You're a pig," said the little girl, "I'll tell mother."

The little boy was no longer breathing heavily. In fact, he entirely forgot his antagonist, for he had fallen upon one of the sacks of biscuit, and now, childishly, worked at the cord that tied its neck. He worked for a long time with curious persistence, an almost significant persistence, using his teeth as well as both his hands, and thrusting at the sack with his feet to keep his balance as the boat rolled. Suddenly the knot came untied, and he thrust his hand into the sack, where he found a biscuit.

It was growing dark, and the other children, mostly half-stupefied, had not noticed this. So the little boy put the biscuit into his mouth, and with difficulty managed to bite fragments off the edges. He ate greedily, like an animal, cramming the fragments into his mouth. The little fair girl noticed this, and a sudden animation came to her.

"I want some," she wailed.

The little boy hesitated. He had the animal instinct to keep this for himself, but he had been taught to share what was his with other people. So he put his hand into the bag again, held out a biscuit which she took. For some time they munched happily. The little girl said:

"My name's Elnor. What's your name?"

"Dzon," lisped little John.

They were satisfied by this exchange of information, and went on munching their biscuits. Then the sound of their moving jaws attracted attention, there was a stir among the infant company, and hands were held out towards the bag. The two children watched the others, first help themselves in an orderly manner, then struggle. Still they did not interfere, as the end of their boat crowded, as appeals and threats rose about them. But among the crowd was a boy no older than the others, yet taller, handsome in a rather brutal manner, his head covered with curly red hair. Without a word, finding himself too far back to reach the bag, he fought his way through the press, striking at and kicking at bodies. Terrified, the children gave way to him. He was clad only in pyjamas, half-torn from his body, which he threw aside, reaching the bag at last a formidable and resolute figure. Without a word he seized two biscuits, placed them under his arm, bent down and, since another child was in his way, snatched his rival's biscuit from his mouth. A queer sort of rage rose in Dzon. Possibly natural antagonism formed between them, or more likely the instinct that was later to define him called in his heart. Without a word, without a protest, he struck the red-haired boy in the face, causing him to drop his biscuits. At once they were locked in combat, while, seeing them so employed, the other children threw themselves upon the biscuit bag. The little boat was a scene of a battle, where neither sex nor weakness appealed. They were hungry, they were fighting for food. Not one had reached the age of eight, and yet already they were men and women maddened by a primitive need. It was this rush which saved Dzon, for the red-haired boy was stronger than he, and at once had him down, holding him with one hand while he struck him with the other. Half a dozen children, locked in the struggle, rolled over them, separating them, whereupon Red-hair forgot the combat and, thinking only of food, joined in the struggle, leaving Dzon to sit up crying, his lip torn, his hair soiled with tar.

Water was found by a similar accident, by a small half-Indian boy, and it was tragically wasted, since no child thought of using the cup which hung to the breaker. The tap once turned, the precious fluid flowed along the floor of the boat, where as night fell children crouched, drinking the little that was left from the planks.

So the boat drifted on into the cold night. Some of the children were still, yet aroused no interest in the others. They were dead. All, thinking only of their pain, left them to die. Still the wind hissed along the waves as the boat drifted south. The children had slept so much during the day that now they were restless again. Many were crying, and, as the boat passed into another night upon the waves, their cry echoed in many languages: "Madre . . . mamman . . . mother."

CHAPTER II

THE PLAYFUL YEARS.

FROM over the gunwale of the boat a row of small tousled heads peered at the land which had suddenly appeared upon the port bow. For several hours—in fact, since dawn—it had been a shadow, a blackness upon the waters, which adults would long ago have recognised. But to the children it appeared suddenly; the lack of concentration of their years caused them to perceive land as if it had been produced by a conjuring trick. And they were not overjoyed, being unable to realise their peril, or to imagine that here was a place where water and food could be found. Many were still crying, conscious only of their thirst. Of these was Elnor, who persistently wept, knowing only that she was thirsty and unable to conceive the future. She was too young to know that there is a future.

The wind, which had sent the boat drifting towards the south, had by degrees diminished, and now had almost fallen; it preserved only enough strength to propel the boat into the south-western current formed in the sea by the outflow of a river that was later to be known as the River of the Plains. Caught between the flow of the river and the sea, the boat for an hour or so drifted in various directions. It was nearly beached on the northern reef, which lay outside the estuary of the river. It went out to sea a mile or so, and perhaps would have drifted away if the turn of the tide had not suddenly caught it, driving it between the northern and the middle reef upon a surfy sea that for a few hours muzzled the river. Finally, very slowly and carried away by the tide, the boat beached itself upon a soft, sandy beach a few hundred yards from the mouth of the river. There, in days to come, was to stand Home City.

Naturally, the children did not at once leap ashore. They were frightened and unhappy, and there was nothing to reassure them on land; also they were waiting for initiative. So, for at least a quarter of an hour, they looked curiously over the gunwale, constantly being carried a little higher up the beach by the tide, which still rose. At last, however, from a clump of trees that grew some hundred yards away, came a small peccari, followed by her young. The small wild pigs trotted across the field of vision of the children, and while the mother rooted in the ground, the young scattered about her. Small things attract children, and fingers were pointed at the amusing sight. After some hesitation, the waves having retreated and left the sand dry, a small girl climbed out of the boat, jumped on the sand, and went towards the peccari. Thus was a landing effected by Winnie, a little girl in no wise destined to be famous. She was at the moment clad in a nightgown and what looked like an antimacassar firmly bound about her middle. She made a strange Christopher Columbus.

As she drew near, the peccari mother raised her snout and bounded away, followed by her young, who scuttled like rats. Almost at once they were hidden under the trees. But Winnie's example had spread so quickly that the children were climbing and falling out of the boat. Returning waves drenched them, but yet all clambered on to the sand, upon the beach, where they scattered. Only five children stayed in the boat, in awkward attitudes, lying twisted or face down; these had died upon the journey, and four were boys, the girls exhibiting in time of trial the stamina which is always theirs.

You will imagine the scene on that day in May under the tropical sun. The sandy beach rises steeply towards a fringe of ceiba trees. Indeed, the whole horizon rises for some eight miles towards a plateau, the lower slopes of which are crowded with trees. Beyond lies a ragged range of hills. The land on which the children found themselves was an island lying some forty miles north-east of the coast of Venezuela, an island surrounded with shoals. In fact, a number of sandbanks lay across the northern coast, almost blocking up the mouth of the river, whose waters found their way into the sea between the reefs. That river wandered down from the plateau, its source, through the forests. In the west the land rose again into low hills, where flowed another river, taking its source at another point of the southern watershed. This was afterwards named the River of the Hills. Upon the lonely beach the children wandered, many forgetting already, if for a moment, their hunger and their thirst, amused by details: a shining stone, a shellfish which closed as they sought to pick it up. They were on an island known in the tropics as El Matador, a sinister name, meaning "The Killer." It was desert because the whole region had once been so swampy as to be unfit for cultivation, and because the swamps had provided a breeding ground for the mosquito. The name of "The Killer" had been given to it because it was a nest of fever, a nest so fatal that no white man could live there, while even the half-Indian natives of the coast, finding risk but not sustenance, had for nearly a century forborne from setting foot upon its shores.

Had the natives of Venezuela or Guiana been more enterprising, been less willing to believe that what once was must ever be, they would have known that the earthquake eleven years before had completely changed the topography of El Matador. The island, twenty-seven miles long and twelve miles broad on an average, which had once been a tree-flecked sandbank, had been lifted by the earthquake, tilted sharply towards the north, so that the swamps had either been submerged or raised above sea-level. At the same time, in the south, the earthquake had formed the hills which now made a blur upon the horizon. At once the mosquito had deserted these lands. At once the tropical sun and the heavy rains had stung the land into fertility. At once, too, the southern and western winds, the migrating birds, had dropped upon this virgin soil seeds which took root. A vegetation animate with life-lust fought for the rich land. The few goats, snakes, peccari, monkeys, and parrots, which had struggled for life upon the sandbank, found themselves in a damp and ardent paradise. They multiplied, they, too,

animate with life-lust, enjoyed the vegetation. Now, in the hot, moist air, the island was a place for carnage, a fight between the vegetable and the animal world. It was healthy, and the trees and the hills caught the rains, returning them in the shape of the two rivers, which flowed towards the north. Indeed, only mankind had not known of this flower-splashed paradise. Now man had come, man in his greatest innocence, to live if he could, and to conquer if he lived.

The children did not long play upon the beach, because hunger and thirst asserted themselves. They scattered, curious rather than enterprising, and fortunately came upon the River of the Plains. They were very young, not one older than eight, but they needed no adult to order them. The noonday sun, which now beat upon them so savagely that it would have slain any child born elsewhere than in the tropics, proved their leader, drove them to the river, where at once they were lying flat, their mouths drinking deeply, wetting their heads and their bodies. For already they were savages, and, as if instinct developed, the others farther away realised what was happening, and all drank.

However, and though the River of the Plains was thickly lined with banana trees, they might have died of hunger if among the banana trees a number of little monkeys had not been engaged in tearing down the fruit, opening it with a rapid whisk of the teeth. They watched the monkeys for a moment, half-frightened of them; then a boy called Tony, a fair boy with a round head, realising that here was food, ran towards the plantation, from which the monkeys fled, shrilly chattering. He had much difficulty in tearing off a banana from the cluster which rose in an unexpected vertical position, but he was a dogged little boy. He tugged with both hands at the fruit, and at last pulled off a banana. Man took example from the monkey, and, though Tony lacked claws, with fingers and teeth he tore open the fruit, ate in large mouthfuls, throwing himself upon the cluster again for another, like a greedy beast that feeds. And the others followed him. There was an orgy of eating. Fruit was torn down and left lying, as desire whipped them to tear down more. There was an absurd jostling and fighting in the banana grove, for these children, escaped from civilisation, were already beasts. They were merely embodied desires. It is characteristic that only three, all boys, stood for some time apart from the feast; these were Pepe, a little Spanish boy, suspicious by nature, and the sons of the Scotch manager of the Aranillo waterworks, Sandy and Donal, who racially wished to see experiments tried by other people.

Indeed, personalities were defining themselves, and soon defined themselves more clearly. After eating and drinking the children were sleepy, and for some hours most slept under the shade of the ceiba trees. Only a few, the elder ones, feeling lonely, sat alone, crying a little, then, noticing a flower or a shell, laughing, seizing it, crying again. One or two wandered away alone. Of these one did not return, adding his name to the roll of dead.

So much did personalities define themselves, even so early, that a peculiar conversation that was to fructify one day occurred between Phœbe and a little German boy called Karl. The children had so

recently abandoned civilisation that they remembered many of the imperatives that had been laid upon them. Phœbe, who was much more completely clad than the others, was wearing a brown linen frock, soiled with seawater and dirt. It had not occurred to her to take it off, and probably she would not have succeeded. In fact, the buckle was so set with water and sand that she wore the frock for several weeks, until stones and shrubs tore it from her body. This morning, as she went with Karl along the beach, she noticed that in the skirt a tear had formed. Childishly she enlarged it, laughing as the linen uttered a ripping sound.

"Das darfst du nicht thun," said Karl.

"What say?" asked Phœbe, in a strong American accent.

Karl had before now come across English-speaking children, and knew a few words:

"You mustn't."

"Why mustn't I?" asked Phœbe, showing herself a real child, and questioning an order before she knew what it enjoined.

"You mustn't," repeated Karl.

"I mustn't what?" asked Phœbe.

He pointed to the frock.

"What say?" Karl touched the tear in the linen and shook his head. "I mustn't tear my frock?"

"No, you mustn't."

"Why?"

Karl made an effort which wrinkled his white, Saxon brow. He did not know why Phœbe must not tear her frock, but knew only that she must not. Then memory helped him:

"If spoil clothes, Onkel take you away."

"Onkel?" asked Phœbe, puzzled.

"Yes," said Karl. "He take you away."

Phœbe looked about her anxiously. Still she did not understand. She did not connect the word "onkel" with "uncle." For some minutes Karl tried to explain in English and German that his mother had often threatened, when he was naughty, that an "onkel," the bad character of the family, would take him away unless he were good. His uncle in far Germany had shed terror about him on the Venezuelan coast. All that he managed to convey to Phœbe was that something threatened.

"Where is Onkel?" she asked.

Karl pointed vaguely to the trees. Phœbe felt the fear of the remote, the unknown. After a moment's pause she ran away, her little white legs twinkling in the sun. She ran, paying her first tribute to the unseen.

It would be wearisome to detail at too great length the few days that followed, days of idleness and play. Little by little tears dried. The cries for their mothers, which had been common on the first and second days, ceased to be uttered, for time passed swiftly, as it does during childhood. Within four or five days a new set of interests had sprung up among the children. They remembered another life, a

mother, a father, a favourite dog, electric trams, streets. But to them, cast into a new world, into conditions entirely inconceivable in the past, a life where they were alone among children, without parents, without regular meals, without forbidden food, without orders, and without bedtime, was such as to impress their minds to the exclusion of the past. They were happy: upon the island they found fruit and water; under the trees the rough grass was harsh, as it is in the tropics, damp and perhaps haunted by snakes, but to them it was good to play in the sun while the light lasted. Quickly they began to forget.

In years to come many a child was to raise in its mind the puzzling picture of another life: a cot, the face of a woman whose skin had a strange appearance, bending over them. It conveyed nothing. It was the stuff of dreams. The strange appearance of that remembered mother corresponded with her clothes, for the islanders were to grow up so primitive as not to realise clothes, and to look upon a mother's purple gown as the strange but natural colour of her skin. They were deported from civilisation. They must make another world.

Natural association and natural selection caused the children to divide into sets, most of which at first were based upon community of language. Of the language of the islanders something should be said, because it originated by blending, producing a new and peculiar tongue. Though the majority of the foreign inhabitants of Aranillo were American and British, the predominant language among the children was not English, because the majority of the Americans sent their children to their relatives. Only a little over half the children spoke English; there was a strong German contingent, there were six Spaniards, two little Danish girls; there was a French boy, and a Slav, whom no one understood and who thus failed to influence the island tongue. One may gain an idea of the formation of their language from the following conversation, which took place on the second day between Elnor and the little German girl Gretel. They stood for a while inspecting each other shyly, as children will. Then the natural egotism of infancy caused Elnor to remark: "I've hurt my foot."

"Bitte?" said Gretel. She was a large, rather stupid-looking child, with blue eyes and fair hair.

"I've hurt my foot," Elnor repeated.

"Bitte?" said Gretel, obstinately.

Elnor pointed to her foot, to a swollen big toe: "My foot," she said.

"Ach! fusz!" said Gretel.

"Not fusz," said Elnor. "Foot."

"Bitte?" said Gretel.

The conversation had become impossible, but a little later, when Elnor was climbing down a hollow with Jose, a little Spanish boy, Jose hurt his foot on a stone, and began to cry. Elnor suggested that she should kiss his foot to make it well, but the Spaniard did not understand. Elnor, inflamed with Samaritan zeal, asked if his foot hurt very much, then remembered Gretel, and said: "Does your bittie

hurt?" Upon this Jose gained the impression that what he called "pie" was also called "bittie." In a confused manner foot, fusz, pie, and bittie came to be synonyms. In fact, bittie came to predominate, because Elnor encountered many foreign children, and, not being able to conceive that some were German, some French, some Spanish, used bittie instead of foot. Finally it passed into the language.

In the same way words of similar meaning and of different sound, such as my, mein, mon, mi, were slurred over, until they amalgamated into a sound akin to *meen*, which implied possession in the singular, in the plural, and in the relative. Since the children did not easily conceive property other than theirs, they lost the word "yours." They attained its meaning by contradicting the idea of possession, by substituting "not mine," which became *nomeen*. Verbs were equally simplified: possibility having no meaning to the population, the subjunctive never appeared. Since orders and penalties had disappeared, the word "if" went with the subjunctive. The past tense became simplified, so simplified that it was implied and conveyed through the replies "Yo," a variation of yes, and "No," which was universal. In fact, nothing remained of the verb except the present tense and the imperative. Thus you will imagine in later years, when the language has become simplified round a basis of English, the islanders conversing as follows:

"Yo el ban. Takh." This meant that yes, one of them had some bananas to-day, and that he was requesting the other, presumably a female, to carry them to the camping place, the imperative "Takh" being the sole remains of the verb to take. Possibly the female replied:

"No. Takh!" which meant "Take them yourself." Possibly, too, the rest of the conversation would be other than verbal.

What happened actually was that emotions became so simplified that only a small number of words were required. Hunger, cold, heat, fear, comprised the main emotions of the islanders until they reached puberty. Then entered the idea of love, for which no word was found, because mother love had been forgotten in the four to six years which separated the children from that time. The children had landed with a number of complicated ideas: they had travelled in boats, tramways, trains, and had the idea of displacement; they had been given money, bought things in shops, and understood that money was necessary, had some notions of trade; they had seen soldiers and policemen, and had gained an idea of force; they had heard music, used picture-books, and they had some notions of the arts. But now they were in a world where there were no conveyances, and though in their subconscious mind the idea of moving from place to place survived, shapes became blunted, so that within three or four years they saw a boat and a train as small moving objects, connected neither with the sea nor with the land. Knowing no adults, they lost the idea of superior force vested in authority; as they acquired force themselves they ceased to be able to conceive force outside themselves, and therefore lost all idea of law and order. Without picture-books or music, they escaped mechanical

representation of emotion; naturally, they built with sand representations of the animals about them, and Mord invented song, but nothing of this bore any relation with the past. Dzon, with Geoff and Jose, had begun by building sand oxen and mules, but by degrees the oxen resembled the mules; horns became knobs; an entirely original vision of the animal formed, blended with the peccari and the sapajou; the fauna of the island erased the fauna of civilisation.

As no impressions came to survive, and especially to strengthen, the ideas of civilisation, they weakened because they were overlaid by the new ideas created by the new objects. The islanders, like most human beings, were inspired to ideas by the sight of objects; then they developed more complicated ideas by associating two ideas. If they had stayed at Aranillo they would have associated conductor and street car; on the island they associated banana with monkey. Thus, little by little, through starvation, the old ideas disappeared. Father, mother, holiday, school, regular meals, being washed, beds, whippings, all these became the stuff of dreams. A few were to retain strong impressions, but they were not to know where they drew them from. Thus they could build nothing upon them.

Some carried with them the shadow of the past, but most walked in happy innocence in the present, until there arose more complicated matters, to which we shall allude, but the language always remained simple, limited to a few hundred words. For this reason it will be necessary to ascribe to the islanders conversation much more complicated than they could have indulged in. One could, as time went by, easily conceive that "this course is a wrong one and we must unite against it," but he would have said, in Islandese: "Forward friends, and slay the enemy."

Leaving aside this philological question, which could be developed to the extent of showing why one language predominated here, another there, it is enough to say that the formation of Islandese was chaotic because it depended upon the formation of sets. After living for a few weeks in a state of rather stupefied unity, during which there was peace and friendship, the islanders began to divide according to predilection. The human tendency to form tribes and nations, to cling together along certain broad lines of resemblance, was there, though the children were so young. If the island had been differently shaped, if it had been possible for some to inhabit one beach, others a second, rivalry and war would quickly have followed. But since only the plains were habitable, because children so small could not penetrate the forests and the hills, a state of division within unity endured for some years.

One important set comprised Dzon, Jose, and Geoff. They were all three good-looking little boys, of an enquiring but calm turn of mind, not at all inclined to quarrel, and given to constructive games, such as building with sand representations of the *Juan Alvarez*. They came together by accident, and stayed together because they had common interests.

So you will imagine a scene which might be denied by the romantic

school, but is yet inevitable upon an island where youth is moving towards maturity. The three are building a castle made of sand and stones. Dzon, being the strongest, is carrying stones from the banks of the River of the Plains, while Jose and Geoff raise a molehill of sand, roughly square, place the stones, and fill in the intervals with sand. A castle arises, a foot high, then two.

"Put it here," says Geoff, pointing a little back from the edge, as Dzon struggles towards him under a large stone. And Dzon, good-naturedly, places it there. Thus the castle grows narrower, and other stones held with sand are set back, until the castle attains a narrow apex. Nature has achieved a pyramid, and the three artisans look upon it with delight. At that moment Jose clambers on to the castle, and stands there in an heroic attitude.

"You get off and make room for me," says Geoff, in much briefer Islandese.

"No, I won't," cries Jose, laughing.

Geoff assaults the castle. There is a clamour and Jose is precipitated down the other side. Laughing and breathless, he rushes up again to upset Geoff. Dzon, inflamed by rivalry, takes his turn, and so the three little boys on the desert speck of land play king of the castle, as other little boys at that hour are playing the same game on the sands of Coney Island or Ostend.

These three were often reinforced by a girl called Lisa, a pretty, fair girl, with blue eyes and a very loose, red mouth, who wandered from set to set, preferring those where boys predominated; she contributed in no wise to their games, but she liked to sit among them, and all three were too polite to expel her. A more peculiar set was headed by Olga, a very thin, dark, tall, and bony little girl, already downy on the arms and legs. She was a tempestuous, ill-natured child, continually embroiled in fights, and often victorious over the boys because she fought with feet, claws, and teeth. Therefore her followers, Lois, Roof, and a feeble little boy called Pat, lived an uncomfortable life. Olga did not know the word school, but she behaved like a schoolmistress, forcing her slaves to carry her about the camp, while Pat, who had a voice, was made to sing in front of the procession. Olga was a sort of Cleopatra, and for some time Elnor, easily impressed by strength and resolution, turned to her group. She did not, however, stay there long, having informed Olga that it was her turn to be carried. Upon this followed a ferocious fight where Elnor was worsted and retired weeping.

Another curious little set was not noticed by the islanders, and yet was significant. It comprised merely Sandy and Donal, the only Scotsmen on the island, who quietly formed a clan. Had they been a little older they would have taken to the highlands in the south, so as to keep away from the Sassenach. Since they could not do this, they settled some way up the River of the Plains, where the trees came down to the foothills. What they did there was later to be discovered, since one of these harboured genius. Meanwhile, though they were not unfriendly, they never joined in fights, they kept secretly within their

pale. Of their nature, though not of their set, was Pepe, the suspicious child who, like them, would not at first touch the bananas, followed by a small boy called Bob. These were rather more hostile than the Scots, inclined to resent the neighbourhood of other children. In due course they found a hole under a fallen tree, and there kept themselves for several years almost in solitude.

Finally came the Mord and the Arry set. These two children were foundlings who had been sent from a London workhouse to a farmer in Canada. The latter, having removed to Aranillo, was killed in the earthquake. They had been shipped off, and disliked each other intensely, for they felt their common origin, this bond of disunion except in the case of the Scots. Mord was a more complete example of Olga. She represented the processional spirit. Followed by a band of small devotees, whose numbers constantly varied, she instituted ceremonial marches during which, led by her, there was much singing of uncouth songs, of war and of pathos, songs without words, tone poems rather than songs. Out of this set came dancing, which was actually rhythmic movement. There was some greatness in Mord, and equally with the Scots she was to add to the island dowry. As for Arry, he represented all that is hideous in the London gutter; he was not strong, and to the end of his life was white-faced in spite of the sun, but he had a nimble, disagreeable tongue, and a nimble, disagreeable mind. He was so much more intelligent than many others that he recruited followers by laughing at them. Particularly girls became subject to him, because his cruelty influenced their latent masochism.

Time passed, and the islanders, provisioned with food, were happy enough, sleeping, playing, fighting with their friends, and not yet aware of their enemies. Death did not work too hard in the island. The boat which had brought these people ashore had long floated away upon a high tide, carrying with it the insect-eaten bodies of those who had died at sea. On the island seven more children died, some out of weakness, some under a blow of the sun; one was lost on the island and was never found again. None was poisoned, since no fatal plants existed on the island, but only berries fit to make a child sick. Finally, since still it was boys and not girls whom death took easily, the population was reduced to exactly fifty-nine, of whom twenty-four were boys and thirty-five girls. It may be said in passing that the death of their fellows did not greatly impress the islanders. Unable to conceive the pain of dissolution, they were content that to-day one of their fellows was and to-morrow was not. They took no heed of the bodies, left them in the sun for nature to absorb; without fear, because death had no meaning for them, used the skulls as footballs. In fact, they had no word for death, except *iseneer*, a corruption of "he is not here," perhaps an admirable definition of that state of things.

But the processional instincts of Mord and her set were to relate with death, and there was to creep towards death the idea which has made another life its property. One day a peccari cub was found dead among the trees, probably having lost its mother and starved. It was found by Mord, Jack, and the two little girls Phoebe and Roof. They

were preparing to use the cub for stone-throwing, when Mord interfered.

"Give it to me," she said, and, as Jack demurred, she hit him in the mouth, so that he cried and dropped the little body.

"He is mine, he is mine," chanted Mord, holding the cub in the air. Then, laughing, she walked down towards the beach, holding the body high. The others followed, and, because they followed, Mord's march resolved itself into posturing. Because she postured and pranced the others imitated. Processionally they went down towards the beach. Then Phoebe said:

"Give it to me, Mord."

"No, I won't."

"Give it to me. I want it."

The procession was interrupted, and a quarrel near.

"You'll be sorry if you don't give it to me," said Phoebe.

"Why?" asked Mord, a teasing smile on her face.

A memory came to Phoebe. "If you don't give it to me I'll tell Ankel to take you away."

"Who's Ankel?" asked Jack.

"I don't know," said Phoebe. She pointed towards the wood. "He lives there."

They discussed Ankel for some time. No one doubted him. He did not persuade Mord to surrender the cub, which after a while she flung into the sea, but in the mind of Roof, who was a very stupid child, confusion had arisen. She did not understand that Ankel would take Mord away if Mord failed to please Phoebe. What she gathered was that Ankel would take Mord away if she played with the dead peccari. Smitten by this experience, she confided it to another child; thus a misty connection between Ankel and things that were *iseneer* was sufficiently established to flourish one day.

So the reader will imagine the beach two years after the arrival of the children. They now vary between the ages of seven and ten. They are all entirely naked, since their clothes have long ago been left upon brambles and stones, or discarded in the heat. They are as a rule taller than befits their age, because they live in the open air. They are a hairy race, and though there reigns among them a tendency to fairness the majority have darkened. Their skins vary from pale gold to deep brown. They are muscular but not quick, for the sun is too hot, so they are inclined to languor. They feed, like animals, when they wish, eating in large quantities, then fasting for a day. Like animals they sleep in the shade of trees many hours at a time. And they sleep lightly, as if they apprehend an enemy. They are still living in the open, but they tend to shelter under trees, having learnt this in the rainy season. Also the example of Pepe has been followed, and many live in holes in the ground, some in caves on the western side of the beach. They are entirely aimless: eating, sleeping, and growing; they do not think; they are happy.

Towards the end of this period, a period as important in the history of the island as would have been a geological age, occurred an event

of apparently small significance which was, however, to spin one of the threads of this nation's destiny. Though the sets were fluctuating, constantly reinforced by children seeking amusement, then splitting when rivalry arose between strong personalities, the tendency to friendship, to unconscious love, was operative. It was most marked in the case of Sandy and Donal, but all over the island couples tended to form. The coming together of Dzon and Elnor had been deferred because there was in neither anything indeterminate. Dzon was a man, and therefore despised girls; Elnor was a woman, and therefore looked upon boys as stupid. Though neither had reached the age of ten, their points of view were clear, even though they could not express a point of view. However, they were on good terms, often playing together, but parting without regret. A slight incident impressed them upon each other, and nothing could have revealed more clearly that savages are much akin to presidents and privy councillors.

In spite of the children, the sapajou monkeys refused to abandon the banana patches. There were as good bananas at the western end of the island, near the foothills, but a sort of pride must have dominated the monkeys. Whenever the children drew near they fled chattering, but they sat in hundreds on the ceiba trees, protesting furiously and awaiting an opportunity to return to the fruit. There were other encounters of this kind at the orange groves, which produced a poor, wild fruit, but still a fruit attractive to children and to monkeys. The children had at first taken little interest in the monkeys, except once when Arry found one of their young fallen from a tree; he took it away to his hole and tortured it until it died, in strange ways devised for himself. But by degrees rivalry arose among the children, and a sort of war formed between them and the monkeys. They had begun by talking to them, looking upon them in a scientific manner as being fellow-creatures of peculiar appearance. But reproaches having been vain, they came to dislike the monkeys because the monkeys disliked them; thus they proved the fraternity of human and simian nature.

Early one morning, when Dzon was finishing a night's sleep in a sandy hollow near the banks of the River of the Plains, and when Elnor came towards him, dragging behind her a long trail of bougainvilles, he was in the healthy mood of the male who feels happy and would like to kill something. He looked up at Elnor without speaking, and she replied in the same terms, this being the island custom. After a while he said: "Where are you going to?"

Elnor replied: "Nowhere," and sat down. They sat side by side for some time, behaving as children do, digging into the sand with their toes, trying to make piles with small stones. Across the river a row of feathery palms descended as if to drink; from the estuary a flight of pelicans rose slowly, like a group of white banners against a purple sky. In the burning sun these two children made a spectacle touching and primitive. Both had long legs; Dzon, naturally dark, was tanned to coffee brown, while Elnor was lighter in colour. Upon their shoulders fell manes of hair almost equally long, nearly black in the case of Dzon, bleached almost to white

on the shoulders of Elnor. These naked children of nature sat carelessly side by side, their elbows touching, their minds forming feelings and not thoughts. They sat so, the current of their lives slowly ebbing away, without aspiration, unconscious of regret. They, like the stones, merely were. But human nature is essentially restless; after a long time Dzon rose to his feet, a brown straight arrow in the sun, and flung a stone into the river. Then another. It pleased him to throw stones farther, and yet farther. He would throw one to the other side. And Elnor watched him with indifference in her golden brown eyes. This indifference must have annoyed Dzon, for he looked about him—his face changed. In a banana patch a pair of sapajou monkeys were tearing at the fruit. Without hesitation he delivered at Elnor's side a kick which brought her to her feet with clenched fists, ready to shake him.

"Enj."

Elnor understood. For some reason the French word *singe* had impressed itself, and been modified. With common accord both children lay flat upon the sand and began to work their way towards the patch. Since reason had developed so little, instinct was strong. They took advantage of the formation of the ground, hiding under hummocks of sand less than a foot high, working their way towards an occasional tussock of rough grass, and meanwhile, as they went on, collecting stone after stone. Finally, they arrived at a lonely ceiba tree some twenty yards from the patch where the sapajou were happily feeding. Dzon raised his arm and threw a stone, missing his monkey. There was chattering, but the monkeys did not flee, since they saw no human form. Again, then again, Dzon threw a stone in vain. He became angry, gnashing his teeth like an animal. Elnor laughed low, making the sound which distinguished her from the beast, raised her arm, and, by extreme good luck, struck one of the monkeys in the middle of the forehead. He gave a squeal, fell, rolled about for a moment on the sand, then was still. The two children rushed from the tree towards the plantation, from which the monkeys fled, and stood over the small beast. It was dead, and Dzon made to seize it by the tail, when Elnor stopped him.

"It's my *enj*. It's my *enj*," she said.

"No," said Dzon. Then he paused. There entered into his mind the feeling that Elnor was right, that it was her monkey, though he did not want to give it up, for this was the first monkey ever killed, except Arry's little one. They looked into each other's faces seriously, and there formed in their minds a combat fit for the disposal of empires. Cupidity fought with justice, and justice won. Perhaps justice won because Elnor, as is the way of little girls, was two inches taller and several pounds heavier than Dzon. Still, he drew back, allowed Elnor to pick up the monkey, and even, deliciously, to swing it by the tail round her head, uttering sounds learnt from Mord, sounds of war and of triumph. She must, however, have noticed that Dzon looked disconsolate, for after a moment she held out the monkey to him:

"You do it now," she said.

Dzon gravely swung the monkey, feeling great and victorious. Then he politely handed it back.

Their companionship was simple and sweet: they had nothing to do, so after a while they talked aimlessly. They wanted to exchange ideas.

"Shall we go under the trees?" said Elnor, using, however, less words but some gestures. "It's so hot here. I don't like it when it's hot, do you?"

"No, I like the night better," said Dzon. "One can see a little in the night."

"I wonder why it's night, then day," said Elnor.

"I don't know," said Dzon.

They pondered this problem for a moment, happily equal in their ignorance. They wished to reveal their lives to each other.

"I used to have something," said Dzon, "something that carried me. There were people with me."

"I know," said Elnor. "It made a noise."

They knit their brows, trying to rediscover the motor car, but their attention wandered.

"We went to a place with trees," said Elnor. "I ate lemons."

"I don't like lemons," said Dzon, for these were to be found upon the island. "You didn't eat lemons."

"Yes, I did," said Elnor, not realising that she meant grape fruit.

"No, you didn't," said Dzon, with coarse masculinity.

They contradicted each other thirty or forty times; then Dzon was moved to rivalry:

"I went to a place once where we had lemons."

"I thought you said one didn't eat lemons."

"Oh, but," said Dzon boastfully, "those lemons were not like these. They were bigger than me. Bigger than——" he lacked comparisons. "Bigger," he said solemnly.

Elnor looked at him with admiration, having long forgotten what was a lie. They tired of the monkey after a while, and left it on the sand, but they went away together. Something new had formed between them: they had co-operated in action, not only in play; they had practised generosity; they had shared life. They went towards the trees, and after a while played hide-and-seek. The trees grew close among the guinea grass. In the darkness which shafts of light pierced they ran from tree to tree, laughing. For a moment from behind a bole you may see a head where corn-coloured hair ripples, another head, hardly more male, crowned with dark hair. Red lips laugh. They pass among the green leaves so fast that only a flash of white side and a nimble little limb is seen. It is as if a satyr pursued a nymph, a nymph a satyr. They were to know the song of love:

Whezi, illadia? illadia, whezi?
Whezino? Ah! whezi?
Silbater, nativonosome, illadia.
Whezino? Ah! whezi?

(To be continued)

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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— AND AFTER? —

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

THE month of May, in the year 1926, will remain for ever memorable in the history of English industry, and still more memorable in the history of the English people. Once again the people of this land have proved themselves to be of the breed of giants: not easily roused to action, slow to wrath, but, when roused in self-defence, immovable and irresistible.

They have not emerged victorious from the greatest war in recorded history only to surrender to a domestic faction; they have not fought to establish the rule of law throughout the world only to yield to the threat of force at home:—

A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled.
Some sense of duty, something of a faith,
Some reverence for the laws ourselves have made,
Some patient force to change them when we will,
Some civic manhood, firm against the crowd.

Mr. Mayson had a supreme talent for gauging the temper and interpreting the permanent instincts of the people to which he belonged; and no words could more faithfully reflect than his the spirit in which the nation took up its grim task on the 3rd of May, 1926.

That task, however, is, as yet, only half accomplished. "We must look not backwards but forwards," as Mr. Baldwin said in announcing to the House of Commons the end of the General Strike on May 12th. "This is no time for recrimination or for exultation," as Lord Oxford and Asquith said a few minutes later in the House of Lords. The advice was sound: but an episode so memorable as that of the General Strike cannot be ignored in a REVIEW which claims to reflect contemporary opinion

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in politics as well as to enforce the permanent canons of criticism in the sphere of Art and Letters.

Without rancour, then, let the story of the General Strike be briefly told, and a few comments thereon be made.

On the 1st May the Executive Council of the Trades Union Congress flung down a challenge to the nation. On the 2nd May the Government, on behalf of the nation, firmly, though reluctantly, accepted it. Those are the essential and outstanding facts of the recent situation—a situation created by the attempt on the part of a powerful and privileged body within the State to usurp the authority of the State, to supersede Parliament, and to dictate to the lawfully constituted Executive the policy which, under critical circumstances, it should pursue.

The situation was complicated by the fact that there was in existence, at the moment of the challenge, a trade dispute in one of the most vital industries in the country. On the regular functioning of that industry depends the well-being if not the existence of the community.

It is, however, important, nay essential to a right judgment, that the two issues should be kept distinct. Everyone deplores the dispute in the coal industry; but no one questions the right of the mine-owners to give notice to their employees to terminate an agreement in regard to wages; nor the right of the workmen to withhold their labour if the fresh terms proposed were not acceptable. The notices took effect on Friday, April 30th, and the miners generally declined to resume work.

The stoppage thus caused in the coal industry was a lamentable occurrence; the blame for it is laid by some upon the mine-owners, by others upon the miners; by some upon the Government, by others upon the Trade Union Council. But however the blame be ultimately apportioned; however unwise the stoppage; however serious in its consequences to the economic and social life of the nation, the stoppage was (unhappily) in accord with many recent precedents, and both parties to the dispute were plainly within their legal rights. One factor in the problem must not, however, be ignored. The situa-

tion which actually arose on April 30th had been prefigured twelve months ago, and would have arisen nine months ago had not Parliament agreed to purchase a truce. The purchase money, amounting to a vast sum of over £23,000,000, has been drawn from the pockets of the taxpayer, and thus there has been laid upon industry an additional burden at a moment when it is confessedly overburdened. Further, the truce period was utilised for an impartial and exhaustive investigation into the circumstances of the coal industry. The results of the investigation were highly disquieting to all who are concerned for the well-being of the community, and the practical recommendations of the Royal Commission which investigated the facts were not entirely palatable either to the mine-owners or to the miners, or to Parliament, as representing the nation. All parties, including the community at large, were called upon to make considerable sacrifices. But on one point the Commissioners were emphatic: the policy of the subsidy to the coal industry was not to be continued or renewed. That subsidy was drawn, in part at least, from the pockets of men and women whose economic position was in some cases worse than that of the miners. The elaborate tables printed (pp. 156, 157) in the Report of the Royal Commission leave no room for doubt on that point. In respect of progress since the war, the coal-mining industry compares unfavourably with transport and local services and with industries like printing, building and baking which serve the home market; but it is on the whole better off than the great exporting industries—iron and steel, engineering, shipbuilding, and probably cotton, which contributed so largely to our former prosperity (*Report*, p. 159). The actual rate of miners' wages varies and must vary considerably in different districts. Thus the earnings of hewers in South Yorkshire and South Wales are for a full week over 90s.—these are the highest rates; while in Lancashire and Scotland and parts of the Midlands, the lowest paid districts of any size, the earnings are only about 70s. But even the lowest paid hewers are at a considerable advantage with the engineering fitters who, in a week of about six hours longer, earn 56s. 6d., or the

shipwrights who earn 55s. 7d. That some miners, engaged in an arduous occupation, have just cause to look enviously upon the wage-earners in the sheltered industries cannot be denied and should perhaps be emphasised; but the hard economic facts, however unpalatable, cannot be ignored. As a token of sympathy with the miners the employees in some of the sheltered industries went out on strike. Did it occur to any of them that there was a less dramatic but more effective method of showing sympathy ready to their hands had they chosen to employ it? But the point is a delicate one and cannot be pressed. It is evident, however, that the policy of a subsidy to which all wage-earners, ill-paid or well-paid, must contribute stands condemned not less by considerations of equity than by those of economic and political expediency.

So much for the trade dispute. If we were arguing in the "dry light" demanded by scientific analysts we might leave it there. But the light is not dry, nor is the atmosphere sterilised. Nor are heads cool, and minds clear. Quite genuinely, in some cases, the belief prevails among trade unionists that they were called out to save an important section of their fellow manual workers from the enforced acceptance of wage rates which would depress their standard of living below a line which decent men ought to accept. More than that: a suspicion was sedulously fostered that the "attack" upon the miners was only the first move in a general attack all along the line of the wage-earners, and that if the miners were allowed to go under to-day no wage-earners could count themselves secure. That such beliefs persisted even among some of the Socialist Members in the House of Commons must be evident to anyone who has closely observed their demeanour during recent debates. But if some are guileless and perhaps deluded, there are others who are far from being guileless and who are perfectly clear as to the goal which they desire to reach. The deluded ones are still content to reiterate the demand for "nationalisation." The more acute officials and leaders are as well aware as the latest Royal Commissioners that "nationalisation" would offer no real solution of the problems presented by

the coal industry, and, if carried out, would only embarrass the Socialist State which they intend to establish. "Nationalisation" may be prescribed as a soothing syrup to those who cannot penetrate through phrases to the realities behind them; but mere nationalisation would not suit the game of the extremists.

Their ambitions reach far beyond the substitution of a State bureaucracy for the existing coal-owners. Nor were those ambitions conceived in the present crisis. The coal strike of 1912 clearly revealed the existence of a Syndicalist party among the miners; not, perhaps, imposing in numbers, but sufficiently influential to keep alight the fires of discontent. In prosperous times the fires died down, only to be rekindled, however, when the industry fell upon days of adversity.

Nor were the extremists active only among the miners, though for reasons partly geographical and partly psychological the miner is a peculiarly good subject for inoculation. But the spirit of political syndicalism—the ambition to substitute for the State a congeries or federation of industrial groups—has been diffusing itself among the wage-earners in other industries or services. In a contribution to this *REVIEW* in August, 1920, I called attention to a recent manifestation of this spirit among the railwaymen.

The episode then narrated has a very direct bearing upon the present crisis, and it may therefore be useful to recall the circumstances.

In the summer of 1920 certain railwaymen in Ireland refused to handle cases of munitions intended for the use of soldiers or police in Ireland; others refused to work on trains carrying more than a limited number of soldiers. Whereupon, the National Union of Railwaymen—though not endorsing the action of their Irish comrades—attempted to negotiate terms with the Government. Mr. Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, while willing to confer, declined, very properly, to parley with the N.U.R., and laid down the position of the Government in words which were endorsed by every law-abiding citizen, and which are singularly applicable to the present situation:—"We cannot possibly accept any decree issued by any

body, however powerful that body may be, which denies to the Government the facilities which it regards as essential for carrying out the functions for which it has been chosen. . . . It is quite impossible to accept any sort of limitation upon the legitimate action of the Government in the . . . enforcement of what is, after all, the elementary duty of the State, the protection of the life of every citizen." Mr. J. H. Thomas, who headed the deputation from the N.U.R., candidly admitted that to support the Irish strikers would mean "a declaration of war upon the Government." Quick as lightning came the Prime Minister's retort: "Not on the Government, but on government, which is a much more serious thing." In other words, the State was confronted in 1920 by the menace of anarchy, and no one perceived the danger more clearly nor parried it more effectively than Mr. Lloyd George.

On a much larger scale the situation of 1920 has been almost exactly reproduced in 1926. But though the scale was enlarged, the issue was identical. Where is sovereignty to reside? "There is only one way of choosing a Government in a democratic country." So said Mr. Lloyd George in 1920. His aphorism remains true in 1926.

The arrogant claim of the T.U.C. impugned the fundamentals of Parliamentary democracy. Representative government is broad based upon the people's will. The House of Commons is chosen by the electorate; the Executive is placed in power and sustained in power by the House of Commons. Ultimate (though not legal) sovereignty is, therefore, under the English Constitution vested in the electorate. The ballot box must eventually decide all political issues; and never in the history of this country was the verdict of the electorate given with less ambiguity than in October, 1924. By that verdict we must stand; in the spirit of the mandate then conferred the Government must govern.

That such is the theory of the Constitution no competent person can doubt. Equally unambiguous, it would seem, is the legal aspect of the matter, though on this latter aspect I write with diffidence. But one of the most eminent of living lawyers has expressed a deliberate opinion on this

aspect of the present crisis, and the Courts have given judgment in a similar sense. The law of the matter rests upon the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act of 1875 and the Trades Disputes Act of 1906.

The latter was passed in consequence of the judgment given in the final Court of Appeal on the Taff Vale case, a judgment which decided that a trade union might be sued in tort in its registered name, with the consequence that trade union funds would be liable for any damages that might be awarded. Trade unionists were naturally alarmed by a decision which deprived them of the status which they imagined had been conferred upon them by the Act of 1871, and in 1906 the Legislature, besides legalising "peaceful picketing," amended the law of conspiracy by enacting that "an act done by two or more persons shall, if done in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, not be actionable unless the act, if done without any such agreement or combination, would be actionable." Most important of all in the present connection, it enacted (Section 3) that "an act done by a person in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute shall not be actionable on the ground only that it induces some other person to break a contract of employment or that it is an interference with the trade, business or employment of some other person, or with the right of some other person to dispose of his capital or his labour as he wills."

Commenting on this Act, Sir Henry Slessor, K.C., M.P., who was Solicitor-General in the Socialist Ministry, writes:—

There has recently arisen for consideration the question how far a strike called for political objects—"direct action," as the journalists have called it—that is, a strike to interfere with or constrain the Government in conduct which the trade unions do not approve, can be said to be a strike in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute.

This matter has fortunately not yet had to be decided, but I have very little doubt that such a strike would not be covered by the words in the definition of the Trade Disputes Act. (*The Law Relating to Trade Unions* (London, 1921), pp. 72, 73.)

More recently (May 6th, 1926) Sir John Simon addressed a powerful argument on this point to the House of

Commons. His argument may, in brief, be reduced to the following propositions: (1) that a general strike is not a "trade dispute," and cannot therefore claim the protection of the Act of 1906; (2) that every person who, being under a contract of service, had, without the required notice, come out on strike had broken the law and was personally liable to be sued for damages in the County Court; (3) that every trade union leader who had advised and prompted that course of action was liable in damages to the uttermost farthing of his personal possessions; and (4) that trade unionists who refused to obey the illegal orders of their executive could not thereby forfeit their benefits.

A few days later (May 11th) the opinion of Sir John Simon received remarkable confirmation from the judgment delivered in the Chancery Division of the High Court by Mr. Justice Astbury. The learned judge said: "The so-called general strike called by the Trades Union Congress Committee is illegal and contrary to law, and those persons inciting or taking part in it are not protected by the Trades Disputes Act of 1906." As to benefit he added: "No trade unionist can lose his trade union benefits by refusing to obey unlawful orders, and the orders of the Trades Union Congress and the unions who are acting in obedience thereto in bringing about the so-called general strike are unlawful orders. . . ."

No words could be more explicit, and a great deal is certain to be heard of them during the coming months.

There is in the country, and not least, I am assured, among trade unionists themselves, a strong opinion that matters cannot be permitted to remain as they are. The trade unions have been permitted to become an *imperium in imperio*. No sane person would propose to interfere with the invaluable work which the unions have done as benefit societies, or with the protection they afford to their members in purely industrial affairs. But they have been encouraged by the Acts of 1906 and 1913 (the "Political Levy Act") to extend their activities far beyond the limits which are compatible with the supreme authority of the State or with the liberties of the individual citizen, unionist or non-unionist.

Such encouragement has afforded an opportunity to ambitious and malicious persons to exploit the trade unions for their own nefarious purposes. No one who knows the wage-earners of this country can harbour the belief that in the mass they have any sympathy with revolutionary ideas or methods. Their innate conservatism and their loyalty to the established order is attested by the vote they gave in October, 1924. But, equally, none can doubt that there is a minority of manual workers and "intellectuals" who would plunge the country into revolution to-morrow if they could. The revolutionists may not, as was said, number two per cent. of the wage-earners. But two per cent. of wage-earners would give 300,000 persons; two per cent. of trade unionists would give 90,000. Even that may be an over-estimate; but revolutions are proverbially made by minorities, and often by small minorities.

Personally, I have not the slightest apprehension of the success of the revolutionary party in England; but that the party exists and has been steadily and with great ability working towards its goal during the last twelve or fifteen years I entertain no doubt. Equally certain is it that of the Constitutional Socialists some are the unconscious dupes, some the unwilling tools of the revolutionary minority. And there danger lurks.

The difficulties of the situation have been mitigated but not resolved. Weeks and months of strain will undoubtedly ensue upon the collapse of the General Strike. Upon Parliament is laid, therefore, a twofold duty: on the one hand, to salve from the present wreck all that is sound and good in trade unionism; on the other, to deprive of their power to scuttle the ship of State the piratical desperadoes who have signed on among the honest and unsuspecting crew. It is a task which calls for courage and understanding. May neither quality be lacking.

THE GENERAL STRIKE AND THE CONSERVATIVE LEADERSHIP

BY "CURIO."

THE General Strike has broken down as everybody who had taken the trouble to study the literature of the subject knew it was bound to do. Ever since Robert Owen launched in the 1830's his scheme for a General Trade Union which was to strike for three days and so reduce the whole community to surrender, the idea has been discussed and rediscussed until it produced quite a number of books—in most of the countries of Europe. These opinions were very ably summarised before the war in a work called *Syndicalism and the General Strike*. The conclusions to be drawn from these discussions were quite simple: (1) That the General Strike was theoretically bound to fail. (2) That it had always failed in practice when tried, as in France and Scandinavia. (3) That all Socialists and Syndicalist writers of any intellectual importance were agreed that it must fail.

The theoretical unsoundness of the whole idea can be demonstrated like a staff critique on a scheme of operations. The strikers are either a majority or a minority of the nation. If they are a majority they can equally well carry their will for a revolution into effect by armed force or by the ballot. They must, in fact, succeed by either method. If, on the other hand, they are a minority they will find themselves opposed by an organised Government representing the majority of the people, and in that case the majority will, when threatened by the open war of starvation in all essential services, rally round the Executive and supply themselves. And if the strikers take to rioting they will be beaten by the Executive.

The second point made by Socialist writers is that whenever the General Strike has been attempted it has failed. It was defeated in Norway in ten days by volunteer services.

The third point is made by the French inventor and

inspiger of the Syndicalist movement himself. He says quite nakedly that the idea of the General Strike is a sham and a fraud, but that it is a good idea to keep before the revolutionary working classes because it inspires them with hope. They were to nurture their enthusiasm on a futile idea. They were to depend on an infallible weapon which could never be used.

So much the intelligentsia of Socialism have been saying for thirty years, and Mr. Philip Snowden among them. But there are, to use a vulgar term, a certain number of "mugs" in any game, and sometimes the "mugs," being not very honestly guided by the intellectual leaders of a movement, get control. That is what happened to the Trade Union Congress Committee when Mr. Cook and his friends suddenly assumed power and gave Trade Unionism the most severe setback it has received since the penal legislation of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. They had a majority on the T.U.C. which really believed in the General Strike as an infallible revolutionary instrument. No one else in power in the Labour Socialist Party with any intelligence or experience thought anything of the kind—but they found themselves at the mercy of their own extremists.

It must strike anyone as strange that the T.U.C. should make the weapon of attack on the constitutional Government of the country. The average trade unionist is a sound and sensible citizen, principally concerned to support his union with a view to maintaining his employment and wages.

The "revolutionaries" of the Labour-Socialist movement sprang from the I.L.P or the S.D.F. full of impossible ideas of transforming the State.

Now there has been an abrupt change over from the two corners of Labour politics. With the accession of the Socialist Ministry to power, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and the majority of his associates, drawn like Mr. Philip Snowden from the intelligentsia, or from moderate Labour like Mr. Thomas, became firm believers in Socialism by the ballot. They had tasted the savour of office in British politics. The tang was pleasant and they wanted to roll

the pleasures of Whitehall over their tongues again. All wild ideas were therefore abandoned by these ex-office holders, and in the very act of this abandonment the ideas found a spiritual home elsewhere.

For when the I.L.P. leaders and the moderates of Labour entered their Ministerial offices the latter had to resign their official positions in the trade unions. Mr. Cook, in brief, took charge of the T.U.C., which instantly passed beyond the control of anyone who had the knowledge or the courage to say that a General Strike was foredoomed to failure. This majority of extremists was at its strongest when the subsidy of last year was granted and the Government was at its weakest with regard to preparations.

Since then Mr. Thomas and a few moderates, disengaged from office, have crept back, but they did not manage to turn themselves into a majority in time to avert a catastrophe from their own class—which they have served faithfully for many years.

No man of national goodwill can have any desire to gloat over the absolute discomfiture of the T.U.C. and of the extremist majority in their councils who imagined that the nation was an easy prey. But the mischief made is to some extent irreparable just because it has been made.

This was seen at once by the refusal of the great employers—such as the railways—to allow the strikers to march back in a body and take up the same positions exactly as if nothing had happened. The employers, sore from years of bullying, have pointed out to the vanquished that on the contrary a great deal has happened. For one thing agreements have been recklessly and dishonourably broken by the men. Secondly, there cannot be as many men employed as before, because there is less trade and less traffic. The T.U.C. leaders seem to be staggered by this development. They say it is dishonourable—a rather strange word on the lips of men who have just torn up agreements wholesale. The Parliamentary leaders appealed to the Premier to help them to moderate the ire of the victors, and Mr. Baldwin will no doubt do his best. In fact, reprisals, though very human, should not be pushed

too far—and of this I will say more later. But however anxious one may be to eliminate bitterness, no one can look on Trade Unionism with quite the same eyes since the recent attempt. I am a Tory-Democrat, and I have supported social reform throughout my political life. I have always been a friend to organised Labour, and I have stood consistently for a fair wage. As readers of previous articles may remember, I strongly opposed the proposals of the Conservative right to attack the political levy and the Trade Disputes Act of 1906.

But Trade Unionism of the character of Mr. Cook's, which we have just witnessed in action, is a positive menace to the State. It is certainly not a thing which should be given special immunities from legal actions for torts, but rather the reverse.

Sir John Simon and Mr. Justice Astbury have said that Unions engaging not in a strike of their own but a General Strike are not protected by the legislation of 1906—one of the greatest blunders the Liberal Party ever made. Whether that be so or not is beyond the power of a layman to decide. But if it is not so then, as the *Daily Express* declared the day after Sir John's speech, the law should be altered so as to make it so. It is obviously monstrous that Parliament and the State should give special protection—not available to loyal citizens or associations—to a body like the T.U.C. which is out to destroy both. It is like giving a burglar the right to carry firearms and denying the householder the right to keep a revolver.

Of course, a number of actions will be started, and the matter is certain to be taken right up to the House of Lords. When the law has given its decision we shall know where we are. There is one grim consolation. There is no chance of another General Strike occurring in the interval.

The political reactions of this lamentable business—for it is lamentable to be forced to fight fellow countrymen even if you triumph in the right cause—are likely to be considerable.

A well-known public man said to a strike leader outside his office: "This strike is going to fail." "That may

be, sir, but what we lose on the strike we shall gain at the next election."

There may be something in this, though I should hesitate to accept the truth of the doctrine without very careful consideration.

But the element of truth is obviously this: "Direct action" has been tried and has failed ignominiously and disastrously. The men who advocated it are discredited. Clearly the ball is thrown back into the hands of the moderates and the Parliamentarians. Men like Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald have received a tremendous accession of prestige and influence at the expense of the opponents of working Socialism into power solely by constitutional methods. For it is universally known that Mr. Thomas, striving inside the T.U.C., was dead against the strike. As to the ex-Socialist Premier, he was not even given the chance of going wrong, for in effect he was not allowed to have anything to do with the matter. But he can no doubt say: "I told you what would be the consequences of putting yourselves in the hands of other people"—and with perfect justice. Mr. Wheatley and his friends will have to be much more careful how they treat their leader in the House of Commons for quite a long time to come.

It has been pointed out in these columns before that the prospect of a Conservative defeat and a Labour victory at the polls next time—or even of a big reduction in the present majority—depends on the extent to which the country believes that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is master of his own extremists.

If they really thought that the advocates of "Socialism in our time" were in charge of their party that party would stay out, though the sins of the Tory Government were as red as scarlet. If, on the other hand, the country, wanting a change of office holders in the ordinary course of events, believes that it will get simply a rather hot Radical Ministry with no theoretical Socialist nonsense to make it really dangerous, Mr. MacDonald might have his chance of a clear majority. So far, then, the collapse of the strike favours the Socialists by exalting their moderates.

But there is another side to the account. We have been through a kind of war—and the emotions of war sink into men's minds in a far more durable fashion than those of politics. The electorate, irrespective of class, was dead against the strike. Popular sympathy never went beyond a general vague dislike to seeing miners' wages reduced. It is possible, therefore, that the voter will say to the Socialists next time: "No, you are financed and run by the trade unions; it was the spread of your left wing doctrines that produced the catastrophe—and we will have nothing whatever to say to you." At the present moment it seems quite impossible to make any prophecy on this matter.

Again, obviously much depends on the Conservative leadership in the intervening years, and even of what view the public takes of the Government's handling of the strike as the real facts begin to leak out—as of course they must.

It is already known that two schools of thought existed in the inner circles of Conservatism. There were those who, without necessarily believing in the efficacy of a general strike to force a surrender on the community, were above all anxious to avoid it. They desired to escape the material damage and the moral bitterness which such a struggle must entail. They were at one with the moderates of the T.U.C. in wishing to have no miners' strike if possible—but at all costs compatible with honour to have no general strike. The head of the group was, as might have been anticipated from his record, Mr. Baldwin. There is no doubt that his continued proffering of the hand of friendship to Labour, a grasp often rather roughly rejected by the other party, has been a source of something like irritation to some of the sterner partisans of Toryism. None the less it has been a very valuable asset to the whole country to have had at the helm a man whose motives in a great industrial crisis were above suspicion, and whose past actions and words made it impossible for one class to suspect that he was their enemy or another class to treat him as an ally in a battle to destroy Trade Unionism. Here the Prime Minister reaped the reward of the one absolutely firm and consistent policy to which he clung

throughout—resistance to pure reaction and friendly overtures to Labour.

I am not going to say that all the doubts and questions I raised about the Premier in September, 1925, have been answered in a favourable sense. The clarity of his intellectual and moral judgment in an emergency is still suspect to many. But he has done a great service to the State in getting this impression of himself as a well-wisher to the working classes into the minds of the people—and the fact that this idea was present to the public was a factor making for public order in the recent trouble.

Furthermore, he has in a general way been steadily strengthening his position since last October—so that he may yet grow to the eminence which fortune tossed to him. The second in command and most powerful personality in the "peaceable" group was Lord Birkenhead. He is in many ways the antithesis of the Prime Minister. He is very bold and decided in his opinions—admittedly very good in counsel in an emergency—and enjoying a terrific power, the art of the big advocate, of stating a view and of impressing it on the unwilling. But he is essentially a man who takes his politics as they come. He knows what he wants when the crisis is on him, but he does not possess—and, in fact, few politicians do—the strategic insight which foresees crises and prepares against eventualities. Mr. Baldwin, on the other hand, while he seems to fumble his grip a little in an emergency, is a man essentially brooding in his conception of political problems. He has, perhaps, a touch of the mystic, of the imaginative dreamer, which, strange as it may seem, makes men political strategists, because it prevents them being utterly concerned with the passing features of the office day, and enables them to peer a little into the inner realities which shape the long trend of events. It is obvious that he foresaw that the event of his Premiership was going to be the industrial struggle—and he took his precautions in advance.

The opposing section in the Government held an opposite view. They thought that the community had lived too long under the shadow of the sword, that it was better to

have the matter out once and for all, and to demonstrate the obvious futility of the General Strike in a practical manner, the import of which no man could mistake. Granted that the trade unions gave an opening, they were ready to take advantage of it in order to fight. And many men who were not political Conservatives of the Right undoubtedly shared this view. The perpetual bullying of trade union officials on quite minor occasions, due to the ridiculous belief in the General Strike, had made men's nerves ragged. The London newspapers, for instance, paying their skilled men extravagant wages, were rapidly coming to the end of the patience with which they could endure a series of petty annoyances harassing the management and damaging their prestige. It was no accident, though it was a crass piece of folly, that the T.U.C. chose to challenge the independence of the Press.

The head of what might be called the fighting section in the Cabinet was Mr. Churchill. Like Lord Birkenhead, he is a man of decided opinions. But his opinions are more numerous and variable than those of his friend and colleague, so that a far fewer proportion of them are likely to be right. Only a selective process wielded from outside can winnow the grain from the chaff. In a word, Mr. Churchill is greatly inferior to Lord Birkenhead in practical judgment. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has his head in the air when the Secretary of State for India has his feet on the ground.

Mr. Churchill has written two brilliant and most readable volumes on the war, in which he proves conclusively that he was the most prudent, responsible and sagacious of men. All the documents are there: it is impossible to dispute his conclusion. And yet the ordinary man goes sadly away and murmurs to himself, "Antwerp and Gallipoli." It is really grossly unfair. Yet the public judgment coincides with that of the much smaller number of people who know what Mr. Churchill is like in his recurrent fits of political excitement. Frankly, he terrifies all responsible public men. Some of the older Conservative statesmen explained this quite plainly last month to the new Mussolini. Fleet Street found in Mr. Churchill a far

more dangerous enemy to the free expression of public opinion by the Press than they had to encounter in trade union compositors and stereotypers who had struck. Newspapers which were running or preparing to run a perfectly efficient news service were threatened with forcible extinction in order that Mr. Churchill might increase the sale of the *British Gazette*.

The Times was practically the only organ which had made elaborate preparations against a strike. The rest had trusted to luck. It produced from start to finish a far better newspaper than the *British Gazette*. Its reward was to have its newsprint suddenly seized by Mr. Churchill, whose warlike temperament is really a public menace at moments when it is especially important that people should keep calm.

The other protagonist of the fighting policy in the Conservative Party was a very different character—Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain, while not a great politician as his father was, inherits many of the paternal qualities. He has by grit and energy made a brilliant success of his housing policy, and, like the "great Joe," he is quite fearless. But he is lacking in any broad view. The antecedents of Birmingham manufacture hardly lead to a sympathetic view of Labour disputes. And the Birmingham view, reinforced by men like Mr. Amery and Mr. P. J. Hannon, of the Federation of British Industries, has a potent influence. The divergence between these two groups of thought did not, however, develop early in the proceedings. The reason for this was that Mr. Baldwin kept the mining negotiations strictly in his own hands. His only assistants were Col. Lane-Fox, about whom little is known, and Sir A. D. Steel-Maitland, who as Minister of Labour appears to have played a fairly prominent part with that prudence and tact we have come to associate with him. Mr. Churchill, busy with his Budget and with the aftermath of the Budget speech, had nothing to do with the proceedings practically throughout the entire week which immediately preceded the strike. Lord Birkenhead, on the other hand, was called in by the Premier to advise at an earlier stage. These last two had, therefore, got together and agreed before the battle of the giants began.

The story can be told in few words. In the ultimate resort Mr. Baldwin and Lord Birkenhead were defeated by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Neville Chamberlain at a critical stage of the negotiations—just at the moment when peace or war trembled in the balance.

It was quite obvious at the time even to the outsider that on the fatal Monday (May 3rd) the negotiations had never been brought to their ultimate conclusion before the rupture took place. In other words, the miners had never been forced to say definitely whether or not they declined to negotiate on terms which included the possibility of a reduction of wages. Mr. Lloyd George promptly seized on this point. Sir Douglas Hogg subsequently published a statement of a somewhat unfortunate clarity which made the course of events quite clear to any informed mind.

A committee of the Cabinet representing the peace party had actually secured from the T.U.C. agreement to a formula which contemplated negotiation on the basis of a reduction of miners' wages. It was obvious that if Mr. Cook and his colleagues rejected the formula of the T.U.C. that body would leave the miners to their own unaided battle, and there would be no General Strike. If, on the other hand, the miners accepted the formula negotiations would proceed once more, and again there would be no General Strike. The miners' representatives could not be found immediately, and while the T.U.C. search for them was taking place the party in the Cabinet which was for an immediate fight seized control of the Government and precipitated hostilities. They said (1) that notices for a General Strike for Monday midnight had been issued and that this was tantamount to war. (2) That strikers had interfered with the publication of the *Daily Mail* on the Sunday evening previous and that hostilities had thus begun.

On the first argument it is clear that advance notices of a strike meant no more or less than advance notices of a lock-out given by the mineowners a fortnight before May 1st. Such notices are merely a formality which in no way preclude the continuance of negotiations up to zero hour.

Secondly, the strike on the *Daily Mail* was an isolated

and unauthorised incident organised in the office. It had nothing to do with the T.U.C., who repudiated it. When two great military powers are in negotiation over very grave matters and the issue of peace or war hangs in the balance, the most manifest danger is that some zealous subordinate will precipitate a frontier incident and that an exchange of shots will take place. Is that a reason for great statesmen to declare a war which otherwise might have been avoided? The answer may be left to the reason and conscience of humanity. The fact remains that whether it was a good or bad thing for the Cabinet to accept the challenge of the T.U.C. over the General Strike so readily, they did declare war *not* when all negotiation had manifestly failed, but over "a frontier incident." Again, the final decision of the Government for war was not in harmony with that of the Ministers specially charged with the negotiation, and it overrode the opinion of the Prime Minister.

Private individuals need not accept the odious responsibility of deciding whether it was more expedient to have a peace or a breach with the T.U.C. on the third of May last. Trade Unionism had grown to be a menace: it might be advisable to take the chance of catching it deploying under the influence of uneducated fools and giving it a much needed lesson. Statesmen often have to come to such iron decisions. But let us not deceive ourselves into thinking that these decisions spring from anything but the school of Bismarck—and we all know what happened to the Bismarckian Empire. It fell from lack of humanity and scruple. It seems to me that Mr. Baldwin and Lord Birkenhead present a picture more British and less Machiavellian than their Conservative opponents—although the children of this world may have been in their generation wiser than the children of light.

The end of Bismarck's policy was the Treaty of Versailles. How many people now think that the Allies were wise in exacting just judgment from the defeated Germans? The trade union movement is now reeling under as great an overthrow. The nation has won: it should be magnanimous.

INDUSTRIAL CRISIS: THE ONLY SOLUTION¹

By LANCELOT LAWTON

THE coal problem remains as it was. Briefly, the situation may be summarised as follows:—

Since the war the annual output of coal in this country has fallen twenty-five million tons; of this amount the drop in exports accounts for twenty million tons. At the same time the number of men in the industry has increased; seven men are endeavouring to live off the same total output as six did before the war; and there has been no compensating rise in prices. The result is that seventy-three per cent. of the coal mined is raised at a loss. Hence most of the colliery-owners have to forgo their profits, and most of the men get a bare living wage with no prospect of improvement.

What is the chief cause of this depression? It is, I think, traceable to Nature herself. The industry is fighting against increasing physical difficulties. The easy coal in Great Britain has long been taken; production is maintained by drawing year after year from greater depths of thinner or more difficult seams. There is no need either for mineowners to blame miners or for miners to blame mineowners for their common misfortune of living in an old country, with coalfields past their early prime. Such was the verdict of the Royal Commission, and it confirms the conclusion reached by all competent experts.

It is, moreover, possible that the physical plight of the industry is largely responsible for its carrying what appears to be an excessive number of men. This excess, it should be explained, is confined to men employed away from the face. The Commissioners wrote:

"The most natural and general explanation of an increase in the number of off-hand men, that is to say of

(1) Previous articles: *Coal and the Future*, THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, August, 1925; *Factories and Farms*, THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, March, 1926; *The Coal Report: No Solution*, THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, April, 1926.

the men on the lines of communication between the face and the shaft, in proportion to the men at the face itself, is that the lines of communication as a whole may have become longer and more difficult to maintain. Our investigations have not allowed us to test this last hypothesis. But it is at least possible and not unlikely that the growing proportion of off-hand men is in part at least a reflection of the growing physical difficulties with which British mining has to reckon now and in the future."

In view of these conclusions there remained but one course to be pursued. That course was to undertake drastic reorganisation in the hope that the unavoidable sacrifices resulting from physical deterioration could be compensated for by the gains of higher efficiency; in other words, human effort was set the task of re-adapting the industry to adverse natural conditions.

The report of the Commissioners was in fact largely taken up in pointing to the imperative need for this reconstruction. In so doing they were not advancing anything new, but were merely confirming what had long been the considered judgment of most students of the industry. Had the Government paid heed to the warnings of these students, time would have been saved; and not only time, but also money and tribulation.

The Royal Commission was therefore an altogether superfluous proceeding, the device of an indolent-minded Government incapable of thinking out the situation for itself and desperately anxious to save time. What the situation demanded was the formulation of practical plans so that the vast work of reorganisation could be begun at once.

Did the Commissioners produce these plans? Did they deliver the goods?

If an affirmative reply could be made, then obviously their work was of the utmost value, though it is quite certain that the same end could have been achieved by other means more expeditious. But I have read their report through again and again, and I must say that such of its proposals as are intended to be constructive are worded in language so weak and so vague as to mean very

little. The Government was urged to promote the amalgamation of many small mines, the closer connection of mining to allied industries, the formation of co-operative selling agencies, the adoption of larger mineral wagons on the railways (for which purpose the setting up of a standing Joint Committee of the Ministry of Transport and the Mines Department was counselled); and research with a view to discovering better methods of mining and utilising coal.

And that was all. In each case the word "promote" was deliberately used; and the Commissioners made it perfectly clear that they disfavoured anything in the nature of compulsion. But apart from this circumstance, which vitiated the whole Report, could it seriously be argued that their proposals were sufficiently drastic to restore the industry to prosperity again?

The Government, who had appointed the Commission to rid itself of responsibility, was only too ready to adopt its recommendations from the same motive. And to make doubly sure that they were saving themselves the trouble of thinking they stipulated that both parties to the dispute, the mineowners and the miners, should accept the Report. Even so, doubt remained as to what the Government meant by this declaration.

For in the debate on the eve of the strike Mr. Lloyd George pressed Mr. Churchill to say whether, in the event of the mineowners rejecting any recommendation of the Report, the Government would introduce legislation to enforce such recommendation. Mr. Churchill found it inconvenient to answer categorically at the moment, but promised a reply in the course of debate. This reply has never been forthcoming.

As for the miners, before they consented to discuss wages, they naturally wished to know something of the Government's plans for reorganisation of industry. Had such plans been forthcoming they would at least have afforded tangible evidence of the Government's intention to lose no time; and a temporary accommodation as to wages might have been reached. Do not forget that the miners knew that they were dealing with a Government

notorious for dilatoriness. Their distrust was certainly not without justification. Soon it was disclosed that the Government had no plans. All that they proposed to do was "to arrange an authoritative enquiry into the best method of following up the recommendations of the Commission in regard to selling organisation and amalgamation." Thus a Commission was to be superimposed upon a Commission, and a further waste of time and shifting of responsibility was to take place. But what was to be expected from a Government which had been so careless of the nation's interests as to have paid out during nine months vast sums as subsidy to mineowners whose properties were yielding profits as well as to those whose properties were working at a loss, a Government whose lethargic mind, incapable of producing a solitary idea to prevent an impending disaster to the coal industry, was suddenly aroused to pugnaciousness when a strike was threatened? No doubt they found it easier to resort to civil strife than to undertake the reorganisation of a great industry.

How strange that we should all have found ourselves defending the principles of Constitutional Government when we should be engaged in preventing the collapse of the economic foundations of the nation which are rooted in the coal industry! And how strange that Mr. Baldwin should have been the first to violate those sacred principles! For was it not he who put Government by Royal Commission in place of Government by Constitution?

From the beginning the Cabinet and the miners were negotiating in the air. For the Cabinet, as we have seen, had not the least idea in its head as to how the industry was to be salvaged. And the Report of the Royal Commission to which it clung contained only a few skeleton proposals. Here we have the true origin of the trouble. The Royal Commission left matters pretty much where they were. And the Government, dazed and distraught, could think of nothing else in a hurry than the old expedient of a reduction in wages. What it intended to do next it did not know itself.

The industry—that is, both the owners and the men—looked to the Government to do something; the Govern-

ment looked to the Royal Commission to suggest something; and the Royal Commission looked to the Government to persuade the industry to look after itself! And so, as I said in the beginning, the coal problem remains as it was.

But I am convinced that there is a solution and that this solution is dependent upon the immediate and large-scale application of better methods for the utilisation of coal rather than upon any attempts to patch up the existing system of coal mining.

In saying this I do not mean to suggest that the recommendation of the Royal Commission would not help the industry. On the contrary, the measures which they propose are long overdue and must necessarily form part of any serious reconstruction. But in themselves they are not sufficient to save the industry (and therefore the nation) from disaster. The Royal Commission fell into the error, which later was repeated by the Cabinet, of concentrating upon reorganisation of management—a detail in the circumstances—and neglected to take into account the practicability of scientific and technical reorganisation. As part of their plan, an immediate shrinkage in the dimensions of the industry was to take place. A number of pits were to be regarded as uneconomic and closed down. Wages were to be lowered, temporarily it is true, but for how long no one could say, and fewer men were to be retained in the industry. It was hoped that the result would be increased output at a decreased cost.

How different would have been the prospect had the problem been approached from another angle, had the Commission concerned itself with devising measures for the more scientific utilisation of coal, thus enabling its effective output to be increased and its value as a commodity to be fully realised, instead of drawing up vague proposals which involved a severe depression in the immediate future and held out no certain promise of a revival even in the distant future.

It is a well-known fact that a large proportion of the 147 million tons of coal at present burnt in a raw state is

consumed in a very wasteful manner. Mr. Leonard C. Harvey, the eminent engineer, has calculated that "from every 1,000,000 tons of raw coal burned either in the domestic grate or under power-house boilers, there are wasted at least 20,000,000 gallons of liquid products containing, say, 2,500,000 gallons of motor spirit. Pointing to the fact that Great Britain imports annually oil to the value of £45,000,000, he mentions that were the scientific pre-treatment (*i.e.*, low-temperature carbonisation) of coal to be introduced, she could be self-supporting, "both as regards fuels and supplies of motor spirit."

Mr. Harvey is alluding to the need for the scientific utilisation of coal which is at present wastefully consumed in a raw state. But this coal does not exhaust available resources. Of the total amount of coal mined annually in the country fully 25 per cent. is low grade slack, which is left in the mines, because under existing conditions it has little or no commercial value. In other words, more than sixty million tons of coal are mined annually and entirely wasted. Its presence in the pits is, moreover, a constant danger to life and health.

All this small coal could be burnt in pulverised fuel plants according to modern practice; thus low-grade slack would become converted into high-grade fuel. Or a considerable proportion of it could be carbonised and distilled at low temperature and made to produce tar (or fuel oil), gas, and smokeless fuel suitable for burning in domestic grates.

If only the low-grade slack which is at present entirely wasted were made use of in the manner indicated, think of the beneficial effect that would be produced upon the mining industry. Here it is necessary to emphasise again that the crisis in this industry is caused by a decline in output amounting to twenty-five million tons. This decline is the result of a falling off in exports. The Royal Commission based the whole of its Report upon the theory that it was possible to recover that lost ground. Such theory I regard as a wholly mistaken one. More and more evidence is accumulating to show that a profound and permanent change is taking place in the economy of coal:

this change has come about as a result of the growing development of the world's coalfields (outside these isles) and the increasing exploitation of lignite resources, of hydro-electrical energy, and of oil, particularly in those countries which formerly imported the largest quantities of British coal.

The Royal Commission, believing that foreign markets were recoverable, counselled a temporary reduction in wages as a means of lowering cost of production. At the same time they hoped that production would be expanded, though it must be admitted that the measures which they proposed for the achievement of this purpose bore little promise of success.

Would it not have been far wiser to have recognised in the beginning that, owing to the increasing physical difficulties of mining, the cost of production of British coal could not be lowered to such an extent as would enable foreign markets to be recovered, and that, owing to the profound changes taking place everywhere in the economy of coal, the recovery of these markets in any circumstances was not to be thought of? In other words, the decline in exports should have been accepted as permanent and unavoidable.

To make up for this decline measures should have been initiated for extracting the fullest possible value from all coal that is at present wastefully consumed in a raw state, and from the sixty million tons of low-grade slack that is produced annually and left in the mines because it is considered to be of no commercial value. Is it not unintelligent to require the miners to increase their output and to accept lower wages when sixty million tons of coal which they already do produce are entirely wasted and when only a fraction of the potential energy of the remainder is used? Rather than make drastic changes, rather than summon to our aid the resources of science, we are asking them to overcome the handicap of increasing physical difficulties such as exist in no other coalfield in the world by increasing their toil and lowering their standard of life. It is a senseless and heartless demand.

Let us go back to the Report of the Royal Com-

missioners. The Commissioners understood very well that the present extravagant methods of mining and utilising coal involved the industry in colossal losses. They understood also that a successful process of pre-treatment of coal would avoid these losses and would therefore be largely the salvation of the industry. But when they came to closer grips with the subject they lapsed into complete mental confusion. In the first place they wrote:—

"We have given close attention to the question of low-temperature carbonisation, but we can find no evidence that the system has yet been anywhere established on a commercial scale for a period sufficiently long to enable the claims that are made on its behalf to be fully tested."

And elsewhere the Report spoke as if the technical difficulties had not been overcome. A little further on this sentence occurred: "At the same time, the evidence that we have taken has given us the impression that we may be within measurable distance of a solution of both the technical and commercial problems that arise." And then immediately following was the recommendation that "the Government should give sympathetic consideration to any proposals of the Fuel Research Board for the investigation of the process on a commercial scale."

What does the Commission mean?

If proposals for commercial experiments exist must we not then conclude that the process is ready to be tested on a commercial scale? And what are these proposals? Wherefore all this mystification?

The Report goes on to suggest that Government Departments should provide an assured market for the oil and smokeless fuel derived from the process, "so soon as the production has been established on a commercial scale," and even suggests that it might be found desirable to prohibit entirely the use of smoke-producing fuel, or, alternatively, impose a special tax upon it.

But if the process were capable of establishing itself on a commercial scale it would not stand in need of the State aid suggested by the Commissioners.

If, on the other hand, it were not capable of establishing itself on a commercial scale without State aid, then surely the sooner this State aid were forthcoming the better.

Meanwhile we must know if the process is technically sound. Upon this point the Commissioners, while recommending that investigations on a commercial scale should take place, left us in some doubt. Is it not evident that they have made a very serious muddle of the whole affair? And one muddle inevitably leads to another. The Government said: "We take our stand upon the Report." But how could they possibly know what the Report meant? Just before the coal negotiations collapsed a Member of Parliament inquired as to their intentions in regard to coal carbonisation and the recommendations on the subject in the Royal Commission's Report, and their answer was that they were considering what steps should be taken. No wonder they could say nothing more definite. The confusion of the Royal Commission had become their confusion.

Clearly the first point to be decided is whether low-temperature carbonisation is or is not technically realisable. If it is, then the further point arises: Is it a commercial possibility?

In summarising the available evidence on the subject, I will deal first with a German process, the Stinnes process. I do so because this process has been working for two years on a full commercial scale supplying its products to the market and because it is now being extended. There are a number of British processes of equal merit which have been developed on a works scale, but which, because of lack of capital, have not launched out as yet on regular commercial lines. In a report, to which the Stinnes firm has attached its name, and which I have now before me, the process is described as a definite commercial success. It is applicable to all kinds of fuel and is "capable of converting low-grade fuels and mine waste into a valuable commercial product." Two tables are given. One table shows how, from low-grade coal costing 8s. 6d. per ton, commodities, including semi-coke (smokeless fuel), tar, motor spirit, and gas, were obtained to the value of 22s. And the second table shows how, from raw coal costing 15s. per ton, similar commodities valued 31s. were obtained. The semi-coke is said to be eminently suitable for domestic and other purposes. The

tar is described as of very high quality. The yield is 10 to 10.5 gallons per ton, which is over ninety per cent. of the theoretical possible value. The gas is supplied to towns which in many instances are situated one hundred miles distant.

Imagine how great would be the benefit of the British mining industry if the sixty million tons of low-grade slack which is at present entirely wasted would be made to yield products valued 22s. per ton. But if all of it could not be so treated, the remainder might be used in pulverised form, thus effecting a great economy in the national fuel bill. It will be said that before this became possible alterations in plant would be necessary. But the saving effected by the consumption of pulverised fuel would soon pay for these alterations. If manufacturers were reluctant to undertake them because of the capital outlay involved, would it not be wise for the State to afford financial aid on easy terms? Such outlay would certainly be more remunerative than the subsidy to the mining industry has been, and it would have this positive advantage, that it was helping to put the industry—indeed all industry—permanently on its feet again.

So far I have dealt only with the possibility of producing valuable commodities from the sixty million tons of low-grade slack that is at present mined annually and put to no use. And I think I have shown that by the exploitation of this "waste" material alone the effect of the drop of twenty-five million tons in coal output could largely be neutralised. What is being done in Germany can certainly be repeated here; the technical knowledge is available, and only the will to make use of it is needed.

Operations should not be restricted to mine waste only. A beginning ought to be made with the pre-treatment of the 147 million tons of raw coal which is at present produced annually and consumed in a wasteful manner.

But before entering into this aspect of the question let us continue with the presentation of such evidence as is at hand to show that low-temperature carbonisation is a technical and commercial possibility.

In the *Iron and Coal Trades Review* for February 19th,

1926, Mr. Arthur M. Lymn, M.I.Chem.E., reviews the whole situation of low-temperature carbonisation, and says that "there are various systems in this and other countries which can be said to have established themselves so far that their results may confidently be taken as the basis for commercial operation."¹

Elsewhere he remarks: "Low-temperature carbonisation has come to stay, and opposition or conservatism must ultimately break down before human progress. It is frequently contended that the low-temperature process has not yet reached the commercial stage, but where would many of our large technical industries be if, in their infancy, established dividend-paying concerns had been looked for as the only evidence of their commercial possibilities?"

He then mentions that he recently paid a visit to Germany to investigate the subject of low-temperature carbonisation. "Generally speaking," he says, "I was confirmed in the view that low-temperature carbonisation is already a sound commercial proposition." He makes particular allusion to one process which is evidently the Stinnes process and expresses his conviction that it is an established commercial proposition, and that in this country it would yield greater profits than in Germany.

The Glasgow Corporation, after having made exhaustive experiments with a full-size Maclaurin low-temperature carbonisation plant, decided to erect a still larger plant. Mr. W. B. Smith, the chairman of the Public Health Committee, gave details of this enterprise in an address delivered to the Royal Sanitary Institute Conference at Edinburgh on July 24th, 1924. A plant was to be laid down, he said, to carbonise half a million tons of coal annually, the gas derived from which would be used to fire all the boilers of the electricity generating station. In addition, 270,000 tons of smokeless fuel and 7,800,000 gallons of oil would be produced.

Let us see next what is being done in America and Canada. A McEwen-Runge plant with a rated capacity of 200 tons of coal per twenty-four hours is approaching

(1) Mr. Lymn is alluding in particular to the production of smokeless fuel for domestic purposes.

completion at the Lakeside Station, Milwaukee. This process is a British invention, and its peculiar merit is that it carbonises powdered fuel and produces a powdered semi-coke which may be stored and handled with safety, and is almost as flexible as oil itself. Tar, resembling crude petroleum, and gas are also produced.

In a lecture delivered before the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland, reprinted in the *Transactions* of that body in January, 1925, Mr. A. J. T. Taylor mentioned that at the Ford motor works at Walkerville, Ontario, there were three boilers of 13,500 square feet, equipped with a powdered fuel system, designed to work in conjunction with a low-temperature carbonisation plant then in process of erection. Mr. Henry Ford is also installing large plants at his factories in America.

Mr. David Brownlie, the well-known engineer, writing in *The Fuel Economist* of October, 1925, said: "There are at least one dozen processes of low-temperature carbonisation in the world on the eve of commercial success, many of which have been in large-scale operation for years past." In a paper read before the Institution of Mining Engineers, the same authority mentioned that in connection with water tube boilers nine different Pintsch low-temperature carbonisation plants are at present in large-scale operation in Germany, Norway and the Prinzen-grube and Trauscholdsegen colliery districts of Upper Silesia. The results, he adds, are extremely good, and particularly interesting is the fact that in Prinzen-grube district unsaleable colliery refuse fuels are being used.

In an address to the British Science Guild at the Mansion House on April 29th, Sir Richard Redmayne used these words: "We are constantly hearing that the problem of low-temperature carbonisation is nearing solution. As a matter of fact, it has been solved. It is a commercial problem now, not an engineering or chemical problem, the problem being one of £ s. d., that is, that the disposal of the products shall exceed the cost of producing them."

And in *Nature* of May 1st, Professor John W. Cobb, C.B.E., writes:

It is not that carbonisation is a technically unrealisable process . . . the difficulties are quantitative and commercial. . . . The Fuel Research Board has already gone so far as to undertake without charge the testing out of low-temperature carbonisation plants on a commercial scale in order to obtain reliable information and to give it to those concerned. . . . The commercial interpretation of such results in a form to have any general application is, however, much more difficult, and the Fuel Research Board has so far held its hand at that stage.

One more quotation. In a report recently made by Mr. R. J. Campbell, of the United States Geological Survey, this passage occurred:—

It is reasonable to expect in relation to the near future that one hundred million tons of bituminous coal will be carbonised at low temperature in the United States. This quantity would yield 600 million gallons of motor fuel, or 8 per cent. of the 1924 requirements. Another reasonable expectation is that super-power stations will carbonise at low temperature and generate steam from the pulverised residue. The 60 million tons of coal burned under power plants would thus provide 360 million gallons of motor fuel, which added to the yield from plants making domestic fuel would furnish 960 million gallons, or 13 per cent. of America's annual requirements.

I have said nothing so far of the Bergius process for the liquefaction of coal in connection with which commercial experiments are to take place in Germany and France, or of the synthetic methods of producing liquid fuels starting from coke, one of which is now being applied on a large commercial scale by the Badische Co. in Germany. My chief concern has been to present facts and opinions concerning low-temperature carbonisation; for of all the processes designed to get the most value out of coal, this has made the greatest progress.

I think I have demonstrated conclusively that although we have considerable knowledge and experience on the subject, Germany is in advance of us in commercial achievement, while in the United States commercial development is taking place on a considerable scale. Yet in neither country is the need for the scientific pre-treatment of coal so urgent as it is with us.

I think I have also shown that despite the views set forth

in the report of the Royal Commission low-temperature carbonisation is a technical success, and in certain instances a commercial success also.

It is evident that the Royal Commission was badly advised. And it is evident, too, that the Government is wanting in energy and judgment. I happen to know that most of the facts which I have detailed have been brought to their notice again and again by responsible persons, yet they have taken no action, but have just allowed things to drift.

The coal industry need not be insolvent. A considerable proportion of the 60 million tons of low grade slack that is produced and wasted every year could be carbonised and made to produce valuable products or alternatively burnt in a powdered state, thus effecting a great economy on the fuel bill. And of the 147 million tons mined annually and consumed wastefully a considerable proportion could also be carbonised and made to produce valuable products. At present we import oil to the value of £45,000,000; nearly all, if not all, of that oil could be obtained from coal mined in these isles.

The Royal Commission has put a lot of false ideas into our heads. It is, for example, a false idea that the coal industry must of necessity shrink. It must not shrink. It must expand. It is also a false idea that certain pits must needs be regarded as uneconomic and closed down, and that the men employed in them must be set adrift. In the light of modern scientific knowledge all coal, no matter where and how situated, is precious in that it can be made to yield precious products. Some of the pits which would be closed down if the Royal Commission had its way contain coal of a kind most suitable for low-temperature carbonisation.

It is not to be doubted that low-temperature carbonisation would save the coal industry, and through the coal industry all the industry of the nation.

Obviously it cannot be applied in a day. And no one process will be suitable for general application; there will be room for many processes to meet varying conditions. But the important thing to be remembered is that the

principle is technically and commercially realisable. If State aid be needed to establish large-scale plants in this country then State aid on a generous scale ought to be forthcoming. Once the foundations of the new industry are laid with care and foresight commercial success will be assured. But it is important that the raw material—that is the raw coal—should be secured as cheaply as possible. To make sure of supplies at first cost low-temperature carbonisation ought to be undertaken by the coal industry itself. At the same time it should be emphasised that low-temperature carbonisation is not exclusively a coal business. It needs to be co-ordinated with various industries such as electricity, gas, oil, chemical products, blast furnaces, etc. Mr. Leonard C. Harvey has pointed out, for example, that as a means of utilising the power of surplus gas at distillation (low-temperature) centres, electric generating plant for the fixation of nitrogen from the air could be installed. On the Continent enormous quantities of fixed nitrogen are being produced for the fertilisation of the earth, and as a consequence vast tracts which formerly were barren have been converted into fertile fields. In the United States, Germany and France, the coal industry is also being brought into close association with various other industries. In France (where the industry has been completely reconstructed) electrical power and sulphate of ammonia (for fertilisation purposes) are produced at the pithead.

If the British coal industry is to prosper it must have a wider outlook and wider ramifications. Where, it will be asked, is capital to come from? There is only one source available—a State guaranteed loan. But financial aid should only be given on strict conditions; these being that the industry reconstruct itself and that the miners be given a substantial share in the prosperity that would be bound to result. Meanwhile the subsidy ought to continue as part of the loan. It is unfair that the miners should be asked to accept miserable wages because the industry has fallen into decay through the neglect of its owners. Failing some such plan as I have briefly sketched out, nationalisation of the mines is inevitable. For coal mining is not an

industry which can be treated as an ordinary industry. It is the basis of life itself in these isles. And therefore the public has a right to see that it is managed efficiently.

We hear a great deal just now about economic laws and their limitations. But economics are made for man, not man for economics. Economics are, in fact, what man makes them. To the present generation has fallen the task of initiating a second Industrial Revolution. This Revolution has two aims, the one closely related to the other: to reconstruct the material elements of industry according to modern scientific knowledge, and to bring its human relationships into harmony with ancient religious principles, the principles of Christianity. To unite Christianity and economics is not so Utopian a mission as our modern pagans imagine. But it cannot be done by statesmen whose mentality is that of the rulers of Rome—Rome not in the days of her glory but in the days of her fall.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: AN APPRECIATION

BY JOHN BELL

THE visit of the French President to England would of itself be a noteworthy event, but there are certain circumstances which may well invest it with considerable importance. If, as seems to be assumed in some diplomatic quarters, the State visit of the French President will have interesting results—and this assumption is based on the fact that M. Briand, the Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, will accompany him—M. Gaston Doumergue will prove himself to be an amiable and sympathetic advocate of the necessity of still further strengthening the Entente Cordiale. So far as is known in France, at any rate, this is the aim of the President's visit; but the fact that the invitation to M. Doumergue was given and accepted shortly after the signature of the Russo-German Treaty is interpreted as indicating that England and France desire to discuss the possible consequences of this instrument, and to come to an understanding as to any action that may be necessary.

But of this more anon. President Doumergue is a modest man, and has done his work so modestly throughout his life that very little was known about him, even in his own country, before he became President of the Senate and finally President of the Republic. He never was a limelight politician, though his political and Parliamentary baggage is not unimportant. His career has been rather varied. Like many politicians he began life as a barrister, but he did not make up his mind to plead all his life at Nîmes, the principal town of the Department of the Gard. He found an outlet for his activity in the French colonies, and became a magistrate in Cochin China and afterwards in Algeria. Entering Parliament in 1893 for the second constituency of Nîmes as a Radical-Socialist, he soon made his presence felt by his sober speeches marked by a

profound study of the questions under discussion. He had very decided views on the burning question of the separation of Church and State, and when M. Emile Combes became Premier he figured in the Government as Minister of the Colonies. He was also a member of the Clemenceau Cabinet of 1906-1909, and of the Briand Government that followed, and in 1910 he became Senator of the Gard. The year before the war broke out found him Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. His Cabinet resigned in June, 1914, but he remained Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Cabinet formed by the late M. Viviani, which portfolio he subsequently ceded to M. Delcassé, and returned to his first office of Minister of the Colonies in M. Briand's Cabinet of National Union, and held it till March, 1917. It was in that year that he went to Petrograd with General de Castelnau to represent France at the Allied Conference there.

M. Doumergue's Ministerial career now virtually came to an end, and he consecrated himself to his senatorial duties. Three years ago he became President of the Upper Assembly, and discharged the duties of this high office with great tact and ability. In France the President of the Senate is looked upon as a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, but it does not always follow that he is elected. Certainly when the Cartel des Gauches was triumphant at the polls in 1924, and made it its business to oust M. Millerand from the Elysée because he chose to assert himself and express decided views on certain political questions, it never thought of M. Doumergue as the new President of the Republic. As a Radical-Socialist he was nominally of the Cartel, but his political faith was not exactly the same as that practised by the Cartellists.

For one thing, he never thought of promising the French electors the moon if they turned out the Bloc National; for another he thought more of the real interests of France than of those of any political party; and for a third his outlook was not confined strictly to internal affairs. He was interested in foreign affairs as well, and desired that France should play her part in solving international and

particularly inter-Allied questions. Besides, M. Doumergue had not taken any active part in the elections, and therefore the Cartel never considered him as a likely successor to M. Millerand. The politician the Cartel had in view was M. Painlevé, who, after M. Herriot, was second in command of the Cartellist forces pitted against the Bloc National, and had worked strenuously in the campaign which resulted in the victory of the Radicals, Radical-Socialists and Socialists.

If it had remained with the Chamber M. Painlevé would certainly have been elected President of the Republic. The Cartel majority would have carried him through. But the Senate had to be reckoned with. Unable to form a Government, though he tried desperately, M. Millerand was forced to resign. He was practically hunted from the Elysée Palace. Many senators objected to the treatment meted out to him by the Cartel. They objected still more to M. Herriot and his followers seeking to impose their will on the Senate. They would not tolerate dictation of this sort, and they soon made it clear that M. Painlevé was not their man.

Meanwhile pressure was brought to bear upon M. Doumergue. He kept very quiet, and no one knew exactly whether he would be a candidate for the Presidency. At the last moment he allowed his name to go forward, and, to the chagrin of the Cartel, he was elected by 515 votes against 309 given to M. Painlevé. His election was a blow to the Cartel. It had got rid of M. Millerand, but it had failed to replace him by its nominee. The Bloc National had been badly beaten at the General Election, but it had the satisfaction of contributing to the defeat of its opponents at the Presidential election.

It was the most exciting election I have witnessed at the Château of Versailles. Probably the calmest figure in the assembly of senators and deputies was M. Gaston Doumergue. There was a quiet smile on his face as he drove from the Château in the Presidential carriage to the Elysée amid a cheering multitude, which was very dense in the Avenue des Champs Elysées and in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. He was installed in the Presiden-

tial palace, and assumed the duties of First Magistrate of France with that conscientiousness and tact which have marked his conduct in all the offices he has filled.

M. Doumergue is one of the most genial Presidents that France has ever had. Of small stature and compact build, his pleasant face lit up with eyes shining with sympathy, he seems to exhale an atmosphere of confidence. He differs from the average Meridional in that he is not an exuberant talker. But his voice is very agreeable, and you have the impression that he thinks before he speaks. It is difficult to believe that he is sixty-three years of age, in spite of his iron-grey hair, for he is alert in his movements, and he wears his clothes with the grace and elegance of a young man. Honours change some men, but though M. Doumergue has reached the highest position that his country can offer him he is as simple as in the days when he was a young deputy.

He is a charming host. A reception at the Elysée is always a brilliant affair. Every President has his own manner and that of M. Doumergue is distinctly engaging. He may have met less than a tenth of his guests before, but he profits from the occasion to get to know as many as possible of those who have accepted his invitation, for he flits from group to group, the right word is always on his lips, and his hand is ever stretched forth in a gesture of welcome.

He has now been two years at the Elysée, and it cannot be said that his presidency has been free from solicitude. M. Poincaré was the war and M. Millerand the peace president; and M. Doumergue may be called the financial president, for a great deal of his time has been spent in forming cabinets to pass the necessary measures demanded by the financial plight of the country. In two years he has had to summon statesmen to form no fewer than five governments. His task was not an easy one, for he saw, as many Frenchmen saw, that it was an extremely difficult business to get the Cartel to undertake the responsibility of imposing the necessary taxation. The Herriot and Painlevé Governments were not free to do what the condition of the country required; they had to think of the electors to whom they

had given the promise to reduce rather than to increase the taxes.

And here the President of the Republic gave evidence of a quality that he possesses in a marked degree—the quality of tactfulness. After the failures of M. Herriot and M. Painlevé he would have been justified in responding to the desire of the business men of France who demanded a Government of National Union who should take full responsibility for passing a scheme of taxation—a scheme that would affect all classes of the community and not fall entirely on those who paid heavy taxes and whom the Socialists wanted to bear almost the whole of the burden. But the President, whatever his private opinion might have been, is a stickler for Parliamentary usage. He did not forget that the Cartel represented the majority of the electors and that it should be a Cartel Government who should devise the means for balancing the Budget and for bringing about the purification of the finances. M. Briand was also of that opinion, and hence his refusal to look to the Centre and Right of the Chamber for his majority. It is yet too early to say whether what has been done will secure the result desired, but the President did his duty, and in such a manner as to keep the respect of all the political parties.

While M. Doumergue has at times been very anxious over the internal situation of France, he has not lost sight of the foreign position. He had very decided views on the question of Reparations and on the future security of France, and his speeches on this subject voiced the opinion of his countrymen in the mass. In spite of the divergences of views between England and France he has always been a strong partisan of the Entente Cordiale between the two countries and a stout believer in its efficacy. He will therefore go to London equipped with eloquent reasons why the bonds of amity uniting the two countries, tested by the common suffering and sacrifice, should be further strengthened. He could not have a more eloquent advocate of the necessity of reaffirming the Entente Cordiale than M. Briand, whose co-operation with Sir Austen Chamberlain in the policy of securing the future peace of Europe has constituted a striking example of the

harmonious working of inter-Allied diplomacy. France, at all events, is deeply conscious of the fact that a perfect understanding with England is absolutely necessary if the future peace of Europe has to be guaranteed, and those in charge of her destinies are sincerely anxious that this understanding shall be reached.

There are many reasons why co-operation between the two countries should not only be continued but appreciably fortified. As the years roll on the old idea of "splendid isolation" becomes less and less applicable. This was one of the first truths grasped by Sir Austen Chamberlain when he went to the Foreign Office, and he had the courage to prick the isolation bubble. His action has been justified by events. It had been hoped that there would have been an end to the system of blocks and coalitions in Europe, that the existence of the League of Nations would have served to make such combinations unnecessary in the future. The foreign policy of England and France was directed to this end, and the Governments of both countries imagined that with Germany a member of the League of Nations and subscribing to a pact of peace a new era of concord would begin.

All the necessary steps had been taken to usher in this era. There had to be a disarmament conference, and it was expected that the result of it would be to remove from the backs of nations, animated with peace ideals, a crushing burden. Secure from menaces of war, they had hoped to consecrate themselves to solving financial and economic problems, the heritage of the war. But at the moment when the statesmen of England and France were indulging in dreams of fruitful international co-operation for the benefit of afflicted Europe a thunderbolt fell, causing dismay in the chancellories of England and France. Well might they be disturbed when the Russo-German Treaty was signed at Berlin, for Germany had taken a step which was not in consonance with the aspirations of those nations who had readily responded to her overtures for reconciliation. It was perfectly natural that the Allies in the war should be perturbed. The fact that Germany had made a political treaty with Bolshevik Russia who is seeking to

destroy the League of Nations, the instrument of peace in Europe, was a painful disillusionment.

It may not be precisely a coincidence that the invitation to President Doumergue to visit England was given and accepted on the morrow of the signing of the Russo-German Treaty. It can be put forward that the Presidential visit has nothing to do with the Treaty, that it is purely and simply an act of courtesy, a manifestation of the friendship existing between England and France. But the possible repercussions of a treaty which, after all, is an uncomfortable sequel to the Locarno agreements, are bound to be discussed between the British and French Foreign Ministers. And they will doubtless be discussed in the light of the new block formed in Eastern Europe, for that is what the Russo-German Treaty means.

The fact that Germany, who, it must not be forgotten, contributed to the revolution in Russia which led to the birth of the Communist régime, has allied herself to a country which is seeking by propaganda, open and occult, to substitute for western civilisation a system of ruin and negation, is sufficiently disagreeable for England and France. These countries would be guilty of colossal neglect if they did not take note of it.

Reflect for a moment on the mentality of the contracting parties. Germany, in spite of the protestations she has made and may make, will never forget the war and live down her defeat, and the Government of the Soviets, animated with hatred against the western nations because they are striving to protect themselves from the misery and despair born of Bolshevism, will use the Treaty as a means of action against them. England and France are forewarned. They may well ask themselves whether after what has happened the pact of security that Germany has signed is not endangered.

It is conceivable that the visit to London of President Doumergue and M. Briand will, at any rate, clear the air. It is not only the question of the future peace of Europe that will have to be discussed, but also of saving what remains of the Peace Treaty.

THE LITTLE ENTENTE AND ITS POLICIES

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

COMBINATIONS of States, for military, political, economic or other reasons and purposes, have been very frequent in the past, and it is certain that such combinations will always exist, no matter whether they are termed regional understandings, as in the Covenant, or leagues, pacts, alliances, ententes and the like, as in ordinary phraseology. In our own time the tendency is for these combinations to be larger rather than smaller, to include far more people, to cover a greater extent of territory; in a word, to be more and more powerful. With the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, itself a combination or agglomeration of States and peoples, there appeared in its place a number of States new and old, or partly new and partly old, so divided from each other by an egoistic nationalism, by traditions, memories, ideals and antagonisms, and especially by the incidents and upshot of the Great War, that some observers, not usually considered incompetent, were led to assert that Central Europe had been Balkanised. Superficially they may perhaps have been justified in using at the moment that devastating expression. For, instead of one large compact political organism, within its own wide frontiers, there was to be seen this miscellany of struggling, hostile States, with boundaries which were fluid, but which each State was trying with all its might to make as solid as possible against the other States that bordered it. Such, on the surface at least, was the position in 1918-19, and it did not look at all promising. Yet the fact remains that within a comparatively short time—a very short time in the long view of history—order stepped out of chaos, Balkanisation (if the word were ever really permissible in this connection) was stopped, and the whole situation was changed in the most remarkable way by a consolidating readjustment of large parts of the former Austrian Empire—in brief, by the formation of the

Little Entente, which was composed of Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania, and still consists of these States, despite all rumours and reports to the contrary.

When, where or/and by whom the term Little Entente was originated does not seem to be known authoritatively. Of course it was suggested, naturally enough, by the Entente between Great Britain and France, the Big Entente, alongside of which the three States ranged themselves. Perhaps it was in the French Press that it first appeared. Anyhow, it soon found general acceptance, and there are very few who do not understand its geographical meaning. Its political meaning, however, is not so well understood, as was shown in April when a not unimportant portion of the British Press misrepresented or misinterpreted the action of one of the protagonists of the Little Entente, Dr. Benesh, the Czecho-Slovak Foreign Minister, with respect to the German-Soviet Treaty before it was signed at Berlin towards the end of that month. One newspaper of this group spoke of him as having "dropped the mask," the inference being that he had been guilty of double-dealing. It was a strange charge to bring against a statesman so transparently sincere, so absolutely single-minded. Besides, the policies of the Little Entente, of which he has been the chief exponent both at home and abroad, have never changed or even varied. They are to-day what they were in the beginning, and they have been stated over and over again without any ambiguity whatever. It may be that just as the truth is the most misleading of all things to a certain political type of mind, the very straightforwardness of these policies engenders suspicion in those who are unable to estimate it at its proper value. But in the particular case referred to the simple fact was that the course taken by Dr. Benesh militated against the strong pro-German predilections of this journal, and thus it was that it attacked him in this absurd manner. It must be added that some others of our journals, not of the same school, and long before this happened, regarded the Little Entente with mistrust, not so much on its own account, but rather because of its French affiliations. As the policies at present of the

Little Entente are nothing other than the policies which it has had from the start, it will be well to review its origins and its fundamental aims.

Here we are on firm historical ground. It is common knowledge that the Great War has thrown up very few men who can be called really Great Men; it is a singular thing, but it is true. One of these very few men is, by general consent, Dr. Masaryk, the creator and President of Czecho-Slovakia, now a vigorous old-young man of seventy-six. I had the privilege of having a long interview with him some weeks ago; it was evident that his mind worked as keenly and forcefully as ever, and his attire, completed with riding breeches and leather leggings, indicated that he was still able to have and enjoy a good ride on horseback—as he does nearly every day. It is on record that in October, 1914, Professor Masaryk, as he was usually styled at that time, outlined his programme of the territorial rearrangement of Europe after the war, and that his forecast was fulfilled almost in its entirety. Naturally his principal concern was with the rearrangement of Austro-Hungary. The programme of the Czecho-Slovak State, as it exists now, was ready almost in every detail in 1916. Masaryk found a very able lieutenant in Dr. Benesh, who arranged the Congress of Oppressed Nationalities in April, 1918, at Rome. It was at this congress that the oppressed nationalities of Austro-Hungary openly embarked on action against the Dual Monarchy, and they had the support of the Allies. Before the close of 1918 the fabric of the New Europe arose. Czecho-Slovakia was established as a State, with Masaryk as its President and Benesh as its Foreign Minister, in October of that year. The union of the Croats and the Slovenes with the Serbs created Yugoslavia in December, and about the same time Transylvania and Bukovina were added to Rumania, which, having got Bessarabia some six months before, was twice its previous size. The statesmen responsible were M. Pashich for Yugoslavia, and M. Take Jonesco for Rumania, each being Prime Minister of his own country.

M. Jonesco has passed away, but he has left a very

interesting account of the Little Entente and its aims which was published in *Eastern Europe* for December, 1921, almost the last issue of that periodical. He stated that as early as the autumn of 1918 he and two or three others of like mind elaborated a plan for uniting their countries by definite and permanent ties; but at that time Poland and Greece figured in this project as well as Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. In the negotiations M. Venizelos represented Greece, but Poland was not represented, apparently, at all, and did not actually come into the scheme, because its relations with Czecho-Slovakia were then not of the best. Jonesco recalled meeting Dr. Masaryk in Paris, late in 1918, when the latter was on his way from the United States to assume formally the Presidency of his country at Prague—he had been elected some weeks earlier—and speaking to him “of the necessity of enlarging our Entente till it stretched from the Baltic to the Ægean Sea, thereby introducing Poland and Greece respectively.” At Jonesco’s request Masaryk received Venizelos, and during the conversation that ensued the desirability of appearing at the Peace Conference, then about to be held at Paris, with an agreement on their line of policy was discussed. In the spring of 1919 Jonesco and Venizelos had several further conversations on this subject. In view of recent occurrences at Geneva connected with the League of Nations, the subjoined extract from M. Jonesco’s article is of exceptional importance; he was writing of the topics which formed the subjects of these conversations:—

Our object was to build around the Peace Treaties a wall destined to repulse all attempts, from whatever direction, to demolish or interfere with them, for in our view it was imperative to insist on the finality of these just and moderate treaties, outside of which there could be but chaos.

As to the methods we reached the following conclusions: A treaty between five States (the Little Entente plus Poland and Greece) would guarantee to each the security of its frontiers; a permanent contract for common action would be made between the five Foreign Ministries; one place, to be occupied in turn by each State, would be demanded on the permanent council of the League of Nations; the Supreme Council would be requested to admit each one of us alternately to its deliberations, so that no decision could be reached without us; military instruction and armament would be organised on the same system in all the five countries. We considered that these decisions represented the maximum that could

be accomplished for the time being, and trusted the future to strengthen the relations between our States.

M. Jonesco added this comment :

In effect there would have been, and I am convinced that there will be, a *bloc* of 85 millions of people, masters of Central Europe from the Baltic to the Ægean, profoundly interested in the preservation of the order established by the Peace Conference, and representing in consequence a very solid guarantee against the danger of a future war, even in the event of a Russo-German alliance.

Neither M. Venizelos nor I, and certainly neither Dr. Benesh nor M. Pashich, envisaged the constitution of this *bloc* other than in accord with our Great Allies.

I still think that this represents the only solution. We have not reached it yet, but we have done all that is possible for the present ; we have prepared and facilitated the work of to-morrow.

So M. Take Jonesco. The project of an alliance of or an entente between the five States was dropped eventually. Poland stood out of it, and Greece, at war with Turkey, could not join in it. Even his own Rumania did not formally, by treaty or other definite act, enter the Little Entente at the outset, though there was an understanding. The first stage in the existence of the Little Entente was realised by an agreement concluded between Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia on September 14th, 1920, after long negotiations carried on from the close of 1919 by Dr. Benesh and M. Pashich. In substance this agreement was a defensive convention against the Hungarian menace, then associated with the activities of the ex-Emperor Charles and his partisans. The two States agreed to take action in common in case of an unprovoked attack by Hungary. On April 23rd, 1921, Rumania signed a treaty with the two other States, and the Little Entente, as it is to-day, was established. Thus was formed, to use the words of Dr. Benesh, "a strong and permanent bulwark against the execution of the Hapsburg plans," and its success was seen in the complete defeat of the *putsches* of April and September, 1921. In other words, the aim of the three treaties was the maintenance of the Trianon Treaty as against the claims of the Magyars for the restoration of the "Kingdom of Hungary in its Integrity," which meant the return to the Magyars

of Slovakia, Transylvania and the Banat. As the population included within the Little Entente was about 44 millions, and that of post-war Hungary was about eight millions, and the area and resources of the Little Entente were very much greater than those of Hungary, there was no doubt of the effectiveness of the Little Entente's control of the situation, to say nothing of the fact that the Supreme Council had announced the opposition of the Allies to a Hapsburg Government in Hungary.

Never was there anything more open in all political history than the policies of the Little Entente, of which Dr. Benesh, the disciple and friend of President Masaryk, was the most prominent and active leader from the first. English and French translations are available of the speeches made by him from time to time in the Czecho-Slovak Parliament in exposition of these policies, and articles have been published by him in British and American reviews, notably, a year or so ago, in *Foreign Affairs*, the American quarterly, on the same subject. Writing at the end of 1921 he said :

The Little Entente came into being not only for the purpose of supervising and assuring the application of the terms of the Treaties of Peace, but above all to safeguard the heritage of the revolution (the collapse and liquidation of the Austrian Empire), of that terrible convulsion, to lay definitely the foundations of a new order, and to reconstitute politically, economically and socially the Central Europe of the future.

Such is the deep significance of the Little Entente. It is not a military enterprise, nor is it a subject of conjectural politics. It is something infinitely more ; it is the expression of the constructive forces which are at work in Central Europe ; it is, as it were, the vertebral column of the new political and economic system in those regions ; it is an instrument of collaboration offered to a world which is trying to reconstruct itself. One sees, therefore, why the presence of a Hapsburg is absolutely incompatible with the new order, and why in every case the reappearance of this dynasty would signify dissolution, disaster and inevitable war. . . .

The different Treaties of Peace are perhaps imperfect, perhaps even in this or that clause unjust ; but the Europe of to-day presents more logic, more solidity of foundation, and more justice above all than did pre-war Europe. Sensible men did not desire the war ; but when it had been imposed on them they endeavoured to create a new order of things which would be better and juster than the old. And I am convinced that this has been done. Let us guard the Treaties of Peace as the juridical basis of the new world.

What is always in the mind of Dr. Benesh—as it always is first and foremost in the policies of the Little Entente—

is expressed in the last sentence of the foregoing paragraph. In 1921 Hungary was the chief case in point, but even in that year the scope of the Little Entente broadened by a process of natural evolution to the adjustment of its relations and those of its three member States with adjoining States; and as a consequence these various States were brought more and more together—the “instrument of collaboration” functioned as foreseen. First, there was the Agreement between Italy and Yugoslavia known as the Treaty of Rapallo, which was supplemented by an understanding between Czecho-Slovakia and Italy. Next, and perhaps more significant, was the Treaty between Poland and Czecho-Slovakia which was concluded at Prague on November 6th, 1921, by M. Skirmunt (then Polish Foreign Minister and now Polish Minister at London) and Dr. Benesh. This treaty terminated the dispute about Teschen, and laid the foundation of good neighbourly relations. Poland and Czecho-Slovakia recognised each other's territories as defined in the Peace Treaties, undertook to observe neutrality, and agreed to settle controversial matters by arbitration. As the year was closing a treaty was negotiated at Lany, in Czecho-Slovakia, with Austria, on much the same lines as the treaty with Poland—friendly co-existence on the basis of the recognition of the Peace Treaties, neutrality in case of conflict with third parties, and arbitration in case of disputes between themselves. Although Austria did not enter the Little Entente, the treaty indicated a real accord between the policy of Austria and that of the Little Entente. Two other treaties fall to be added to the group. First, the defensive treaty by which Poland and Rumania mutually guaranteed their eastern frontiers, those of Poland under the Treaty of Riga with Soviet Russia, and those of Rumania consisting of the line of the Dniester recognised by Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan in October, 1920. Second, the defensive treaty between Rumania and Yugoslavia upholding the Treaty of Trianon and the Treaty of Neuilly. The first was directed against an attack from Soviet Russia, the second from Hungary and Bulgaria. Here, taking all these treaties together,

was a monumental work for peace on the basis of the Peace Treaties; there was nothing in the least aggressive about or in the policies of the Little Entente and its friends; there is nothing aggressive now.

But the significance of the Little Entente in its efforts for peace and consolidation did not, and does not, stop with these political treaties, for hand in hand with them from the beginning went hardly less important economic agreements. The dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which had been an economic entity, brought about a severe economic crisis that looked like producing irremediable disaster and ruin. The Little Entente made it its business to provide a remedy, and it did this by a series of economic and trade conventions which linked up all the States of Central Europe. A start was seen in a regular commercial treaty between Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia in September, 1920; this replaced the primitive barter agreement which had previously existed. In the course of the following year Czecho-Slovakia made regular commercial treaties with Rumania, Italy, Austria and Poland. And in that year, too, undoubted success attended the efforts of the economic conferences held at Rome and at Porto Rosa in finding solutions of those more general economic problems which, issuing from a common past, were common to all the States of Central Europe. It was this policy of sympathetic economic co-operation, Dr. Benesh maintains, and rightly maintains, that contributed substantially to prevent the economic crisis in Central Europe from attaining catastrophic dimensions, and that caused a gradual but none the less unmistakable consolidation. Since 1921 this process of economic collaboration has continued and been strengthened by various commercial treaties; for instance, while this article is being written, negotiations are going on for an enlargement of the scope of the existing agreement between Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia. In this connection it is not amiss to recall that Czecho-Slovakia, besides participating in the measures taken under the auspices of the League of Nations for the financial recovery of Austria and Hungary, much earlier showed its goodwill to Austria by advancing five hundred

million crowns, as a loan, to that State at a time when there was no one else to offer it assistance.

All the treaties and agreements which were concluded by the Little Entente or its individual members as between themselves and with other States were conceived throughout in the spirit of the League of Nations, with whose Secretariat copies, duly attested, of the original documents were lodged. This statement also applies to all such treaties and agreements as have been reached since those above mentioned were made, and included among these are the treaties of alliance of 1922 and 1923, renewing the former treaties of alliance between the States of the Little Entente, and having the same aims and ideas as before. Conferences held at various points within their territories as occasion served, and attended by their respective Foreign Ministers, confirmed the policies of the Little Entente and manifested its vital force. Respecting Hungary, the Little Entente has striven for good relations with that troubled and troublesome country, but it has been only partially successful in these efforts, the truth being that the Magyars show by their acts how far they are from accepting the Peace Treaties and from working for peaceful reconstruction. The distrust the neighbouring States have of it could and can not but be increased by the revelations made of the political intent of the wholesale forgeries of French francs, and, two or three years before, of Czecho-Slovak crowns. Touching Austria, the position is very much better. The Little Entente has helped it in the past, and is willing to help it again, but not on the basis of "Anschluss an Deutschland," of which, however, there is certainly no immediate prospect, as was made clear when Dr. Ramek visited Prague *after* Berlin recently. Austria is about to emerge from the control of the League of Nations, and it will thereafter be concerned with economic rather than political questions. Its relations with Italy have improved since the agitation over South Tyrol. As Yugoslavia borders Italy friendly collaboration with the latter has all along been the policy of the Little Entente, which welcomed the Italo-Yugoslav Treaty of 1923. Among treaties of recent date affecting the Little Entente

mention must be made of the Czecho-Slovak-Polish Treaty, 1925, and the Polish-Rumanian Treaty, 1926. The former enjoins a continual and durable co-operation between two States whose interests supplement each other, and may prepare the way for an alliance. The latter, which is a renewal of the former treaty, is purely defensive, and is in accord with the League of Nations. Of course, these two treaties do not bind in any way the other States of the Little Entente; but, equally of course, they are well in line with the general programme of pacification, reconstruction and consolidation on the basis of the Peace Treaties.

There remains to be considered the attitude of the Little Entente to France, Germany and Russia. As is to be expected, that attitude is especially friendly to France, and is founded, as are all the Little Entente policies, on the Peace Treaties. Take Czecho-Slovakia. That State holds that it has on the whole the same interests as France; nowhere do their interests clash. Czecho-Slovak policy respecting Austria and Hungary is in full accord with that of France, as it also is concerning Yugo-Slavia, Rumania and Poland. The Treaty of January 25th, 1924, between France and Czecho-Slovakia stands for and expresses co-operation in a policy of peace, a policy of economic reconstruction and the League of Nations, and a policy of loyal fulfilment of the Peace Treaties; always we come back to the same thing—the Peace Treaties. The Locarno Czecho-Slovak-French Treaty, and similarly the Locarno Polish-French Treaty, with their defensive provisions against Germany in the event of its not living up to Locarno, were both specifically "concluded within the framework of the League of Nations." The relations of the Little Entente with Germany have been good; in this connection the Little Entente really means Czecho-Slovakia, whose western boundaries abut on Germany, and who has three million Germans in its population. It is noteworthy that Czecho-Slovakia was the first of the allied States to conclude after the Armistice a regular commercial treaty with Germany, and that it voluntarily gave up the right, under the Treaty of Versailles, to sequester all the

German property within its territory. No country more earnestly desired the entry of Germany into the League of Nations, but it did so in the belief that Germany was prepared to be, and would be, sincerely and honestly what a member State of the League should be. Although Czecho-Slovakia as a State does not sympathise with Bolshevism, but on the contrary detests it, the policy of its Government towards the Soviet Union was dictated by its general reconstruction policy: neutrality, pacification and economic co-operation—with the elimination of propaganda. But it knows full well that the fundamental idea of Bolshevism is the world revolution, an idea as far apart as the poles from Czecho-Slovak policy. It is this that has caused Dr. Benesh to endeavour to discover the precise implications of the German-Soviet Treaty, and in this quest he is not by any means alone; indeed, it is clear that outside Germany and Soviet Russia the whole world wonders just what is the true meaning of this treaty. What seems a very strong indication of that meaning lies in the jubilation with which the Soviet Government and its Press greeted the signature of the Treaty.

THE FAITH OF JACQUES RIVIÈRE

BY MAY BATEMAN

Why do we talk of life after death as "the future life"? It is life continued. . . .—CANON E. MYERS.

JACQUES RIVIÈRE died last year in Paris, on February 14th, aged thirty-eight, after a brief illness whose gathering shadows were pierced by one transitory lance of light which made his friends hope that he might yet be given back to them. There was so much scope still for that indefatigable worker. Two-thirds of his life were given to the literary direction of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. But what of his personal output? Benjamin Crémieux spoke of him as the leading essayist of the day; Henri Ghéon, as "a great writer in the making." He had written a brilliant treatise on German psychology—*L'Allemand*—having had unique opportunities of studying his subject as a three years' prisoner of war. His only published novel, *Aimée*—he left another, incomplete—was a profound study of a man and woman's intimate relations on unusual lines. His articles in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* covered a broad range of subjects—politics, art, literature, ethics, music, and the drama.

It was Rivière who, at twenty years of age, wrote the first really full and detailed analysis of Paul Claudel's work, interpreting his teaching without adding to or taking from it. Claudel himself whole-heartedly acknowledged the skill and delicacy of the study. "C'est la première fois qu'une étude méthodique est consacrée à mon œuvre," he wrote from Tien-Sien in 1908; "votre analyse est merveilleuse d'intelligence, même dans les passages qui, même pour moi, sont les plus difficiles."

Rivière's *Nouvelle Revue Française*, as the review came to be known under his direction, set up a new scale of literary values. "Il faut affirmer bien haut que, sans lui, la littérature française en serait toujours aujourd'hui à France, à Bourget, et à Richépin," wrote Delteil.¹

(1) Joseph Delteil: *L'Homme de Barre*.

"C'est grâce à Jacques Rivière qu'elle en est tout de même à Claudel, à Gide, à Proust, à Valéry."

Seeing any life of promise cut short before one's eyes almost always gives a human sense of futility and bewilderment, painful enough even if there is no embittering revolt further to deepen the impression. But something more than these two instincts held the spectators of Rivière's last agony, something which lifted it beyond the real range even of ordinary tragedy. The knowledge, perhaps, that he had not said what he wanted to say; that there was something which must be given out before the end. . . . Details took significance. The narrow bed against the bookcase; the slender figure, with its clean-cut features and restless, plucking hands,—the incessant motion must have reminded some who were present of Sygne's piteous gesture in the last act of Claudel's "L'Otage." The familiar room—the same? No, not at all the same!—invaded. . . . The table with its litter of papers, some orderly, some pushed aside; proofs; Rivière's stylo—all those much as usual. But standing out, alongside, grim symbols of illness—medicine bottles, phials, a little heap of soiled linen, "ampoules"—not disputing, but taking, possession of the workroom. His wife and other helpers, on guard about Rivière, a legion of defence; every nerve concentrated on the task of warding off attack; forestalling the first change; selfless, devoted.

At the door, huddled together, caught breathlessly in that tense atmosphere of awe and mystery, a group of his friends; young men, older men; men of all grades of opinions; notable men. Some who had faith, some who had no faith at all; some who, till now, had not thought that to have faith was specially important. . . . There was prayer in the room, but also the thrill of terror. Whether they wished or no, the spectators were thrust, it seemed, by an invisible force, to the very verge of the valley for which, inevitably, Rivière was making. . . . André Lhote, with eyes sometimes blinded by tears, tried to sketch the man on the bed. More remote now than ever, Rivière!—and from childhood his friends had sensed his remoteness.

"Ses amis," wrote Jacques Copeau, later, "le regardaient de toutes leurs forces et se regardaient entre eux, s'unissaient entre eux, je ne sais si c'est dans la prière, l'espoir, ou simplement dans la terreur, mais le sentiment qui entourait Jacques et l'assistait dans la souffrance de ses dernières journées fut des plus forts que j'aie jamais vu s'échanger entre les hommes."

Torn from life before he had time to tell us a tithe of what he had discovered, someone said. Came, at last, the message for which, unconsciously, they were waiting. Like many others, Rivière was to learn more from the act of death than he had allowed the art of life to teach him. His physical conflict was the counterpart of conflict on another plane; the final battle between faith and doubt.

* * * * *

Rivière was born at Bordeaux on July 15th, 1886, at an epoch when anti-clerical influence was stripping France of the backbone of its religious life—its monks, priests and nuns—in every direction. He was brought up as a strict Catholic. His father was a Professor of the Faculty of Medicine. Madame Rivière taught Jacques daily to pray, to go to God in every difficulty, to hold himself in readiness to act upon God's inspiration. The lesson was ingrained. "Jamais un jour, il n'a manqué jusqu'à la fin de sa vie, cette prière du soir où le chrétien avoue sa misère, reconnaît sa dépendance; et réclame du secours," his wife testifies.

His mother's death—which took place when he was ten years old—impressed him deeply. Nineteen years later, in a prison camp, he wrote of it. Worth while, to make preparations for "a good death."

Une mort bien sensible . . . où l'âme ne se laisse pas écraser par l'horreur physique comme quelqu'un qu'on applâtit derrière une porte. Une mort où rien ne soit oublié. . . . La mort de maman, attendant de toutes ses dernières forces mon retour du lycée . . . qu'elle puisse se présenter à Dieu avec moi aussi dans la pensée, dans les yeux. . . . Il me semble que pour survivre tout entier, il faut mourir tout entier. . . . Pour être vraiment sauvé dans toute la réalité, il faut se perdre avec tout ce que l'on contient d'être.²

The shock must have thrown the impressionable shy boy back upon himself, and probably did its work in fostering

(1) Introduction: Rivière-Claudel Correspondance.

(2) Jacques Rivière: *Extraits d'un Journal de Captivité*.

those habits of introspection and morbid self-analysis which were to become life-long obsessions. A mind filled to absorption with interest in self—which, to do Rivière justice, never degenerated into what we know as “self-interest”—must eventually thrust out interest in God. Light does not penetrate a room whose every crevice is choked. Youth’s urge; the modern instinct that paths others have walked in must be out-worn or narrow; the gradual raising of those intangible barriers which are so much more easily built than overthrown in family life; his own reticence and timidity paradoxically mixed with super-pride; a critical spirit which saw, superficially, only the seeming “provincialism” of local piety, and, disgusted, would not look deeper; the routine claims of a religion which seemed at times so overwhelming as to make familiar observances—as to whose meaning he did not trouble to enquire—appear puerile and trivial, came between him and God.

His immediate relations were all practising Catholics. He was the only one of them to feel the stirrings of doubt. Given his temperament, that in itself upset values. While still very young, he began to look upon doubt, not faith, as the proof of intellectual superiority.

Neurasthenia? The artistic temperament? Something of both, perhaps. Jacques was always fragile in build, although lithe and “upstanding.” His nerves frayed. Had he gone to an expert about his spiritual health, in the same way that he would, naturally, have complained of any uncomfortable physical symptoms, the sickness might have passed. As it was he brooded at heart, while living a normal enough life exteriorly. Nobody else felt these things so deeply as he did; he must be more complex than his companions. . . . Self-pride is a plant which most of us find grows apace when we give it house room.

Jacques, as a child, devised little personal humiliations, for the mere pleasure of knowing that he had not shirked

(1) “Quand nous lui donnions un manuscrit à lire, il semblait que Rivière se crut obligé envers nous aux plus sérieux devoirs, et que son temps ne comptât plus” (Jean Prévost wrote after his death).

“Nous n’oublierons jamais . . . le cas qu’il semblait faire, dans ses réceptions, des moins réputés entre nous.” (Henri Deberly.)

them. “Dès ma petite enfance je raffinai mon orgueil . . . j’inventais des scrupules, dont je me glorifiais, dont je m’humiliais de me glorifier, dont enfin je me glorifiais de m’humilier de me glorifier,” he wrote later.¹

In a word, wanting fire and light and glory in religion, he went to church prepared to be bored and irritated—as he was—by the scraping of chairs, jingle of rosaries, mutter of prayers, and coughing. Tensely expected, and waited for, every sign of external discomfort, and then asked himself why he was quite unconscious of the presence of God. . . . Yet at heart how he wanted to believe! At times came surging the sense of illimitable, overmastering mystery and power, to which he almost gave himself. Followed reaction. He fought against faith’s supremacy with the most deadly weapons that can be reared against it, ennui and neglect.

Meantime, he and a friend were nearly always at the head of the class. Unexplored realms of thought opened as years wore on. So much to do and feel; feel like a sentient being, not a jelly-fish. Food for wonder on all sides. All those enchanting mental and physical problems of growth, more rapidly adventurous than we realise when we look back at them from the other side of an abyss. . . . Rivière’s innate purity and fastidious choice; quick to savour sensation. Creative force, driving. The joy of proving your mettle. After all, wasn’t *your* life given *you* to make the most of? Wasn’t “to know yourself” the beginning of wisdom?

At fourteen, collaborating with his two brothers, Jacques produced a journal called *L’Avenir*. It had two years of life, sold for two sous a copy, and could be “lent out to read” for a sou.² At first it was painstakingly copied by hand; later on a copying machine was employed. It had a programme. Nationalism was the solution of tomorrow’s problem. The four sheets were devoted to politics, literary criticism, tales, drawings and puzzles. Jacques wrote authoritatively as to the duties of historians, the value of good sense and balance. He summed up the

(1) Rivière to Claudel: 4th July, 1907.

(2) *Hommage à Jacques Rivière*.

literary worth of Molière, Lesage, Loti, Coppée, Racine and others.

For that matter nearly everything that could be had been said in the last fifteen centuries. But couldn't one put it differently? . . . Rivière, dimly, was beginning to get at truths which he was to apply practically years afterwards, in his management of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

When at the age of seventeen he was sent by his father to the Lycée Lakanal at Paris in 1903, with the object of perfecting himself in the study of Greek, so that later on he might take up a scholastic career, Voltaire and Renan and others "of the same kidney" had begun a work of destruction in his speculative soul, and physically and mentally he showed traces of the struggle. "Il lit tout, pêle-mêle: son appétit de nouveautés a quelque chose de frénétique. Chaque jour doit lui apporter quelque découverte nouvelle," writes André Waltz, who was with him at the Lycée. "Ses lectures se multiplient, sur un rythme vertigineux, et vont de Voltaire à Maeterlinck, en passant par Rousseau, Taine, Renan, Ruskin, Verlaine."

He disposes of Christianity at this stage rather as if she were a kind but somewhat futile maiden aunt whose failing powers really might be allowed to peter out without disturbance. "Aujourd'hui que j'ai abandonné les Catholiques je pourrai plaider plus facilement leur cause. On est toujours plus à l'aise pour défendre ce à quoi on n'a aucun intérêt. . . . Peu à peu les jeunes gens perdent leur foi comme je l'ai perdue." And then half apologetically, "Le Christianisme qui n'est plus qu'une ombre, a rendu trop de services à l'humanité pour que sa vieillesse mérite d'être écourtée. . . . Peut-être me suis-je, en t'écrivant ceci, me laisser influencer par mes souvenirs religieux?"

In appearance and manner he was an engaging youth, with his slim figure, clear complexion, and alert, disarming

look of honesty. Scrupulous to a degree, you could trust implicitly to his sense of honour. Oddly detached, complex—with those baffling enthusiasms and reserves of his, his diffidence and strong personality, his meticulous attention to trifles, and broad, modern outlook so often at variance. One of his intimates tells of the "witty flashes" which made his characteristic letters such good reading; his vivid "Molière-like" descriptive touch. But if anything he said suggested even a trace of malice he instantly withdrew it in a second letter despatched on the heels of the first. In nine cases out of ten, "c'est contre lui-même qu'il retournait finalement la pointe de son ironie," partly in order to save others pain, and partly through "ce besoin de sincérité totale et de confession qui ne lui laissait pas de repos."

"Religious traditions," obviously looked upon by Rivière just now as signs of weakness, held good interiorly if not on the surface of both his adolescence and after life. Not thoughtlessly did Henri Massis after his death sum him up as "le plus pur de nous tous." Time upon time Massis, in the public press, had been forced to oppose Rivière on questions of right and wrong. So late as October, 1924, they were engaged in a series of "open letters" on the subject of "les bons et les mauvais sentiments." Rivière's insatiable desire "to know and to understand," never to judge another harshly, to keep an open mind, his very curiosity and love of analysis, all phases of growth in themselves, often led him to seem to advocate the very last course which he himself would dream of following. He once wrote to André Gide, "I demand a certain moral liberty which revolts you. It isn't in order to use it. I shouldn't know how. . . ." Massis, weighing his words, speaks of many of Rivière's qualities as being "essentiellement Chrétien."

How far the influence of one of the most prominent writers and thinkers of the day, Monsieur Paul Claudel, now French Ambassador in Japan, helped him to keep true to this ideal is revealed in the poignant *Rivière-Claudel*

(1) *Souvenirs de son ami d'enfance*: André Waltz.

(1) *Souvenirs de son ami d'enfance*: André Waltz.

782 THE FAITH OF JACQUES RIVIÈRE

Correspondance, 1907-1914, lately published¹ and already, I am told, in its third or fourth large edition.

Rivière first came into touch with Claudel's work through his friend Henri Alain-Fournier.² The two did not at once forgather at the Lycée Lakanal, which they entered as fellow-students in the same term. Superficial temperamental differences separated them. Rivière's extreme "scrupulosity" irritated Fournier; Fournier teased him and was given to playing jokes which jarred Rivière. But Henri from the first was drawn to Jacques; divined under his shyness all that was congenial. And suddenly Jacques began to see something of the mysticism and depth of the man who said of himself long after, quoting Benjamin Constant, "Je ne suis peut-être pas tout-à-fait un être réel." "Quand je la compare à la sienne, toute ma vie, qui pourtant fût occupée par beaucoup des mêmes événements, m'apparaît affreusement positive. J'ai saisi bien des choses qu'il laissa échapper; mais c'est lui qui volait, moi, qui reste. Notre amitié ne se noua sans péripéties. . . ." "Pourtant, je suis le seul à l'avoir vraiment connu," wrote Rivière, in his introduction to Alain-Fournier's *Miracles*, after Henri's tragic end.³

The friendship grew apace. Alain-Fournier, too, was an insatiable reader. Long hours of conversation; mutual study; endless discussions of music, art, literature, ethics, life. Glowing days of building up and overthrowing idols. The two became ardent Symbolists for awhile; and admirers, on other lines, of Meredith, Kipling and Stevenson. They argued ceaselessly. Fournier followed Laforgue and Jammes, in turn; Rivière put first Maeterlinck and then Barrès on pedestals afterwards (temporarily) filled by Mallarmé and Rimbaud. Fournier, happening first on Claudel, fired Rivière. "Je regarde s'exaspérer en moi le désir de lire Claudel!" the latter wrote, early in January, 1906. By September of that same year he had

drafted the outline of his inimitable study of "Paul Claudel, Poète Chrétien," which first appeared in *L'Occident*,¹ and was afterwards published, with other psychological sketches, in Rivière's book, *Etudes*.²

A few months later, penetrated by Claudel, drawn, like so many other young men of the day—equally racked with doubt and uncertainty—by the confidence of one who had stood where they stood, fought similar battles, faced far greater intellectual perils, and, standing on a mental level above that of the best of them, had been content to make that submission to authority of which perhaps only great minds are capable—Rivière, driven "down the labyrinthine ways" of his "own mind," conscious, like Claudel, of a "voice" about him "like a bursting sea," took his courage in both hands and called desperately upon the man, who, far away as he was, taken up with diplomatic, family, social and literary claims, would, he knew, come to the rescue. But it was characteristic of his innate delicacy that in that impassioned boyish outburst he never even remotely alluded to his as yet unpublished study of Claudel of which other writers already thought so well.

When Rivière wrote to Claudel in February, 1907, he was on the verge of being broken by what Alain-Fournier called "Claudel's almost cruel force." It upheaved the poor defences he raised to keep God out. Humanly, too, his career was at a standstill. Contrary to his father's wishes he had gone in for the study of philosophy, and taken his degree a year back at Bordeaux. A year's military service further unsettled him. Offered, apparently, only the Bordeaux opening, a two years' scholarship. . . . But he loathed university life, and was heart-sick for Paris, or willing even "de partir pour la Chine, laissant toute ma vie passée," if that would lift him out of the rut.

"Depuis plus d'un an je vis par vous et en vous," he writes to Claudel, for the first time, in February, 1907, "mon soutien, ma foi, ma perpétuelle préoccupation . . . J'attends de vous une autre certitude . . . que celle donnée par Tête d'Or. . . . Me voici: Vingt ans, sans bonheur ni malheur spécial, mais une inquiétude terrible, qui veille en moi dès ma vie . . . et sans cesse m'empêche de me satisfaire. . . . J'ai

(1) Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Rue Garancière, Paris: price 14 francs.

(2) Author of various poems and short stories and essays and *Grand Meaulnes*.

(3) Reported "missing" shortly after the beginning of the Great War. Afterwards found to have been killed in one of the first engagements.

(1) Edited by M. Mithouard.

(2) Published in the Edition *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

cherché dans les livres . . . je les ai crus. Mais aussitôt, chaque fois, mon inquiétude m'avertissait de ne pas m'arrêter . . . de souffrir, et de chercher et de haïr encore. . . . Je vous ai lu . . . troublé d'une étrange angoisse. Peu à peu, par un progrès secret et merveilleux l'éclosion de votre leçon en moi, l'épanouissement de votre révélation. . . . Je sais que Dieu vous assiste et que vous vivez en Dieu. Mais alors, ce cri, cette inquiétude, que vous aviez endormies en moi, se sont réveillés, révoltés. . . . Et c'est pourquoi je me suis résolu de vous demander la *paix*.

La paix. Oh, ce Dieu, ce Dieu, je voudrais le sentir présent, et là, et bien près, et bien solide, et bien vrai. . . . Montrez-le moi . . . faites-moi sentir Son poids sur mon cœur. Qu'il soit sur mon âme si appuyé qu'elle ne puisse plus tressaillir.

Je vous dirai le plus horrible, et tout mon mal : ce tressaut, ce sursaut, cette révolte . . . ils me déchirent mais je les adore. Je me complais à ne pas être rassasié, à ne trouver en rien ma réponse. C'est même ce qui d'abord m'arraché au catholicisme. Je n'ai pas voulu accepter une nourriture. . . ."

A few weeks later he writes, more coldly :—

Deux choses toujours, m'empêcheront d'être chrétien : le sentiment de la *réalité du néant*, la complaisance en mon désespoir. . . . Cèbes¹ cherchait, questionnait, prenait les genoux de Simon. J'ai l'air aussi de vous implorer. Mais . . . quand je vous ai crié "La réponse!" je ne la demandais que pour la rejeter d'un rire. . . . Mon mal . . . j'en veux être soigné, mais non débarrassé. . . .

Another phase :—

Mon frère, vous voyez comme je suis tourmenté. Ne croyez pas ce que je viens de vous dire. . . . Oh, débarrassez-moi . . . de toutes ces puérilités stupides, dites-moi le mot . . . par quoi mes oreilles soient ouvertes au bruit des eaux éternelles. . . .¹

Is there hope for such as he? He accuses himself of sensuality, because of his singular sensitiveness to impression. "Beauties of day and night . . . the smell of earth, certain indescribable harmonies" (in nature) move him almost to ecstasy. He must be "avaricious," because, instead of wanting to give all to God, like Violaine,³ he would always yearn to keep back his pet philosophies and scruples, his secret reserves and withdrawals. In spite of this :—

"Je voudrais bien, à certains moments, me défaire de

(1) *Rivière-Claudél Correspondance*.

(2) *La Ville*: Paul Claudel.

(3) *La Jeune Fille Violaine*. The revised version, *L'Annonce faite à Marie*, was not written at that time.

tout pour me perdre en Dieu," he tells Claudel. Again, unconsciously echoing Francis Thompson's cry :—

Naked, I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke! . . .
I slept, methinks, and woke,
And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep,
In the rash lustitude of my young powers,

Rivière writes despairingly :—

Attaches innombrables et détestées . . . donnez-moi la force de briser tout cela! . . . Tout laisser, un matin se lever pour ne plus revenir; n'avoir plus que sa nudité à offrir. . . . Je voudrais tant cela, et je ne la puis. . . .¹

Just a dream?—or reality? The pull of an unheeded vocation?

In these hurrying days, when the main object of life apparently is "each for himself and the devil take the hindmost," one reads Claudel's correspondence with Rivière with the feeling that it is almost too good to be true. Immersed, as we mostly are, with worldly interests, it seems almost incredible to those who do not realise what is the mainspring of Paul Claudel's life that a busy man in his position should have replied in detail, with such profound sympathy and understanding, to confidences which might so easily have been passed by as the incoherent ravings of undisciplined youth.

But Claudel sees deeply. And one by one, patiently and uncompromisingly, he disposes of Rivière's difficulties. The letters stretch over a period of seven years, during which Claudel seeks unfalteringly, in spite of constant set-backs and constant disappointments, to set Jacques' feet on the right path. He even takes practical interest in the everyday affairs of the young man's life.

"Claudel à chaque pas lui tend la main," writes Madame Rivière.² "A cet enfant courageux, qui n'a pas craint de risquer la difficile aventure de mariage et de la paternité, sans argent, il prête encore son aide en le faisant entrer comme professeur au Collège Stanislas."

No question of adopting the *rôle* of the superior person or pedant in his letters. Throughout he takes the line of an elder brother.

(1) 23 Mars, 1907.

(2) Introduction.

"C'est entre nous une affaire d'homme à homme. . . Venez à Dieu qui vous appelle," writes Claudel.¹

Not for a moment does he pretend that walking in the narrow way is easy.

Toute conversion est un petit jugement, dit Pascal. . . Dans la religion catholique il y a tant de choses dures à croire, tant de choses humiliantes à pratiquer, un abaissement si impitoyable de nos petites idées et de notre petite personne! Mais ne craignez pas, il le faut. . . La jeunesse . . . est faite pour l'héroïsme. . . Ne croyez pas que vous serez diminué, vous serez, au contraire, merveilleusement augmenté. . .

Il y a un passage de votre lettre qui m'a fait rire. C'est celui où vous me dites que vous craignez de trouver dans la religion la fin de la recherche et de la lutte. Ah, cher ami, le jour où vous aurez reçu Dieu en vous, vous aurez l'hôte qui ne vous laissera point de repos. . .¹

Dieu seul existe . . . par lui-même, les autres choses et êtres n'existent que par un acte de sa volonté (Saint Paul). Il n'y a qu'un Dieu, il n'y a donc qu'une vérité, puisque ces deux termes sont synonymes. . . Ou il n'y a pas Dieu, il n'y a pas de vérité; ou il n'y a pas d'être, il n'y a rien. Mais Dieu est partout qui crée, qui maintient et qui contient. Nous assistons à une création continuelle. . .

La Voie Pratique. . . . Livres à lire. Avant tout Pascal. . . Angèle de Foligno, Ruysbroek, sainte Thérèse, les Vies de Saints, si mal écrites qu'elles soient . . . Dante. Tout ce que vous pouvez trouver de Newman. La liturgie et l'assiduité aux offices . . . vous en apprendront plus que les livres. . . Dites vos prières tous les jours, même si vous ne les dites que de bouche. . . Qui sait même que les prières divines tant de fois répétées par des lèvres si saintes n'ont point une vertu par elles-mêmes *ex opere operato*? . . .

La Bible. Il est essentiel, en effet, que vous la lisiez d'un bout à l'autre. . . La Messe. Comment parler avec dignité de ce mystère adorable? Je l'ai essayé plusieurs fois, mais cela dépasse mes forces. . .

Vous voilà donc pris dans les rets du Christ! *Induxisti nos in laqueum*, tu nous as introduits dans une souricière. . . Je comprends votre terreur . . . qui sait jamais où s'arrête l'exigence de Dieu?

. . . C'est hier seulement que votre seconde lettre . . . m'est parvenue.² Cela m'a reporté aux jours de mon propre "combat spirituel." C'est la grande fermentation de la vingtième année d'où dépend tout le vin de la vie. . .

La confiance que vous avez en moi me touche et m'effraye un peu aussi. Vous me sommez de trouver la parole qui ressuscite et qui guérit, c'est Dieu seul et ses ministres qui la possèdent, je ne puis que vous donner quelques avis fraternels. . .

Complaisance dans le Néant. En réalité, ce n'est pas dans le néant que vous pouvez vous plaire, mais dans le sentiment de votre liberté, de votre danger, et même de votre faiblesse. Ainsi l'enfant grondé trouve un amer plaisir à être malheureux et seul. . . Où trouvez-vous mieux que

dans la religion un sentiment aussi profond du néant propre de l'homme, et cependant de sa dignité et de son grief? Lisez les neuf terribles nocturnes de l'Office des Morts. Toutes les choses meurent, mais elles meurent en Dieu, comme un enfant qui rend le dernier soupir dans le sein de son père bien-aimé qu'il tient entre ses bras. . .

Décadence de l'Eglise. Peu importe. La vérité n'a rien à voir avec le nombre de gens qu'elle persuade. Peu de monde aujourd'hui qui va à la messe, peu de monde aussi qui comprend Pindare ou Parsifal. C'est de votre âme que vous avez à répondre et non celle des autres.

Etes-vous orthodoxe? Il n'y a qu'un commandement qui est d'aimer Dieu de toutes ses forces et de tout son cœur, et l'autre, qui est le même, qui est d'aimer son prochain comme soi-même. S'il y a autre chose dans mes misérables livres, je les renie, je les désavoue avec exécution. Amour de Dieu, soumission totale à l'Eglise, je n'ai jamais rien enseigné d'autre. Lisez Saint Jean, lisez Saint Paul, là vous trouverez la splendeur de la vérité et de la gloire, et vous n'aurez plus envie de revenir au galimatias de ce pauvre Claudel. Vous me rendrez heureux ce jour-là. . .

N'attendez pas que jamais je puisse répondre exactement à tous vos doutes. Il y aura toujours une partie de la lutte qu'il vous faudra faire seul, et des épines que l'on ne réduit que par l'usure. . . La vérité est une chose simple, aussi naturelle que le soleil et l'eau fraîche. . . Le chrétien est quelqu'un qui sait ce qu'il fait et où il va, au milieu de gens qui, pires que les bêtes brutes, ne savent plus la différence entre le bien et le mal, entre le oui et le non. . . Lui seul a la liberté entre les esclaves.

*Sur la Messe.*¹ Ce n'est pas l'invocation, mais, si j'ose le dire, l'évocation de l'Eternel. . . Les mots sont nécessaires, mais comme moyens et non comme fins; ce ne sont pas de simples interpellations au trône de la Grace, ce sont les instruments du sacrifice. . . Rapides—le tout est rapide, car ils sont parts d'une action intégrale. Rapides . . . l'œuvre est trop grande pour tarder. . . "Ce que tu as à faire, fais-le vite." Rapides, car le Seigneur Jésus vient avec eux, comme lorsqu'il passait le long du lac au jour de sa chair, appelant promptement l'un, puis l'autre. Rapides, car comme l'éclair qui brille d'un bout du ciel à l'autre, ainsi la venue du Fils de l'homme.

Et comme Moïse sur la montagne, nous aussi, "nous faisons halte, et nous mettons nos fronts dans la poussière." Tous . . . "attendant le mouvement de l'eau." . . . Tous, séparés mais concords . . . des petits enfants, et des vieillards, et de simples travailleurs, et des étudiants . . . des prêtres . . . d'innocentes jeunes filles et des pénitents. . . De tous ces cœurs s'élève un grand hymne eucharistique. . . Et vous me demandez si c'est là un office purement formel et déraisonnable! *O Sapientia fortiter suaviter que disposens omnia, ð Adonai, ð clavis David et expectatio gentium, veni ad salvandum nos, Domine Deus noster!*

Little by little Claudel's words made their way into Rivière's heart, piercing like sword-thrusts. Naturally there were reactions and heartburnings. For the first time

(1) 3 Mars, 1907.

(2) 25 Mai.

(3) 23 Mai.

(1) 27 Mai.

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he saw clearly and indisputably, with Claudel, that he had become the victim of pride fully as great as that which was the cause of Tête d'Or's ruin. Even now he did not "wholly" want to believe, he told himself, with that bewildering habit of his of taking himself objectively and subjectively at the same time. He did not really want to "re-make himself"—that precious self which he was so eager to understand, with its smallness and fine gestures, its ideals and inhibitions, its ardours and exaltations and innate straightness, which he mockingly called "une droiture absurde." To destroy even the least part of it was to threaten the very roots of being. Like Francis Thompson (whom I do not think he ever read), Rivière was "sore adread, lest having Him 'he' must have naught beside."

By December, 1907, he was toiling at his journalistic work in Paris, facing innumerable difficulties, testing new experiences; learning to write in characteristic prose "remarquable de clarté et de précision subtiles, pleine de ressources et des plus personnelles inventions, qui était son don unique."¹

Only those who know by experience how stark the monotony of continual financial care is, what inroads it makes on vitality and creative power, will understand all he went through, not only at this juncture but after it, at intervals, later. The cost of postage was a serious item. He had to risk sending unregistered even his precious letters to Claudel—precious because, in spite of his apparent vacillations, he was "slowly and unconsciously," all the time "making for God." No one more than Claudel could realise how slow such a process may be. "Moi qui ai reçu de grandes grâces, et qui suis mille fois plus sûr de la vérité de la religion catholique que de celle du soleil qui m'éclaire, aussi sûr que si j'avais vu le Christ de mes deux yeux, il m'a, fallu cependant quatre ans, ayant dès le premier moment la foi aussi complète qu'aujourd'hui, simplement pour triompher du respect humain," Claudel wrote him in February, 1909.

Rivière married that same year.² "Pour gagner son pain,

tout en préparant son agrégation de philosophie, il était réduit à donner des leçons à cent sous."¹ There were "two now to ask God every night to give us light."² He was appointed as secretary of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, founded early in the year by a group of seven writers, André Gide, Marcel Arnaud, Jacques Copeau, Henri Ghéon, André Ruyters and Jean Schlumberger, and of which, after its resurrection,³ he was to become the motive force. By now, he had written his famous thesis on "La Théodicée de Fénelon," and many contributions to André Mithouard's *L'Occident*. For the *Nouvelle Revue Française* he wrote illuminating and important articles on a variety of subjects, notably his much-discussed essays on "De la Sincérité envers Soi-Même" and "La Foi." These last were published later, in book form.

Early in January, 1914, he wrote to Claudel to tell him that he was once more a practising Catholic, and had made his Communion at Christmas.

When war was declared early in August, 1914, he and Henri Alain-Fournier chanced to be sent out in the same division of infantry reserve, the 67th. On August 4th, "des trains qui se suivent à quelques heures, par la même voie, vont nous promener, au pas de l'homme, pendant trois jours, à travers toute la France."⁴ Three weeks later, Rivière was taken prisoner and sent, first to the camp at Koenigsbruck, and then to Hülberg. He tried to escape, but was recaptured a few miles from the frontier. His health having given way, he was repatriated in 1918, after a year's internment in Switzerland. While in captivity, he wrote the whole of his novel *Aimée* and *A la Trace de Dieu*, in the latter of which "all the good grain sown by Claudel bore a hundred-fold." "Dans ce dépouillement total, dans cette misère extrême du corps, du cœur et de l'esprit même," he was at last to find complete satisfaction in "la certitude et la lumière après tant d'angoisses et de ténèbres."⁵

(1) Benjamin Cremieux.

(2) Introduction, Claudel-Rivière Correspondance.

(3) It died, automatically, with the outbreak of war.

(4) Introduction by Jacques Rivière to *Miracles*.

(5) Madame Rivière.

(1) A. M. St.-H. : *Souvenirs*.

(2) He married Mlle. Isabelle Fournier (Henri Alain-Fournier's sister).

In June, 1919, the first number of the reborn *Nouvelle Revue Française* appeared, under Rivière's guiding supervision. It contained fragments of Claudel's *La Messe Là Bas*, and articles and poems by André Gide, Georges Duhamel, Paul Valéry, Henri Ghéon and Marcel Proust. Rivière, in his explanation of the ideals of the venture, prophesied that, in its pages, the "maximum de réalité et d'évidence" would be found. Delteil, summing up Rivière's aims later, in his article on "L'Homme de Barre," says: "La Littérature est un train. Un train peut se permettre toutes les fantaisies, les plus merveilleuses folies du monde, et de franchir les pays des neiges et des fleurs, et d'enjamber les torrents et les rêves, et de sourir aux gemmes et aux mers—mais dans la limite des deux rails. Jacques Rivière veillait à ce que les rails fussent clairs et forts . . . Le réel, l'objet, voilà quel fut son souci essentiel. Et là-dessus, naturellement . . . tous les essais, tous les jeux que l'on voudra. . . . Il permettait tout, en tous sens. Toute licence—sous la sauvegarde du réel."

A doctrine which paved the way to irreparable errors and misunderstandings. After the war Jacques "n'a pas parlé de son Dieu," et "on a cru qu'il l'avait oublié," writes Madame Rivière. His attitude alienated some of his best friends, baffled more, distressed many, intrigued all who came in contact with him. Henri Ghéon's lament: "Notre amitié devait se résigner à vivre sous un régime de séparation," voiced the opinion of others. He ceased in time to go to Mass. He listened to any dogmatic assertions with "une bouche amèrement tordue et ce regard d'interrogation et de perplexité."¹

Yet it was partly "par humilité" as well as "par orgueil"² that he acted in ways which caused half a dozen contradictory "legends" to be circulated about him. . . . And he had certain personal and supernatural safeguards, of which perhaps only that one living soul, of whom he wrote simply "elle est une même chose que moi," was aware.³

(1) "Jacques Rivière," by Claudel, in *Feuilles de Saints*.

(2) Introduction to *Rivière-Claudel Correspondance*.

(3) *Carnets de Captivité*.

Behind him was the handicap of three years' loneliness in prison camps and another year of exile, shattered health, deadening lassitude and inertia. Four of the best years of virile manhood suspended, as it were, family claims increasing . . . material cares on every side. The actual cost of living immeasurably augmented, the value of the franc deteriorating. Rivière, always working at top speed, concentrated every fibre of his being on making his new work successful. Financial pressure, responsibility, the mental and physical labour of writing, given his high standard of the writer's responsibilities, his ceaseless effort to uphold "right" in ethics which—although seen from a wrong angle, for, as Madame Rivière says simply, "la morale n'est pas Dieu"—he did genuinely believe in; his alert watchfulness for new ideas with the stamp of sincerity upon them, for writers who could express themselves without pose, in "net" post-war ways, drained his strength. "Comment oserait-il mettre au service de Dieu cet être dispersé!" But:—

Puisqu'il s'absorbe en sa tâche au point de ne plus lever les yeux vers Dieu, puisqu'il se donne à elle au point de ne plus trouver le temps de se donner à Dieu, Dieu lui laissera cette tâche comme unique récompense. . . Diminution du secours et de la joie, mais non pas de la foi.¹

"Trop longtemps," wrote Henri Massis in his *Témoignage sur Jacques Rivière*, "trop longtemps Rivière a cru que la foi—cette foi qui occupait tous les points stratégiques de son âme—lui serait un empêchement, et comme une gêne pour satisfaire son immense curiosité de la vie."

Engrossed in his work, "de recherche et de découverte," he was suddenly stricken down by typhoid fever early last February.

* * * * *

Rivière lay dying. The man to whom, according to Paul Morand, "doivent dire un fervent merci les jeunes générations" . . . Stunned and bewildered, his friends watched his passing. He was on the brink of the great discovery. Surely he, who had always held the flag of sincerity so high, would not fail them in the last sincerity?

Jacques Rivière lay dying. No one knew it now so well

(1) Madame Rivière.

as he. He had struggled and fought, such a fight as they, the spectators, could not understand in all its significance. Formidable, this end of his—the ravage of the last fibres of his life. He was only thirty-eight. . . . "C'est terrible ce qui m'arrive, comprenez-vous? La fin de ma vie . . . MA VIE!"

"Poussière . . . Poussière" . . . Sometimes the sense of majestic, mystical mercy penetrating it. . . . Peace had come with the priest's ministrations. But now, once again, conflict. . . . And years back he had written about being "prepared" for death. . . . "Une mort où rien ne soit oublié" . . . !

"Tout conversion est un petit jugement." "Prepared!" . . . How to collect those failing forces? . . . Prayer. . . . The memory of those prayers of his dead mother's, of Péguy's, of Claudel's, his wife's, his own, repeated daily, even if only "with his lips," as Claudel had warned him might be the case, throbbed sonorously now, like the drums of "The Last Post," speeding his soul. . . .

A vision of himself. The Jacques Rivière who was—the Jacques Rivière who might have been. Delirium? The end? . . . A foretaste of judgment? . . . God's infinite mercy. . . . How many centuries ago had he written "Lourdement, péniblement, je salue vers Vous le poids que je suis. . . ."?

And then—suddenly—"rest after toyle" . . . His mother, and Alain-Fournier. He called to them. . . . Solution. . . . The room was giving on infinity. "Voilà que les portes sont ouvertes. . . . Je vais retrouver la lumière divine. Maintenant, je suis miraculeusement sauvé!" cried Jacques Rivière, before he died.

(1) *Souvenirs d'un Ami*: Jacques Copeau.

(2) From his prayer in *Etudes*.

PERSIA UNDER RHEZA KHAN

BY MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

FROM information received from various sources, including articles in the Press, it seems to me that the general situation in Persia has been much misrepresented. Before entering Persian territory I was told that the country was seething with Bolshevism, that the Soviet Government was virtually the Government of Persia, and that Russia was gradually extending her moral, if not her political, frontier towards Irak and the Persian Gulf.

Fortunately, I am able to state definitely that this is far from being the case, and I hope to be able to show some idea of the lines on which Persia is now slowly moving.

Persia is essentially an agricultural country of considerable local fertility, with broad valleys stretching for miles in all directions. The country is, of course, mountainous, but there are immense areas fit for cultivation.

To all intents and purposes there are no railways, and all merchandise has to be transported in slow moving caravans, which rumble in a leisurely fashion over very uneven tracks. There is little coming and going between different parts of the country, although the introduction of motor transport has tended to encourage travelling. Some districts are almost entirely isolated, and famine may rage in one area while wheat is rotting in another.

Everything moves exceedingly slowly in Persia. In religion most Persians are Moslems of the Shiah rite. The Mullahs, or, as might be said, the ecclesiastical hierarchy, still wield a great deal of influence, and the country as a whole has a strong Islamic feeling. Hitherto education has been much neglected, and until recently has been entirely in the hands of the Mullahs and foreign missionaries. The army was formerly nothing but a rabble of more or less useless people who wore uniform. In every department of life there was an atmosphere almost

of the Middle Ages, and the want of communications prevented any move in a forward direction.

Now Persia is slowly beginning to move. She is in a state of gradual transition. Progress is undoubtedly being made, and, thanks to the impulse of popular institutions created under the Constitution and to governmental action, education is going forward, and the people are becoming much more enlightened. A Ministry of Education controls a universal curriculum in first and second grade schools, in which education is compulsory, and schools have been set up in the remote provinces. In Teheran there is a branch of the French Faculties of Medicine, Law and Political Science, which grants diplomas. Education is not, however, yet receiving the support it should receive, and the Persian Government would do well to provide more funds for its extension.

Persian is compulsory in all schools, and the national language and the study of the historical national literature is everywhere encouraged. The army has been reorganised, and public security is good. The budget has been made to balance. Since the war the Persian national spirit has become much intensified, and the idea of national political unity and cohesion, as distinct from the social cohesion which is a characteristic feature of the Persian race, is being developed by the establishment of a national army, by education and by the introduction of motor transport. In fact, Persia now possesses a fabric on which gradually to build a solid structure.

But it must not be imagined that this fabric is unshakable. It needs very careful handling, and is hardly yet strong enough to resist serious shocks, whether internal or external. It can hardly be questioned that the greatest motive force in recent development has been Rheza Khan Pahlavi, the newly elected Shah, who was formerly Prime Minister, Minister for War and Commander-in-Chief; but, although the powers actually within his grasp were those of a dictator, it was not accurate to style him as such, because his position had been attained and his power wielded in due constitutional form. He has been, and still is, the lynch-pin of this fabric, and his position as

such has been greatly strengthened by his accession to the throne of Persia.

Rheza Khan has had the support of the military party, and only recently the Medjlis passed a drastic military law further to increase the strength of the army.

Of the Persians I met in Teheran many were very enlightened, having been educated in Europe and being deeply interested in modern political thought. The American College and Young Persia Society tend to raise the general standard of thought, and it may even be said that the elements of constitutional thinking are now operating in the country.

Now there is one feature which dominates all Persian aspirations, and it is that of "independence." This is the foundation of all Persian policy.

Before the war there were two strong foreign influences in Persia—Great Britain and Russia. The Russian influence was very strong. A Persian Cossack Brigade, commanded by a Russian Colonel and a carefully chosen group of Russian officers, was quartered in Teheran in one of the largest barracks in the world. Besides a powerful Russian Legation, there was a Russian bank with considerable financial influence. The tendency was for these three missions gradually to increase their hold, and this was greatly facilitated by the fact that each was controlled by a different Ministry in St. Petersburg, which was skilfully used as a means of refuting any accusations of encroachment.

British influence, chiefly confined to South-west Persia, was mainly regulated by the fluctuations of Russian influence in the North, and for some time a "ding-dong" policy of advancing and retiring was carried out by the two great Powers. Then came the Self-denying Ordinance, by which Great Britain agreed to exert no influence in the North, while Russia consented to assume a negative policy in the South. Meanwhile, the Persians were becoming very tired of this continual Russian domination in Teheran and the North, and the Self-denying Ordinance proved to be a failure. The agreement between England and Russia of 1907, which embodied this arrangement,

was likewise intended to inaugurate an entente policy as between England and Russia in regard to Persian affairs. This also failed to work successfully, and the Persians resented and mistrusted a common Anglo-Russian policy.

In 1914 Great Britain and Russia became allies, and Persia requested that the Russian troops should be withdrawn from neutral territory, but this request was not complied with until after the Russian revolution, when Great Britain was left as the only controlling influence in the country. By this time, however, the Persians had gained the impression that British influence was no better than Russian, as result of Anglo-Russian relationships with regard to their country.

The next move was the Anglo-Persian Agreement, which merely added to the list of failures, and was ultimately annulled in June, 1921. Persia is sick of foreign interference in dribblets. She wants absolute independence and no interference at all. By a process of evolution she has now found a master mind to develop this principle and to stimulate Persian patriotism and national power. This is one of Persia's greatest safeguards against Bolshevism.

As result of my visit to Persia, I feel convinced that Bolshevism is making little headway in the country, although the emissaries of the Russian Government are making no small effort in this direction. I may safely say that the Soviet has no control whatsoever over the Persian Government, and that shouting about Bolshevism is merely giving unlimited encouragement and advertisement to the murderous policy of Soviet Russia, which hates nothing worse than complete indifference.

Persia hates the Red policy, not only because it is Red, but also because it is Russian. That policy threatens her independence which, with British sympathy with her ideals of integrity and her efforts to reorganise herself, gives her a strong bulwark against outside pressure.

The Shiah rite of Islam was essentially a Persian political movement, developed into a religious sect, which in its very nature is far from being a good soil for the cultivation of Red sentiments. Amongst the Shiahs there is a strong sense

of religious discipline fostered by the Mullahs, who, in this regard, can always count on the support of the Government. Against a religion bound up in nationalism Russian policy can make little progress. As things are at present, there seems very little chance of Soviet propaganda ever taking root in Persia. It may even act as a useful stimulant in the development of national independence.

From the Russian point of view Persia is all important. If she were to fall before Soviet propaganda the road would be open to the Persian Gulf and Irak, and from there to Syria and the Mediterranean in the event of British evacuation of Mesopotamia. Persia finds herself willy-nilly in the position of a buffer state between Russia and Great Britain. Great Britain is, of course, anxious to safeguard her legitimate and established interests in South and South-west Persia, and she hopes to develop her trading relations with Persia in general. But she has no desire to interfere in Persian affairs, and the more responsibility Persia accepts for the conduct of her own affairs the better it suits Great Britain. Thus the Persians realise that from the English side there will never be any unfair pressure, and they also know that disinterested British advice can be obtained whenever they wish to have it.

The future progress of Persia on independent lines seems to depend on financial stability and economic progress, secured by Anglo-American economic co-operation. Agricultural development, irrigation, and better communications are among the vital needs of the country. The opium question must be tackled and substitute crops eventually introduced, for not only is the production of opium physically harmful to the race, but it acts as a deterrent to all progress. Its bulk is small in proportion to its value, and the only transport required for a valuable load is the back of a diminutive donkey.

The introduction of substitute crops would necessitate the opening up of communications and irrigation, which would greatly benefit the country in other ways. A large outlay of capital would be necessary to stimulate agricultural development, but there seems no reason why the return should not be good. If the opium-consuming

countries, who want the suppression of the drug, were to finance the initial cultivation of substitute crops they would not only benefit themselves, but they would also pave the way for Persian economic progress on unrestricted lines.

As the suppression of opium in Persia is both a problem of international importance and one which vitally affects the economics of the country in which it is produced, it is difficult to judge Persia in her true perspective without some knowledge of this opium question.

Opium is produced in eighteen out of twenty-six provinces of Persia, and the cultivation is scattered over an area of about 400,000 square miles—an area larger than that of Egypt. The only provinces lying outside the zone of cultivation are those on the shores of the Persian Gulf and the northern provinces, such as Azerbayejan, Guilan, Astarabad, Khamseh, and Kurdistan. The greatest difficulty is therefore experienced in efforts to bring the opium trade under control, the most important factors of which are its economic importance, the vested interests in the trade, and the popular and political opposition to any attempt either to curtail a fruitful source of profit or to interfere with the liberty of the individual.

The economic importance of the opium trade to Persia is very great. In many provinces it is practically the only crop yielding cash returns in any way commensurate with the labour of cultivation, and an immense number of people are partially or wholly dependent on its cultivation or commerce for their livelihood.

In Ispahan, out of a population of about 80,000 there were found to be at least 5,000 who gained all or a large part of their incomes through the opium trade, and if it is assumed that each has an average of three dependents, it will be seen that at least 25 per cent. of the entire population of the city relies to a great extent on the production of opium.¹

Unfortunately, there is no industry in the country to absorb these workers in the event of suppression or serious

(1) These figures do not include the opium cultivators resident in or near Ispahan.

curtailment of the opium trade, nor can the landowners or peasants at present substitute other crops without serious hardship and loss. Even if the technical advisers and capital for the substitution of other crops were provided, as they should be, by those whose interest it is to curtail the production of opium, it would take the people years to produce enough income from other crops to compensate the losses involved in opium suppression.

At the same time, certain measures have been taken by the Persian Government and a good deal has been done in the right direction. The Government has introduced a monopoly of "Shireh of Soukteh," which is manufactured from the residue remaining in the pipes after opium has been smoked, and is the most dangerous opium derivative now used in Persia. The customs duty has been increased, and provisions were made as far back as 1910 to prohibit the use of shireh within seven years. Measures were also introduced to prohibit the use of opium for other than medicinal purposes after the seventh year. Regulations were drafted for the execution of these measures, which made the monopoly of shireh effective and provided for the centralisation of the opium sap and its manipulation in Government warehouses, in order to permit control over local consumption.

Practically all "Shireh" dens have been placed under direct Government supervision, and the use of morphine for other than medicinal purposes has been prohibited, the prohibition being rendered effective by a strict control at the frontiers and throughout the Empire. Large quantities of morphine and morphine syringes have been confiscated. But, owing to the World War, when Persia was made the battleground of British, Russian, and Turkish troops, the power of the Central Government was much weakened, and the enforcement of the opium regulations therefore had to suffer.

When, however, Rheza Khan, the present Shah, took over the collection of indirect taxes in 1922, distinct progress was made in the centralisation of opium. When the American Financial Commission took over the same duties in December, 1922, every effort was made to complete

the centralisation scheme, and a closer control was effected in the provinces in which the principle had already been established.

The problem of control of production is much complicated by the wide distribution of poppy culture, by the possibility of profitable cultivation on very small pieces of ground, such as the gardens of "harems," where supervision is practically impossible, and by the fact that many of the best producing areas are only now beginning to come under the control of the Government. Control of the opium sap is also rendered very difficult by the large number of people who enter the opium-growing areas during the harvest. Up to this stage cultivation is carried on by the peasants, but the poppy head must be scratched as soon as it is ripe or no juice will be obtained. This involves the employment of a large number of extra hands, who are usually paid in opium sap or partly in cash and partly in sap.

During the harvest pedlars and small storekeepers, who have advanced goods on credit during the year, go to the villages and receive payment in opium sap. Tradesmen are paid for their services in the same medium. Then, as soon as the sap gathering begins, thousands of sellers of small wares barter their goods for sap in the poppy fields. Dervishes, story-tellers, beggars, musicians, and the owners of performing animals go from one field to another and are rewarded by having the flat side of the opium knife scraped on their palms. The opium accumulated by this means is then sold to travelling buyers. When it is realised that there may be from three to five thousand strangers in a single area during the harvest season, all with opium sap in their possession, the difficulty of centralising the entire crop may be imagined. As most of these people rely on what they make during the harvest for a great portion of their annual income, the hardships imposed on them by complete centralisation is very considerable. When the landlords and peasants are required to place all their sap in warehouses as soon as it is gathered thousands of these more or less legitimate middlemen will be deprived of their occupation. In addition

to the foregoing classes there are also the opium brokers, commission agents and merchants, who manipulate opium for local consumption and export. These with their staffs, partially dependent on the opium trade, constitute numerically and politically a very important section of the population.

Owing to the extended frontier a good deal of opium is still smuggled out of the country, but if export were stopped altogether smuggling would increase and would be accompanied by large profits. A careful application of the customs tariff is therefore necessary. The transport of opium sap, sticks, and cakes has, however, been brought under control, and the opium is checked from point of production to destination by a closely supervised permit system.

There are also political and internal difficulties which beset the Government in its attempt to control the opium traffic. The opium merchants and growers are probably the wealthiest class in Persia. The latter include many of the most influential clergy, who own or control a considerable part of the domains given up for religious purposes. Any attempt to interfere with the production, manipulation or export of opium arouses the organised opposition of these classes. Unless equally remunerative outlets are provided for the capital and labour of the opium trade the Government will have to face the opposition, in any scheme of restriction, of the merchants and traders who exercise great influence in all the bazaars of the country; of the clergy of the opium-growing provinces, who have a political and religious power; and of the landowners, who in such matters absolutely control the actions of the peasants, and who, in a Parliament mainly composed of landed proprietors, often exercise a decisive power in legislation. There is also, in the case of the peasants, an inherent dread of any change in their established customs and routine. Promises of help after suppression of the opium trade will have no effect; the Persian has been ruthlessly exploited in the past, and has reason to distrust such promises from whatever quarter they come.

At the same time, there are many people in Persia—in

the Government, among the clergy, the professional, commercial and other literate classes—who fully realise the vital importance of suppressing opium, and they will welcome any measures leading to the substitution of other crops.

Certain measures leading to the extension of Government control could be taken at once, and others after means have been found to afford another outlet for the capital and labour employed in the opium trade, and after new revenue sources have been developed to compensate the Government for the loss of revenue. Steps could be taken, in the former case, to exercise a closer control over cultivation, transport, manipulation, local consumption and export without imposing undue hardships on the Government or private interests in the trade.

Regarding the question of crop substitution, it must be remembered that opium yields a very high return for a given area, that it is not dependent on railways, or even good roads, for transport, that the process of marketing is simple, and that there is practically always a demand at a good price for both the sap and the export opium. In addition to yielding a higher return per acre than any other Persian crop, opium requires little water, and other crops can be planted on the same ground after the opium crop has been gathered. Therefore, in order to obtain the same net income from other crops the peasant must cultivate a greater area and use more water. It is also necessary that a market should be found for the substitute crops.

The opium-growing areas are for the most part in provinces where there are no good roads and where transport is confined to donkey caravans, and the cost of transport by such means prevents the export of anything bulky or heavy in proportion to its value. To enable crop substitution it is therefore necessary that additional water be provided at lower cost, that economical means of transport be found, and that such technical assistance be given as will ensure more intensive cultivation than is possible under existing conditions.

The opium substitutes suitable for cultivation in Persia

are wheat, silk, tobacco, cotton, beetroot, tea, hemp, flax and dried fruits. These substitutes naturally do not apply only to the opium-growing areas. These areas must be given first consideration, in order to safeguard private interests in the opium trade, but substitute crops and extension of cultivation in such areas cannot alone yield sufficient revenue to the Government to compensate the loss through reduction in opium cultivation. It is therefore necessary to improve agricultural conditions in non-opium-growing areas in order to provide new or additional sources of revenue.

Under present conditions in Persia it would be fatal to shake such a slender political structure by such a serious economic disturbance as would be caused by the suppression of the opium industry unless, before taking the initial steps, a carefully worked out and practical scheme had actually been launched. Nothing short of that would satisfy the suspicious peasants. The necessary technical assistance and the required capital would have to be actually there on the spot.

Technical assistance might be obtained from parts of overcrowded Europe, possibly from Italy, while the capital for building roads and railways, for irrigation, for loans for seeds and agricultural machinery, must necessarily come chiefly from the countries interested in the suppression of opium. Poor producing countries cannot be expected to shoulder all the loss, while rich consuming countries reap the principal benefit. The United States must drop her idealistic and prohibitionist view of cutting everything off at once. It is wholly impractical. The process must be a slow one, and the situation must be very carefully handled.

It seems that the opium question in Persia might well be treated as a disease, which is better attacked by private enterprise. It is estimated that opium could be virtually stamped out at the cost of about £3,500,000. As on the opening up of the country by the introduction of substitute crops largely depends the economic progress of Persia, the capital invested in this way should be recovered by the increased prosperity of the country. It is not a question

for foreign governments. The Persians would strongly resent official interference of any foreign Power. At the same time there is no reason why foreign governments should not subscribe to the efforts of a well-organised private enterprise.

If I have dwelt at some length on this opium question it is simply because it is so intimately wrapped up in the Persian situation of to-day.

My firm impression is that the future of Persia depends on the political development of her independence, without interference, so as to form a spirit of national cohesion; and that this largely depends on the creation of regular and rapid means of communication and transport; on the judicious attraction of foreign capital and foreign technical and expert advice where needed for sound economic enterprise; on the development of agriculture as the basic industry of the country; and on the gradual but persistent elimination of the opium crop in favour of some equally remunerative one free from the insidious dangers of the poppy.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FAR EAST

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL P. T. ETHERTON

(Late H.M. Consul-General and Political Resident in Central Asia and Chinese Turkistan)

A GREAT deal has been written on the subject of Russian and Chinese movements in Manchuria and the Far East generally, and during the past few weeks the Chinese Eastern Railway, politically the most important line in Asia, has come prominently into the limelight. The latter is, however, only a pretext for the Bolshevik move, and it is well to draw attention to the real motives underlying the sinister manœuvres in Manchuria, the outcome of a studied plan of campaign to hasten the dawn of world revolution which has long been the Bolshevik watchword.

It will, therefore, be of interest to examine these influences and to throw some sidelights on the many characters and customs largely responsible for the existing situation, and the difficulties encountered in the regeneration of China and establishment of a pacific and united State.

We will first deal with Manchuria, a dependency of the Chinese Republic, with an area double that of Japan, and having agricultural and mineral resources that make it the granary and treasure-house of the Far East. The leading personality there is the famous Chang Tso-lin, the super-Tuchun amongst the score of provincial military governors who are fighting for power and loot. Although the eighteen provinces of China are regarded as a political entity, they are not so in fact, each being under a Tuchun who only heeds the Central Government when it suits him to do so, the principle underlying their actions being usually that of money. I remember a short time since, when the forces of the Russian filibuster Baron Ungern captured Urga, the capital of Mongolia, Chang Tso-lin suggested that a sum equivalent to fifty thousand pounds would be forthcoming if the Russians retired, but Ungern

held out for double that amount, and cheap at the price, he said; so the haggling went on until the opportunity vanished with the appearance of the army of the new Far Eastern Republic that had set up in opposition to the Bolsheviks, and itself occupied Urga.

The pay and equipment of the various armies operating under the provincial tuchuns, or military governors, open up an interesting field in illegal taxation, forced contributions, and extortion generally. In the Western Provinces the sale of opium plays a part, and, despite official protests to the contrary, the traffic continues, being aided by the extent of territory and the relative difficulty of control.

The Bolsheviks are endeavouring to derive the utmost advantage from the civil war going on, and their present move along the Pacific shores of Asia has for its object the establishment of an eastern base, the moulding of the student class on Soviet lines, and immediate co-operation with Russian Central Asia. The Soviet ways are deep and devious, and the manner in which they have worked upon the students and the success achieved have escaped notice. The student class, educated on Western lines in Europe and America, is being exploited to form the preliminary wave in the general conflagration from the Far East, by which it is anticipated that the world revolution will go on unchecked. At the same time, there is method in the Bolshevik madness, for they appreciate the dangers of an Asiatic flare, and realise that only by continually directing its force against the British in particular can they prevent its turning and burning themselves.

With an eastern base established they can link up with Turkistan in Central Asia, for it is from there that they intend to conduct the renewed campaign against India. This is the crux of the problem in the East, for the Bolsheviks declare that the success of their scheme for revolution throughout Asia, and particularly the Far East, must depend upon the results achieved in India, and that this, incidentally, is the only way to ensure revolution in Great Britain. It will, therefore, be of interest to state what the plans are for turning the tribes and races of Asia against us.

The Bolsheviks have settled on Tashkent, the capital of Asiatic Russia, as the centre from which to launch their propaganda. It is obviously the most suitable one, as, apart from its being the capital, it was one of the largest cities of the empire, is a granary and supply ground of first-class importance, and an ancient seat of Moslem learning and culture. West of Tashkent lies the Near East and the Caucasian States; to the east China and Mongolia, and to the south India and Afghanistan, altogether a fitting location for G.H.Q. in the renewed campaign for Asian revolution.

A special department for Asiatic propaganda has been set up in Tashkent, where the Bolsheviks have established schools, and selected from the tribes and races of Asia special representatives who undergo a thorough course in the principles of Bolshevism and the benefits to be derived therefrom, stress being laid upon the part Great Britain has always played in the degradation and oppression of the human race. The schools are staffed by Russians and natives of proved ability, assisted by a motley collection of Indians who have been attracted to Tashkent to fill the rôle of trained agitators. When the pupils have graduated in Bolshevism they are sent out to spread the new "gospel."

In addition to the schools a number of propaganda trains has been established. These are fitted with kinema apparatus for showing the alleged horrors of our rule in India, and the extent to which the British yoke is pressing upon all Oriental peoples. They are equipped with literature to meet the requirements of Kirghiz, Turkoman, Kalmuk, and Sart, and trained spokesmen with a fluent grasp of the vernacular discourse false and irrelevant material to their native audiences, and prepare the way for the fiery cross of the demagogues of Moscow.

The trains consist of dining and sleeping cars elaborately fitted up for the comfort of the revolutionary staff. To inflame the Asiatic mind many interesting libels are circulated concerning ourselves. It is asserted that the Prophet's tomb at Medina has been bombarded, that the Quran has been cast among swine, and that we are blood-thirsty exploiters.

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Bolshevism in Central Asia and the Far East derived great strength from the capture of Bokhara and the wealth of its Amir. To secure the safety of his treasure, totalling £35,000,000 in gold and silver coins and ingots, he offered to confide it to our care, requesting us to take charge of it pending the dawn of brighter days. This remarkable tribute to our integrity showed how high our credit stood even in remote Bokhara. It was impossible for several practical reasons to do as he wished, so the wealth of the Bokharan Amirs remained in its vaults, ultimately becoming the prey of the Bolsheviks, who, with such an immense sum at hand wherewith to carry on their propaganda, and incidentally to enrich themselves, were determined to leave no stone unturned to secure it.

Another source of income for the prosecution of the Soviet's Far Eastern campaign is the opium traffic, which flourishes practically unchecked in Chinese Turkistan, and is not interfered with across the frontier in Russian Central Asia. The derivation of income gives rise to many interesting manœuvres on the part of States and organisations whose financial straits are acute, and herein the Bolsheviks show originality. From the moment that they assumed power the productive capacity of the land diminished in an alarming manner, and throughout Asiatic Russia, and the lands adjacent to China proper, erstwhile prosperity gave place to penury and famine. Revenue sagged in proportion, so they cast about for means to provide the wherewithal, and on learning that opium could be smuggled with impunity into Chinese Central Asia in exchange for good silver, they withdrew the objections previously advanced, and cancelled the regulation, in so far as opium was concerned, under which all articles were annexed for local consumption only.

There was recently a scarcity of clothing in Asiatic Russia, and therefore an increased demand for cloth of any kind, but as roubles were not accepted in payment the Bolsheviks encouraged the cultivation of opium. So lucrative is the trade that it is estimated to yield a profit of £165 per pony load after deducting cost of preparation, transport to the market, and all incidental expenses.

It is not only the Bolsheviks who have turned the opium trade to good account. The revolution in China, with its resultant internecine warfare, and the struggle amongst the various provincial governors for wealth and power have necessitated the exploitation of all available sources of revenue. The production of opium affords the rival leaders in the centre and west a ready income, and the wherewithal to meet pressing civil and military needs.

Mongolia is another of the adjacent states to China proper to which the Soviet has devoted earnest attention, propagandists touring the country and endeavouring to recall to the Mongols the days of their forefathers, who in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries swept across Asia and Europe. They can at the present moment put some four hundred thousand mounted men in the field, but have so far turned a deaf ear to Bolshevik exhortations, for, in common with their Chinese neighbours, they see that a redistribution of this world's goods by the Soviet oligarchy would only end in the goods taking wing and vanishing for all time.

Now, what are the possibilities of Bolshevism asserting itself in China and turning East against West? In my opinion, based on a close study of both sides, it is not a serious menace; indeed, hostility to the Soviet is developing. Its principles do not find favour with the Chinese, who are an eminently practical race, for they interfere with private trade and private liberty, both leading characteristics in Chinese social life. Moreover, there is a feeling in favour of the restoration of the monarchy, for a republican form of government is not suited to the Celestial temperament. The essentials of real republicanism do not exist in China, and until they are created the government must be oligarchic. In dealing with the Chinese I have always noticed with what respect the Emperor was regarded as the spiritual and temporal head of the people, for under imperial control the family was the unit of the nation and the emperor the father of all. The Chinese argue that with a republic there must necessarily be a change of leader, and from their standpoint this in itself invests the head of the nation with transitory power, devoid

of prestige, and lacking the sheet anchor of imperialism—that of concentrating authority and cementing the loyalty of the people.

For forty centuries the teachings of Confucius have dominated the moral and material welfare of China's four hundred millions—seventy-four per cent. of the people are agriculturist, over ninety per cent. are illiterate and devoted to conservatism—and they will not turn against the principles in which they have been steeped for so long. In this connection I recall the proposition made some time ago to develop the rich coalfields of Shensi province. The people were up in arms against such action, the area in question being the home of the mighty dragon Feng Sui, who, if his slumbers were disturbed, would issue forth and spread fire, death, and pestilence throughout the land. So the dragon slept on and the coalfields remained untapped.

As to the future of China, there are factors affecting the problem not hitherto taken into account in Europe, possibly because there has not been time to realise the magnitude of the Far Eastern problem, and the combinations that may be engineered by leaders hungering for wealth and power. The existence of unequal treaties is largely responsible for the Chinese attitude towards the West, treaties that were entered into in the old days and now inapplicable to modern conditions. The nation that takes the initiative in the readjustment of those treaties on a reciprocal basis will meet with a cordial reception on the part of the Chinese people. There will then be no boycott, extremism, or anti-foreign feeling, and great would be the advantage to trade and commerce. A strong and united China would result, the people are not anxious for strife and dissension, and, given the opportunity, they will lean more than ever towards the side of peace and prosperity.

The Chinese are pacifist by instinct and training, they have no aspirations towards martial greatness, and in any dispute, irrespective of the issues at stake, mediation is at once the strong point with them. They are ever anxious to promote trade and commerce, and it is interesting to note that when the trade agreement was concluded

between His Majesty's Government and the Moscow Soviet the Chinese displayed great interest in it and closely watched its outcome. They have always been aware that the Bolsheviks were far more anxious to spend their available gold on propaganda than on commerce; they did not believe that trade was possible with the Soviet, and, although they have always recognised that the recovery of Russia is impracticable apart from sound commercial penetration, they saw that any trade agreement would be inoperative. The Chinese, with their inherent sagacity, do not dispute that trade with Russia is eminently desirable, but they argue that business with such fanatics is out of the question.

In pursuance of their commercial activities the Chinese have been favourably disposed towards schemes of foreign origin, provided they are in the nature of a sound and legitimate business proposition. The drawback in so far as we are concerned is the question of extraterritoriality, under which British subjects are amenable to British law only, and cannot be dealt with by a Chinese court. The restrictions placed on our trade enterprise is the corollary to the rights we enjoy from extraterritoriality. In any case, all exploratory syndicates would have to be controlled from the West, for Celestial business methods are in a class by themselves and not easy of mastery by Europeans. For example, industries in China are either on a basis of single proprietary rights, or a system of partnership, and only in rare cases is there anything in the way of joint stock companies.

We now come to Japan, who has not yet moved against the Bolshevik wave, but is waiting until the situation develops. The Japanese wish to exploit China economically and to capture one of the richest markets in the world, a race in which America is also taking part. The future of Japan is largely dependent on her retention of the Chinese market, whilst the question of her surplus population becomes daily more acute. The Chinese dislike for the Japanese is hereditary, a hatred that has been aggravated by aggressive policy towards China since 1895. There is little hope of Japanese expansion on the Chinese

mainland, and they, therefore, turn to the lands lying between Japan and Australia, which ethnically are coloured men's lands, although politically, with the exception of Siam, they are under white control. So the problem before us involves Australia, the northern territory of which is climatically suited to the Japanese, and one to which they aspire.

A short time since a number of Japanese agents was despatched through Asia ostensibly to study commercial conditions, but most of their time was devoted to political research and what could be made of a pan-Asiatic combine, with "Asia for the Asiatics" as the slogan. The reception accorded this movement was so indifferent that, *inter alia*, the question of racial expansion became still more acute.

Although the Japanese have been baulked in their attempts to expand in China, they have taken determined steps to finance trade by the formation of banking institutions that are to be the medium for Japanese commerce. They are particularly active in Manchuria and Mongolia, and in the latter country are endeavouring to acquire the old Russian rights and the abrogation of certain privileges accruing to the Russians under the Protocol of September, 1912, concluded between Russia and Mongolia, and those emanating from the Russo-Chinese Treaty of 1913. Before, however, Japanese trade can gain a monopoly in China the quality of goods supplied must undergo improvement. The articles are passable at the outset, but once the market is considered as captured there is a marked deterioration in the standard, and as the Chinese provinces develop and competition increases the demand will grow for goods of superior quality.

The United States are also showing commercial activity in many parts of China; indeed, they have gone as far afield as Russian Central Asia, where a short time since an American consul was established at Tashkent with a view to potential trade, when it was anticipated that, with a return to normal conditions, a commercial boom would result.

For the regeneration of China the difficulty lies in breaking up the numerous military bodies, and in bringing

the provinces under one government. Foreign aggression should cease, the forces of obstruction must be removed, and industrial development pursued with an increase of purchasing power in the people. Education is a great point in China; it exercises remarkable influence on public opinion, and will play a leading part in the reformation of a country where there has ever been respect for learning.

I referred to the corruption prevalent throughout China; indeed, it is estimated that the amounts illegally amassed by the various provincial combatant leaders in the last eight years would be more than sufficient to discharge the monetary obligations of China under her national debt. In population and potential strength China is the first in the world, and her natural, industrial, and economic resources are such that she could be the richest country, and her national debt would be small when compared with the revenue she could produce.

Efforts are, however, being made to advance on sound and rational lines, and the recent visit to this country of a mission composed of men who have the interests of China at heart will enable the nation to gain further touch with European thought and sympathy. These *rapprochements* tend towards the increase of China's power as a factor in the Far Eastern question. At present she is hampered by internecine warfare, the rival governors are striving for power and loot, levying taxation in their respective areas and ignoring any central authority.

With regard to the future, it can be confidently asserted that British prestige is predominant in China. We command the confidence and respect of the people, and the initiative, if taken by us, in the stabilisation of the country would be sure of cordial co-operation.

OUR AMERICAN PARTNERS

By "AUGUR"

ON the third day of the Great Strike an airplane deposited an important passenger at Croydon, near London. It was M. Parmentier, the well-known financial expert of the French Government. In spite of the turmoil of the strike he had been sent over on a mission which brooked of no delay. He had to see Mr. Strong, the Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. The franc was falling abruptly, and it was necessary to discuss the situation immediately with the banker from the United States. As Mr. Strong was in London, M. Parmentier flew across the Channel to meet him.

People in the inner circle of knowledge were not surprised at the visit. They knew that Mr. Strong represents the powerful foreign partner, who has now installed himself in the affairs of Europe: American finance. Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking in the House with the weight which belongs to his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has explained how through the war the gold of Europe was drained to the other side of the Atlantic and how the States of the old continent are now the tributaries of the great American Republic. Mr. Churchill said:—

It is a very remarkable fact that at the present moment the amount that the United States is receiving from Europe under arrangements which have already been made is approximately equal to the whole amount of reparations which Germany is paying. . . . The expansion of trade of the United States during the ten years of the War amounted to no less than thirty-three thousand million dollars, or more than one and a half times the entire United States debt. In other words, the export trade of the United States grew up like a mushroom in the night, fertilised and nourished by the bloodshed in Europe. (House of Commons, March 29, 1926.)

Far be it from us to reproach the citizens of the United States with their present prosperity. Our object is merely to show the exact relative position of the two continents. A great part of the gold having been locked up in

American vaults, Europe, by the force of events, has been obliged to accept American finance as a powerful and permanent influence over her affairs. This influence is a very real thing. It came out into the open for the first time during the London Conference of 1924 for the Dawes Plan for German reparations payments. We saw then three parties represented: the victorious Allies, the vanquished Germans, and the American bankers. The final draft of the Dawes Plan was the result of protracted consultation between the three parties as equals.

The putting into force of the Dawes Plan was the signal for an influx of American working capital into Germany. This flow of the conquering dollar has gone on ever since with varying intensity and in various directions. But it is a generally accepted axiom of the economists that impoverished Europe for its economic resurrection needs the continued influx of more and more American capital. On the other hand, American trade with Europe and the repayments of debt by Europe to America cannot proceed and develop normally without gold credits from the other side of the Atlantic. It comes to this: to trade with the United States and to pay them we need American gold. Whatever the construction put on this fact, the fact itself remains as hard and massive as a block of granite.

There was a tendency in the United States after the war to withdraw absolutely from all interest in the affairs of Europe. The idea was to grab all the money that could be practically obtained and to leave Europe to her own devices. But the plan could not work on these lines, and the debt arrangements concluded lately with the debtors at Washington show that the idea of "magnificent isolation" has few defenders left among the American statesmen and financiers. The close union established between American finance and the Bank of England proves that recognition of interlocking interests has come to Wall Street.

In the excitement of the Great Strike we missed an important development: the meeting at Geneva of the Committee appointed to prepare for the International Economic Conference sanctioned by the Council of the League of Nations. The most important, perhaps the only

important, decision of the Committee was that it recommended the calling of the Conference of principal State banks foreseen by a resolution of the Economic Conference at Genoa in 1922. It had been then said that to stabilise the currencies of Europe it was necessary to ensure close contact between the principal banks, and it had been decided at Genoa that the Bank of England should be given the right to call a conference of bankers at an opportune moment. There is reason to think that if the Great Strike had not taken place an important preliminary meeting would have been held in London at the Bank of England in connection with this proposal. Mr. Strong's presence in London is said to have been connected with the scheme. But the step, though delayed by the strike, will certainly be taken in a not too far distant future. And American participation in any general scheme for the rehabilitation of the finances of Europe is inevitable.

What took place during the Parmentier-Strong negotiations is characteristic. It is clear that the subject of the conversations was the provision by American finance of dollar credits to assist the stabilisation of the French franc. France has better means to take drastic steps to save her exchange in foreign money markets than some people imagine. For the gold reserve of the Banque de France is intact. It is the second largest in the world. But in dealing with international speculation in exchanges what is most needed are credit facilities, immediate, flexible, and the amount of which is not known exactly to the other party. For this end the assistance of Mr. Strong was necessary and invaluable. We have reason to think that he refused to give it. His refusal was not the result of any distrust of the essential financial stability of France. The resources of that rich country are too well known to permit any doubts as to her ultimate future. But our American partner has some very definite views on the policy to be pursued in Europe, and the French proposal clashed with them.

These views on the general economic and financial resettlement of Europe will be much discussed in the near

future, and it is well to be acquainted with them. Although we can speak about them as being the views of our American partners, in fairness it should be mentioned that their origin is in this country. In Mr. Montagu Norman, the Governor of the Bank of England, we see the man who occupies the post of expert adviser to the financiers of the world. His intellectual leadership, backed by the united forces of American finance and of the City of London, is the outstanding fact in the present situation. Backed by such forces his arguments are irresistible. His principal argument is that Europe can be saved only by a complete return to the gold standard. In this he is in complete agreement with our American partners, who give him their unstinted support. The reintroduction of the gold standard in this country was possible only because Mr. Norman before attempting it, with the consent of the British Treasury, obtained powerful financial support in New York. The action of the gold standard in Great Britain and its bearing upon the European situation has been best judged by M. Pouyanne, the French Financial Attaché in London, in the illuminating article contributed by him to the *Banker* in March.

Germany has also been brought into line on the gold standard issue. Mr. Strong, Mr. Norman and Herr Schacht, the Governor of the Reichsbank, with the addition of Mr. Gilbert, the American Agent-General for German Reparations under the Dawes Plan, form to-day the most powerful and influential group of men in Europe, and perhaps in the world. The success of the Locarno Conference, which "westernised" German foreign policy to a great extent, was principally due to the advice given in Berlin by the British and the American bankers in support of their German colleague. They gave advice, but there are cases when ultimatums are hidden beneath a mild advisory formula. Germany, needing foreign gold credits to get her trade and industries on a solid working foundation, understood the hint and went to Locarno. The laurels were collected by the politicians, but the scene had been prepared by the bankers.

Franco-British negotiations for the settlement of the war debt, which were resumed in London immediately after the strike, were carried on, if we may use the expression, in the shadow cast by the great bulk of our American partners. There may be some truth even in the statement that Mr. Winston, the Under-Secretary of the Washington Treasury, came over to London specially to watch the development of the negotiations. In any case the French delegation warned the British Treasury beforehand that the ratification of the Berenger-Mellon settlement by the Senate in Washington would not take place if the terms of the Franco-British agreement were contrary to American views of equal treatment for all the creditors of France. And, said the French, if our settlement with the United States falls through there is no practical object for us to go on with our agreement with Great Britain, because it could not be carried out.

From the point of view of our American partners the main objection to the terms of the Franco-British settlement was that the agreement between the Bank of England and the Banque de France was left outside the scope of the agreement between the two Governments. The facts in regard to this particular issue are that during the war the Bank of England made advances to the French bank in all to the amount of about seventy-one million pounds against gold deposited as security in London. After a long series of negotiations a final agreement was entered into by the parties for the repayment of these credits during a number of years at a rate of interest which works out at six per cent. per annum. Our American partners considered this rate of interest for a loan, especially when there is gold security, as usurious, and demanded that either in the general Franco-British settlement the payments to the Bank of England should be included, or that the American advances made during the war for the object of maintaining the French exchange to the extent of about eight hundred million dollars should be paid at the same high rate of interest. This American demand explains why M. Peret, when he came to London, was accompanied by M. Aupetit, the Secretary-General of

the Banque de France. It was the business of the latter to try to obtain from Mr. Montagu Norman a revision of the agreement with the Bank of England. Mr. Houghton, the United States Ambassador in London, made at Washington, some time ago, a statement on the affairs of Europe, which by its vigorous and outspoken tone created a sensation. Mr. Houghton's language was not that of a diplomat. He spoke as the representative of the American partners with a large stake in Europe, and as such he said the right thing. That our American partners are taking the work of assisting in the reconstruction of Europe very seriously is proved by their painstaking effort to investigate our position down to the smallest details. There is every reason to believe that at Washington some facts about our position are better known, though perhaps not better understood, than here.

The list of prophets has been closed in the Bible, and new applications are not encouraged. Yet we are inclined to predict the probable course which our American partners will encourage us to pursue in the near future to achieve the economic and financial rehabilitation of Europe. Taking for granted that the need of close co-operation between the principal banks is recognised, it is safe to say that the chief effort will now be directed towards obtaining the independence of the Banque de France from internal French politics. This is the first inevitable condition. At present the Banque de France cannot take part in the united action foreseen by the resolution of the Genoa Conference. For it is the prisoner of the politicians. Its Governor cannot meet as an equal the Governors of the Bank of England, of the Federal Reserve Bank, and of the Reichsbank. France needs foreign credits as a desert needs water. The City of London and Wall Street know that these credits must be given without stint if France is to become a useful member of an economically consolidated Europe. And whilst France is not such a member there can be no reconstruction. All this is known. But at the same time Mr. Montagu Norman, and therefore also Mr. Strong, will refuse to commit himself to the rendering of financial assistance on

a large scale so long as they are not guaranteed that the sums advanced will be in the hands of an independent financial institution, and will be employed only for the purposes for which they were given. For it should be well understood that once financial aid to France has been started in earnest it will have to be carried through until the successful end irrespective of the amount. This being so, it is impossible to give assistance without moral security. M. Parmentier may have and probably did offer to Mr. Strong irreproachable security in gold, but it would have been preferable if instead he had been able to produce a general plan of financial reform which after having been passed through the Chamber would have made the Banque de France an absolutely free and independent financial institution. Free and independent in fact and not in name only.

THE LONDON TRAFFIC PROBLEM

BY COL. R. E. CROMPTON, C.B.

TRAFFIC congestion has long been with us. Some of us can remember the blocks and vexatious delays which occurred during the London Season in the old days described by Thackeray and Trollope—those days when the fashionable world lived almost entirely in Mayfair, between Piccadilly and Oxford Street; when Belgravia was looked upon askance and Kensington was a far-away suburb—when the county families occupied their London houses in Mayfair from April to July. Even then, during the Derby and Ascot weeks, although all vehicles were then horse-drawn and the total number on the streets was probably less than one-tenth of what it is at present, the drivers of the omnibuses, past-masters of street chaff and persiflage, made fun of the unfortunate country coachman attempting to steer his barouche and pair through the intricacies of the mass of slow-moving brewers' drays, coal carts and railway vans, which in those days were allowed unrestricted use of the streets at all hours of the day. The difficulties were increased by the then universal use of granite pavement, which, even in summer, was, when freshly watered, so slippery that fallen horses struggling in the shafts were a common sight. When one inquired at the back of a traffic block the cause of the delay, the almost invariable answer would be "another horse down." The noise at that time was so deafening that the roar of the traffic, caused by the steel wheels on the granite blocks, could be heard half across Hyde Park. Surely there was then a traffic problem, and our present trouble is seen, after all, to be only one of degree. Now that owing to the advent of the motor vehicle the number of vehicles on our streets has been increased tenfold, and is likely to be increased twentyfold, it is small wonder that public opinion has forced Parliament to grant powers to the

Ministry of Transport to form advisory committees seriously to tackle this important and difficult problem.

At a time when Sir Henry Maybury, who is the chairman of the new Advisory Committee, has visited New York and the other large American cities to see what he can learn from the measures there adopted; when we are informed that already experiments have been tried in one-way traffic to obtain a better use of the street surface by police regulation; it appears opportune to discuss some of the difficulties which have to be faced before the problem can adequately be dealt with.

At present the observed rate at which the Londoner can progress from west to east or east to west is often reduced to five or six miles per hour. In other words, anyone keeping an appointment within the inner London area and travelling along the congested lines, might just as well walk as attempt to mount a 'bus or drive his own motor car.

Let us now consider the conditions as they are. During the last seventy years London has extended till what is now called Greater London covers an area reaching from east to west along both banks of the Thames for a distance of about thirty miles, and stretches north and south to a somewhat less extent. Whereas seventy years ago the inhabitants of London lived in what is now called Inner London, a very large proportion of married men have migrated into the suburbs, and, since the advent of the motor car, so far into the country districts that their houses are often fourteen or fifteen miles distant from their places of business. This movement and the facility for such east and west traffic has recently been greatly increased by the large sums spent since the war on the arterial roads which extend from London to Southend on the east, from London to Windsor and to Kingston, and along the line of the Portsmouth road on the west. These improvements in the exterior roads have greatly added to the traffic difficulties. They have caused great concentration of traffic on the few existing east and west lines of thoroughfare which are chiefly north of the Thames, so that it is small wonder that such routes as those from

Shepherd's Bush through Oxford Street to the Bank, and from Hammersmith Broadway through Kensington, Piccadilly, Charing Cross and the Strand, have, to all appearance, been entirely overcrowded with traffic, and that traffic blocks are so frequent and threaten soon to become continuous. The writer advisedly uses the word "appear," for it will be seen later on that a very careful study and a census of the traffic on certain of these thoroughfares, taken at times when the traffic was at its maximum, has shown that our streets, as they are, apart from a few local widenings at certain points, are capable, if the traffic were regulated as the writer proposes, of carrying the present traffic at a greatly increased speed.

The Advisory Committee has already laid down rules as to the number of vehicles which can be parked in certain squares and streets not used for through traffic, and we know that experiments have been tried, following the example of New York, in one-way traffic so that the full width of a street can be taken up by traffic all moving in one direction, and its capacity therefore doubled.

We also soon expect to see regulations issued to lessen the abuse at present caused by vehicles of all classes standing for long periods drawn up at the kerb, and at these points limiting the carrying capacity of the street.

It is possible also that an attempt will be made, now that the number of horse-drawn vehicles using the congested thoroughfares is very small, to relegate all horse-drawn traffic to parallel or alternate lines, and entirely to prohibit their use in the crowded thoroughfares during what we may call the busy hours when congestion is most observable.

But when all this is done there will still remain the great problem of how to deal with cross traffic. At the present time the delays caused by cross traffic are so great and so easily observed, that it is practically admitted by everyone that, if cross traffic can be passed through the main lines by the use either of bridges or of tunnels, the point-to-point speed of the main line traffic would be almost doubled. We have all heard of Sir Alfred Yarrow's generous offer to design and erect at his own expense a

bridge to carry cross traffic at such an important point as one of the Circuses, or where Tottenham Court Road crosses Oxford Street, and the writer understands that Sir Alfred has made similar proposals to deal with Hyde Park Corner. The engineering difficulties, as well as the great damage to frontagers holding shops or offices at points near these bridges, make it seem that this bridge proposal is a very doubtful solution of our difficulties.

London is peculiar in one respect: in no other large city is the cross traffic problem so acute. This is partly due to the disposition of the large railway stations along the Euston Road, and of those serving the country to the south of the Thames, at London Bridge, Waterloo, Charing Cross, and Victoria, and to the neglect of the railway companies to provide north and south railway communication for the carriage of goods across London. Also the railway companies have added to their sins by locating so many of their receiving and despatching offices at prominent corners in busy thoroughfares; they are actually passing goods across London from north to south which ought never to have left the railway truck. Again, for reasons best known to themselves, they managed to shelve the late A. W. Gattie's scheme for a railway central clearing station, which if it had been carried out would have taken off the streets at least two-thirds of the railway vans. It follows that the railway van traffic is largely north and south, and this part of the railway traffic must eventually be dealt with by a revival of Gattie's scheme in a modified form. But a satisfactory passenger connection between the north and south, although it may come, is hardly likely to be made in our time. For many years to come passengers from the north must tranship themselves and their luggage into taxis to traverse London to the southern stations and *vice versa*. But even as it is the number of vehicles forming the cross traffic, which now holds up and delays the main line east and west traffic, is comparatively small compared with the latter, and it is the object of this paper to show that this cross traffic can be dealt with without waiting for heavy expenditure on street widening, or in providing for entirely new alternative east

and west routes. Such expenditure on widening ought to be concentrated on certain well-known difficult points, such as those existing at Oxford Street and Piccadilly Circus, and at the corner of Tottenham Court Road and a few other points.

The writer for many years held a position on the old Road Board, and was then engaged with the late Sir John Macdonald in studying the problems of street traffic and how they were then likely to be affected by the increase in the number of motor-driven vehicles. So that the reader must understand that what he now proposes as to regulating traffic is not the result of observations made during the last year or two, but of matured observations extending over the last fifteen years.

Before attempting to describe a scheme for increasing the point-to-point speed on our congested thoroughfares, it is well to take stock of our knowledge of the conditions which govern the driving of the modern vehicle on our streets.

The driver of the modern motor car has many advantages over the horse driver, he no longer need fear to rein up his horses suddenly when the street surface is slippery. The length of street occupied by our largest omnibuses or char-a-bancs does not exceed that of the heavy slow-moving vans drawn by four horses; and that of the most luxurious motor car is less than that of the pair-horse barouche; while smaller vehicles, light cars and light vans, compare still more favourably. Again, when we think of the street surface occupied we must always add to the length of the vehicle the free space, or headway, in front of it which must be allowed when it is driven at the moderate speed of twelve miles per hour. With horse-drawn vehicles, and with the first motor cars, this headway had to be at least equal to that of the vehicle itself, in many cases twenty feet or thirty feet; whereas owing to improvements in brakes, in non-slipping tyres, and in driving and steering arrangements, the driver of the modern motor omnibus carrying fifty passengers can safely drive at twelve miles per hour with only a clearance length between vehicles of ten feet as a maximum. Undoubtedly

these facilities should have enabled the present-day vehicles to occupy the street surface much more effectively than was possible a few years ago, and this has undoubtedly to some extent mitigated the congestion, which otherwise would have been even more intense than it now is.

At present our traffic constables are stationed chiefly at important crossing points. Their duty is to hold back the crossing traffic until in their opinion a sufficient number of vehicles have accumulated in the side street. They then hold up the main line traffic and signal the side street traffic across it. But only part of this passes right across the main line; the rest is deflected to join and increase the main line stream. Although the increase due to affluents from side streets is approximately balanced by a corresponding efflux, both processes contribute to delay the progress of the main stream.

Let us imagine ourselves to be observers from an aeroplane of what takes place at Hyde Park Corner. At that crossing the east and west traffic is held up by the traffic constables stationed in the main line. The man to the eastward holds up the traffic coming from the east, the other man stationed opposite St. George's Hospital holds up that coming from the west. Then the first-named constable signals across the traffic from Park Lane, and a third constable signals that from Hyde Park itself, either right across, or to join the main streams in either direction. But the overhead observer would see that, whereas, up to the time the main line traffic was held up, it was proceeding in both directions pretty regularly in two lines abreast, as soon as the check occurs every driver from some distance to the rear of the constable's arm turns slightly out to the right. This is due to the well-known driver's natural curiosity to see what is going on in front of him, but by so doing he partly obscures the view of the driver immediately behind him, who accordingly follows his example. Four of these vehicles drive close up to the policeman's arm, so that a phalanx is formed of closely packed vehicles five abreast, while to the rear of them extends a large open triangular area of street almost free of vehicles. When the constable drops his arm the faster

vehicles stream out at once to the front, and in a few seconds Piccadilly and Knightsbridge are again covered with vehicles moving at varying speeds and at irregular intervals.

The writer has been observing for many years the increase in the number of vehicles using the streets, as well as the habits of their drivers, and has formed a strong opinion that the vice of the modern motor car driver is that of attempting to overtake when overtaking is really useless. This turning out to overtake and then driving at high speed in order to get in front of another vehicle is not only one important cause of traffic congestion, but is extremely dangerous and is a principal cause of street accidents to crossing pedestrians.

At an early period it occurred to the writer that some method might be devised for regulating main line traffic on well-defined lines in such a manner as to check or entirely prohibit overtaking and at the same time enable a driver who conformed to regulation to obtain a point-to-point speed far in excess of any he can at present attain by overtaking and interlacing the traffic which is now so irregularly spread over our street surface.

The idea of separating the street traffic by marking longitudinal lines on the street surface occurred to him long ago, but interest in this particular matter has recently been greatly increased by the success which has followed the dividing of our important country roads into up and down lines of traffic at certain points where blind-corner collisions have occurred owing to those approaching the corner swinging outwards to get a better view of approaching traffic. At such points central lines defining the portion of road to be occupied by the up and down traffic respectively have been very successful, and it will be seen that the writer's project which is now to be described is really an extension of this principle.

Put briefly, the proposal is to divide all thoroughfares, commencing with those on which congestion is now at a maximum, into four, or, where the width of the street permits, five, tracks by drawing four lines on the surface, two (called the A lines) at a distance of eight feet and

two at a distance of sixteen feet from the kerbs, called the B lines. Thus:—

1	Kerb
2	A
3	B
2	B
1	A
	Kerb

The outer, or "stopping" tracks ("A lines" 1 and 1) are for slow-moving vehicles and for those wishing to stop.

The inner, or "running" tracks ("B lines" 2 and 2) are for through traffic only, and vehicles wishing to stop must turn from the B lines into the A line on their left before doing so.

Where space permits of it a "parking" space (3) will be provided between the B lines.

We have now to show how the traffic police can be taught to marshal all vehicles, whether they be omnibuses or heavy vans which can be driven at twelve miles per hour, or smaller vehicles capable of the same speed, into the two running and stopping spaces above described in such a manner as to enable the vehicles running on the space between the A and B lines to run continuously and thus attain a point-to-point speed of twelve miles per hour.

As an example, let us take the duty of a marshalling constable at Hammersmith Broadway. Commencing in the morning at the hour when traffic regulation becomes desirable, he would hold back vehicles proceeding eastward until he has sufficient to form a train of from eight to nine omnibuses or heavy vehicles, and probably in most cases twenty lighter vehicles. These would be marshalled with sufficient headway, say eight feet or ten feet between vehicles, into a train which would be about three hundred to three hundred and fifty yards long. When his first train is completed he would despatch it along the running track with instructions to proceed steadily at the rate of twelve miles per hour. He would then hold back sufficient vehicles until, two and a half minutes later, he would

despatch a second train, and so on. As the vehicles composing the trains would be instructed to rigidly keep their distance, it follows that there would be trains despatched at two and a half minute intervals, or twenty-four trains per hour, with considerable gaps between the back of one train and the front of the train following it. These gaps would be of 500 yards, or thereabouts, as, with twenty-four trains despatched per hour, the leading vehicles of each train would be exactly eight hundred and eighty yards apart.

We now come to the duties of the constables at the important crossing places, such as Kensington Church, the junction of the Brompton and Knightsbridge roads at Sloane Street, Hyde Park Corner, Berkeley Street, Bond Street, and Piccadilly Circus. At these points the present staff of constables stationed in the main line would be no longer necessary, but those stationed in the side streets would, as before, hold up the traffic until the time at which the tail of a train is passing the opening of the side street. Even if the gaps between the trains on the east and west flowing streams does not then coincide, in most cases there would be time for the constable to signal part of his traffic through both gaps, but as soon as the train on the far side threatened to close the gap he would signal the remainder of the crossing traffic to turn into the parking space in the centre. In both cases part of the crossing traffic would be deflected and join the main line traffic, the other part passing right through, as above described. In this way the writer believes that continuous running can be obtained for the trains moving on the B lines.

We have now to describe the use of the space between the kerb and the A line which is reserved for A line traffic. This eight feet of roadway must accommodate all the vehicles which desire to turn to their left into a side street, or to stop and set down or take up passengers, or to deliver goods from light delivery vans. Passengers in omnibuses travelling on the B lines wishing to stop, or those who, at agreed stopping places, wish to get on to omnibuses on the B lines must signal to the conductor, and the driver will then move out of the B line into the A line and then

stop. If in the case of the omnibuses there are only one or two passengers wishing to alight or be taken up, there is probably time for their omnibus, which has moved out of a leading position from the B line into the A line, to rejoin the back of the same train after stopping in the A line. But if the stop is too long for this the stopping vehicle must wait in the A line to resume its position at the rear of the following train on the B line. The same procedure must be followed by private cars taking up or setting down passengers and for light goods delivery.

If stopping vehicles in the A line have cause to remain standing beyond a reasonable time they must at the end of this stopping time move out of the A line across the next gap in the B line into the nearest parking space. In many cases this parking space would be immediately opposite the place where they stop, but in some cases they would have to move along the B line until they come to a place where the street is wide enough to allow of such parking space.

It is obvious that these long gaps of five hundred yards absolutely clear of moving vehicles will give great facility and safety for foot passengers to cross the streets. Such gaps, when the trains are moving at twelve miles per hour, will allow an interval of nearly one and a half minutes, which should be sufficient for even the most infirm person to walk leisurely across. In fact, when the gap occurs, the street would appear to him to be absolutely clear of vehicular traffic, apart from that standing in the A line.

It is quite possible that in practice it will be found that the space occupied by the vehicles in the A line is so small that much of the A line street surface is unoccupied. If so, even horse-drawn vehicles may be allowed to use it during non-busy hours, for at these times it will be easy for a fast-moving vehicle in the A line to move out into the gap in the B line and so to overtake a slow vehicle, and regain the A line if he desires to do so.

At first sight this arrangement of confining the traffic to four distinct and separate lines, and of massing the vehicles in the running lines into trains may be considered so elaborate that it will be difficult to teach the public and private drivers to accustom themselves to it. But the

writer believes that our drivers have been so long trained to obey the present signs of the traffic constables that the training necessary for the success of this scheme will depend far more on the police themselves than on the drivers, though, of course, it will be necessary to issue literature to them explaining the principles involved and the advantage to be gained by the new system. In the case of the drivers of public service vehicles and of most commercial vehicles this can be done through their existing associations, who can without difficulty instruct their men. While to private drivers, whether these be the chauffeurs of private cars or owners who drive their own cars, cards of instruction could and should be issued by the great automobile governing bodies such as the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association, and the writer believes that all drivers, except those who drive for the first time in a large town, would very soon learn to conform to the idea.

At any rate, it will be seen that some scheme, either that indicated above or some modification thereof, must be adopted if we are to deal successfully with the problem of traffic congestion. The system can be adopted in piecemeal fashion, that is to say, lengths can be chosen on any of the great east and west routes and the lines marked and the police trained; then if success and increased speed followed, the system could be extended to the other congested thoroughfares of London.

The very considerable degree of success of the experiments on what has been called the gyratory traffic system in Parliament Square, followed by similar experiments at Hyde Park Corner and at some of the circuses, shows that at these difficult points the train and gap system advocated in this article would work satisfactorily and maintain its speed as much at these points as on the straight runs of the east and west roads.

But the train and gap system cannot be even tried experimentally until the police authorities make up their minds to deal with the present abuses of vehicles standing for long periods, often at most constricted points, in our busy thoroughfares.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE

By G. L. HOSKING

FEW people have time to make a study of any business other than their own. Even a modern Bacon, who should take all knowledge for his province, could scarcely include in that province the technicalities of particular businesses.

For a proper understanding of the business of industrial assurance it is desirable, first of all, to get it into correct perspective. Some critics persist in looking upon industrial assurance as, first and last, a social service. For that reason they point the finger at the big dividends paid by some proprietary companies, as though to conduct the business for profit at all were immoral. As in many other businesses, however, profit-making and social service are not necessarily incompatible. Better insurance service, as it happens, is rendered by some proprietary companies than by the Post Office, which aims, so far as its insurance schemes are concerned, at providing insurance without profit to itself. It does not, however, provide what the people appear to want, insurance which is brought to the door and is maintained by constant reminders that payments are due. The choice of the public may be indicated in a sentence. Since 1866 about thirty thousand contracts have been entered into with the Post Office, a number which is less than the average weekly policy issue of the largest of the thirty to forty big offices which transact industrial business. Further, although the Post Office takes no more than a shilling out of every pound of premiums for expenses, against anything from five to eight shillings taken by the offices, it is unable to offer appreciably better benefits. It has been suggested that this seeming anomaly is accounted for by the fact that the Post Office is limited by statute in the choice of its investments, and thus earns lower rates of interest than the offices. What perhaps is more to the point is that, generally speaking, the bigger the volume of business

transacted the bigger will be the benefits payable, and that a big volume of business can be secured only by means of full-time agents constantly canvassing for fresh insurances.

Practically the whole industrial insurance business of the country is carried on by two different types of office, employing between them about seventy thousand agents. Eighteen of these offices are proprietary companies transacting four-fifths of the business; fifty-six are societies. In theory, the societies are controlled by their members, either directly or through delegates; actually, the members have practically no share in the control, which is exercised by the agents and officials of each society. It has been remarked that, although no dividends to shareholders are payable, policy-holders do not get such good terms as they get from the companies. One explanation offered is that the proprietary interest instils more energy into the conduct of the business. Another, that the societies' agents are better paid—in one society the agents receive thirty-one per cent. of the premiums paid. The explanation usually varies according to the interests of the advocate: the company man will urge the former, the society man the latter. In point of fact, it is difficult to compare earnings. Not only do commissions for new business and rates for collecting vary, but in most societies books have to be purchased. A book, of course, comprises an established connection, the names and addresses of policy-holders being entered in collecting books. The usual price of a book is twenty times the amount which is collectible. Thus, if three hundred people are down to pay a total of £10 a week the purchaser would pay £200 for the connection. In reckoning his remuneration, therefore, the man who bought the book would have to take into account the interest on £200. A £10 book would be worth about £3 a week, including interest on the investment.

The success of both types of office (society and company) depends primarily on the canvassing ability of the outdoor staff; it depends as well on the organising and administrative ability of the officials and the skill with which funds are invested, but you cannot make bricks without straw, in the form of premium income. The

energies of the agent are stimulated by commissions for getting new business and payments for collecting the premiums on existing assurances. The system of remuneration does not vary much, although the rates vary considerably. The agent is paid the equivalent of so many times the premium for new business and a percentage of either the actual amount collected or of the amount he could collect if every policy-holder paid up as the premiums became due. The society agent usually keeps, say, the first twelve weeks' premiums; the company agent pays in the premiums and receives what are called the new business fees as an advance. In order that the company shall not lose over the transaction it is stipulated that a certain number of premiums must be paid or the new business fees be made good. In addition to these fees both societies and companies make further payments on the actual increase in premium income secured. The system may be illustrated by that of a single company. The agent starts with, say, a book comprising weekly policies, premiums on which total £10, and monthly policies, premiums on which total £40. These amounts constitute what are called the agent's debits. While all the policies remain on the books he would receive £1 12s. 6d. a week for the weekly collections and £3 a month for the monthly collections, whether the policy-holders paid the premiums due or not. If a policy-holder gets more than four weeks behind with his payments the policy becomes due for lapsing. In practice, however, the agent is allowed to keep the policy on his books for an additional five weeks, to give the assured a further chance to pay up. It is, of course, to the advantage of the agent to prevent lapsing, not only because what is called his collectible salary suffers, but also because the payment he receives for getting new business is affected. Suppose our agent induces a person to take out an insurance for which the premium is sixpence a week. He receives four shillings down as new business fees, but if less than thirteen weeks' premiums are paid the new business fees are returnable; he is not required actually to return the money, but he gets no pay for the next sixpennyworth of business he secures. He is also paid six

shillings for increasing his debit to the extent of the sixpence, but against that increase is set any business which has fallen out by lapsing. In effect a running account is kept with the agent, lapses being set against new business. For monthly business he is paid rather less than for weekly business.

The method of remuneration just described is known as the commission system. During the past ten years another method, called the block system, has been introduced and is now carried on extensively by one or two of the biggest companies. The idea originated in a recognition of the anomaly of a score of agents, each representing the same company, all being engaged in collecting and canvassing in the same area, sometimes even in the same house. Under the new system an agent has a particular area assigned to him, and when the change over from the old system has been completed one agent will collect the premiums payable to his company by all persons living in that area. Only companies or societies with big established connections can work the system satisfactorily. The extent of an agency depends on its situation. In large towns, notably in London, a block may consist of a section of a street or a single block of buildings; in the country the agency may cover many square miles. The more restricted the area the larger will be the amount an agent can collect in a given time. The difficulties of collecting cannot, however, be measured solely by superficial area. In the country, for example, although the agent on occasion may find his clients are out, frequently enough he will find the weekly premium and receipt book put ready for him on the kitchen mantelpiece. In a town agency he may climb up five or six flights of stone steps to find not only no client to answer his knock, but, needless to say, no money waiting for him. Many and many a time he will have a fruitless climb. Whether in town or country, it is reckoned that, on the average, an agent can collect at least twice the amount of premiums under the new system as he could under the old. In one company agency commission for industrial business has been abolished, so far as block agents are concerned. For the work of collecting the agent is paid

a salary which is based not upon what he has to collect but upon what he previously earned as a commission agent. In place of commission for obtaining new business his salary is increased periodically according to the amount by which he has increased the premium income of the company. This increase is calculated by deducting from the new business premiums the premiums which have ceased to be paid, for any reason.

The block agent receives help in getting business from supervisors and occasionally from men who have shown special aptitude as canvassers and devote their whole time to that side of the business. For this help the agent pays nothing. A list of likely prospects, mostly people already insured with the company, but judged able to increase their assurances, is prepared. The canvasser would be introduced with a certain amount of ceremony, and the chances are that business would be done. It might be thought that the most likely man to get any business that was going would be the agent, but experience has shown that a fresh face, a new line of argument, will often prove more effective than the familiar face and the familiar argument. Clients, it may be said, are remarkably loyal to their own agent; no business will be done unless they are satisfied that he will have the benefit of it. Getting the business is, of course, only one stage; unless the assured is really satisfied, the agent will have little chance of collecting premiums.

The special canvasser is not peculiar to the block system, but under that system his status has improved. In the old days he was often a man who, although in some ways essentially fitted for the business, had contracted a habit of mixing the company's money with his own. Deprived of his appointment, he was yet allowed to canvass unofficially for any representative who chose to employ him. He usually received half the agent's commission on any business he secured, and might receive a further payment from the supervisor. There is a touch of irony in the fact that he was frequently introduced as a gentleman from the head office, sometimes as the manager or actuary himself. Some of these unofficial canvassers were so

highly successful that they would hire a carriage and pair in which to drive round and make their calls. They would work a particular district for a week or two for all it was worth, and then, having exhausted its immediate possibilities, they would pass on to another district. They sometimes extolled the merits of what they were selling with too little regard for truth, and left behind them a harvest of trouble for the agent. Although it might be said that some people were tricked into insurance—provided the company was a reputable one and offered fair value for money—they could scarcely be said to have been cheated, in the sense in which, say, a housewife is cheated who buys a tin of brass-polish and finds it makes the door-knocker black instead of bright; they would be paying no more than other policy-holders for the insurance cover they had bought. The employment of these special canvassers was not recognised officially, and it was difficult to prevent undesirable men being engaged. In the long run it is probable that the unofficial canvasser caused more trouble than the business he brought was worth. The Industrial Assurance Act (1923), which came fully into force at the beginning of 1924, makes it illegal for any person not in the regular employment of a company or society to canvass for industrial insurance. If the managements of the offices concerned sigh at all over the passing of the unofficial canvasser it will probably be a sigh of relief.

In most companies and societies the work of agents is supervised by men who have been promoted from the agency ranks. In some offices there is a regular hierarchy of supervisors. A supervisor is paid a salary, and, as a rule, he gets rises in accordance with the success of the agents under his charge. In the big composite offices the staff is engaged on all classes of business, and, in addition, the agents collect cards and pay benefits in connection with the National Health Insurance. Remuneration for getting ordinary and general business is made mostly by way of commission.

On all ranks there is a constant pressure for new business, the impetus usually starting from the head office.

It has been contended that the result of this pressure is to induce representatives to "tell the tale." It is doubtful if a single highly successful agent could be found to concur in this criticism. A former manager of one of the big companies expressly denied the contention. "There is always plenty of business to be done," he said, "and there has been all my life with the company, and a man can do much more business cleanly than he can do corruptly. He may not always look upon it from that point of view, but that is the fact."

It would hardly be disputed that the pressure for business does result in the lapsing of a huge number of industrial branch policies. A slack or an incompetent representative, or one faced with difficult times, will often be tempted to get people to sign proposals knowing full well that they cannot pay even the first premium. The proposals are sent to the office, the policies are issued, and then within the space of a few weeks they are returned as lapsed. A very big percentage of lapsed policies have not cost the proposers a penny—although the insurance has been in force for some weeks—they have brought no profit to the agent, and they have entailed an absolute loss on the office. It might be thought that no agent or supervisor would be found foolish enough to waste time and paper on such transactions. To a large extent he does it simply to give the impression that he is canvassing hard; on the other hand, it does sometimes happen that a person who can afford to pay, but is only half convinced, will be won over to the idea of insurance when he is presented with the policy.

Perhaps the most satisfactory provision of the latest Insurance Act is that which gives the policy-holder or the office the right to refer a dispute to the Industrial Insurance Commissioner. This provision is as valuable to the well-established office as to the insured person. The desire of every reputable office is to pay claims without delay. As one witness before the Parmoor Commission put it, "It is tiresome not to be able to pay a claim at once." Although application can still be made to the County Court, or court of summary jurisdiction, where the

person lives, the chances are that most people will prefer to "write to the Commissioner about it"; and certainly such procedure will be more satisfactory to the office. Whether its cause be good or bad, a court case always involves an office in loss of money and prestige. The only people who may stand to lose are a few solicitors who have made a practice of taking up cases for poor people as a speculation. There was always the off-chance that the office would pay rather than fight. In any event it was usually a case of heads I win tails you lose. If the case was fought and the office won the chances were that it would have to stand its own costs. There was an idea current that a company or society could not be sued out of its chief office district unless security for costs were given. The fact was (and is) an office had to satisfy the registrar of the County Court that there was a good defence, and, generally speaking, the registrar inclined towards the plaintiff. An instance has been quoted in which an order was made for the deposit of £4, and when the case came up for hearing the judge dismissed the action with the remark that he did not know how a solicitor could have allowed a client to pay a deposit in such a weak case.

Although the conduct of the business by the big offices may not have been at all times above reproach, the real scandal of industrial assurance has centred in small collecting societies which have preyed upon the public. Two typical examples may be quoted. A collecting society was registered in 1909. In 1912 it had a premium income of £330 for that year; £181 was spent on management expenses and the rest, with the exception of £2, on claims. This £2 represented the insurance fund to meet contingent liabilities on six thousand policies. In 1913 the premium income was £238; £138 was spent on management expenses, and at the end of the year there was a deficiency in the funds of £60. By that time only twelve members remained on the books. The secretary constituted the society. Another one-man society was started and run by a man who had been dismissed by an insurance company for stealing its funds. It ran for eighteen months and was a source of substantial profit to its promoter. Its income

during the period was £2,195 and its expenditure £2,270, of which latter amount £118 only was paid in benefits. Several gentlemen bought directorships—which the promoter sold at some hundreds of pounds apiece—in the expectation of handsome profits in the future. No meetings were held. The man died and the society ceased to exist.

Prior to the passing of the 1923 Act a collecting society which confined its operations within a radius of ten miles of its registered office was not called upon to make the deposit of £20,000 required under the Assurance Companies Act, 1909. Not only will the deposit be required in future, unless the Commissioner grants a certificate of exemption, but the Commissioner will have much wider powers of investigation than previously existed. In particular, it will no longer be possible, as formerly, for the prescribed audit of a collecting society's accounts to be made by a chimney-sweep or a dustman or anybody else calling himself an accountant. The Act provides for the employment of the services of a public auditor appointed under the Friendly Societies Act, 1896. Further, valuations have now to be made by an actuary; this provision applies to every valuation made as from December 31st, 1924, or at any later date.

CHILDREN OF THE MORNING

BY W. L. GEORGE

CHAPTER III

ENTER CIVILISATION

ONLY as those very early years were left behind did the spirit of enquiry develop, and with it come those first noble things that part man from the brute. The most remarkable was the discovery of agriculture, a discovery no more conscious or purposeful than any other discovery. It came one day that Pepe, that most disagreeable and secretive little Spaniard, observed in the late summer that the wild maize which ran down the hills, stopping at the edge of the sand, had seeded itself, and that masses of seeds lay among the stalks. He gathered a handful, feeling and nuzzling them about, for the islanders used their sense of smell more than they would have done in the peopled world. For a long time, with the caution of the beast, he stared at them. Then, convinced that he was safe, he crunched a few, found them sweet and not unpleasant. He made a large meal, stopping only because he could eat no more. The average islander would then have slept in the shade, but Pepe had the instinct of the animal; looking about to see that he was not observed, he rolled several handfuls of seeds into a large leaf, and, hiding, fleeing when no man pursued, he went to the hole which he shared with Bob and carefully buried the seeds.

A few weeks later, having forgotten the seeds, he was surprised to observe a shooting of grass in the hole. He did not pull it up, indeed allowed it to flourish into a rank growth of maize which found its way out of the hole. But when again summer came Pepe was amazed to observe the miracle of the maize was happening, that seeds were falling at his feet. He thought about this for several days, entirely unable to connect sowing with the production of seed. But he was animal enough to connect cause with effect, as a dog connects a door with emergence into the open. He became curious. He buried the fallen seeds. When again the rapid seasons brought another crop he understood. Thus, out of animal fear, out of mean cupidity and low secretiveness, came the greatest discovery which the island was to enjoy. The laurel wreath of civilisation was to lie upon a mean brow.

Indeed, the discovery spread quickly, not because any child wished to provide stores of food, but because it seemed to them a game to bury seeds in the ground and watch their plants grow. The instinct to make a garden, so strong in human beings, operated so quickly that within two years, in various parts of the island, maize plantations existed. Since the seeds were edible and pleasant, play by degrees turned to industry. Finally, again by accident, quantities of seeds were buried in the sand where they could not grow, but where they were preserved from moisture. Thus, by accident, the storage of grain was dis-

covered. Inspected out of impatience because they did not grow, they were found intact, consumed during the winter, and little by little the islanders realised that maize does not always grow, while maize can always be eaten. Like dogs that bury bones, they began to bury their seeds to eat at another time. They were entering the agricultural stage of man. They were far above the beast which eats when it can, even though they were much inferior to the bee.

Dzon, being of a thoughtful nature, was naturally interested by this experiment, and out of this fact came an accident which brought him closer to Elnor. She had long been his friend, but she was not his exclusive friend. They needed suffering to bring them closer, and suffering came like this:

One day the children were watching the plantation of maize which now ran over a large portion of the eastern plain, because, for reasons unknown to them, it flourished better there. Dzon and Elnor had contiguous plantations; quite near lay that which interested Mord and her processional acquaintances. Dzon was troubled that day, for his plants were lower and poorer than those of his neighbours.

"Where is it?" he asked Elnor, and she understood that he asked where were the tall plants which ought to stand there.

"I don't know," she said. Then she saw tears in his eyes:

"Don't cry, baby," she said.

"I'm not crying," replied Dzon, angrily, but he did not resist when she patted his shoulder with a rough, well-meaning little hand.

It was at that moment Tsarlie came towards them, the big, red-headed boy who had fought Dzon in the boat. He listened to the conversation, giggling stupidly.

"Go away," said Dzon, for he did not like him.

Tsarlie laughed, then, in a teasing mood, dug his foot violently into the maize and kicked up half a dozen of the poor plants. Dzon, without speaking, flung himself upon the big boy, and together, growling, clawing at each other's faces, they fell among the plants, knit in combat. Elnor watched them without intervening, as woman in all times has watched men fighting. After a while Tsarlie's strength proved too great for Dzon, who fell on his back, while his antagonist, holding him by the neck, steadily banged his head against the ground. Dzon became almost insensible and so limp that Tsarlie desisted, rose to his feet, and marched up and down, laughing aloud, watched by Arry and several other children who had been attracted by the fight.

It was then friendship made Elnor go to Dzon, raise him to his feet, and give him the child's butterfly kiss which she remembered from infancy. Dzon was not much hurt, but merely shaken, and Tsarlie watched them, his smile vanishing, a new anger rising in his heart. Dzon was blinking and shaking the dust from his head; the attitude of Elnor, leaning towards him, lit up in Tsarlie the obscure sexual jealousy that hides in man. Uttering a yell, he picked up a stone and flung it at Elnor, hitting her upon the cheek. She gave a squeal of pain, and a trickle of blood ran down her face towards her breast.

Perhaps her cry would have failed to move him, but when he saw blood upon Elnor's cheek something came alive in Dzon; in his most

intimate being an emotion grew, bursting his breast; he was captured by mingled emotions of sorrow and of rage. Without another word he again flung himself at Tsarlie, and this time so infuriated that he brought the red-headed boy to the ground. It was mortal combat now. Holding Tsarlie by the throat, and though hurled up and down by the strong body which writhed under him, animated by a sort of cat instinct, he did not waste his time as Tsarlie had by banging his head against the ground: kneeling upon Tsarlie's chest, he clawed at his eyes, tearing at his mouth as if seeking to disfigure, to mangle, him. If they had been men, one would have died; but at last Tsarlie, screaming with pain, his face bleeding, his eyes fortunately untouched, rose from the ground, terrified, and trying to swing away from him the fierce little figure that hung to his throat like a rat to the muzzle of a fox-terrier. Terror gave him strength to throw Dzon aside and to run, followed by some of the processionalists, who cried out in glee until he disappeared under the trees.

Elnor was staunching with her hand the blood which flowed from her cheek, and Dzon, breathing heavily, his legs trembling, his chest shaken by sobs, his eyes full of tears of fury, watched her. He was exhausted. His whole body was numb. All strength seemed to have gone into this assault which had taught him chivalry. By the side of the maize patch knighthood had been born, and now it was to come entirely to fruition. Elnor, still crying, thought only of her wounded cheek; as he watched her, as his heart ceased to beat so fast and his sobs were arrested, rage gave place to a disagreeable emotion created by this trickle of blood. It was pity, though he did not know it.

So, after a moment, he went towards her, put his arms awkwardly round her shoulders, and kissed her cheek where the blood flowed, unable to express what he felt, that he would kiss the wound and make it well, as children do. As she felt his arms about her, as through contact sympathy reached her, Elnor cried less, then not at all. She laid her head upon his shoulder, and so for a moment they stood embraced, two little awkward figures, unaware of complicated emotions, both happy and comforted because together, perhaps because they were alone.

Any being rich in imagination would have found delight in this age of innocence, where nothing was known, where all had to be discovered, where only the life of man, that raw material of knowledge, moved about the desert like a spirit upon the face of the waters. Thus matters so commonplace, milk, a boat, a fire that smokes, all this had to be torn out of the limbo of ignorance by minds entirely untutored. These must have been years, even more eventful than those of a denizen of the nineteenth century who saw appear before his incredulous eyes Darwin, the cinema, and the motor car.

Naturally, one of the first developments was the discovery of new foods. Not long the children subsisted upon bananas and wild oranges; they soon became experimental, crunching guinea corn, of which great clusters, looking like lumps of green caviare, hung from pale green stalks. Some of the experiments were unfortunate, and one made by Geoff, who consumed a handful of castor beans, shed an aura of horror about that shrub. But the greatest step was taken when the children

passed from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. They began by eggs, which were left either in the sand, in the grass, or in the lower branches of the trees by the wild ducks, pelicans, palomas, plovers and ortolans, which either in the winter or at other times made a chattering chorus about the shore. They found eggs difficult, because to the end of their history they never discovered the simple principle of physics which bids one make a hole at both ends of the egg. Finally, eggs were eaten raw in the most unsatisfactory manner by being broken on flat stones and lapped up by islanders who had not discovered, and never were to discover, table manners.

But the egg is a low form of life, and the great step towards carnivorous feeding was to be made by Arry the Cruel. At an early age Arry had discovered the lusts of cruelty. Just as he had tortured a baby monkey, so did he go about catching beetles and removing their legs; once he found a brood of peccari cubs, and took them away for fiendish amusement. In pursuance of this habit, Arry one day discovered oysters barely covered with water, which had opened their shells. Curious and quick, he slipped two fingers into a shell, which promptly closed. The oysters of the island were a variety of large Blue Point, endowed with great determination, so that Arry, terrified and screaming, ran some hundreds of yards along the shore, the oyster firmly gripping two fingers. He rolled over and over in the sand like a horse maddened by flies. However, he was human and could think. Bending, he pressed down the lower shell with his toes, and tore the upper shell open. The oyster lay before him, vanquished and still quivering. The white face looked down upon it full of hatred. "This," thought Arry, though more simply, "is the thing which has outraged me. I hate it. It is strong. I wish I were as strong. Perhaps if I ate it I should grow as strong." Thus thought Arry, repeating in his brain the primal instinct which has created cannibalism. He would eat his enemy and thus acquire the virtue of his enemy.

As he raised the shell towards his lips Arrolld, who with Gracie and Lina had watched his agony with amusement, cried out:

"Don't eat that," said Gracie.

"Why not?" said Arry.

"It's not nice," said Gracie.

"It's nasty and green," said Lina.

A crafty expression came over Arry's face: "You think I won't eat it, but I will."

"It's nasty, Arry," said Arrolld, in the tone which a man uses to another when he says: "Take my tip, old man. Don't do it." Arry viewed them contemptuously.

"You think I won't eat it," he said, "because it's nasty and green, but I will eat it. I will." He raised himself upon his toes. "I can eat anything, anything in the whole world. And you can't. But I can eat anything."

He felt their repulsion. He was caught up by the pride of the creature who can eat anything. He ate the oyster under the impulse of anthropology. Then he was surprised to discover that this food was

very pleasant. Three days later, since in these minds all processes took several days, he cautiously returned to the oyster bed and allowed himself to be nipped, and ate so many of the oysters that he spent the rest of the day in heavy, animal sleep. He was emulated, and very soon, every day, the children could be seen in rows, stoically having their fingers nipped and devouring oysters. It may seem strange, but it was natural, that three or four years had to elapse before this primitive method of oyster-catching was replaced by Vera's flash of talent: instead of a finger, that might be made sore, she inserted a stick. Thus brilliancy of mind showed, and so we may dismiss the oysters, remarking only that, just as the discovery of agriculture had come out of meanness and secretiveness, so the discovery of the animal kingdom came out of lustful cruelty.

The children did not connect the oyster, the egg, and the animals which they were later to devour. To them there was no essential difference between a stone and a five-hundred-pound aguja. They were as lacking in reasoning power as a Chinaman who spits upon his joss when his prayer fails in effect. But he who has killed something alive to eat it will kill other things. Since the island was rich in animal life, not only in peccari and birds, but in herds of deer, in many rabbits, to say nothing of the wild goats, the cruelty of Arry, unsatisfied by anything so limp as an oyster, began to have play. It was he who first dared, accompanied by a few satellites, to hunt the peccari, and to strike at it with sticks and stones. He had no object in this, since it did not occur to him that peccari could be eaten, but he had discovered the joy of hunting, and, almost at once, throughout the island the hunting mania began to spread. Though Arry had invented cruelty to animals, it was Tsarlie, already a red-headed chief, who realised the joy of following, the joy of killing; quickly there grouped themselves about him half a dozen little boys, all younger than he—Leo, Jack, Feodor, and others. At last the islanders were no longer dwellers upon the shore, for the peccari led them into the foothills, then into the forests which mounted these hills towards the range of the south. For nearly four years the children had avoided the forests, since they feared them. But now Tsarlie's expedition went into the south, into the cool country, finding on the way new fruits, the wild pineapple, the guava tree, also the cocoanut palm. They went, without realising any beauty, through the great groves of satinwood, ebony, sapodilla, moho; they passed under the spreading shade of the banyan; they went through places of unearthly beauty, for in the clearings grew guinea grass taller than they, where the sun shone and where the earth was thick. About the trees grew the forty-foot streamers of the bougainvillea vine, crowded with mauve blossoms; there, too, the hibiscus blossom hung its blood-red bells upon the air, and a few poinciana trees were already crimson with blossom. Everywhere the world was red, except where a cassia held out its pale yellow blossoms. There was tropical almond, there were low fan-shaped palms, swollen bottle palms, tall pawpaw trees, from which fell juicy fruit which could be eaten. These lower forests and the wilderness of flowers gave place, when they mounted

the range, to the more dramatic and darker forests of logwood. But Tsarlie and his band saw nothing in an expedition that lasted several weeks. Theirs was an orgy of killing. Some had become so nimble in the use of stones that they could strike an animal where they would. They slew not only the peccari, but young goats; the deer were too fleet for them. But they learnt to hold both hands across a rabbit hole and, quick as wild cats, after waiting for hours, to seize the writhing little beast round the neck. Ignorant of their danger, they even faced the rattlesnakes, striking them across the neck with sticks. Aguti they met and slew, and only once did Tsarlie draw back. Lost in the guinea grass, he climbed a tree to see his way. Then, in the grass not far from where he had left it, he saw a long movement like a colossal S which travelled. The red-headed boy watched it, fascinated, eddying from the right to the left, then to the right again, an immense serpentine movement. Instinct told him to stay in his tree, and not for many years was he to know that a boa had passed him by.

Meanwhile the fates of the island were weaving another thread. While Tsarlie ranged about the forests, enjoying the greatest of human lusts, that of murder, others of a more peaceable mind stayed by the sandy shores of the island. These were Dzon, now definitely adopted by Elnor, Geoff, Rene and Truda, both little girls, and Haakon, the only Norwegian. There something was happening that had to come, and which must sow revolution. The children had landed upon the island with the idea of "house" in their minds, but as the years passed, as they grew accustomed to living in the open, like the sapajous, they forgot, and had to rediscover. The discovery was partly made by Sandy and Donal, who had warded off the rains from their hole by a sloping screen of dried palm leaves. This was imitated elsewhere. Then a brilliant mind, whose name is not recorded, joined two screens together along the crest. He had invented a roof. Soon the damp holes were replaced by these roofs of dead palm held up by poles. One day a cold wind blew from the north, and it occurred to Donal that, since a roof would ward off water, a side-screen would ward off wind. The little Scotsman thus built the first wall. It would be wearisome to pursue the evolution of the house, but soon a dozen huts stood along the River of the Plains, forming Home City, as we may call it, though it never had a name. Great effects were to follow from this city life, concentrated about Dzon, for after a while, seeing before them a civilisation akin to their own, Sandy and Donal abandoned their hole, descended into the plain, and brought to Home City two minds as cool and as original as any group of pioneers might desire.

Thus was being created the inevitable historic conflict; the men of Dzon were building houses, the men of Tsarlie were making arms. They were to know the song of war:

Roombah! Roombah! Roombah!
Yastarakan izeneer!
Roombah!
Tsash ya onanke! Tsarl!
Roombah! Roombah! Roombah!

CHAPTER IV

THE COMING OF LOVE.

TSARLIE, the eldest boy on the island, was thirteen; many others were twelve. There was still no unrest, but as civilisation developed upon the island so communities began to take some shape, the revolutions which afflict mankind came closer. They came closer silent and unseen, not revealing anything of themselves. Thus, one day Lisa, the pretty, loose-mouthed girl who associated with the sets composed mainly of boys, looked upon herself in a still pool up the River of the Plains and found herself fair. She did not know that she was fair. She knew only that it pleased her to look at herself in the water, to catch a glimpse of her yellow hair, and to draw from the glitter of the waters the reflected glitter of her eyes. After a while she tired, made faces into the water, kicked it to break up her picture, then created it again, but often she returned to the still water, not sure that here was another person who would not speak with her, not entirely assured that this was not a ghost which lurked for her. But near this water grew a tall hibiscus tree. One day, when it had burst into blossom, Lisa perceived that over each ear of the reflection lay two red flowers. Frightened, realising that this must certainly be a ghost, she raised her hands to her ears. The blossoms disappeared. She moved, they were no longer there. Again, as she shifted her position, they reappeared. She said aloud:

"It has flowers on its head. I will have flowers upon my head."

Lisa went down to Home City, her head garlanded with hibiscus blossoms. The children stared at her, but little by little others began to wreath their heads. In fact, as natural rivalry operated, broken shells were tied upon a fragment of cocoanut bark and slung round the neck or the waist.

The islanders did not know modesty, and until then they had gone naked without shame. Always they were to be without shame, since no virtue existed to give opportunity for sin. And so they were not seeking clothes. But swiftly the spirit of imitation, the spirit of rivalry, spread about complicated decorations, not only blossoms and feathers in the hair and collars of shells, but belts and skirts of cocoanut bark, of which large pieces could so be used. The natural instinct towards decoration caused the cocoanut fabric to be threaded at intervals with long grey streamers of Spanish moss. Little by little the islanders were clad, not for the sake of modesty, but that of ornament. It became unfashionable to be unadorned, and those who were unadorned felt ashamed; they felt inferior. It became a breach of etiquette to appear without ceremonial clothing; they were vain, as they were modest.

The clearest evidence of this, of this natural but strange creation of what we call a virtue, was that to the end of their life the islanders

clad their heads, their necks, arms and legs, but left bare all the part of the body which separates the neck from the waist. This for the simple reason that the human trunk is so shaped as to make it difficult to have anything upon it. Therefore, it was modest for men and women to appear bare-breasted; it became immodest to expose a bare neck.

In those years, when the children approached puberty, invention developed as it had never done before. Sandy, having amused himself by making heaps of compressed seaweed, discovered that when this dried it was almost solid. The savage instinct towards symmetry caused him to manufacture lumps in the shape of a brick. He laid one upon the other, then another. Unconsciously he was building up a wall. Soon the shelters of Home City, which warded off the wind and rain with difficulty, were replaced by huts with solid walls of grey seaweed. Palm was still used for the roofs, but now a castaway upon the shores would have made towards the settlement, knowing that here were developing men. It was such inventions bound them together, for comfort was here, shelter from the elements, places where grain could be stored. As time passed, about a score grouped themselves about Elnor and Dzon; from time to time Tsarlie and his people came down from the hills to throw stones and perhaps play. There was no fighting in the rivalry. In fact, these two groups were united by Mord and her processional friends, who had developed clothing to a curious ceremonial extent, making of cocoanut bark garments with trains decorated with coloured stones, and who, singing uncouth, wordless songs, paraded in the twilight dragging behind them their complicated apparel. They did not know what they were doing by their songs and their dances, any more than Tsarlie and his friends knew what meant their lust for killing, or than Dzon and Sandy knew why they built a city. Yet all three groups were giving an outlet to the same instinct, to the thing which hung above the island like a bird which casts a shadow upon the fields. Because they did not yet know love, and because love energy accumulated in their bodies, some slew, some built, some sang. And all these efforts mounted towards a common flame, towards a flame which was to ravage the island and to make its people into a nation.

Connected with this emotion was also a strange practice which arose in that year preceding the discovery of love: the snake dance. Until then, and especially since Tsarlie had taken to the hills, snakes had been killed casually, as were peccari, sapajous, agoutis, or any small beast. By good fortune no islander had been killed by the rattlesnakes, but in the preceding year it happened that Jimmie, more or less asleep in the lower limbs of a banyan tree, saw a peccari trot past him, a brown-grey shape uncoil from under its hoofs, the hood of the rattlesnake expand. He saw it strike the little pig, then disappear into the brushwood. The peccari was surprised by the onslaught. As a rule, instinct would have prevented it from trampling a snake, but it had stumbled across it, and now after a whimper it went on, but slowly. However, the poison worked swiftly, and not many yards away the little beast paused, surprised by its own discomfort. Jimmie watched it with

interest, saw it after a few minutes fall upon its side, struggle faintly to rise, then die. Since all dead animals were in those days toys, the boy went towards the little pig. No wound could be seen, but he realised that the bite of the snake had killed the peccari.

As a result, he took the information to the scattered camps. He did not explain that after a snake's bite one died, for it did not seem to him important to live, and he had no conception of death, but he did understand pain.

"Snake bite," he explained, making for clarity a gesture in the shape of an S. "They bite. Then you *isencer*."

"No?" said Phoebe.

"Yo," replied Jimmie. "Come." He led her to the spot where the peccari lay, explained how the snake had struck. Henceforth all snakes were slain as soon as encountered, and the snake dance occurred, owing to the multiplicity of contests which took place in the early summer after the breaking of the eggs and the emergence of the young reptiles. Led mainly by Tsarlie, expeditions went out then to beat the brushwood, look into the tussocks which stuck out of the sand. Snakes were killed in hundreds, and in the evening, as twilight fell and the moon rose, upon the sands scores of small figures, their necks victoriously garlanded with dead snakes, danced rhythmically, shouting the wordless songs of Mord.

That triumph, that savage festival, portended what was to come, and Mord, voice of the island, expressed it. For now, as there worked within her the force of the generations that clamoured to be born, she found her outlet almost by accident: she had discovered music; a split and empty cocoanut shell struck with a little stick could, she found, yield a sound that accorded with her song. The childish instinct to strike objects and make a noise quickly led to the perfection of the elementary drum: fibre was removed; the drum was thinned by scraping it with a flint; soon it was to prove a rhythmic tom-tom, while along the beach in the twilight rose the chant of the triumphant snake-dancers.

The chaos, however, was to gain some definition before the eldest of the children reached the thirteenth year. The unrest among the islanders was still indefinite, taking the form, as we have said, of music, dancing and killing; in the French boy, Zulien, who had hitherto led a lonely life, it took a form that was to influence still more the island life, but in others it was indefinite. It could not remain indefinite, and it is not remarkable that the first to find definition of instinct was Lisa, the pretty, little girl with the yellow hair and the loose red mouth. All through her short life Lisa had preferred the society of boys to that of girls, though she had never joined in their games. She liked to sit down, to talk to them a little, to watch them move, as if she gained satisfaction from their neighbourhood. Now she was eleven, and more developed than most of the other girls upon the island, already faintly womanly in her appearance, and womanly also in her excessive decoration. You will picture Lisa as she then was upon the threshold of her great adventure, her only adventure: she is not tall, but broad, golden-skinned, with round, plump arms, over which runs golden

down; everywhere the skin is tightened by the roundness of fat that lies about her muscles. Here and there, upon the sides, at the knees, upon the shoulder-blades, a satiny smoothness catches the light and glows. The blue eyes are bright, and look up through long golden lashes with an archness which means nothing that she knows. The mouth is red as ever, but now inclined to open upon the angular white teeth, as she gives a smile that a fox-terrier strives to give. She is a little beast, a gay little beast, which knows neither good nor evil, and which now is troubled without knowing why.

Lisa was the first to be smitten directly by the sickness of love. She did not know that she was in love with the force itself; she did not know that she found attraction in the boys about her; she wanted nothing, but found herself laden with a strange, delightful ache. She felt sick and frightened with it, not understanding what struck her, or why she suffered; sometimes she was languid and lay long hours in the shade of the trees; at others she paced the island, spending two or three days in mounting into the hills; she tore her limbs at brambles, she became filthy with earth, matted with sweat, exhausted and yet happy. Only when she was broken with fatigue did she find comfort from the strange pestilence which had attacked her.

It was tragic in a way, this struggle of Lisa against a state which she could not understand, for which she could conceive no remedy, to which she could imagine no end; but she found in the society of boys an alleviation which was also an exasperation. She returned from the hills on one occasion, her ornaments torn from her hair and neck by the undergrowth, her legs zebraed with bleeding scratches, her yellow hair stained and matted. She was wild, she was like something that is hunted, and sat down near the huts of Home City, exquisitely unhappy. After a while Dzon, followed by Geoff and Elnor, came close to her:

"Where have you been?" said Dzon.

"Up there," said Lisa, vaguely showing the hills.

"Have you seen Tsarl?" asked Elnor, for now Tsarl had become Tsarl. "He came yesterday and took my *tambo* away." (The French word *tambour* had produced "*tambo*"). "He ran away up there. Did you see Tsarl and my *tambo*?"

"No," said Lisa, not listening to her, her eyes resting on and exasperated by Dzon, who stood before her, long-limbed, his waist supporting a sort of ballet skirt of Spanish moss which he thought most fashionable. Also Geoff pleased her, a fair boy most comically adorned, since he had devoted all decoration to his ankles and wrists.

"Oh, go away," said Lisa, suddenly.

"Why go away?" asked Dzon. "You go away."

Without knowing why, Lisa began to cry. She flung herself down upon the sand, choking with sobs. She was hungry, she was tired, and she was wretched, inconceivably. Pity was an emotion scarce upon the island; some boys and girls felt an approximation to this emotion for each other, because they unconsciously attracted each other, but in

general there was no pity. So the three watched her weep as indifferently as they might have watched her sleep.

Something of her misery must have filtered to Geoff, for he went up to her, took her hand and held it in mute animal sympathy. He was surprised by the unconscious response of the little girl. The islanders were not given to fondling; so far, they had struck each other more often than caressed. Thus, when Lisa felt about hers the grip of a stronger hand, as this passed into her racked frame a comfort to which she could give no name, she clasped the kind hand. Then happened something pathetic. As if animated by an outer force Lisa laid her cheek upon Geoff's hand, and so remained weeping as if she begged him to release her from a cruel thrall. Geoff did not understand. It disturbed his cool mind that Lisa should so weep, and the others watched puzzled. They did not know that here before them unfolded something romantic and sweet. They were children in the garden of life, and age was overtaking them like a giant seven-league-booted. They were to know the song of love and the song of the Lord:

Ankel, yo enj abitti Ankel Bigankel!

Ankel, yo stoie abitti Ankel Bigankel!

Ankel, ovankel ulwin Ankel Bigankel!

CHAPTER V

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

THINGS were not as they had been on the island. Though Dzon and Elnor, and Geoff himself, had failed to concentrate more than a few minutes upon the incident, their minds had been marked by it. They were in no wise awkward, for they had been saved from civilisation and therefore looked upon kisses as neither normal nor abnormal, but only features of life like hunger and thirst. But there worked in them the ferment that was animating the island; though these two lived as they had done before, companions and playfellows, they now tended to quarrel more often than they had done. Dislike, which is another form of love, sometimes kept them apart for hours. But love, which expresses itself through dislike, soon brought them together again.

Geoff also was impressed: indeed, he was more impressed than either Dzon or Elnor, because he had experienced what they had not. He had learnt the quality of sadness which a woman conveys when she approaches the martyrdom of love. He had been stirred by her abasement, though he did not understand it, and so here was something from which he could not escape, which persisted in his memory.

Indeed, Geoff was affected peculiarly. He was attracted in an inverted manner. Lisa's caresses were associated in his mind with the blows he had given her; they went together, and so, the impulse not leading him to love, led him to brutality. Within a few days, encountering Truda, the silly little German girl with the yellow hair, he attacked and beat her for no reason. Indeed, this almost produced a breach between him and Dzon.

"Why do you hit her?" cried Dzon angrily, running towards Geoff from the shade of the trees.

"I don't know," replied Geoff, truthfully. "I don't like her."

Truda was crying, but not crying as Lisa had done. She was still too young to feel delight together with pain.

"Don't cry," said Dzon, administering a little comfort. "Go away, stupid."

"You go away," said Geoff angrily, "or I'll beat you, too."

But Dzon was thinking: "Why do you beat her?" he said again. Geoff did not reply, but Dzon repeated his question. Here was something which they could not understand.

Soon, however, over the whole of the island spread the fever that had originated in Lisa. Unable to recover the society of Geoff, Lisa marched into the hills, where she joined the band of Tsarl. Since there was no separation between the hillmen and the people of the plains, the excitement which then was raised communicated itself among the awakened. Not more than half the children felt the disturbance at first, and not all these were seniors. But these early emotions left none entirely unstirred. Some were touched by love, some by curiosity, and a few by the shame that bids mankind be uniform.

Now the ordinary life of the island was altered. The children still fed upon the various fruits, upon grain and oysters; they tended their patches of maize. They still made sand castles and played hide-and-seek, but often a change came over the games. The quarrelling and fighting were now almost constant, and the girls always led in this, proving fiercer, more aggressive, than the boys. Also the sets began to break up. They were no longer composed exclusively of boys, or of couples of boys followed by a girl; they tended unconsciously to a sort of equilibrium; they became mixed societies, where girls and boys were still treated alike, but where a consciousness of difference began to exist. Only the group headed by Tsarl was composed almost entirely of boys; since the girls greatly outnumbered the boys, there also formed a female set headed by Olga, the thin, dark, and disagreeable girl who had once contested the leadership of Mord. But, in fact, couples began to predominate, and it was from these that the island fever arose.

It was a strange and painful disease. Many sought solitude, hiding in holes as if to still their unrest; or couples went for long, exhausting marches, camping together for the night. Meanwhile, Mord, as if stung by the predominating unrest, led her singers, mainly in the night. Towards twilight, every night now, upon the edges of the forest a group would gather and sing songs that swiftly grew different from the war songs of old. They were soft, modulated; they had the quality of the nightingale singing to its mate. They were full of fluty sounds, of mild complaint, only at times becoming raucous and laden with a wild, a painful, discontent.

Life was hard upon the island in these months, for a sort of malevolence predominated. Tsarl and his boys raided Home City one night, upsetting brick walls, wrecking the patches of maize; Lisa, who continued at intervals her hopeless pursuit of Geoff, whom she distinguished among others because he had first stirred her innermost emotions, lay in wait for him and threw a stone which made a deep gash between his shoulder-blades. And Elnor—Elnor the gay, the sweet and steadfast companion of Dzon—went mad in this overheated atmosphere: a spirit of mischief inflamed her. It was she who, just before he lay down in his hut, dipped Dzon's bed of dry twigs into the river, so as to enjoy his exasperation.

And still the islanders did not love; they hung impatient and uneasy in the vestibule, exquisitely uncomfortable, not enjoying even the relief of knowing that an end would come to the disease.

It is not known which children were first taken by the hand by their emotional destiny. Here was nothing vulgar, nothing base. One may imagine that in some dark bower, where the Spanish moss drooped low from the branches of a banyan, making a curtain of darkness, in a place where flowers wove their garlands, two for the first time sought each other, found each other in incredulous joy. One does not know.

One may record, however, that in this time of fumbling, when the islanders were not younger than ten, not older than thirteen, instinct, which in them replaced reason, was working its way and taking strange shapes. For instance, as if the women already knew their master, the

population of the hills was increased by the migration of girls, who hitherto had camped mainly about Home City. They went singly or in couples, playing on their way, eating fruit and garlanding their heads with flowers. Thus, they did not know why, they marched into the hills, and one has a vision, entirely primitive, of the arrival of a new recruit in Tsarl's camp. Her limbs are laden with flowers, with shells, with plaited grey moss enriched with shining pebbles. She is barbarous, and she is sweet, for on her brow lies a thickly woven garland of crimson hibiscus, and her lips are stained with the juice of the guava, shining and red-stained as if she were a bacchante, her brow crowned with flowers, her mouth stained with wine. And she does not know that she is a bacchante.

The islanders were never to become psychologists, but no creature that moves lies beyond the web of that science. When emotions rose up swiftly, when desires were half-formulated, these human beings, who till then had been children, developed definite characters. Until then only the prominent people of the island had had what may be called temperament. Thus Tsarl was brutal, Dzon calm and kindly, Elnor mischievous but affectionate, Sandy thoughtful, Arry savage, and Mord lyrical. But now, as the spirit forced them, demanding to be satisfied, all those whose development had been slow began, like plants in warm weather, to grow, to throw out leaves, flower, and fruit, each one in his own fashion. A child such as Feodor encountered a young goat, and instead of throwing stones, seized it by the horns and fought it for half an hour until he broke its neck. Likewise, Bloo showed a craven nature, fled at night from his bed, screaming, announcing that Ankel was bending over him and would take him away. Generosity, meanness, stupidity, all this developed in head after head, as if warm air passed over a sleeping field, waking flowers into life. For here was the problem of man and woman: the islanders were soon to discover that here is the one problem that humanity encounters.

The most significant incident in this period, that is, the most psychological, concerned Dzon, Elnor, Arry, and a little dark girl called Loo. As Dzon and Elnor were passing through the grove of ceiba trees that lay some four hundred yards from Home City they heard the sound of weeping.

"Who's crying?" said Dzon.

"I don't know," said Elnor, indifferent, for no one took much notice of crying upon the island.

They were about to pass on, intending to go up into the hills, seeking fallen cocoanuts. But there came a cry for help, so that they paused.

"Oh, don't," wailed a girl's voice. "Arry, don't."

Dzon led, because within him moved a dislike of pain, and Elnor followed because he led. Here they paused, half indifferent, for it was only a quarrel. Arry, holding Loo by her long, black hair, was striking her with the ferocity of an angry child. She did not resist, and perhaps the others would have gone away, being well used to quarrels, if her pacifism had not impressed them.

"Don't," said Dzon, taking Arry by the arm. The boy did not

strike at him, but Dzon was stronger, and after a moment threw him to the ground, where he lay weeping as if his anger had turned to tears.

"Come with us, Loo," said Dzon, taking her by the arm, and she followed them, trying to wipe her tears. But she had not gone a dozen steps before she paused as the sounds of Arry's weeping came to her ears. She shook off the kindly hand and ran back towards Arry. She flung herself upon the ground by his side. She took his head upon her breast, and instinct made her rock him as she held him so. Because she loved him he might not weep.

Meanwhile, the flowering of life upon the island was taking another form. It was not for nothing that from Karl to Phoebe, from Phoebe to Mord, from Mord to Bloo, had spread the word Ankel. As they grew up the children knew fear; not fear of animals, but the fear of primitive man. They were afraid in close, dark places of the woods, because beyond these places something lurked; claustrophobia worked on them, made them rush out of the forest into a glade or to the beach. But even there they were not at rest if they were alone. There agoraphobia worked on them, made them feel immensely alone, moving specks between the eternal flat yellow of the sand, the eternal flat blue of the sky. Because they could not bear their own company they felt that some companion must stand at their elbow. They found Ankel waiting outside the dark places, Ankel stalking invisible between the two emptinesses of land and heaven. The immense disturbance of sexual awakening affected their nerves, so that not only did they feel Ankel, but some saw him. Indeed, soon there was a debate on Ankel:

"I saw Ankel," said Feodor, "but I wasn't frightened of him."

"You were," said Bella. "I'm sure I should be very afraid if I saw him. What was he like, Feodor?"

"He was like——" he could not build a metaphor, so lied "——he was like a *pussik*."

Bella stared at him respectfully: the word *pussik* had come through an English child from pussy-cat and now represented a mythological animal; "I should be frightened if I saw a *pussik*."

"He's not like a *pussik*," said Tom, speaking for the first time.

"I've seen him, too. I saw him this morning up there."

"And what was he like?" asked Feodor, incredulously.

"I only just saw him," said Tom, "and I ran away."

But another, more developed than these fear-haunted little savages, was Zulien. He was escaping the sex crisis by sublimating it in religious form. Ankel had oppressed him—so much oppressed him that more and more he withdrew to his hole to brood over Ankel, to commune with him. He was not afraid of him; he did not believe that something invisible could carry one away. To him Ankel was like a shadow; he was only thirteen, and so could not conceive the spiritual, but he could associate the material. Thus, as a little boy listening from his hole to the soft laughing of the waves as the tide rose, he thought: "This is Ankel speaking. What is he saying to me?" The first rays of dawn told him that Ankel had wakened with men and with beasts; the trails of saffron, emerald, and rose which formed upon the eastern horizon, these were the harbingers of Ankel, Ankel returning to

his own. The sun was Ankel, and it was Ankel who held up the moon, a pale disc of flame.

You will imagine Zulien, sitting on his haunches alone upon the sand, cupping his chin in a small brown hand. With vague eyes he looks into the east and worships. He is building a cosmogony. Because Ankel is, he loves Ankel; he would know the will of Ankel, so that he might do it; who is to say what will please Ankel? Ankel will not speak. Still, he strives to draw words from the laughter of the waves, the hoarse skirl of the rising pelican, the sighing of the wind in the leaves of the banyan trees.

"He will not speak," he says aloud, and suddenly, because instinct moves him, he throws himself upon the sand, holding out his hands to the dawn: "Tell me, Ankel," he implores, "tell me." And because Ankel is so real to him, Ankel speaks. He speaks like a little boy, tells Zulien that three white stones and three black ones make something pretty. Zulien arranges stones, and knows that this pleases Ankel. But he cannot find three black stones. "Ankel, don't be angry with me," he thinks rather than phrases. And Ankel laughs, so that Zulien is comforted, so that he fears no wraith, so that he is not alone, so that he exquisitely communes with the invisible who walks with him.

During that period, particularly among the women, the gospel of Ankel took shape. It was Zulien who expressed it, who stood among little groups which watched him in surprise because he talked so much and so easily, describing Ankel, begging them to love Ankel, to fear the wrath of Ankel. Zulien could not create a moral code, but he rose far higher in religious fervour: Love Ankel, fear Ankel, believe in Ankel. That was all his gospel. He was soaring far above the commonplace ethical faiths. His gospel was one of union with an eternal spirit, spiritual marriage, spiritual unity. Only later, as wrath seemed stronger than love, did the worship of Ankel grow more severe. In those days, in the innocence of Zulien, the act of faith was the act of love: St. Francis of Assisi, Molinos and Swedenborg had nothing to teach the little savage, mute, meditative, and nude.

But time was passing. Six months had elapsed since Lisa was touched with a wand that enforced upon her an unknown bidding. The unrest upon the island was making life intolerable, full of combats, of mischievous tricks, of sudden friendships and as quick hatreds. The islanders were approaching the moment when love was to create chaos, and when chaos was to be regulated. In other words, by approaching love they were approaching social life and the need to organise it, which is called government. Sexless, they could have lived in anarchy; lovers, they must build for their new dowry a municipal habitation.

Dzon and Elnor were last disturbed by the new emotions. Dzon was too calm, too reflective, to be smitten early, while Elnor wore a thick shell like a tortoise, a shell of brightness that concealed something yet untouched. Perhaps their companionship was closer than it had been; no longer did they fluctuate between the sets that formed and dissolved. Now, day and night, they were together, constant play-fellows, together seeking fruit, or making their first essays in swimming, which they had discovered by accident. But still between them the

ferment worked, and found its expression. One late afternoon, when the heat of the day had fallen, they awoke from a long sleep and, without communication, held by an unconscious bond, went towards the foothills. It was the fullness of summer, and upon the ground lay hundreds of guavas, of which they ate until they wanted no more. But they were wakeful, having slept so long, and so, idly, hand in hand, they went slowly into the hills, laughing for no reason, pleased to be together. At last they reached a glade, one of those glades where the sun concentrates and where there is a flowering on every twig. About them the heavy silence of the woods, broken only at times by the soft cooing of palomas in the upper branches. Heat is receding from the earth; the sun has dipped beyond the boughs of the banyan trees, and now stands as a mantle of gold, falling like a shower of stars between the boughs. The two children stand side by side, not knowing what to do. They turn up a stone, to watch, laughing, the scurry of the lizards. It is a scene intolerably sweet, crimson and mauve with hibiscus and bougainvillea; from a banana tree which has happened in this glade droop mauve spear-shaped blossoms, long as Elnor's forearm. About them in zig-zag flight go the butterflies—small, light blue, and dark, burnished blue butterflies—among which appears for a moment the sumptuous humerus, black and yellow, his wings eyed with blue. It is the beginning of the world, a world without paint, without regret, without shame, and its course is suspended while Dzon still holds up with his foot the stone which he has lifted to make sport of the scurry of the lizards. Foolishly, he withdraws his foot so that the stone rolls towards Elnor, striking her upon the ankle. She utters a cry of pain.

"Oh, Elnor," cries Dzon.

"Go away," she snarls, the charm for her broken.

"Oh, Elnor," says Dzon again, his heart heavy as it would not have been a year before.

He seizes the bruised ankle and rubs it, while Elnor, after a moment of resistance, submits. She lets him chafe the skin, which is not broken. Then she smiles. Not because she smiles, but because an emotion infinitely sweet, an emotion to which he can give no name, descends upon him, Dzon stands up, quite close to her. Their eyes are full of enquiry, though they can frame no question. Elnor does not know why she holds his hand.

Then, captured by the secret force, these two find that their arms have drawn about each other's shoulders, that they hold each other close, not as once when Elnor's cheek was torn and when she wept. They are close, joyous in contact, just joyous. So, in the first miracle, cheek to cheek, happy and yet not satisfied, Dzon finds that he seeks Elnor's lips with his. He trembles in half affright as these lips respond, to exchange with him the butterfly kiss of the child.

But as he holds her to him, feels strong with his sweet companion in the crook of his arm, he is conscious that this is not the butterfly kiss of the child. They were deafened by the voice which has no sound, lured by the light which the blind can see.

(To be continued)

NEW BOOKS

BY J. A. T. LLOYD

THE BOOK OF THE RED DEER AND EMPIRE BIG GAME. Edited by John Ross, F.S.A.Scot., and Hugh Gunn, M.A. (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, and Co.)

The armchair sportsman is almost as well catered for nowadays as the armchair traveller, or even the armchair strategist. Though the red deer is the *pièce de résistance* of this admirably produced book, he has many considerable rivals. In fact, there is hardly an animal within the limits of the British Empire that is not dealt with searchingly by one contributor or another. The wild animals of Canada, sport in Australia, hunting through African forests with the Pygmies, the pursuit of game in Malaysia, are among the principal topics. There is, too, a particularly stimulating chapter on sport in the far outposts of the Empire. All the contributors, indeed, know their subject thoroughly and at first hand, so it is wholly unnecessary, particularly from the standpoint of the general reader, to discriminate between them. In the chapter entitled "Big Game Hunting in India," however, there are some general notes on the temperaments, manners, customs, and actual dispositions of certain wild animals that are usually judged, rather too complacently, through the bars of their cages in the zoo. In this paper Major-General Nigel Woodyatt discourses on wild beasts as remote from one another as the tiger and the wild boar. He notes the fact that lions are becoming scarcer and scarcer in India, are noisier than the tiger, and are, like their brothers in Africa, apt to become audacious at night. The tiger he finds on the increase, and we have some discriminating notes on the old, old question of this animal's real measurements. The panther he considers a peculiarly dangerous quadruped, and one, moreover, that as a man-eater is in reality more formidable than the tiger, being considerably more cunning and bolder in actual attack. The leopard, too, can give points to the tiger, at least in quickness. The General accepts the more or less recent decision that this animal and the panther are the same species.

On the Snow Leopard or Ounce he has no personal information to give us, but he mentions a friend of his who shot one that measured over eight and a half feet in length. The Clouded Leopard seems to be a particularly good example of the protective coloration theory. Of this tree-climber he writes: "It has a somewhat peculiar greenish tint in its coat which makes it very difficult to spot up aloft. I once felt extremely foolish walking round and round a tree, trying to find one, while the whole village watched me. Eventually I made it out crouching low along a big branch and shot it through the head." The elephant is regarded as a truly wonderful animal, very properly protected in India, where it is difficult to get permission to shoot one except in the case of a "rogue," that is to say, "a solitary wild elephant, vicious,

destructive, and most dangerous." General Woodyatt pays a less obvious tribute to the wild buffalo, "a truly magnificent brute," infinitely courageous and equally aggressive, often charging at sight, without any protection whatsoever. The yak, on the other hand, is dismissed as distinctly timid, though it "has been known to charge time after time, when sorely wounded." The same writer gives us a vivid description of the "ringing" of the tiger, recalling an instance in which no fewer than five tigers and a black bear were encircled in a single "ring." The editor is to be congratulated on a really excellent book of its kind.

LONDON'S LATIN QUARTER. By Kenneth Hare. (Lane. 15s. net.)

There is an old gibe to the effect that when the American girl first plunged into the Quartier Latin things began to look cleaner and brighter, and there was good English tea; only there were no more great pictures in her immediate vicinity. Foreigners, in reality, have made little impression on the Latin Quarter. Even the Russians, swarming nowadays through the Boulevard St. Michel, fail to change the historically evasive stronghold of the arts. And now comes Mr. Hare, jauntily tripping along and maintaining that we have a Latin Quarter beside the Thames. But Chelsea is not Latin and will never become Latin, either in art or in life. No special pleading of this kind, no glorification of staccato stunts and improvised revels, will bridge the gulf, which is one of spirit rather than of geography. Long before the end of this book, indeed, the author throws his thesis aside and he quotes a few words from Mr. Oliver Brown, of the Leicester Galleries, which, in themselves, dismiss the parallel between Chelsea and the Quartier Latin. "Give an exhibition of the work of some new artist at Paris and that exhibition will be the talk of Paris. It is not so in London. A fortune must be spent upon 'publicity,' upon advertisement, that is to say, and foolish, irrelevant propaganda. Why? We have precious little talk in London at all, and that is about the truth of the matter. There is prattle about the craze of the moment, or about stockbroking, or about sport, all this allowable. To talk about art, however, is supposed to be 'highbrow,' that word borrowed from Yankee journalese, and by which the mob designate alike the obscure pedant and the man of creative genius."

Mr. Hare, as a matter of fact, is more concerned with Chelsea's alumni in the spiritual sense than with the thesis indicated by the title of his book. Still he can, and does, illustrate unerringly that neat facetiousness which we in England accept as a substitute for wit. He is conspicuously loyal to his friends; he is loyal even to their platitudes, which he reproduces on occasions rather too generously. And, though he is on quite safe ground in castigating the late Mr. Charles Garvice, his lecture to Mr. Bernard Shaw, by no means without point in places, might possibly receive in reply the sort of paragraph that would sting its way, at all events, through London's Latin Quarter.

Besides, Mr. Hare should not write of Milton quite in this key: "Lack of humour either broad or subtle handicapped John Milton in his pursuit of domestic bliss." Mr. Hare's own sense of humour, however, is sure enough at the right time, as, for instance, on that occasion at Shoreham when he was bathing with the proprietor of *McClure's Magazine* and Percival Gibbon: "The millionaire was an insignificant little blighter. I was struck by a sudden fancy. 'I've never drowned a millionaire yet,' I reflected aloud, and I plunged the little fellow under the water. When Gibbon saw what I was doing he behaved with a quite Continental lack of self-restraint. 'Stop that, you damned fool!' he cried, splashing towards me frantically, 'you're *drowning my income!*'" For the rest, though a cynic may detect, both in the matter and manner of this volume, an oddly sensitive interpretation of *bon pour Londres*, the general reader will probably find a good deal of entertainment in its lively pages.

JL

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