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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

No. DCCXLV. NEW SERIES. JANUARY 1, 1929.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

My title takes on a peculiar appropriateness—writing as I do in mid-December, with the year fast ebbing to its close whilst the King's subjects watch with alternate hope and fear the daily rise and fall of the tides of life and death.

We have, most of us, in all these years accepted King George as if he were part of the natural order—much as we accept the British Constitution. Within these last weeks we have been forced to realise the quality of service rendered by the Head of the British Commonwealth—who is in reality its First Servant. No subject has been more strictly bound by a sense of duty than the hereditary monarch, and no man in any post has more constantly brought to his task that goodwill which refuses to be limited even by a conscientious discharge of his post's obligations. The King has more than once spoken or acted in a manner that was not expected of him; he has surprised his subjects; and yet the action or the utterance was invariably stamped with a modesty which made it impossible for anyone to take offence, because it was impossible not to perceive the perfect modesty and good faith which governed, and the good heart which prompted it.

The result has been that when danger to the King's life threatened, ordinary men and women of the world did not think about the political consequences, the effect on business, or the like; they thought and spoke about "the poor King" as if he were an old friend, held in long affection. A personal relation had been created whose existence few suspected.

Each of us will think of King George's reign in terms of the matter which most interested him. Mine was Ireland—and could there be a sharper test? For when the reign opened, party strife over the question of Ireland was fiercer than at any time for at least a century. The King, still new to the throne, stepped beyond his normal attributes when he called the Buckingham Palace Conference in 1914. No settlement resulted, but the Irish leader came away from those meetings convinced of the Sovereign's desire for justice with appeasement, and profoundly touched by the courtesy he had received. It was not that he counted on support; he knew that the King had done his utmost in calling the conference, and could not weigh upon its issue. But he felt that he in his own difficulty had the sympathy and goodwill of the King.

Then came the War, and Redmond's friends will not forget that the King showed his sympathy with our leader by letters of condolence on his brother's death, met on the field, and of congratulation on his son's decoration, earned on the field. It was wise that the King should write such letters; and yet we did not feel that he wrote them because it was wise. But Redmond did not continue to represent Ireland, and during the War events embittered relations between England and Ireland. After the War, abominable actions on both sides were on both sides justified, all the more fervently because they were inexcusable; feud was savage between the two countries, and those who spoke for insurgent Ireland angrily repudiated the Crown. Whether as a Sovereign or an Englishman, King George might well be excused for losing all goodwill to Ireland. Yet in all that time every intelligent observer was aware that the King's mind was bent on appeasement; and the first hope of a settlement was given by the King's Speech, delivered in person, not without risk, at the opening of the Ulster Parliament.

There is still a numerous—though decreasing—party in Ireland which desires complete separation and a Republic. Yet even among those who object to the throne as an institution I do not think one could be found to allege anything but helpful friendliness shown by King George

to Ireland. And considering the facts, I do not know how king or man could have given stronger proof of magnanimity than this implies.

The English, who did not think out their constitution, but evolved it by a subconscious process of adjustments, have also by the same instinctive moulding slowly produced a breed of constitutional rulers. Such a monarch is enclosed by innumerable fences or restrictions, most of them undefined, because they are of custom, not of statute. There is a mass of precept as to what he may not do. But for what he is to do, other than the performance of his ceremonial duties, nothing is laid down, nor can be. Yet the English genius helps him, for it is continually evolving and modifying the unwritten code of conduct which governs the life of an English gentleman. This code rules out whatever has a touch of flamboyancy; it demands that a man shall say little about what he has done or is going to do, but shall be in action always a little better than his promise, and shall be candid and even generous in his construction of other people's actions.—In addition England likes that a gentleman should be God-fearing without ostentation of piety; if he is also a keen sportsman, the gentleman is the more to English taste. I do not know that, beyond observance of these few rules, there is any secret of policy by which King George has won the simple respect and affection of his people. Certainly no king ever sat on the English throne that was so completely and typically a modest English gentleman.

The leader of Italy has been formidably eloquent of late, and not without provocation. An Italian subject, wishing to return to Italy, applied to the Consul at Marseilles for the necessary papers, was refused, and thereupon shot the Consul dead. A French jury found him guilty of manslaughter, and the sentence was of two years' imprisonment—a little more than would be imposed upon a sympathetic lady who had shot her lover. Italy foamed up, French Consulates were attacked by window-breaking mobs, and Italian officers began to return French decorations with contumelious messages. There is no

sort of doubt that the judge and jury in this case did France an ill turn, and the French Press admits as much.

But trial by jury is in essence an appeal to public opinion, and there is no mistaking that Il Duce's *régime* banishes from their native country many Italians whose banishment is condemned by the public opinion of Europe. The jury refuses to consider a man as a simple murderer who furiously resents this *régime*.—Also, French juries begin to claim the right of discriminating in cases of homicide. The other day in a clearly proven case a French jury asked for assurance that the death sentence would not be pronounced, and when that assurance was refused they returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Public opinion in France has definitely moved away from the simplicity of the *lex talionis*; it thinks (in Goldsmith's phrase) that "a very little blood will serve to cement our security."—And probably we are less convinced than we should have been a quarter of a century ago that this proves the inferiority of France—and of the Latin races.

One thing, at all events, is certain. France in the close of last century was beset by the inferiority complex. Some readers may remember a book by M. Demolins called *A quoi tient la Supériorité des Anglo-Saxons*. It had a great vogue in England, where readers found no difficulty in accepting the author's thesis. But this was accepted also by some of the ablest Frenchmen. It was accepted, for example, by Marshal Lyautey.—During the first week of December, the African Society of London and other bodies competed with one another to see which should heap most honours on the head of this great soldier and still greater colonial administrator. Yet we have Marshal Lyautey's *Letters from Tonkin and Madagascar*, published only in 1921, but written long before, and here is a characteristic contrast from them:—

Ils (les Anglais) ont un personnel, nous n'en avons pas. Il y a chez eux une école, une doctrine, une méthode coloniale, basées sur l'expérience, d'où sont dérivés les principes, essentiellement souples et élastiques dans l'application, laissant à chacun le soin des détails, la large initiative, la latitude de varier les formes à l'infini. Chez nous, pas d'école coloniale, pas de principes, autant de méthodes que de personnes, et souvent quelles personnes!

• That was written in November, 1894. Since then, France has solidly established her rule from the Mediterranean to Lake Tchad, and from Lake Tchad to the Atlantic. She has mastered the jungle and mastered the desert. Whatever else may be said against these achievements, no human being can deny the energy and supple initiative which Frenchmen have shown all over this vast field. But a single instance is more conclusive than any general affirmation. Twenty-five years ago, Morocco was a country without roads, without bridges, and without law. No man, Moor or European, could travel in safety for three days' journey. To-day motor cars run all through Morocco, and the roads are safe by day and by night, because Morocco has become a French protectorate. To establish themselves, the French combined industrial enterprises with military operations; but in August, 1914, the military task was far from complete. The French line was flung out on a wide half-circle reaching to the Atlas, and General Lyautey received the order to fall back on the seaports and send home thirty thousand men. He sent home the men—and far more than thirty thousand; but he refused to fall back. "An egg holds together till the shell is chipped," he said. Every Frenchman within reach was enrolled, Senegalese troops were brought up from recently conquered territories; the line far out on the mountains was not only maintained but advanced. In a merely military sense the conquest of Morocco was proceeding while the Germans were fifty miles from Paris. This was only possible because at the same time the work of organisation went on also. *Un chantier vaut un bataillon* was another of General Lyautey's sayings, and he established enterprises all through the country. That meant a distribution of money; but above all it meant that France was there to stay; the Moors believed, and were not sorry to believe.

Twenty-five years ago, Morocco was a picturesque survival—a paradise for the anthropologist, where costumes and manners of pure mediæval stamp lingered uncontaminated. To-day Morocco is part of civilisation, and Marshal Lyautey's work stands to the credit of

France. But he would be the first to say that it is typical of the whole process that has gone on since first he entered on his career as soldier and administrator overseas.

The extraordinary interest of his Letters derives from the fact that he entered on this new phase of life at forty-two years old. "Too late for a career," he said at the time—but not too late for experience; and the Letters begin by the picture of a nature athirst for experience and for adventure. He had been a cavalry officer, with periods of staff work; but he had never seen a shot fired in war nor had a piece of government entrusted to him. He had lived the life of a smart cavalry officer; thirty-four years of labour and hardship have not removed that stamp from him; he had been a sensitive student of art and of letters; but he wanted more from life. In Tonkin he fell in at once with Galliéni, already famous for his campaigns in Africa when the hinterland of Senegal was being reduced. Galliéni gave the newcomer as much as he wanted of hard work, danger, responsibility and initiative. Two years later, Galliéni went to subjugate Madagascar, and sent for Lyautey to be his chief of staff. These campaigns are vividly described, for the Marshal is one of the men of action who can write vigorously, and at times exquisitely. But the interest lies specially in the earlier letters, which describe how a born soldier and administrator made his first contacts with war and with administration at an age when his intelligence was already matured by experience. Two things stand out—his contempt for the French system, and his admiration for the French. "No better stuff in the world than our men," he says, and his book abounds with proof.—For the system, one instance must suffice. Galliéni applied for money to put up sheds which would protect great quantities of stores concentrated on the Chinese frontier. He could get no reply, so he allowed gaming houses to be opened along the border; he taxed the tenants of them and built the sheds. Then came the Quartermaster-General to tell Lyautey (chief of staff) that the money would be forthcoming in six months. Lyautey said that the sheds had been built, and had saved a million francs' worth of stores from destruction by the rains. The

answer was: "I would rather see a million francs' worth of supplies lost than think they had been saved by irregular proceedings."

There are irregularities and irregularities.. The curse of France has always been her speculators, the very worst in Europe; again to-day the newspapers reek with the stink from "irregularities" of a very different order from Galliéni's summary methods of raising money for a military purpose. The worst of them is that they undermine the self-respect and destroy the self-confidence which have been created by a generation of splendid soldiers and administrators, and not less by manufacturers and merchants who have the pride of artists in their work. Yet if France was thirty years ago a sick country—as Marshal Lyautey believed, she is a sound and strong country to-day, in spite of her plungers on the Stock Exchange. Enthusiasts for athletics will think that France's growing interest in athletic sports is at least a minor cause of the improvement. It is anyhow a symptom. Nothing moved Marshal Lyautey's surprise and admiration more, in the days when he was merely an observant staff officer, than the provision made for games in every British cantonment—at Aden, at Singapore, and so on. A lawn tennis court was one of the first things provided. Little did he foresee in 1894 how his fellow-countrymen would come to tyrannise over our English competitors at Wimbledon.

It would be pleasant if English lawn tennis players could turn the tables on MM. Cochet, Borotra, Brugnon and the rest as English cricketers have turned them on Australia. In the early matches of this tour, things looked as if no side was going to get the other out for less than fifty runs a head; but England at least has produced bowlers that could beat the bat—on one occasion. Still, there have been too many instances of an innings over 400 runs; and the number of men bowled leg-before-wicket, even under the existing rule, shows to what an extent batsmen have come to rely on this second line of defence. Bowlers who can make a ball break should be given all the advantage of their talent.

In our times (and heaven knows they have not lacked incident) surely nothing more curious or significant has happened than Ghazi Mustapha Kemal's drastic change of Turkish dress and the Turkish alphabet. The Ghazi is, we may suppose, a nationalist; he stands—most effectively—for the individual freedom of Turkey; yet he sets about abolishing the very things which elsewhere are accounted the precious vases in which alone the spirit of nationality can be preserved. In Ireland our new rulers are ordering us all to learn and to use a tongue which is admittedly ill-equipped for modern purposes; they even preserve a script which is not really different from the English (being only the black-letter Roman alphabet) but is difficult to read. There is as yet no mandate for the kilt, which may or may not have been worn in Ireland some centuries ago, but fervent nationalists wear it on principle. The truth is that the Ghazi has no fear that Turkish nationality should evaporate; whereas elaborate precautions to provide Ireland with glass cases for the preservation of hers show much anxiety.—However, one pleasant expression of national being is found in the issue of Irish banknotes, which the designer, Sir John Lavery, has adorned with the shawled head of an Irish colleen—strangely recalling the lady whom he has most often painted. As compared with the new English issue, the Irish design has very much the better of it artistically. Also, what is more amusing, we have a new coinage. A committee of artistic persons, on which Mr. Yeats was active, invited designs, and an English competitor, Mr. Metcalf, was the winner. On all a harp is the reverse, but the obverse shows (on the different coins from half-a-crown down) a hunter, a bull, a salmon, a sow with her litter, a hen with her chicks, and a woodcock. The game fish and the game bird make the best designs in a series which has real charm.

It is perhaps well to keep assuring people that nothing is happening in Ireland—except that streets begin to be torn up, as cables are laying for the Shannon-driven electricity.—Elections to the Senate (for nineteen vacan-

cies in a house of sixty) were held for the first time on the new system, Senate and Dáil voting together and selecting from one panel submitted by the Senate and one by the Dáil. Mr. Thomas Johnson, formerly leader of the Labour Party in the Dáil, is the most notable addition; of those who had sat previously General Sir Bryan Mahon, who commanded the 10th (Irish) Division at Suvla Bay, is re-elected; so is Mr. Andrew Jameson, head of the famous distillery and also chairman of the Bank of Ireland—a shrewd and most persuasive speaker, who can be most effective without leaving the tone of ordinary conversation. So also is Mr. S. Brown, K.C., a lawyer who has proved his usefulness to the Senate; and so is Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty, a wit and a poet, who figures largely in Mr. Joyce's *Ulysses*.

These choices do not show any set of the wind towards revolution. However, Mr. de Valera's party have elected one man who perhaps more than any other caused the outbreak of civil war after the Free State started: and this party will now for the first time be definitely represented in the Senate. But that body will probably exercise on them the same calming influence that the Dáil has cast upon Mr. de Valera.

On the whole, parliamentary institutions tend to justify themselves; and more by their educational effect than in any other way. The process is at work in Ireland. It is at work, and is needed, even in the Mother of Parliaments. Westminster saw Mr. MacDonald, backed by Mr. Thomas, reading a lesson to members of the Labour Party who opposed the provision of pensions for diplomats. The view of these objectors was that nobody was worth a higher salary than that which Labour Members think proper to accept for their own services. It is well to have such views thrashed out in public.—In countries where representative government is not quite so well established as in Great Britain—Rumania, for instance—more elementary lessons are being learnt. The present party which has come into power there is said to be going to hold elections—and not to “make” elections. In Jugo-

Slavia, the fact is being driven home that something must be done to meet the case of Croatia; and that something, as is proved by all experience of democratic government in countries which are not homogeneous, must be federalism—a union of self-governing States.

Meantime the United States continue their surprising career. It is considered probable that Mr. Kellogg may persuade the Senate not to refuse the compact which Europe accepted at its instance. The danger is, however, that the Senate may feel placed on a slippery slope. If it joins the Kellogg Pact, it may seem coerced to enter that other covenant, the League of Nations—which also Europe accepted at the instance of America.—But the way towards accepting the renunciation of war will be made easy by assuring America that the Cruisers Bill will provide America with all that can be desired or dreamed in the way of armament. Renounce shooting; but cram the magazine of your automatic with every cartridge it can hold.—Mr. Lloyd George has discovered his mission: he has started a peace crusade. If there is one man living who can drive home the disastrous irony of the present situation, Mr. Lloyd George is he. And if there is a man living who should understand the matter, it is the Minister who won the war by such prodigality of outlay as imagination never dreamt of. Nobody is better qualified to teach even America that what you spend in advance is a mere indication of what you must spend if modern war came. Yet there is one thing that Mr. Lloyd George refuses to grasp—the distinction between men and machines. Machinery cries out to be used before it perishes or is obsolete. Men, even trained men, do not want to be blown to bits. A Power, especially a democratic Power—like France—whose strength is in men (and rifles) is incomparably less of a threat to peace than even a democratic Power—like America—whose strength is in purchasable machinery. It takes four million men to use four million rifles; a couple of thousand can work two super-cruisers, which would cost about the same as the rifles.

ANGLO-FRENCH FRIENDSHIP: RETROSPECT AND A MORAL

BY SIR THOMAS BARCLAY

It is usual to speak of the friendship which has so happily prevailed between the British and French peoples since the beginning of the century as the *Entente*, and at the outset the term was appropriate to the new feeling which had grown up between them. Later on, however, it came to have a tendential character, and the phrase "*Entente Powers*," which came into use shortly before the outbreak of the late War, shifted its meaning from that of a general friendly understanding to that of a specific purpose. This has been further exemplified by the term which has caused so much agitation of late of a Naval *Entente*. The object of this article is to detach the original from its later meaning, which is not only misleading but mischievous, and show for what Anglo-French friendship stands, how it originated, and why it must be fostered as a popular movement independently of party Governments and diplomatic combinations.

* * * * *

There had been many attempts to bring about standing friendship with France, and there had been two great advocates of it, Lord Brougham and Richard Cobden. Under Louis Philippe, the *bourgeois* king, the attempts to bring about an Anglo-French understanding were frustrated by Guizot's restless foreign policy, especially in the Levant, and by the King's ambitions in regard to the Spanish succession. Louis Napoleon made strenuous efforts to bring about good relations with Great Britain in order to consolidate his position in Europe, but the Crimean War was not popular enough in either country to strengthen the bonds of amity he hoped would result from comradeship in arms.

Lord Brougham's ideal was too intellectual to strike any roots in public opinion, and Cobden's efforts, though they brought about a very friendly feeling towards France in

Great Britain, did not meet with the response he sought to bring about in France, where the industrial *bourgeoisie* regarded the Treaty of Commerce of 1860 as detrimental.

The refusal of the British Government to exercise any pressure on Germany in favour of France in the peace negotiations in 1871 made the whole French nation unfriendly, and the negotiations for a new Treaty of Commerce after the expiration of that of 1860 failed. The Protectionists gained the day and became so strong a political force in the country that even Gambetta's advocacy of Free Trade was in vain, and on the breakdown of the second effort made to come to terms, all that could be got for British interests was the most-favoured-nation treatment under an Act of Parliament which was renewed from year to year.

Thereafter for many years British and French statesmen carried on a sort of diplomatic guerilla. Gambetta, with his foresight, which was greater than that of his contemporaries and his successors for many years to come, appealed to his countrymen in a now forgotten speech in Parliament, which the present writer heard with a thrill of emotion, not to jeopardise friendship with England. His words were pronounced with the solemnity of a man who felt that he was giving what might be his last message to his country. "When I behold Europe," he said, "this Europe which has bulked so largely to-day in the speeches delivered from this tribune, I observe that for ten years there has always been a Western policy represented by France and England; and allow me to say that I do not know of any other European policy capable of helping us in the direst emergencies which may arise. What I say to you to-day I say with a deep sense of a vision of the future."

It was not, however, until the Fashoda affair that politicians realised the mistake which had been made in not following Gambetta's advice.

The unfriendly feeling of Frenchmen towards England, however, was confined to their "traditional enemy." Even in the worst days of Anglo-French embitterment

- the French were always ready to listen with a friendly ear to anything about Scotland. No French *lycées* is allowed to forget the "ancient alliance." Nor has it been forgotten that there was a time when every born Scotsman was a French citizen.

At the now extinct Historical Society members rallied to the ideas suggested by one of them that a Franco-Scottish Historical Society ought to be formed to study the existing materials in the two countries concerning the alliance. The idea matured in France and in Scotland, and it culminated in the formation of the still existing and active Franco-Scottish Society. It was felt by those who were concerned in its origin, Lord Reay, Sheriff Mackay, Principal Doneldson, Professors Burnet, Patrick Geddes and Kirkpatrick, MM. Léon Bourgeois, Lavis, Jules Simon, Ribot, Léon Say, Paul Mellon, the present writer, and many others, that the extrinsic value of the Society might be the promotion of a better Anglo-French feeling generally. Banquets were held in the Sorbonne (the first ever held there) and in the Hall of Edinburgh Castle, and the favourable impression produced in Paris exceeded expectations. The year 1895 seemed destined to become the starting date of a new departure in French public opinion.

Three years later the Fashoda affair, however, destroyed all hope for the time being of this betterment.

It is just a generation ago since on account of the Fashoda affair this country and France came within an inch of war over what seemed to the general public in both countries a mere diplomatic quarrel. It soon, however, took a different aspect when it was represented on the one side of the Channel as an attempt to negative the result of the reconquest of the Egyptian Soudan and frustrate the British scheme familiarly described as the Cape-to-Cairo railway. On the other side of the Channel the real "bone of contention" never excited much interest, but that the French flag anywhere had to be hauled down at the dictation of a foreign Government wounded the national pride and aroused a deep feeling of resentment—a feeling which grew to fever heat when the public learnt that the British

had no better claim than the French to the Bahr el Ghazal. The Marchand expedition laid claim to it as prior occupant, and had planted its flag at its chief town, Fashoda, as a sign of *prise de possession*.

By many in the interest of peace the conflict was represented as a storm about a valueless swamp on the Upper Nile, but as Bahr el Ghazal is a country of several times the area of Great Britain, those who were responsible for the adequate protection of the national interest could not treat the matter with indifference.

This, however, was not enough to justify war in the eyes of ordinary citizens. The two Governments nevertheless took steps to be in readiness for all emergencies. The mayors of the French Channel ports received instructions in view of a possible conflict. Cherbourg was supplied with munitions and stores of all kinds as the chief northern naval station. The Mediterranean Fleet passed Gibraltar with lights extinguished to join the North Sea Fleet. The British Mediterranean Fleet was sent to Alexandria. Portsmouth was active in preparations for possible emergencies.

Then the French Cabinet sent instructions to Marchand to haul down the French flag and come home.

A campaign, however, for the evacuation of Egypt continued in France, and this embittered Anglo-French relations till the end of the century. It was called in England a policy of pin-pricks. Sir Edmund Monson referred to it in a memorable speech at the annual banquet of the Paris British Chamber of Commerce in the following terms:—"I would earnestly ask," he said, "those who, directly or indirectly, either as officials in power, or as unofficial exponents of public opinion, are responsible for the direction of the national policy to discountenance and to abstain from the continuance of that policy of pin-pricks which, while it can only procure ephemeral gratification to a short-lived Ministry, must inevitably perpetuate across the Channel an irritation which a high-spirited nation must eventually feel to be intolerable. I would entreat them to resist the temptation to try to thwart British enterprise by petty manœuvres, such as I grieve to see suggested by

the proposal to set up educational establishments as rivals to our own in the newly conquered provinces of the Sudan. Such ill-considered provocation, to which I confidently trust no official countenance will be given, might well have the effect of converting that policy of forbearance from taking the full advantage of our recent victories and our present position, which has been enunciated by our highest authority, into the adoption of measures which, though they evidently find favour with no inconsiderable party in England, are not, I presume, the object at which French sentiment is aiming."

This part of Sir Edmund Monson's speech excited more animosity than ever, in spite of compliments paid by the Ambassador to M. Delcassé.

* * * * *

"Never again" was the *mot d'ordre* of many leading Englishmen and Frenchmen, among them M. Loubet, the President of the French Republic, and the Foreign Minister, M. Delcassé, and on the English side Lord Lansdowne, and, if I am not mistaken, the then Prince of Wales. But the feeling was still stronger among the industrial and commercial class in both countries, and when the fact that we had been so near a rupture became known there was a widespread feeling that the two peoples should cease to be exposed to the risks of war behind their backs over matters so little vital to their prosperity and happiness.

It was the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom who took the first great step in this sense. They accepted an invitation in 1900 to hold their autumn session in Paris, an unprecedented act of popular diplomacy which had a result exceeding the most optimistic expectations.

The business men of the kingdom acted of their own free will, without official patronage, and altered the current of feeling in both countries from one of bitter resentment to one of cordial sympathy. This was the first step towards the Anglo-French *Entente*.

The British Chambers of Commerce had shown their desire for the friendship of France. An occasion occurred

in the death of Queen Victoria for the French people, and especially the Parisians, to show their friendship towards England. Throughout the country, and especially in Paris, shops of any importance closed their doors in sign of mourning. The newspapers were all sympathetic. The movement was as spontaneous as the visit of the Chambers of Commerce the year before.

It was obvious that public feeling in both countries was favourable to a new orientation of policy which would exclude war between the two countries and substitute methods of conciliation and arbitration for those of coercion and violence.

The Hague Peace Conference of 1899 had established an international court of arbitration, and the Powers had unanimously declared that in all matters of right and justice arbitration was regarded by them "as the most effective and at the same time the most equitable means of settling disputes."

Immediately after the Queen's death an active agitation began in both countries for the conclusion between them of a permanent treaty of arbitration for submission of all cases to the Hague Court. The British and French Chambers of Commerce, municipal bodies, the trade unions, statesmen out of office all rallied to the call, which had no Governmental support. It had, however, the personal approval of Lord Lansdowne, M. Delcassé, M. Loubet, and of King Edward. On October 14th, 1903, the treaty was signed in response, as Lord Lansdowne stated at the time, to a widespread popular feeling. In fact, it was a triumph of intelligent democracies who had taken their destiny into their own hands, and the official abstention showed the wisdom of those who knew history too well to discourage any popular movement towards international concord and amity.

* * * *

The new feeling enabled the Governments in 1904 to settle outstanding difficulties in Egypt, Morocco, and elsewhere in a spirit of "give and take" quite different from the old "take it or leave it" spirit which had hitherto prevailed. Thus the statesmen of both countries intro-

duced into international business the methods of domestic business, and having disposed of all the more important issues, settled down to an era in which all future differences would be automatically referred to the arbitration of the Hague Court, in accordance with the Convention.

During the ten years which followed several such cases arose, and were settled with as little objection to the international jurisdiction as there is in our Law Courts in matters of domestic interest to the national jurisdiction.

That the late War converted the *Entente* into an Alliance was due to the new feeling for France, but that the Alliance is gone and the *Entente* subsists, shows that the two countries have reverted to the situation in 1914. The so-called Naval *Entente* is quite detached from the popular *Entente*. But that the two Admiralties should try to meet the question of reduction of armaments in a "give and take" spirit would have been just as natural if there had been no popular *Entente*.

The Anglo-French popular *Entente* is too precious an achievement to be confounded with any purpose which a foreign Power may consider as unfriendly. It "outlawed" war as between the British Empire and France as much as the Briand-Kellogg Pact professes to do between all its signatories. The only difference between it and the Paris Pact and other treaties of permanent and general arbitration is that it is based on the feeling of the two peoples and requires no official stimulus. Its future can only be compromised by associating its name with diplomatic combinations and their possible failure. The public and the newspapers hold the reins. If they slacken their hold we may drift back to the personal policies of statesmen, as of yore. Anglo-French friendship and determination to regard war between them as impossible shows the way to *ententes* with other countries. It should serve as an encouragement. For twenty-five years England and France have lived without pin-pricks. They might have celebrated their silver wedding. There is no French statesman of repute from M. Poincaré to the latest recruit in the Ministry who does not consider the marriage as having been a happy one. The three European Powers

which have most to lose in war, Great Britain, France, and Germany, ought to follow the example of 1903-4.

The League of Nations, admirable as its work has been and great as its potentialities for the future are, for the time being has little control but that of moral suasion.

To treat an *Entente* of either Power with Germany as detrimental to the other may prove fatal to the greatest safeguard of peace in the future.

That there is, however, a popular feeling in favour of reconciliation both in England and in France, as well as in Germany, warrants the hope that Governments will meet each other in their respective pending difficulties in the same spirit as did England and France in 1904, and this would give the League of Nations an effective sanction for the preservation of peace, the fulfilment of its main purpose.

GERMAN REPARATIONS

By "AUGUR"

To understand what is happening to-day in respect of German Reparations we turn away from the diplomatic procedure, about which the public is informed, and consider the things that really matter, though they go on hidden from the eye of the "all-seeing" Press.

The position is curious. Here we have the famous Dawes Plan, just entering a phase when Germany begins to pay the full annuity foreseen by the schedule established by the experts in 1924; there is no sign of her inability to pay, or even of an open attempt to escape payment. The Allies are obtaining important sums and, as Mr. Churchill stated in the House, the principle of the Balfour Note of 1922 is now at last being complied with in the sense that what Great Britain pays to the United States is about balanced by what she receives from the Allies and from Germany. In view of this satisfactory state of affairs the British Treasury has been opposed to any immediate revision of the Dawes Plan, all the more so because there was no reason to expect any move on the part of the Americans to ease the situation of their European debtors. And yet we see that the Allies, Great Britain included, agreed on September 16th at Geneva to constitute a new committee of experts to consider a final and complete settlement of German Reparations. The question has to be asked, Why did this happen? We have had the occasion of explaining that the Dawes Plan, not being a final arrangement, was intended to be readjusted on some favourable occasion; we have also explained the reasons why France desires to see this adjustment carried through so that she can free herself from the problem of the commercial debt to the United States Government, which matures in the autumn of 1929. Germany, too, is interested in having a final settlement before several full

annuities have been paid without a hitch, when it will become difficult to obtain a reduction, all the more so because the "index of prosperity" foreseen in the scheme of the Dawes experts in a few years will be a danger from the German point of view inasmuch as it may permit the Allies to demand annuities larger than the £125,000,000 now being paid.

These reasons are good and support the plea for an immediate revision, but by themselves they would not be sufficient to oblige the Allies to hurry, as they are now doing, on the road towards a revision. The truth appears, if we consider the force which is driving the Governments towards a practical execution of the Geneva decision, and which, as we suspect, was instrumental in obtaining that decision itself. That force is the influence of Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for the payment of German Reparations. From the very beginning we discovered him at the back of all that was happening in respect of the proposed revision of the Dawes Plan. Before Geneva he established close contact with M. Poincaré, and converted the French statesman to a conception of the problem much more favourable to a drastic change than those who have followed the development of French politics could have ever imagined to be possible. Then in Berlin Mr. Gilbert hammered into the Germans the need for giving up quibbling over details. After Geneva he scored a triumph when he came to London and persuaded a recalcitrant Chancellor of the Exchequer that a revision was not only practicable but also desirable. The interview followed between M. Poincaré and Mr. Churchill in Paris, when an agreement on principle was reached, and thus—as always happens when Anglo-French co-operation is assured—the practical carrying out of the Geneva resolution could proceed. This interview would never have taken place without the influence of Mr. Gilbert, who smoothed away the difficulties between the two Ministers. Until the day before the meeting it was still undecided if M. Poincaré and Mr. Churchill would meet, for the French Minister had received a letter drawn up at the British Treasury

in respect of ratification of the debt agreement, a letter which had filled him with doubt as to the utility of a personal meeting. The German Government resisted the idea of taking the initiative in asking for the constitution of the committee decided at Geneva, and Mr. Gilbert's influence was applied to obtain from Berlin that step which at last was taken on October 30th in the form of a verbal communication to the Allied Governments. The drafting of the answers to this communication was held up by the necessity of obtaining M. Poincaré's consent to a technical separation between the principles by which the Allied Governments will be guided in accepting or in rejecting the findings of the expert committee and the terms of reference for the experts. A month was needed to get through these technicalities, and, again, without the unceasing pressure brought to bear by Mr. Gilbert we doubt that even a month would have been sufficient. Now the stage has been reached when the reply to Germany having been drafted we pass to the invitation of the American experts and to the fixing of the date of the first meeting of the committee. Mr. Gilbert was intimately connected with the drafting of the Allied reply, and the terms of reference for the experts are certainly from his pen.

The public, therefore, may be inclined to extol the talents of this young American, not yet forty years old, who has established himself in a position in Europe where he can speak to the Ministers of the Great Powers as an equal among equals. Our admiration for Mr. Gilbert is sincere, and we do not deny his claim to a splendid position. We say, however, that his genius would be of no avail if he were not backed by the power of American financial interests in Europe. Long before September, when the Powers came to an agreement at Geneva, the view had crystallised in the inner circle of American financial power that a new committee of experts for the revision of the Dawes Plan was desirable. We know for certain that early in the year American business men and financiers were telling their friends in Europe that the thing was inevitable. Mr. Gilbert, in his reports as

be found by the experts acceptable to all parties concerned.

The evacuation of the Rhineland will follow automatically, simply because it will then have become an anachronism, and a costly one at that. The British Treasury estimates that it has to add at least £600,000 to what is paid out of reparations for the British troops on the Rhine. If that is so, the moment is near when it will be foolish to go on paying this yearly contribution. The occupation to-day is a guarantee for the settlement by Germany of the problem of reparations. When the latter is finally and completely settled, and especially when, by the commercialisation of the German bonds, there will be created in the world hundreds of thousands of private holders of German securities always on the watch for the payment of their dividend, the occupation of the Rhineland will become superfluous to enforce a fulfilment by the Reich of its financial obligations. Not to pay a debt to another State is less dangerous than not to pay strictly to time hundreds of thousands of private investors. Such, we think, is the idea in the minds of the Allied statesmen to-day.

THE POSITION OF THE COLONIES IN WORLD PROGRESS

BY LIEUT.-COMDR. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY,
R.N., M.P.

COLONIES are certain to play an increasingly important rôle in world affairs, both economically and politically, in the future. I am not referring to former colonies which have become self-governing Dominions. Their importance is recognised sufficiently already. And, so far as the British Empire is concerned, these Dominions are, to all intents and purposes, separate nations with full sovereign rights. The only Imperial connection is the Throne. But before leaving the question of the Dominions it must be noticed, because it has a bearing on what follows, that the only Empire of modern times to adopt the Dominion policy, viz., the British Empire, has made a success of it. The more shadowy the Imperial connection grows, the more secure it becomes, and time is likely to add to the truth of this seeming paradox. If England had adopted the Dominion policy earlier we should never have lost the New England settlements. Probably the capital of the Empire would now be Chicago.

Had Spain adopted the Dominion system she would have maintained the same shadowy but lasting sovereignty over South America. Buenos Aires would probably now be the political capital, as it is, indeed, the financial capital, of the Spanish-speaking world.

America, if she is wise, will presently adopt the Dominion system for her possessions in the Philippine Islands.

The difference between a settlement, in the old sense of the word, presently to become a Dominion, and a colony is that the first must be inhabited predominantly by a race capable of self-government and occupying a territory large enough to enable it to stand on its own feet as a separate sovereignty; while the colony must remain a dependency

for a very long time. In the settlement either the settlers, as in South Africa of European stock, must be sufficiently numerous to dominate the indigenous population, or, as in India, the inhabitants must themselves comprise members of a race or races capable of enough martial and political development for the full status of sovereignty.

The present six British Dominions pass this test. India, in the future, will be able to qualify for it. That great country will then either become a Dominion or will separate from the Empire. In the latter event, after much chaos and suffering, she will establish her own independence. There are those who talk of Japan as being in a position to establish a Raj over India if we loosen our hold. But if we cannot hold India by a combination of force and concession the Japanese will certainly not be able to do so even if the other Sovereign States of the British Empire, including the Dominions, permitted the attempt. If, as a result of some future war, for example, the British Empire broke up, America would throw her weight into the scale to prevent Japanese Imperialism in the Indian Peninsula.

Colonel Wedgwood looks to Palestine as the next and the seventh Dominion. He is right if the Zionist Settlement of that country can be made quickly enough and successfully enough to enable the present artificial frontiers of Palestine to be extended. If a Jewish-controlled Palestine, with the Arabs in a similar relationship to the Jews as the French-Canadians in Canada are to the English-speaking Canadians, can extend beyond Jordan into the fertile parts of Arabia it would fulfil the tests I have mentioned. It will be big enough to contain a population numerous enough and suitable enough for a Dominion of sovereign status.

The tests will not be passed if the proposal of the more vocal members of the Nairobi Settlers' Association in East Africa for making a "Dominion" out of Tanganyika, Kenya, Uganda and Northern Rhodesia is accepted. A Dominion cannot be fashioned out of an overwhelmingly numerous indigenous population at a low

- level of development ruled by a European aristocracy small in numbers and dependent on the strength of the Imperial Power for their overlordship. For with the economic development of the natives will come political development, and they will then overthrow the ruling caste. The white settlers must therefore check the economic development of the natives in order that their political development can likewise be checked. And so long as these developments are checked the test for Dominion status cannot be passed. What the spokesmen of this movement in Nairobi want is a free hand from the tutelage of the Colonial Office. And the reason they wish to be free of this tutelage is because of the long-established policy of that office, perhaps most adequately expounded by the present Duke of Devonshire when he was Colonial Minister:—

His Majesty's Government think it necessary definitely to record their considered opinion that the interests of the African natives must be paramount, and that if and when those interests and the interests of the immigrant races should conflict, the former should prevail. . . . It is the mission of Great Britain to work continuously for the training and education of the Africans towards a higher intellectual, moral and economic level than that which they had reached when the Crown assumed the responsibility for the administration of this territory. . . . This paramount duty of trusteeship will continue, as in the past, to be carried out under the Secretary of State for the Colonies by the agents of the Imperial Government, and by them alone.—(Cmd. 1922 of 1923.)

Succeeding Colonial Ministers have reaffirmed this policy, including the present occupant of that office, Colonel Amery. Further, British Governments, even Conservative Governments, are not likely to be more Imperialistic, in the narrow sense of the word, and more tender of the privileges of the European settlers than the present Government. The probability is, indeed, that the Colonial policy of future British Governments will be more liberal, using the word liberal in its widest sense.

As I write these words we still await the Hilton Young Report. I doubt whether it will declare in favour of an East African "Dominion"; and even if it does there will not be time in the present Parliament to carry through the necessary legislation; the next Parliament, whatever

its political colour, will not be able to do so at all. For, if the country is ruled by a Labour or a Labour-Liberal alliance, no Dominion status will be conferred on the East African Colonies; while if Mr. Baldwin is in office again the Opposition will be strong enough to prevent it.

Let us now consider the future of Colonies as Colonies, that is, as areas of the world inhabited predominantly by so-called backward races, governed by European Powers, or by America, or by Japan, either under mandates from the League of Nations or by right of conquest. There are three conceptions of the rôle of Colonies in the modern world—strategic, economic and political. The first is a survival from pre-War days; though all three conceptions overlap. All three represent the aims of different nations at various periods of the age of Colonial expansion. In the England of pre-War days, and perhaps even now, one of the main purposes of Colonies was considered to be the provision of suitable naval bases and coaling stations. The British West Indies are good examples; Panama is an American example, as also is the purchase of the Danish West Indies by the Government at Washington during the late War in order that they should not fall into the hands of a possibly victorious Germany. The strategical use of her Colonies to France are as a recruiting reservoir for her Army.

This is quite a recent conception, and is held, in a lesser degree, by Italy. Note, however, that if the premier use of such Colonies is for recruiting purposes the policy of the Imperial Power must be such as to make the inhabitants into "good Frenchmen" despite the colour of their skins. Japan, England, America, Germany, as Colonial Powers, have never looked upon the conquered peoples as potential infantrymen. Hence they have ruled over them as autocrats. The Frenchman must treat his coloured fellow-citizen as a comrade; and he does so. During the War I had the privilege of meeting a French Admiral who is a full-blooded negro. He has an excellent reputation as a seaman and disciplinarian, and is accepted by his brother-officers in Paris on terms of com-

plete equality. We used to see officers of colour in brilliant French uniforms, well, and no doubt deservedly, decorated and bemedalled, seated in cafés with French officers on terms of intimacy. Natives of Africa sit as Senators representing the French Colonies, and, perhaps most important of all, the Frenchwoman treats her coloured fellow-citizens, both the men, and even more remarkable in conventional British eyes, the women, as equals. Such an attitude has hitherto proved impossible for Englishmen, Americans, or Germans in their relations not only to African fellow-citizens but to Indians; while the present demand of the Koreans is for equal citizens' rights, including the privilege of serving in the army with their Japanese conquerors.

The Russians as colonisers in Central and Eastern Asia adopted the French policy even in the greatest period of Muscovite Imperialism; while the doctrine of full equality and status is continued by the Third International. Englishmen, Germans, and Americans may criticise the French, and presently, if I understood Mussolini aright, the Italians, for conscripting Africans and Asiatics for their armies. As an aspect of militarism the criticisms are surely justified. But the necessary and parallel policy of fraternity will serve France well in the future. The French Colonial Empire may exist longer, as such, than either the British or American Colonial Empires.

The economic conception of Colonies is as sources of raw materials and as markets. The second part of this conception will, I prophesy, come more to the fore in the future.

At present Colonies provide raw materials; but they also provide human labour. Enormous fortunes have been made in India and China and, presently, will be made in Africa by the use of cheap native labour in factories. But this I suggest is a phase which will pass as did the older conception of a colony as a slave reservoir; which conception brought much wealth to British merchants of a bygone age. Just as their descendants make money by selling rubber from Malaya to New York, so they

built up fortunes by selling African slaves to New Orleans. We see on the east and west sides of the vast Continent of Africa the older and the newer economic conceptions of Colonies in contrast with each other. In East Africa, despite Downing Street's declared policy, the native is looked upon primarily as a labourer for the European estate owner. This is the Portuguese conception also, especially in Africa. In British West Africa, on the other hand, the native is encouraged to improve his economic position as a farmer. As that economic position has improved he has purchased bicycles and gramophones, and presently will buy motor cars and wireless sets. The rich negro or Indian in the United States buys all the modern luxuries of civilisation. If the African or Asiatic native could be raised up to the level of the rich American negro or Indian what an immense market for manufactured goods would present itself!

I will now cite two American views of Colonies. The first, for convenience, I will call the short view, and the second the long view. The short view is held by certain American Nationalists. They say that America must now go into the "Empire business," just as England has done, in order that she, too, shall have her independent sources of supply of raw materials, her strategic bases and fueling stations for her Navy; also that the markets of the world are limited and that England and America must fight for them in the future.

The long view, which it is no indiscretion to ascribe to the President-Elect, amongst other American leaders, is that the Colonial areas of the world can be expanded almost indefinitely as markets. I use the term Colonial areas for convenience; but they can be taken to include China, India and a great part of Africa. Develop these areas, say the holders of the long view, in the direction of raising the earning power of the inhabitants. Communications, machinery and education will do this. For example, 10,000 miles of concrete roads in China would make that vast country an immense market for motor cars; enable the African native to grow rich and he will buy every kind

of goods. There will be plenty of opportunity to sell all the manufactured goods that England and America can spare from the future needs of their own enriched population. Mr. Philip Snowden and others on this side of the Atlantic are preaching this longer view of economic colonialism.

Now as to the political conception of Colonies: under this heading I group the idea of Colonies as settlements for the surplus population of the Imperial nation, presently, when they can satisfy the tests mentioned above, to become Dominions. This is the driving force behind the Italian desire for Colonies. It was one of the underlying ideas of the German Colonial Imperialists, though these latter soon found, to their cost, that certain climatic conditions are necessary for European colonisation, as we ourselves shall presently find out in the case of East Africa. The French North African Protectorates fall under this heading. Japan once looked on Manchuria as satisfying her need for territory where her surplus population could settle. The Nationalist revival and victory in China and the influx of Chinese pioneers into Manchuria have awakened Japan to the realisation that this is only a dream.

The long view, however, is taken in Japan also. The more far-sighted of Japanese statesmen are beginning to realise that plantation or settlement Colonies are not vitally necessary, and that science will solve the problem of supporting double or treble the present population of the Japanese Archipelago.

But the newer political conception is that first preached by the Gladstonian Liberals and restated by the present Duke of Devonshire in the quotation above. It is inherent in the mandate system of the League of Nations. To quote Article XXII of the Covenant of the League of Nations:—

To those Colonies . . . which are inhabited by people not yet able to stand by themselves . . . there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilisation . . .

32 THE POSITION OF THE COLONIES

Again:—

Certain communities . . . have reached a stage of development where their existence as independent nations can be provisionally recognised . . . until such time as they are able to stand alone.

The Mandatory Power in this latter case is to render "administrative advice and assistance," and, in the former case, to act as guide, counsellor, guardian and friend. This is high idealism. But no civilised government can openly disavow it. The cynics have dubbed it hypocrisy; but hypocrisy is the tribute paid by vice to virtue; and in the long run virtue triumphs.

As an Englishman I am naturally most interested in the Colonies and mandated areas for which we are responsible. If we could combine the high idealism of Article XXII of the Covenant with the "long view" of commercial statesmanship described above, together with the generous fraternalism of the great French Colonial Administrators, we shall yet write a chapter of world history of which our descendants will be proud. We, like other nations, blundered and stumbled into the possession of colonies for a variety of motives, some of them frankly evil, others accidental. But good often comes out of evil. Little minds and great Empires go ill together; but if great minds are allowed to shape the Colonial policy of Downing Street true British Imperialism can be an example to all mankind.

RAMÓN GÓMEZ DE LA SERNA

BY HELEN GRANVILLE-BARKER

THE progress of Spanish prose in the last thirty years or so has been little remarked outside of Spain. Yet the change from the style of Palacio Valdés, Valera, Pereda and Perez Galdós to that of Azorín, Miró, Pérez de Ayala and Ortega y Gasset has been a radical one. The later writers—and we have named but a few of them—have gained in depth and complexity of thought, in power of psychological analysis and, while in most cases preserving a Spanish love of "regionalismo," have explored, sometimes exploited, outside territory.

They have, as well, enlarged and enriched the Spanish vocabulary, bringing back to it words that had been almost forgotten, introducing new forms to give it flexibility.

Most revolutionary of the literary revolutionists is Ramón Gómez de la Serna.

"There has been no recent literary event in Spain," wrote Cansinos-Assens some years ago, "*to be compared with the appearance of this young man.*"

"Never," says another critic, "have such verbal frenzies, enthusiasms and intoxications been known. He is the Dionysus of words." Yet Azorín, on the other hand, finds him "a writer of much originality who in a calm, unadorned style, makes us aware of the spirit in inanimate nature." From the clash of critics come reverberations of the complex truth. But, before opening his books, let us look at a picture of the man himself. It shows him short, strongly built, a round head, skin stretched tightly over well-covered muscles, eyes so penetrating and perceptive it is hard to allow for the spark of wildness in them. There are people who look as if, at the slightest extra demand on either flesh or spirit—or both—they would collapse like spent tops; others

apparently so nourished and resistant, so packed and stored, that they seem able to go on living on themselves indefinitely, needing no other food. Of such is Gómez de la Serna. He is still young, not more than forty, and will, one feels, be young all his life. The Spanish literary world knows him familiarly as "Ramón." If, at one time, this meant a shade of patronising belittlement, it now, as with our own "Max," implies affection and a recognition of the wideness of a fame that makes no further designation really necessary.

For more than twelve years, before the publication of the *Greguerías*—definite crystallisation of his peculiar genius—brought him, in 1917, to the notice of the world outside his own small circle, he wrote, incessantly, vehemently for hot-headed rebels in art of his own age, novels, essays, poems and plays. For *Marbideces*, a series of abrupt monologues now out of print, he chose the motto, "Nada importa nada." *Everything* is of importance would better have expressed his literary convictions, for he turns his luminous gaze with equal curiosity and concentration on the grandiose and the insignificant. There is no prejudice in him, no reserve, no rancour and no calculation. "Gómez de la Serna," observes one of his friends, "is a man who says everything that comes into his head, writes down everything he says, publishes everything he writes and gives away everything he publishes."

El Rastro (1915) was the first of his books that made any concession to public opinion. It is a description of the great street fair of Madrid, equivalent of our Caledonian Market, and in it he first earns and justifies his title of "Psychologist of Things," for every article on sale, from sewing machines to ear-rings, is described, analysed, personified, given meaning, humour and poetry. A book with a flavour unique in literature, to be, if only by the few, re-read and cherished.

But the *Greguerías* brought him acclaim. "Greguería" means literally "the Arab tongue," and so, traditionally to Spaniards, came to stand for "a confused

• cry," something arresting, if not easily intelligible. With the *Greguerías* of Gómez de la Serna the confusion is not in the paragraphs themselves but in their juxtaposition. They are a jumble as diverse in kind and in value as anything the "Rastro" itself can show. At their most successful they are based on some finely accurate perception, some humorous comparison. They are never axiomatic; they point no moral. Their author is the most astonishing of observers, but—so far at least in his career—no philosopher. One may expect delicate fancy from him, but little abstract reasoning.

The worst literary fault, to his mind, is hyperbole. He avoids pity as if there were a dangerous laxity in it, and strives, like the Chinese, for condensation of matter. His mind receives illumination as from one piercing flash of light, and he gives the record of this moment to his reader without any interpretation—a method easily grasped by a generation trained to look at life in terms of cinema or motor car.

It does not, however, imply entire literary novelty. The *Greguerías* have a family tree; they are related to the *Doloras* and *Humoradas* of Campoamor, for instance, and have collateral branches outside of Spain. But let them speak for themselves—though, in translation, they must do it poorly enough. Here are a few, taken at random:

Why do not birds lie down to sleep as men do when they put their heads on their pillows? Death must seem sweet to birds because then, at last, they can stretch themselves out and rest completely.

* * *

All meat suffers even when cut up in the butcher's shop except the ham.

The ham knows very well that death and salting have improved it and is content to be a fine ham, delicately sliced so that everyone can see its perfection.

* * *

An idea is begotten in us many days or even months before we are aware of it, in an hour when we are ignorant of it, or unconsciously defiant.

* * *

The tenor of the opera seems to be something more than a tenor of the opera; but he is only the tenor of the opera.

When a doctor glues his ear to his patient's chest it seems as if, indirectly, he wanted to listen to a conversation going on behind closed doors, to overhear the confidences one lung makes to another.

A walking-stick that has no ferrule suffers atrociously in its spinal column.

There are many amusing and consolatory thoughts, such as this: sex could give charm to a boulder.

Aeroplanes were invented to chase the toy balloons that escape from the children in parks.

They have been turned aside from God's intention but originally that is how they came to be.

The other side of the river will always be sad because it cannot be this side.

There is no more hopeless sorrow in the world; not even a bridge can assuage it.

A hunchback seems a jester mocking at us because we cannot mock at him—it would be ignoble.

Before a shop-window full of cameras one can imagine oneself a celebrity—some Prime Minister for instance, coming out of the Palace, under a fusillade from photographers' machines.

Gulls were born of handkerchiefs that waved good-bye.

The illumination of public buildings is a melancholy, formal thing, arranged as a ritual, by hirelings.

False lights—those in front of the closed windows of a soulless house where there is no festivity!

Look at women in their short skirts! You will see that one leg is always more timid than the other. This is particularly noticeable in front of a camera; the timid leg hides behind the one that is bolder.

A button has a long, exhausting, implacable death-agony. When we see one about to come off we determine to have it made fast immediately. Then we forget, remember again, forget again, until at last the loss of it surprises us.

An irreparable one? No. In the button-box, where women keep a stock of them, there is always one like it—if not quite the same.

"All the jewels have gone to the Opera," one reflects, passing at night by a jeweller's empty windows.

The hours do not strike in the clock; the hours strike in us.

I am troubled, remorseful, when I observe that any inkstand has dried up all by itself.

Quite a lot of ideas must have so evaporated and been lost to the world.

The pawnbroker's shop stifles one with its heavy atmosphere of homesickness.

Perhaps Gómez de la Serna came to an early realisation of the fact that truth is not static, but always receding into the past or losing itself in the future, and felt that brevity alone could express it. On the other hand, art must construct, not, as he insisted in his early youth, disintegrate; and in the immense, unrelated collection of *Greguerías* we are sometimes thrown into consternation at finding no framework; as if, in a sculptor's studio, there were innumerable mouldings of the set of a head, the turn of a neck, the twist of a leg, but nowhere a complete human figure.

Later, in *El Circo*, *Senos* and *El Gran Hotel*, he began to work, still in unrelated paragraphs, but on a single theme. When he finishes a book—that on the circus, for instance—it is complete as a coral island, and formed in much the same way.

In 1926, having long studied the objects around him with impartial delight—he has something of the humour of Dickens—having recorded what he knows of Madrid streets and shops, cafés, hotels and hospitals, he shows in his novel, *El Torero Caracho*, a desire of presenting suffering and its meaning, as well as synthesizing his innumerable reflections into something like a philosophic whole.

Hyperbole is still held in defiance, but a shade of pity has crept over his pages—the years can teach it even to the forever young.

Many readers of Gómez de la Serna will, no doubt, begin with this book on bull-fighting. If they cannot read it in the original let us hope the translation may be done, not as a piece of hack work, but by someone who has appreciation of an original and distinctive literary method as well as knowledge of the Spanish language.

of the slaughter house." Caracho is gravely wounded, and Cairel, visiting him at the hospital, begs and obtains his forgiveness.

Surprisingly soon Caracho recovers and is ready to fight again when the date for the single annual corrida at the little town of Realenza comes round. The bulls there are poor, either short-sighted, twisted horned, cowardly, or unmanageable. Wrath that should have been against the breeders of the bulls turns to Caracho. Finally, a grotesque, ill-made animal is turned into the ring who looks "as if his fierce head was a removable one, hiding behind it the head of a benevolent dog," blind, too, and so unaccountable in his movements—a hard problem for even the most skilled matador. Caracho is obliged to make repeated thrusts of the sword. Taking no account of his difficulties, the spectators pass from disapprobation to insults. Finally a beer-bottle is hurled through the air at his head. The wound it makes is not fatal, but the people of Realenza are punished for this criminal attempt by having all bull-fighting forbidden in their city, for the space of ten years, by the Sociedad de Toreros.

In the announcement of a Great Patriotic Bull-fight the names of Cairel and Caracho again flame together on the posters. The fifth bull provides, that day, the thrill of the afternoon, at once leaping the barrier in one tremendous bound, attacking the multitude as if with his horns he wanted to make an end of the human race; then, looking from where he stands among the rows of seats with a kind of satisfaction: "Now I understand all this . . . I am a spectator instead of a bull."

Rosario finally succeeds in making Caracho swear on a copy of the *Evangelists* she has borrowed from her Parish Priest that after the inaugural bull-fight of that year he will fight no more. Has he misgivings? On the eve of this last fight he seems to his friends to have the sombre look of those whose eyes are fixed on far horizons. They question him. He denies any fear, but says . . . "every year I am a year older, and the bulls are always only five years old."

The bull-fight the next day is a triumph for both Cairel

and Caracho—until the last bull appears. A bull?—a dragon of destruction! "He was as if animated by the spirit of the rocks that fall into an abyss; he had the impetus of all that is strongest of the earth—for the 'toro bravo' is like the eruption of a volcano and the rending of a cataclysm." Picador after picador falls, horse after horse is done to death. Finally all the horses have been killed. "More! More!" shout the insatiable multitude. But where to find them? At last, distracted, the impresario rushes outside the Plaza to where the file of cabs is standing. He bargains for two broken-down jades, one chestnut, one white. The driver of the last demurs, "What will the owner say? He is in there watching the fight."

"He is, then, amongst those shouting for more horses." The poor creatures are taken from the shafts and hurried, with the speed of a cinema, into the bloody ring. The first is killed in the twinkling of an eye. The second, in bewildered obedience, advances to his death. It comes more slowly. Gored, gushing with blood like a fountain, he hears an anguished cry from among the spectators; a voice he knows; his name: "Coronela! Coronela!" He tries to fly towards it—there he may find safety—protection. "Coronela! Coronela!" Uncontrollable, anguished, the cry is heard again. But the horse is dead. Two onlookers are seen helping his half-fainting master from the ring.

It is Caracho's turn to fight. He feels an electric disturbance around him—like a wind of ill-omen. It unnerves him. His sword is mishandled; the thrust, meant to kill at once and swiftly, misses; he himself, alas, is the one to fall, gored and harrowed, but spared long enough to be able to die in his own home with his family around him—the soft Rosario turned wailing from the door.

Cairel steps forward to take revenge for his friend, but his own death is swift. He is tossed on the horns of the bull, head down, feet dancing in the air, to fall at last on the earth that can now only be his grave.

The ring is almost empty; the mob, on their feet, are

familiar ground a few explanatory words must be said about this political philosophy in order that the *raison d'être* of the new law may properly be understood. According to the Fascist theory the State is all-important, and it is "totalitarian" in the sense that no political force can exist beyond and outside it. It is, therefore, the antithesis of the Liberal *régime* because, the Fascists argue, under the Liberal system every political party could aspire to govern the State, which thus lost its fundamental national character, and became in turn a Conservative, Democratic, or Socialistic State according to the colour of the party dominant at the moment. That is to say, the political nature of the State was not derived from the intrinsic requirements or inderogable objects of the State itself, but from the requirements and specific objects of the party which happened at the time to be governing the State. On the other hand, Fascism postulates a State which is in itself an ethical-political organism, strongly instinct with volition, and not merely an inert mechanism which can only be set in motion by external factors such as its political parties. The old political parties, despite the professed spirit of equality in which they moved, were in reality always fighting to become the dominant party, and thus, in fact, to create for themselves a privileged position not merely as regards their competitors, but also as regards the State itself.

Now, Fascism, it is continually insisted, is no longer a party in the old sense of the term. The most conspicuous proof of this assertion is that under the new law the Secretary of the Fascist Party can, by Royal Decree and on the proposal of the Head of the Government, be called to participate in Cabinet Councils. In the question-begging words of Signor Maraviglia it is "a new and original institution which not only squares very well with, but must be considered as indispensable to, the functioning of the Fascist State. . . . Regarded from the standpoint of some of its activities and concrete undertakings (education, sports, trades unions), the party may be considered and, in fact, is an instrument of the State." Whereas, therefore, the old parties with their transitory

- tenure of power were "formerly unknown to the written law and to the Constitution." . . . the Fascist Party "in so far as it fulfils in the State and for the State a permanent function of collaboration and leadership not only may but must have an institutional character; and this character, in fact, after having been partially recognised in preceding legislation, has received its full recognition in the law on the Grand Council."

So much preliminary explanation will, it is hoped, help to show why such a body as the Fascist Grand Council should have come into existence at all, and why it should now be elevated to its new position and functions in the State. Several reasons have contributed to the taking of this step. More than six years have now elapsed since the triumphant march on Rome, and it is in the inevitable nature of things that a successful revolution should in the course of time seek to perpetuate in a new constitutional and lasting form that new order which it has created upon the ruins of what it destroyed. During the last six years the civic and social life of Italy has been profoundly modified, and the new political and social structure has gradually been expressed in a new juridical order. There has been, above all, the reorganisation of the Executive in its ordinances, in its powers, in its relations with the Legislature. There has been the reorganisation of Parliament, and the establishment of that sweeping electoral reform which is to be put into practice for the first time next spring, and in the machinery of which the Grand Council is to play so important a part. There have been incorporated into the State mechanism the Militia, the syndicates, the institutions for education, public assistance and for economy, by means of which, as Signor Mussolini so proudly and justly claims, Fascism has entered into every field of the national life and activities. The Grand Council could hardly continue to stand aloof as an exception while all these other organisations were thus being absorbed. Formed immediately after the march on Rome because of the necessity that was at once felt for some organ that should co-ordinate and weld into a whole all the manifold forces of the *régime*, it now takes

be nominated to the Grand Council on the decree of the Head of the Government alone and who are similarly liable to dismissal by him alone. The appointment of these persons is normally for three years, but may be prolonged. These are persons who have deserved well of the nation and of the cause of the Fascist revolution. With them may also be summoned to share in the labours of the Grand Council persons who have some special qualification which justifies their advice being sought *ad hoc* on certain determined topics. It is thus quite clear that, according to the terms of the law, all authority over the Grand Council has been put unreservedly into the hands of the Prime Minister. This incontestable fact would at first sight seem to militate against the judgment of M. Gentizon. But, of course, in point of practice the power of the Prime Minister could hardly be exercised in the despotic and absolute way allowed by the law. This point was made clear by a passage in the joint report on the law presented to the Senate by Signor Mussolini and Signor Rocco. It was therein stated that it "was, of course, understood" that the ejection of a person appointed for an unlimited period would only occur "exceptionally and for grave reasons," in cases where the member should have forfeited his requisite moral and political prestige, and thus have proved his unworthiness to be continued longer in his high office.

So much, then, for the constitution of the Grand Council. Next as to its duties. According to the first article of the law, it has "deliberative functions in the cases established by the law, and, further, gives its opinion on every other political, economic or social question of national interest on which it may be consulted by the head of the Government." The deliberative functions of the Grand Council are subsequently defined as being confined to deliberating on (a) the list of deputies designated in accordance with the terms of the new electoral law; (b) the statutes, ordinances and political direction of the Fascist Party; (c) the nomination and dismissal of the secretary, vice-secretaries, administrative secretariat and other members of the board of directors of the Fascist Party. These deliberative

functions are of the highest importance. Under the new electoral law the Grand Council has the duty of selecting from among the list of parliamentary candidates submitted to it by the syndicates and other specially authorised bodies the list of names that will finally be presented to the electorate to accept or reject. The Grand Council can refuse to put forward the candidature of any person at its own sweet will, and, further, it has the right to nominate a certain unspecified number of deputies on its own account. Clearly, therefore, it is essential that a body having these functions should be in the closest sympathy with the Government, since otherwise the Government might find itself faced in Parliament by a number of lukewarm deputies who might venture to express unduly unfavourable criticism, or even refuse to "sign along the dotted line" in the approved Fascist fashion.

The fundamental importance of these deliberative functions has been somewhat lost to sight in the greater public interest taken in the consultative functions of the Grand Council. The opinion of the Grand Council, it is declared, "must be heard on all questions having a constitutional character." Bills are always considered as having a constitutional character when they are concerned with (1) the succession to the Throne, the attributes and prerogatives of the Crown; (2) the composition and functioning of the Grand Council, of the Senate of the realm, and of the Chamber of Deputies; (3) the attributes and prerogatives of the head of the Government; (4) the right of the executive to issue rulings with juridical validity; (5) the organisation of the syndicates and corporations; (6) the relations between the State and the Holy See; (7) international treaties involving alterations in the territory of the State and of the colonies, or the renunciation of the acquisition of territories. Another and a curious function which it is convenient here to mention is that assigned to the Grand Council under Article 13 of the law. On the proposal of the head of the Government the Grand Council "draws up and holds in readiness the list of names to be submitted to the Crown, in case of a vacancy occurring, for the nomination of the head of the Government. Furthermore,

without prejudice to the attributes and prerogatives of the head of the Government, the Grand Council draws up and holds in readiness the list of persons whom, in case of a vacancy occurring, it considers suitable to exercise functions of government."

These consultative and advisory functions of the Grand Council at once aroused the most widespread attention, both on account of their originality and also because the fear was expressed—more openly, of course, abroad than in Italy—that they constituted a *diminutio capitis* of the Monarchy. The formation of this opinion was by no means solely due to the hostile criticism of professed anti-Fascists. In an article published in the *Educazione Fascista*, Senator Giovanni Gentile, himself a member of the Grand Council, argued that the King's right to choose his Ministers was no more restricted under the new law than it had been under the parliamentary system of designation by the Chamber. If anything, indeed, the King's prerogative was strengthened rather than weakened, and he contrasted the "elasticity and vagueness" of what had been a practice rather than a written right with the "new written right and the consequent discipline of the wide designation compatible with the ulterior choice of the Sovereign." Similarly, in one of his most interesting expositions in the *Tribuna*, Signor Maraviglia declared that "there are two moments in which the Grand Council resumes *in toto* the sovereign capacity of the State, though it may be in partnership with other organs which will have to carry out its will to completion; these moments are, the moment of the formation of the organ of government, and the moment of the formation of the organ of legislation." Again, in another article the same writer put forward the hypothetical question: "How is it that Fascism, which has shown such zeal to strengthen and give value to the Monarchy, has not thought of abolishing forthwith the institution of designation and of returning to the letter of the Constitution?" The answer, according to Signor Maraviglia, is simple. The direct nomination of the Government by the Sovereign harmonises ill with the principle of the irresponsibility of the Crown for the acts of its Government as sanctioned by the very Constitution.

• This selfsame point was also discussed in the Mussolini-Rocco report to the Senate in terms which show that the shafts of the critics had gone home. "This disposition, which, it is needless to say, takes nothing away from the rights of the Crown, and does not in any way diminish the attributes of the head of the Government, has fundamental importance, because by means of the Grand Council it secures the continuity of the *régime*. . . . In every constitutional State the Crown, before proceeding to the choice of its Ministers, consults with the most eminent men of the State. It is only natural that in the Fascist *régime*, which is always a constitutional *régime*, whatever may be said, this right of proposal should have been retained, but so transformed as to make it in every way coherent with the Fascist conception of the State. Since the Grand Council resumes all the forces of the *régime*, and is its most complete synthesis, it is natural that there should be conferred upon it the faculty to propose respectfully to the Crown those persons who are reputed to be most suitable to assume the government of the State. This faculty culminates in the right which has been assigned to the Grand Council, in the first part of Article 13, to draw up and keep in reserve a list of names, among which when a vacancy occurs, the Crown may choose the head of the Government. It is a question of a right of proposal, which does not in any way injure the right of decision that belongs absolutely to the Sovereign according to the Constitution, and also according to the law on the attributes and prerogatives of the Prime Minister. That does not mean that the proposal of the Grand Council has no value; it has a very high value, but, as is always the case in this delicate matter, of an essentially political character."

In spite of the exceptionally courteous and considerate language in which these remarks are couched, and in spite of the specious arguments which have been brought forward, it is difficult to resist finding that, in strict legal fact, there has been here a *diminutio capitis*. This conclusion was, it is true, expressly denied by Senator Crispolti in his speech to the Senate, when he declared that the Crown will remain free to accept or not the men proposed to it, "however authoritative the designation might be." The speaker

went on to state that in the relations between the Crown and the "great powers and the great councillors [of the State] the written word of the law cannot ever fix exactly the degree of their respective efficacy; herein operates the indefinable reality of the moral forces of the one and of the other parties. . . In all States one and the same law, while remaining intact and observed, has allowed of infinite variations of degree in the effective power of the Crown." But what, it may be asked, would be the position if the Crown did in actual fact reject all the names proposed for the post of Prime Minister by the Grand Council? Under a parliamentary *régime* the Crown could in such a case make its own nomination, and, if necessary, could dissolve Parliament and appeal for support to the verdict of a General Election. No such course is open to the Crown under the new law. The elections could not be held under the new electoral reform law without, as we have seen, the decisive participation of the Grand Council, so that the Crown could not expect to issue successfully from such a challenge. A conflict *à outrance* between the Crown and the Grand Council could, in fact, end only in the abolition of the one or of the other institution.

This is, of course, a hypothesis which is very unlikely ever to be translated into actual fact, and in practice matters are regulated on the lines of expediency as indicated by Senator Crispolti. If, then, for all practical political purposes the point may be considered to have a purely academic interest, it is none the less an important juridical point. Taken together with the reference to the succession to the Throne, it has undoubtedly aroused the liveliest apprehensions among the adherents of the monarchy. It must never be forgotten that the initial programme of Fascism was openly republican. Even to-day some chieftains of the movement declare themselves to be republicans, and Signor Arpinati, the Fascist Secretary of Bologna, stated not long ago in conversation with some republican citizens of Romagna that the tendency of Fascism was still towards a republic. So long, however, as Signor Mussolini lives nothing of this sort is now to

be feared. The Duce has gone out of his way on many recent occasions to show the most marked deference to the Crown. The most solemn undertakings have been given that no threat to the dynasty, or more particularly to the reigning branch of the family, lies hidden behind the reference to the succession and to the prerogatives of the Sovereign. Indeed, as in the other instance, it has been argued that the position of the Crown will now be stronger than ever because it will no longer be open to any private deputy to move a constitutional amendment. Thus in future such matters as these will never come before Parliament "without the consent of the Government, on which depends the summoning of the Grand Council, and without the previous consent of the King, who must authorise the Government to present the relevant Bill." The argument in this case certainly seems to be stronger than in that discussed above. Anyhow there is good reason to believe that the King was at first distinctly disturbed by the terms of the law, but that his qualms have now been allayed by satisfactory assurances.

That opponents of Fascism will be satisfied by all these assurances and explanations is not for a moment to be thought. The law fastens the Fascist *régime* more firmly than ever upon the neck of the Italian people. As was said at the outset of this essay, State, Government and Party have now been bound together inextricably in such a manner that they cannot henceforth be separated except by a revolution. But even among distinctly lukewarm adherents of the *régime* there is not a universal tendency to condemn the law *in toto*. "It might have been much worse" is a remark which has been made to the present writer on several occasions, and, if this is not the highest form of praise, it is, in fact, quite a considerable admission in some mouths. In the composition of the body Signor Mussolini has made a wide cast of his net, and the experience which thus will be at the disposal of the Prime Minister should be all the more valuable in that Cabinet changes are by no means infrequent under the Fascist *régime*. To compare the Grand Council with the Venetian Council of Ten is not really an accurate historical parallel,

He remained at Trinity for three years, during which he added to his scholarly reputation and outshone his fellow-student, Swift. If the story that his solitary novel, *Incognita*, was written at seventeen is true, then Congreve's genius had begun to develop while at Trinity along lines other than those of strictly classical scholarship. Although *Incognita* was possibly written during his last year at college, its publication belongs to a later date. Meanwhile, at the close of 1688, Congreve had returned to England. Presumably he spent the two ensuing years in Staffordshire, during which period he is believed to have written *The Old Bachelor*. In March, 1691, he arrived in London and was entered on the rolls of the Middle Temple. William Congreve, Esquire, of Congreve and Stretton, is about to dawn upon the town.

To his siege of the polite world he brought certain qualities of mind and person which were largely irresistible. The handsome, dark-eyed Congreve of the Kneller portrait, wearing a fair periwig and a coat of bottle-green velvet, is your typical fine gentleman, equally well versed in the delicate surgery of the small sword and in the "nice conduct of a clouded cane." Inevitably, the beaux of Will's welcomed him for his wit, and the ladies of St. James's surrendered unconditionally to his personal charm. Since the time when Thackeray painted him as a victorious rogue, "passing a jewelled hand through his dishevelled periwig, and delivering a killing ogle along with his scented billet," Congreve has been regarded as a finished specimen of a foppishly dissolute age. This is not altogether just. That "the ladies loved him" is true. In his earliest London years we find him writing to Mrs. Arabella Hunt a letter in which he addresses her as "angel!" and declares himself "her everlasting adorer." Yet at least his good looks did not incur for him such odious debts as did the *beaux yeux* of Churchill and Wycherley when they set their possessors on the road to fortune by exciting the admiration of that illustrious fishwife, Her Grace of Cleveland.

Congreve mainly owed his lifelong popularity to certain qualities which, if not precisely admirable, at least distin-

guished him from the vicious rout. He was sympathetic, urbane and courtly. He seems to have adopted as his first precept the Spanish proverb: "You have one enemy? It is too many. One hundred friends? It is not enough." He was at once the intimate of Dennis and the friend of Pope, and surely this was an achievement which, however liable to misrepresentation, was beyond the accomplishment of any man who was either merely a ruffling gallant or an affected fop.

II

In addition to the world of fashion, Congreve also conquered that of letters. The marked favour extended by Dryden to the young poet undoubtedly dates from the time when he first saw the manuscript of *The Old Bachelor*. Southerne tells us that Dryden declared he never saw such a first play in his life, and adds that the veteran dramatist was mainly responsible for its preparation for the stage.

The Congreve world to which *The Old Bachelor* introduces us was described by Lamb as an elfland devoid alike of vice and virtue, since human standards of morality are there unknown. Macaulay, refuting this patent conceit, unduly emphasised the immorality of "a world which is a great deal too real." Lamb and Macaulay represent the two extremes of argument. Congreve's is neither an elfin world of fancy nor a world of sheer realism. It is one of paradox. It is realistic because it is artificial; universal because it is limited; convincing because it is improbable; and faithful because it is occasionally exaggerated. Congreve portrays the modish puppet-show of St. James's and the Piazza, and his puppets live and posture with an artificiality true to life as was the posing of their simpering, ogling models in the flesh. The Congreve lady, breast heaving prettily, enters with Millamant to vow and protest and declare her philosophy:—

Lord, what is a lover that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases: and then if one pleases one makes more.

mitted that he is not there assuming any such pose. He is defending himself from Collier, however weakly, by adopting the argument that his play, as a work written by an inexperienced youth in an idle moment, is not a fair subject for attack. Again, it is time someone emphasised the fact that this remark dates from 1698, no less than five years after the play's appearance.

In the dedication of *The Way of the World* Congreve classes himself among the "few . . . who write with care and pains." In the prologue he "owns with toil he wrought the following scenes." Neither of these lines is consistent with the pose of a fashionable *dilettante*. The foregoing arguments do not prove the popular opinion of Congreve to be a popular fallacy, but they suggest that his snobbish pose may have been greatly exaggerated.

Congreve's second comedy, *The Double Dealer*, was produced at the Theatre Royal in November, 1693. The reasons for the comparative failure of this play in its early stages are several. It is suggested that Williams failed as Mellefont, and that the audience's incredulity in this character nearly wrecked the performance. If they were sceptics over Mellefont, they must have been arrant atheists over Maskwell, for this character is too unnatural to be credited. Another artistic crime is the soliloquy. Maskwell indulges in no less than seven, and scarcely a character in the play does not unburden himself of at least one. Finally, Congreve in this comedy gibed at the ladies who came masked to the theatre—which was good satire but bad policy. The dramatist who could create the immortal line, "Hell knows no fury like a woman scorn'd," might have been expected to realise the thin partition between a woman scorned and a woman mocked.

The good qualities of this comedy, however—the sparkling wit; the constancy of the redeeming Cynthia; and such excellent characters as Sir Paul Plyant, Lady Froth, and that "pert coxcomb," Mr. Brisk—all characters in which the satire rouses delight rather than indignation—eventually won the day, and the public ultimately endorsed the praise that the literary world had already so generously bestowed. It was, as Macaulay says, "before long quite

as much admired, though perhaps never so much liked, as *The Old Bachelor*."

The following year, 1694, is memorable for the civil war in the Theatre Royal. The King ultimately granted a special licence to Betterton to act elsewhere than at Drury Lane, and when the new theatre opened in Lincoln's Inn tennis-court on April 30th, 1695, it made its début with a new comedy, *Love for Love*, by Mr. Congreve.

IV

Of Congreve's two greatest comedies, *Love for Love* and *The Way of the World*, the former is probably more popular with all but severe critics. It appeals more strongly to the sensibility than to the intelligence—an appeal extremely rare in Congreve. It does not present "what is immoral in connection with what is attractive," which perhaps is yet rarer. It even concedes a reward of a sort to virtue of a kind, which is rarest of all. Congreve here excelled his previous achievements. His plots are generally weak: this one is tolerably interesting. The wit is a darting rapier in the hand of a practised swordsman. The stagecraft is skilful; the arrangement of scenes improved. The songs include the cynical, but well-turned, "A Nymph and a Swain," and the graceful lyric, "I tell thee, Charmion." In addition, there are seamen—"and fiddles along with 'em"—to supply a dance.

The characters are among the most vivid in the Congreve gallery. Conspicuous among them is Ben Legend, founder of a long line of stage seamen. Valentine's servant, Jeremy, who has "the seeds of rhetoric in his head," is something of an original figure among gentlemen's gentlemen; and Foresight is one of the quaintest creations ever seen upon the stage. But the incomparable characters are the two sisters, Frail and Foresight. A quotation illustrates both their quality and Congreve's mastery of the difficult *mot de situation*, in which he is inferior only to Molière. Mrs. Foresight has been a horrified witness of her sister's descent from a hackney-

autumn, his coach was upset and he sustained severe injuries, apparently of an internal nature. He complained constantly of a pain in the side, and grew gradually weaker. At five o'clock on Sunday morning, January 19, 1729, he died at his house in Surrey Street, Strand, within three weeks of his sixtieth birthday. There was a lying-in-state in Jerusalem Chamber, a funeral service in Henry the Seventh's chapel and a burial in the Abbey, a marble tablet raised by Henrietta to the poet's memory—and "the great Mr. Congreve" had finally quitted the stage.

Excessive contemporary adulation is frequently followed by the neglect of posterity. This is true of Congreve. He was unfortunate in his period. A natural reaction from the looseness of Restoration drama long disqualified him from popular favour, and an age that occasionally mistook prudery for morality relegated him to the company of Ravenscroft and D'Urfey. Judged by contemporary standards, Congreve is one of the most moral dramatists of his period.

His miscellaneous writings, from the immature *Incognita* to that last spurt of dying flame, the *Epistle to Lord Cobham*, survive only by association with his comedies. Congreve was born a dramatist, for even *Incognita* has been justly called a scenario rather than a novel. His comedies have but little tenderness, yet they possess a vein of what might be termed lofty misanthropy. He is a social satirist who mirrors the world of form in the glass of fashion, as it were, and his satire is no less effective because he disdains Wycherley's ferocity. If we accept his medium, his method is wholly admirable. In purity of language, the consummate grace of style that comes from felicity of phrase, in the incomparable wit of his dialogue, he excelled all who preceded him and was surpassed by none who followed. The truth of the statement that Molière, at least in wit, is his inferior, and Sheridan but his imitator, is vouched for by every line of the immortal *Way of the World*. If only by virtue of this fact, Congreve is entitled to rank among the world's greatest comic dramatists.

LIBERALISM AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

BY HUBERT PHILLIPS

III

IN my November article I outlined those aspects of industrial policy upon which Liberals lay most stress. Some of these I discussed in greater detail in my second article last month; I shall now attempt to deal similarly with the remainder.

(4) THE ELABORATION OF PRINCIPLES OF WAGE POLICY

This is a field in which, more perhaps than in any other, freedom from prejudice and from dogma is necessary, and hard thinking needs to be done. Problems of industrial organisation and of bargaining technique can, in a sense, be solved (though it does not, of course, follow that any particular solution will work well) by legislative and administrative action. But the related problem of wages *cannot* in any event be solved along those lines. Even with Westminster and Whitehall doing their best—with the perfect legislature and the perfect bureaucracy—there would be little more certainty than there is under existing conditions that the standard of living of the workers would be as adequate in itself, and as adequately adjusted to changing circumstances, as is ideally to be desired.

That this must be so is in a sense obvious, and yet there are many social reformers, who are neither insincere nor unintelligent, by whom its truth is wholly ignored. We must pause, then, to ask ourselves by what factors the adjustment of wages would in the Liberal State be determined. The answer is complicated, and cannot, from the nature of the problem, be precise. On the one hand we repudiate the view that wage levels depend inevitably upon "economic law," if by this is meant the operation of some superhuman, impalpable force which man's exertions can neither modify nor hold in check. We repudiate, on the other hand, the not less preposterous view that the

standard of living of a community can be determined by some simple process of enactment and decree. "Economic law" is, as a rule, unctuously invoked by those who seek, whether consciously or unconsciously, to saddle others with the responsibility for something that seems socially unsatisfactory. But, scientifically speaking, the phrase has no significance save in relation to the explanation of social tendencies, which depend not less upon the interference of man with the "blind forces" of nature than upon the operation of those forces themselves. But society cannot live by interference alone. There is a sanctimonious dogmatism which seeks too readily to condone or justify hardship or poverty in the name of economic law; it has its exact parallel in the willingness of soap-box orators to promise millennia to the gullible.

We conclude, then, that, while the State cannot determine wages, it cannot wholly dissociate itself from the processes of wage determination. Its activities are factors in the final working out of that process which are becoming increasingly important. The ownership of capital goods by public or *quasi*-public bodies; the growing recognition of the public interest as an element in every collective wage bargain; the driving force, in a modern democracy, of a deep-seated demand for social justice—here are some of the more obvious aspects of this difficult and many-sided problem. Its solution (as far, that is, as it concerns the politician) calls for two things: (i) the clear statement of the principles by which, in dealing with this question, the legislature should be guided; (ii) an examination of the methods which can be made use of in the putting of those principles into practice.

(i) *Principles of Wage Determination*.—The view to which Liberals are committed (by their Kingsway Hall resolutions) is that every worker's wage should properly be regarded as consisting of three elements. The first element includes whatever is deemed necessary for the satisfaction of the worker's human needs. The second element consists of whatever is necessary to bring up the "human needs" wage of the worker to a "standard" wage, determined by reference to the skill and effort which

the particular work requires. The third element comprises a "fair" share, over and above what is required for the satisfaction of the first two, of such wealth as each worker co-operates in producing. To build up wages on some such plan as this is to make the best we can of the conflicting worlds we live in. "To each according to his needs" embodies a truth, but it is not the whole truth; "to each according to his ability" is similarly an incomplete ideal. No single principle of distributive justice, carried to its logical conclusion, will suffice; since each of them, pushed too far, would interfere, through its reactions on production, with the total of distributable wealth, and so would defeat its own ends. The compromise suggested is the most practicable of which the situation seems to admit.

(ii) *Methods of Wage Determination*.—The principles which we have just formulated are intelligible enough. But, for reasons already given, they do not readily lend themselves to enforcement by legislation. The Liberal aim, then, is not to place upon the Statute Book measures which embody these principles; such measures would necessarily prove either too rigid to be effective or too vague to be workable. Rather is it sought to encourage in all sorts of ways—by legislation, by administrative action, by the exercise of those functions of guidance and consultation which the Minister of Industry is to discharge—the reshaping of the wage contract, as it now exists, along the lines indicated. The degree of compulsion which it is felt the State should exercise varies with respect to each element of the wage. It is, however, in regard to the first element—the human needs of the worker—that the case for interference is strongest.

It is here proposed that the principle of statutory enforcement should, where necessary, be resorted to. But this principle is to be applied, not to the enforcement of a universal minimum, which in practice could not carry us any farther, but to the extension to every industry of the methods which have been so successfully applied to what were once "sweated" industries. As has been already explained, it is not proposed to set up a Trade Board for

every industry; rather is it proposed to develop, in those industries where Trade Boards now exist, negotiating bodies of a more fully responsible type. But the procedure by which an appropriate minimum, determined by negotiation and finally approved by Parliament, is made enforceable in certain industries has worked well; and a clear case has been made out for extending it to *all* industries. It is not proposed that every industry should be compelled to seek for powers of statutory enforcement of wage minima if agreements satisfactory to both parties to the wage contract cover all those whom it employs. But such cases are likely to be rare; it is to be anticipated that every industry will avail itself of the rights of *quasi-legislation* in regard to wages which it is held to be desirable it should enjoy. As regards the worker's share in profits, it should be pointed out that there is no suggestion in the Liberal Report of *compulsory* profit-sharing; the complexity of industrial conditions renders any such notion meaningless. But what is advocated is that, wherever possible, some approved scheme of profit-sharing (still better, of co-partnership) should be in operation; and there are numberless ways in which such schemes can be promoted.

As regards the conditions under which profit-sharing should be promoted, I cannot, I think, do better than quote some sentences of mine which have already appeared elsewhere:—

(i) A share in the profitability of a concern or industry must be conceded to the worker as a right, not as a privilege which may be forfeited at the discretion of the employer. Unless it is so regarded, profit-sharing becomes at its best a sedative, and at its worst an irritant, likely in the long run rather to demoralise than to benefit the worker.

(ii) The basis of every profit-sharing scheme should be settled by agreement between employers and workers; the workers should thoroughly understand how it works out in practice, and should be able to judge not less well than the employers the probable results of a given course of action. Hence:

(iii) The relevant financial facts must be freely placed at their disposal, or at least at the disposal of such of their chosen representatives as are concerned in the administration of profit-sharing schemes.

(iv) Finally, it must be understood that any attempt to regard profit-sharing as a means of undermining the authority and sense of responsibility of wage-earners' organisations is to abuse its possibilities. The suspicion in which organised labour has always tended to regard it—a suspicion

which has resulted in much avoidable friction and economic waste—arise out of a belief, which some employers have been so naïve as to accept, that workers can be bribed, by means of a small and arbitrary addition to their wages, into forsaking those troublesome organisations the trade unions. *Any encouragement of this attitude would be a direct negation of the principles of industrial organisation and of wage payment for which the Liberal Party stands.*

(5) THE SETTING-UP BY STATUTE OF REPRESENTATIVE WORKS COUNCILS

In regard to the major problems of productive organisation—wage rates, hours of labour, the demarcation of industries and trades—there can be no feasible alternative to the technique of the collective bargain. These are matters that must be settled by negotiation and discussion in representative bodies, the nature and functions of which, as Liberals envisage them, have been sketched, in outline, in the foregoing sections. But the contact of the rank-and-file wage-earner with this complex of negotiating machinery must necessarily be remote. What of his own working life, as he lives it from day to day, within that framework of generally applicable conditions that collective bargaining must determine? What problems call for redress, what are the reforms that Liberals would propose, in the individual factory or workshop?

Before we enter upon details let us pause for a moment to review, so far as they are relevant, the fundamentals of our philosophy. This calls for a violent effort of the imagination. The time has come to make a break, *overtly and explicitly*, with certain misleading habits of thought and expression—such habits of thought and expression as too long have tended to fetter the human will. The mind of man can all too readily be held in subjection by phrases, and the false implications of phrases which usage has made over-familiar are the greatest bar to progress.

The time, then, has come to break once and for all with the notion that employers *possess* the concerns in which they give employment. “My works,” “my men”—it is the constant use of phrases such as these which has distorted our perspectives. For a century and a half we have looked upon men and women as tools, with the result that they have largely become content so to regard themselves; the

force of suggestion and the force of economic pressure have imposed upon them a sort of numbed acquiescence. But the braver spirits among them have always refused to submit. They have won for themselves the right to freedom of expression; they have brought into being the complex apparatus of a political democracy. They have secured at least the semblance of universal education. But inside the factory or workshop they still stand, over a large part of the industrial field, where they stood a hundred years ago: cowed, humbled, inarticulate—acquiescing, as their grandfathers acquiesced, in the belief that where the bosses' writ runs the worker ceases to be a citizen and reverts to the status of a tool.

To the necessity for this duality of attitude—the assertion of human rights without the factory, the suppression of human rights within—Liberals refuse to subscribe. "What's mine's my own" is true enough of "my" fountain pen or "my" trousers; it is socially healthy that the right of ownership which I have in these should not be invaded with impunity. But it is less true of "my" dog or "my" motor car; the community at large has an interest in the possible abuse of these chattels, and my right of ownership in them is exercised subject to limitations. The necessity for such limitations becomes far more insistent when it is a case of "my" works and "my" employees. It may be true that the factory is "mine," that the machinery and stock are "mine," that the capital and goodwill are "mine." But observe. It becomes increasingly unlikely that "I" shall be anything more than a corporate aggregation of individuals, or rather of *transferable claims* which a number of individuals hold, working through, and protected by, the enjoyment of a corpus of defined privileges which the community has conferred. And partly because "I," who enjoy these privileges, am for this reason nothing more than the creature of public law, which exists to maintain and to promote social well-being; and partly because the unfettered exercise of my private will in relation to the conduct of "my" business may well prejudice the common good—for both these reasons I must wear my rights with a difference. "What's mine's my own" is a

dogma that needs to be carefully and continuously scrutinised whenever its assertion implies a claim of interference with the conduct of other people's lives.

"But," it may be objected, "the wage contract is a free one; no one need be employed by me if he doesn't want to be." In a narrow, legalistic sense that is true, but its implications are false and misleading. Bentham died a very long time ago. Life in a modern society is a tangle of obligations that affect us at every turn; our freedom to choose is a freedom that operates only within a framework of necessities that the social will has imposed. *And that framework of necessities the social will also can alter.* It may be true that I am not obliged to accept employment from A, but what satisfaction is that to me if my only practicable alternative is to accept employment from B on comparable terms? What remedy have I but to insist, in my political capacity, upon prescribing the conditions under which A and B can alike exercise their respective rights?

This, as I see it, is the argument upon which is based the Liberal demand for statutory Works Councils. It is sought to alter, in the light of those standards of social decency which it is to the public interest to enforce, the framework of conditions within which the rights of ownership may operate. It is sought to limit more stringently than has been limited hitherto the freedom of the employer *vis-a-vis* the men and women whom he employs. His rights, after all, are not the "inalienable" rights with which he would be invested at birth in some Benthamite Arcadia; their enjoyment is the correlative of the complicated privileges which joint stock ownership and limited liability confer. The proposal to set up Works Councils and to impose upon employers certain obligations in connection therewith is in effect a proposal to bring their statutory responsibilities more closely into line with their statutory privileges.

The Works Councils plan has been elaborated in detail in the *Yellow Book*—in greater detail than has any other single proposal. That plan is the work of an expert and representative committee which met at frequent intervals

over a period of eighteen months. To every detail of the scheme has been applied the criterion of practicability. "Will this or that suggestion," the members of the committee asked themselves, "further the ends in view? And if so *will it work?*" The result is a scheme which transcends in completeness and in extent any comparable plan hitherto devised, and which has been tested at every point in its structure by the knowledge and experience of those best qualified to speak. An Act of Parliament, which could fairly claim the proud designation of "Workers' Charter," could be put together with little difficulty from the materials which Chapter 18 of the *Yellow Book* makes available.

There is not space here to traverse all the ground covered; a hasty survey of it must serve:—

(i) It is proposed that Works Councils should be established, compulsorily, in every concern in which the number of workers employed exceeds some defined minimum.

(ii) Each Council is to be fully representative of all grades participating in the work of the concern.

(iii) Each is to be primarily a *consultative* body; the proper functions of management must not be interfered with. It is *not* suggested that a "soviet" should be set up which will lay open those officials, whose job it is to give orders, to the unwarranted interference of those whose job it is to accept them.

(iv) But each Works Council will have certain rights *vis-a-vis* the employer—rights which the employer is to be compelled to recognise. It will have, in particular, these rights: (a) to agree works rules in regard to a number of matters (which will be prescribed in a schedule to the Act); (b) to satisfy itself that the engagement and dismissal of employees conforms to a prescribed technique; (c) to receive from the management a full statement of the financial position and the trading operations of the concern.

A word in conclusion, in regard to each of these rights. As to (a), the right to agree works rules is important for two reasons. In the first place, it ensures to the Works Council of every concern an incentive to organise itself,

and to orientate its activities, which might otherwise be lacking. In a factory which has not first-hand knowledge or experience of the possibilities of Works Councils there may well, at first, be scepticism as to the value of what are mainly consultative bodies. But the conferment of the right, enforceable as against a recalcitrant employer, to determine by agreement under what conditions wages shall be paid, holidays arranged, the prescribed safeguards against arbitrary dismissal operated, will afford to the wage-earner a powerful stimulus to get in motion the machinery which the Act creates. His Works Council at once becomes a thing in which it is worth his while to take an interest, and, its initial possibilities once realised, he will rapidly see his horizons expand. The agreement of works rules may not, of course, prove an easy matter; in cases of dispute provision is to be made for an appeal to some appropriate arbitral body (*e.g.*, the Joint Industrial Council of the industry), or, in the last resort, to the Ministry of Industry. It is obvious that a valuable method of enforcing common standards in regard to such questions as dismissals, holidays, methods of wage-ascertainment, etc., will in this way come indirectly into being.

It is assumed, of course, that the functions of Works Councils will not in any way trench upon those of the various negotiating bodies to be set up in different industries. Should this come about, trade union opinion would be alienated, and trade union support for the statutory Councils withdrawn. This would render the whole plan unworkable in practice. The demarcation of functions, as between representative negotiating bodies and Works Councils, must be worked out in consultation with the former, and their mutual claims adjusted (as adjusted they can be) in the light of the general considerations which we have explored. Nothing would so certainly destroy the value of the Works Councils as an attempt, on the part of employers, to exploit them (as attempts have been made to exploit co-partnership) with a view to "downing" the unions. Nor, of course, is an alternative possibility to be overlooked—that the unions may similarly attempt to exploit the Works Councils as a weapon of class warfare

The measure of success which they achieve will depend upon the freedom from *arrière-pensées* of this kind which is to be looked for, from both "sides," in an industry in which the will to co-operate is present. In the very successful experiments of which already we have experience this condition has invariably been attained. It has been recognised, by employer and employed alike, that the raising of the wage-earner's status has directly promoted efficiency, and has therefore worked out to the immediate advantage of all the parties concerned.

As regards (b), this is dealt with in section (6) (below).

There remains (c). The conferment upon Works Councils of the right to receive periodically a statement in defined terms as to the financial position of the concern is one which, in the opinion of some employers (otherwise favourable to the principle of consultation), goes farther than the necessities of the case demand. "We are prepared," they say, "to give the wage-earner a voice in regard to the matters that concern him; but what business of his is the trading account or the balance-sheet of the concern? Can we be fairly asked to run the risk—for risk it is—of having him poking his nose into such matters as these?"

Could fallacy in argument go farther? The very assumption upon which the case for Works Councils is founded runs counter to the line of reasoning here indicated. As we have argued above, the ownership of a works has (from the standpoint of social ethics) a different status from the ownership of one's personal chattels. It implies an equilibrium of rights and responsibilities which call continually for mutual adjustment. The ultimate sanction behind the wage contract between A and B is the belief that it is to the community's interest that such an arrangement should subsist between them, and the community, which through its accredited representatives confers upon A privileges without which he could not profitably carry on his business, may not less justifiably confer, if it sees fit to do so, comparable privileges upon B. The bland assumption by one party to a wage contract that there is some inviolable law which ranks higher than the *salus populi* must be scrapped for good and all.

This is an abstract proposition; its strength is reinforced by the concrete experience of employers who have tested in practice the value of taking their employees fully into their confidence. Works Councils are most successful *as a means of promoting industrial efficiency* where the truth, and the whole truth, in regard to the economic processes in which the workers participate, are made known to their representatives. There is no other method by which the suspicion that, however fair their employers speak, they are not getting a "square deal," can be effectively allayed. And there is no greater stumbling block to the attainment of efficiency (which must in the long run depend largely upon mutual trust) than the persistence of this suspicion.

(6) THE PROTECTION OF THE INDIVIDUAL WAGE EARNER AGAINST ARBITRARY DISMISSAL

The proposals to this end which have been put forward can be shortly dealt with, as what has already been said to a large extent covers them. In large concerns the protection of the wage earner against arbitrary treatment must be primarily a matter for his Works Councils. But *every* employee has here a claim to protection, which it is the intention of Liberals to assert. This can be done, comparatively simply, by means of enactments necessitating that a defined procedure, with which some responsible official of every concern must be associated, attaches to the engagement and dismissal of employees. There is no more far-reaching—and no more justifiable—cause of industrial ill-will than the practice, which still prevails in badly-organised concerns, of permitting foremen and other subordinates to play fast and loose with the careers of those in their employ. This is an abuse which Liberals are determined—whatever may be the ultimate outcome of more elaborate proposals—to bring speedily to an end. The lines along which they propose to proceed are set out in considerable detail in their Industrial Report.

THE FICTIONISING OF THE PRESS

By JOHN A. HEDDERWICK

THE decadence of the Press has long been a favourite text for the pessimist. Ever since the Fourth Estate became old enough to have any history at all, the cantankerous critic has seen in its changing features the symptoms of an increasing corruption. The tendency to put the heroic age in the past has had full play where our newspapers are concerned; it displays itself even to-day, when the organisation of daily journals is visibly swelling to dimensions far more heroic than would have been imagined possible by the giants of a generation ago.

Public attention, when it is directed to the subject, is concentrated upon this impressive growth in the scale of operations. It is at once attracted and repelled by the way in which one, two, three huge newspaper trusts have evolved, starting new papers, absorbing old ones, controlling or amalgamating others, forming chains of publications up and down the country, and rivalling, in the range of their activities and the luxuriousness of their dividends, the greatest firms in our most prosperous industries. Skill and enterprise *in excelsis* have gone to the building up of these organisations, which think in terms of the whole nation and of millions of copies daily. They have placed upon a basis of sound business efficiency a form of public effort into which all sorts of irrelevant considerations of personal policy, tradition, literary ideals, and what not, were once allowed to enter. And the public, dazzled by the colossal, glittering, and amazingly profitable machine, admires—and trundles out its daily penny.

Yet, with every advance of the machine, there is a fresh outburst of lamentation. It comes, in the first place, from the men who are dispossessed in the name of progress. They feel as prehistoric man must have felt when, snug in his cave, he was plucked out by the paw of some monster and held shivering over a precipice. To the habitual fascinations of Fleet Street there has been added the

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intoxicating thought that at any moment the secret transaction may be completed and the entire staff, or some selected portion of it, will pass out into the Street of Adventure looking for another job.

The public sees the tragedy from a different angle, though it is not unmindful of the men and women swiftly shaken from a happy security and invited to begin life all over again. It laments the passing of the *individual* newspaper which had a character and an outlook distinguishing it from all others. Between the newspapers of yesterday and the standardised organs of to-day there is something of the difference between the work of a craftsman and the product of a power-driven factory. The one has a touch of personality and a purpose beyond the mere earning of dividends. The other is part of a national organisation, much more efficient in many ways than the former, but obviously turned out to a uniform specification and controlled on the strictest actuarial principles.

There is little useful purpose, however, in deploring this rapid and radical change in newspaper production. The law of the survival of the fittest dictates it. One by one the independent papers are falling into the net; day by day the efforts of the remainder to keep themselves alive and free become more and more exhausting. Apart from the purely local papers, which carry on comfortably upon circulations of a few thousands within a small town or country district, the tide is with the newspaper trust. And even among local papers there is a tendency to grouping which may in time carry them into the same relentless stream.

The motive force of this revolution is economic. Advertisement revenue is at once the foundation and the goal of a modern newspaper. In earlier days it was a necessity accepted more or less reluctantly as a necessity, and kept subservient to the great principles of editorial policy. But with the spread of popular education the possibility of huge circulations arose, and with it the opportunity of cornering the bulk of the big money spent on advertising. At first the larger circulations were confined to London; but with the development of simultaneous publication in

London and the provinces they spread north and west until they became, broadly speaking, national. At first, also, morning papers were alone affected; now, under the latest scheme, a new chain of evening newspapers will be established on the all-conquering "national" system.

The mainstay of newspaper advertising comes from the large firms which desire to appeal to everybody from Land's End to John o' Groat's. It is obviously a much simpler, and probably a more efficient, matter for these firms to arrange a few contracts with the national newspaper trusts than to enter into a hundred or more contracts with journals of all shapes and sizes circulating in more or less vaguely defined parts of the country. Very slight exaggeration is involved in saying that a firm which is spending £50,000 or £100,000 a year in general advertising can complete its annual programme of newspaper publicity in a day or two by concentrating upon the national organs. By doing so it stimulates the growth of these organs at the expense of the district newspapers and thus widens the gulf which separates them.

At one stage in this contest the district journals received a fairly liberal overflow of advertisements from the national journals. The latter had, in fact, created a demand they could not supply with the advertisement space at their disposal; and advertisers who were unable to make contracts for a million circulation distributed their orders among the papers with a few hundreds of thousands—or less. The mechanical side of newspaper production was, however, developed to meet the situation, and papers with twenty or twenty-four pages have become common. In spite of the growth of the advertising habit, the multiplication of advertising space in the Trust Press has been so marked that the crumbs left over for the independent newspapers have become scantier and less nutritious.

These changes are writ large on the newspaper world. They will probably continue until the independent type of newspaper has become extinct. The transformation need not be condemned as wholly, or even mainly, evil, since it provides us with newspapers enjoying resources in news-getting and in entertainment-providing far richer

than the old type of proprietor could hope to possess. Much depends upon the spirit in which these resources are used; and it is here that one touches upon a change in the Press which is much more subtle and far-reaching than those already traced.

The primary function of a newspaper is to provide news. Whatever may be said against the older type of newspaper, it is undeniable that this primary function was conscientiously performed. The historian may use the files of the British Press for the nineteenth century and beyond as a reliable source of facts. There were, of course, certain journals which specialised in sensational items, but even there the main facts were reliable, however highly coloured they might be in the presentation. The elementary pride of the editor was to be able to stand by the account given of every event; the elementary duty of the reporter was to describe every occurrence as he saw it happen. The various news agencies contributed to the gathering of genuine information; and, however varied the political views of newspapers might be, their news columns presented a reasonable degree of uniformity. Competition then was a rivalry in collecting and presenting the fullest and most accurate accounts of current affairs.

It may be freely admitted that this rather pedestrian ambition made for occasional dullness. Facts are not always exciting; and enthralling murder cases or lively divorce cases did not occur with sufficient frequency to keep a certain heaviness out of the news columns. In order to lighten the general effect, the newspapers which sought the widest circulation introduced all sorts of attractions which had little or nothing to do with news. They were really magazine items; to use the phrase of one of the greatest of newspaper magnates, they were "special and unusual features which will bring a new gleam of brightness into a day's routine."

They helped; but they were not enough. The desire came to lift the news columns themselves up to the shining level of the "special and unusual features." At first this impulse led to little more than the addition of a sparkle to the mode of description. The lighter touch was culti-

vated; and "snap" became the leading quality. If the evolution of the reporter had stopped at that stage, little harm might have been done, but it proceeded several stages further until the function of the reporter came to be, not to give an accurate account of anything whatsoever—an interview, a congress, an election, or anything else—but to "make a story" of it.

It is not without reason that the word "story" has become the key word in the modern newspaper office. The old-time reporter was a man who used shorthand to record what was said to him and what he saw; his skill lay in getting a well-written account in ahead of his rivals. The modern reporter is not a reporter at all; he needs no shorthand and takes little heed of dry facts; his skill lies in picking up or, if necessary, creating something bright and amusing which will tickle the fancy of the reader. In short, he uses his material in precisely the same manner as a fiction writer who observes some quaint incident or curious trait of character and works it up into a sketch or a dramatic story which is indeed "true to life" but is certainly not a matter of fact.

This is the process of "fictionising," which is deepening its influence upon the newspaper Press day by day. If the account given of it appears extreme, let the doubter attend any sort of function and compare what actually happens with the impressions given by some skilful "special" writer. In the case of a conference held by some body or other, he will find no attempt made to summarise the discussion; but he will find some trivial incident, which stirred no more than a ripple on the even flow of debate, transformed into an incident under the heading of "Uproar in the ——. Delegate defies the Chair." In the case of some dull electoral contest, where even the hecklers have gone to sleep, he will find the candidates pursuing the most romantic adventures which, if traced to their source, would bring one to nothing more substantial than an imagination behind a fountain pen. Let anyone emerge as a public character, and immediately he becomes the nucleus of sayings and doings which cause him the utmost surprise, if not consternation.

The same method is adopted on the "picture" side of popular newspapers. Press photographers are an enterprising race, numerous as the sands of Solway and engaged in almost murderous competition with each other. Their search for dramatic pictures is even more hectic than the journalist's pursuit of a "story"; and if events refuse to be dramatic, there is no hesitation in composing a scene which, however artificial, will appeal to the Art Editor as just the thing to touch some mass emotion. In the hands of a really competent camera man, the old phrase, "Every picture tells a story," assumes a new significance.

Once upon a time we comforted ourselves with the thought that this type of journalism was confined to America. We can no longer afford to assume a superior pose. The smart young men on our daily newspapers are out all day and night in search of "stories"; and the less the material available the more desperate do they become and the more do they spur their constructive imaginations. They are not to be blamed for their soaring flights, since they are bidden to soar and paid according to their power of elevation. Nor are their employers to be blamed, since their object is to please the public, and the public unquestionably prefer the gyrations of a story-writer to the perambulations of a reporter along the humdrum paths of truth. The exigencies of competition force the purveyors of news to more daring flights, and the independent journals which cling to the old traditions of descriptive reporting must either follow or lose their circulation—and, with their circulation, their life.

Even the news agencies, whose purpose is strictly that of recorder, are affected by the same pressure. When a newspaper publishes some exclusive "story," the representatives of the news agencies are invited to explain why they did not get hold of the same succulent morsel. And when they explore the matter in order to "follow it up," they generally discover that there is not an ounce of reality behind it.

It is difficult to say where this development is likely to be arrested, because the circle formed by public demand, circulation, and advertisement revenue tends to widen

and to strengthen. The more a newspaper can shake itself free from the trammels of fact, the more readers will delight in its contents. With each increase in circulation the revenue from advertisements is augmented. With each addition to revenue the newspaper extends the scope of its operations, introduces new "bright and unusual features," and attracts still more readers. Against this definite snowball effect there is offered nothing more substantial than the law of diminishing returns; and to all appearances we have not yet approached the stage where this law will have any material effect.

The net result is that the economic laws governing newspaper production are giving us a Press with a pervading tendency to the falsification of values. There is a certain light-heartedness about the distortion which invites us to overlook it, or at least to forgive it. On all really serious affairs, such as a murder trial or some public scandal, even the Story Press keeps in touch with the facts. Only on the less important everyday matters does it let itself gambol; and its behaviour is so amusing, its manner so good-natured, that one feels almost churlish in raising a protest. No harm is intended, and none—so the theory goes—is done.

This easy-going attitude is confirmed by the way in which everybody concerned acquiesces in the game. What public man troubles to complain when he is made the subject of a pleasant fantasy; what can a public body or institution do when its proceedings are transmogrified into a witty entertainment? When a comical incident of a largely invented kind is described, who is going to try to demonstrate that it is invented, and who is going to believe the pedant, or care a snap of the fingers about it if he succeeds? So long as the law of libel is respected, and so long as a sparkle is bestowed upon the breakfast-tables of the nation, why worry?

There would be no need to worry if the millions who take the printed word as their oracle were able to distinguish between news and fictionised news. A good deal of perspicacity, guided by some knowledge of the inner workings of a newspaper, is required for such a selective pro-

cess; and the millions possess neither. They take all they read, sober or intoxicated, at its face value; and if they had no other contact with the world than is provided by the gay, triumphant Press they would have hardly any contact at all. The effect upon their outlook on life is much the same as if they took Edgar Wallace and P. G. Wodehouse, sometimes in succession and sometimes together, as their instructors.

Some consolation may be found in the fact that broadcasting, which does present the chief news of our own and other countries with a full sense of responsibility, has come to claim its millions in the heyday of big newspaper circulations. Consolation also may be derived from the fidelity with which many great newspapers still cling to the higher tradition. Yet, after all the sources of comfort are exhausted, there remains the fear that the gigantic newspaper organisations of to-day are prospering on the weaknesses of the public mind and are deepening them by subtly obscuring the boundaries between fact and fiction.

seventy-three millions of population. There are, altogether, in India nearly seven hundred Princes and Chiefs of whom the great majority are of a petty character and of very limited and local importance. There are, however, one hundred and ten of sufficient status to be members of the Chamber of Princes established some seven years ago. This Chamber does not form part of the Government of India, and is merely a convenient method of joint discussion of such matters as may affect the Indian States equally with British India. Apart from this connecting link, as it were, the Indian Princes keep clear of all responsibility outside their own territories, a condition of affairs which they wish to continue, maintaining the while their direct connection with the British Crown set up in the treaties which were confirmed in Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858.

To attain this object under the fully developed reforms, if carried out in their present shape, the Princes must act through the medium of whatever Government may then exist in British India. They maintain, however, that neither the Treaties nor the Proclamation contemplated the transfer of authority from British officials acting on the commands of the Crown to a Government wholly or mainly composed of Indians, and no more responsible to the Crown than are those of the existing self-governing Dominions. The whole question of the status of the Indian Princes in connection with the reforms is now the subject of exhaustive enquiry, and it is therefore undesirable and unnecessary to pursue the matter further, but enough has been said to show that the Indian Princes hold a strong, if not crucial, position with regard to any future control of India by an Indian Government.

It would appear wise, therefore, to examine the possibility of reversing the present proposals, and instead of setting up a Western Constitution excluding the existing Indian States, or perhaps including them by political *force majeure*, to set up a Government based upon the indigenous institutions of the country, and, so far from creating an aloof or hostile body in the midst of the politically new India, to found the latter upon an increased

number of Indian States, federated or otherwise, in which greater elasticity could exist as regards races, customs and religions than is possible under the beneficent but rigid system obtaining in British India. At first sight this may appear a revolutionary proposal, but the Indian State of to-day is not of the type described in some of the earlier works of Rudyard Kipling,¹ and if much can yet be done to improve administration and finance, there are, on the other hand, many Princes from whom the political Indian of British India could learn a great deal about the art of government.

The Indian State has survived two thousand years of Indian upheavals and changes wrought by war or progress. All through the East a personal ruler is the one form of government understood and preferred by the people. Democracy, in its Western sense, is impossible, and a republic could only exist if the president constituted himself a dictator. There is ample evidence of this. In Egypt the King has quite recently suspended Parliament mainly because the latter, being Oriental, could not work in the Western way a Constitution based upon Western ideas. The newly fledged Turkish Republic is subject, in practice, to a dictatorship far more powerful and far-reaching than any Sultan of modern times. In China democracy has spelt anarchy, and there seems little hope of better things until a dynasty can again be set up or the welter of civil war throws up a man able to piece together the shattered fragments of a once great Empire.

On the other hand we have the example of the Malay States, federated and unfederated, peaceful and prosperous under their own rulers. Or take, again, the Kingdom of Iraq, where an enlightened and popular King has, so far, ruled with success, in spite of the fact that his country was re-created in the midst of world-wide turmoil and is peopled by excitable and warlike tribes.

The personal ruler means the personal touch, and close relations between ruler and ruled. It is so in most of the Indian States. The *darbar* system exists, which enables the humblest subject to lay his petition or grievance before

(1) Cf. *The Naulakha*.

aristocratic foundation, it assuredly can never be so with Indians professing democracy attempting to work the administrative machinery created by the British and worked successfully by them only because they have been unshackled by the religious, racial and *caste* considerations to which the Indian is subject. British government in India has succeeded because of being alien, not in spite of it; but it is a paradox that, while we have steadily maintained a policy of non-intervention in Indian social reforms, we should adopt the political reforms which, for any measure of success, must be preceded by those very social reforms which we have always regarded, and still regard, as being a matter for Indians. In so doing we have put the political cart before the educational horse, with the result that we are attempting to work the reforms, of which the essence is Western democracy, by machinery from which popular selection, the driving force of true democracy, is necessarily absent through lack of education and political interest and knowledge among something like ninety per cent. of the Indian peoples. One of the "transferred" subjects under the reforms happens to be education, but its progress under Indian control is not outstanding. It may be that, as previously remarked, the unit of administration is too big, but it is difficult entirely to avoid an uneasy feeling that the Indian politician is none too anxious to encourage intelligent and well-informed criticism by the spread of education and the emancipation of Indian women. In the smaller administrative unit of an Indian State it would be much easier to start real progress in the task of replacing the political cart behind the educational horse, and it might not be impossible to extend political independence to a State in accordance with its educational standard. The curse and the tragedy of British India to-day is the Indian youth who has a superficial Western education for which there is no outlet in his own country. A system of States would provide at least a partial remedy, and it might also be possible to regulate Western educational tours in accordance with ascertained demands. For ordinary persons an Indian education, properly carried out, would suffice. It is, of course, impossible within the limits of a REVIEW

article to give anything like a complete draft scheme for any proposals submitted, but, roughly speaking, the following might be some of the fundamentals:—

The Viceroy would remain as the representative of the King-Emperor. The existing Legislative Councils would remain to begin with. Certain subjects, such as finance, foreign affairs, communications and the Indian Army, would at first be retained in the hands of the British Government of India. British India would gradually be divided into States as already described, new rulers being appointed where necessary. Each State would have British political officers, just as they have in the Indian States to-day, and such other British officials as might be necessary in the early stages of the transition. The latter would gradually give place to Indians. Education would be one of the most important subjects in each State. On a State being reported as having reached a certain educational level it would become qualified to appoint a State Assembly, non-official and elected by popular vote. Here the *panchayet* would come to its own. Such schemes as have been proposed for the future government of India have been urban in outlook, character and control, whereas India is above all things a country of villages and overwhelmingly rural in population and industry. Any measure coming before a Legislative Council which appeared to touch questions of religion, custom, or the ordinary life of any community particularly identified with a State would be sent to the State Assembly for its consideration, the debates being public and reported in the Press. The measure would then be considered by the Legislative Assembly in the light of local opinion. By some such means greater elasticity would result, and the Indian, of any degree, would feel that he had some real part in the government of his country. In course of time it might be possible to do away with the Legislative Councils and enable the Government of India to deal directly with the State Assemblies. Here, obviously, the question of federation must arise. So, too, would the British official gradually disappear from the States, leaving only the political officer to maintain a direct connection with a political department directly under the Viceroy, and so

keep unbroken the link with the Crown which is treasured above all things by the Indian Princes. Time alone can solve the problem of the Indian Army, but other administrative questions would probably solve themselves without undue difficulty if some such scheme as that outlined above were adopted. It would probably be found necessary to retain the North-West Frontier Province under the British Government, the British garrison being reinforced by units of the Indian Army (then "Indianised" as to its officers) taking their turn to do a tour of frontier duty lasting two or three years at a time. There is a precedent for some such arrangement in the case of Ulster, and it would assist in the solution of many of the difficulties now confronting the military authorities both in India and England.¹

The scheme as a whole would appeal to Indians outside the politician class now existing. It is a very noteworthy fact that the communal riots of which we see so many unhappy examples always occur in British India, and never in the Indian States, the recent trouble in Mysore being so unusual as to call for considerable newspaper comment. It has been said that many of the communal riots in British India have simply been demonstrations against the existing form of government. If so, the grounds for such protests would be removed by the creation of Indian States.

For many years the existing Indian States have produced administrators of the greatest ability, and there is no reason to suppose that the peoples now in British India could not do the same. The general level of administration would probably be somewhat lower, but does it always spell contentment to have a class of government far above the heads of those who elect it, and for whose benefit it is supposed to exist? Amid really Indian surroundings, and with a much smaller unit of administration, the Indian has already shown in many of the Indian States what he can do. But he will never be able to take over and work as a going concern the vast alien machinery of British India.

(1) For a more detailed consideration of this question see "The Future of the Indian Army" in *The Fighting Forces* for October, 1928.

FENG YU-HSIANG, THE CHRISTIAN GENERAL

By W. E. LEVESON

A GOOD soldier but an ineffective statesman: of robust constitution and magnificent physique, and at the same time unkempt and unclean in person: such was Charles XII of Sweden, and such is Feng Yu-hsiang. Moreover, the simile may be pushed further, for they both were endowed with the facility for keeping the world wondering what they would do next: they were such men as do not discuss their plans with their subordinates, who take quick decisions, and thus acquire a reputation for being unaccountable and find themselves styled "men of mystery." There is an anecdote told of Feng by Mr. Krarup Nielsen in a recent book, describing how he invited a prominent general named Chin Yin-ao to dine with him, and, immediately the meal was over, had him beheaded. So, too, it is recorded of Charles that he made the surrender of General Patkul a condition of his treaty of peace with Poland, and when the man was given up he promptly took off his head. Both outrages passed with little comment; they counted to contemporary opinion as no more than the routine of public life.

A soldier from his boyhood, Feng Yu-hsiang's greatest success has been as a local administrator. Shensi, Honan and the north-west all bear witness to this. As Tuchun or Tupan he made the maintenance of an efficient army his paramount consideration, and, while the pay and equipment of the army was a first charge on the Provincial income, the Province got its money's worth in the preservation of law and order and the suppression of banditry—no small boons in post-Revolution China. Outside military affairs Feng found time for extensive road construction works, colonisation plans, and the discouragement of poppy cultivation. Our information as to his activities is not extensive, but, reading between the lines of missionary correspondence, almost the only source of news from the

remote interior of China, one may see this rough, self-educated soldier learning of the small attempts at Western progress being made in Canton and Manchuria, and doing what he could to imitate them in the districts under his control.

It is a curious phenomenon that a man of this stamp should have acquired the fictitious reputation that he has. A writer in the *North China Daily News* some years ago likened Feng Yu-hsiang to his grandmother's cat, upon whom fell the blame for every untoward happening for which there was no ready explanation. Feng was doing this, was behind that, or had engineered the other! till it had become the mode to compare him sometimes with Machiavelli and sometimes with the Kingmaker. Responsible Chinese with any knowledge of the inner workings of Peking politics were amused at this creation of the English newspapers. To attribute the responsibility for such-and-such an event to Feng, they said, saved effort, and made the task of thinking things out much lighter. Mr. Krarup Nielsen affords us ample specimens of the type of abuse with which it is even now the vogue to bespatter him. "The traitor and artful schemer," "the most subtle schemer and the slyest old fox known in the annals of Chinese politics during the last fifteen years," "arrant old schemer and soldier of fortune": these are some of the groundless expletives with which his book is garnished. The one instance adduced in support of this welter of invective is Feng's withdrawal in 1924 from the fighting in progress between Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu, when his return to Peking caused Wu's collapse and flight. Yet it is on record that Feng clearly warned Wu what would happen if he persisted in his impossible programme of unification by force; and it is clear that in this case Feng was actuated by sound motives. He has said that his only aim at the time was the pacification of the country. Ever placing loyalty to the country above loyalty to any faction or chieftain, he denies that he was at any time any man's henchman. Perhaps the best keynote to his character may be found in the reply he made to an ingenuous enquiry as to whether or no he was a Communist. He said that "if the rehabilitation of the poor classes of China; three

meals a day instead of starvation; shelter and clothes instead of rags and open air; sound teaching instead of profound ignorance . . . if that were Communism, well, then Feng Yu-hsiang was a Communist."

The Christian General's political aims, his outlook on life, as it were, are plain enough from his published writings and speeches, all of which bear the stamp of consistent integrity. Take, for instance, his memorial to Tsao Kun soon after his installation as President of the Republic. In this document he deplored the state of disorder into which the country had been plunged for so long: that breaches of the law, malpractices and injustice were rife, and that as soon as a man secured an official post his object was to be wealthy, to the detriment of the public interest. For this he saw no remedy except better procedure for rewards and punishment and for the appointment and dismissal of officials. For a man of Chinese birth and origin, with no knowledge of the mechanism of government such as we are accustomed to in Europe, with no tradition of government probity such as actuates Downing Street or the Quai d'Orsay to fall back upon, this summing up is in its way fundamental and excellent. His recommendation was the revival of the Board of Censors,¹ that great public safeguard in the days of the Empire, which fell into disuse and was abolished under the régime of Yuan Shi-kai. Let me continue in his own words:—

I am a militarist, and, therefore, should not touch upon matters of administration. But since you, Mr. President, have expressed your willingness to accept recommendations, I feel impelled to submit this memorial, leaving its consideration to your judgment.

I, therefore, recommend for your consideration that as a preliminary step towards official reform discipline should be taken into account. For this purpose I consider it imperative that a Board of Censors—or call it what you will—should be established. It should be composed of men of upright character, who would aid the administration by opening a channel of communication between the Government and the people, giving the latter an opportunity freely to express their opinions, knowing that such would receive the consideration they deserved. I believe that this would go a long way towards sweeping away official corruption.

(1) *The Times* Shanghai correspondent (September 30th) indicates surprise that the Nanking draft constitution revives the old Censorate. The provision clearly shows the hand of Feng Yu-hsiang.

Feng's speech to his subordinates, civilian as well as military, in December, 1925, is a fair specimen of what such an address should be. I am concerned, however, for the moment only with a passage towards the end of the speech in which he refers to the false rumours with regard to himself:—

"I must confess," he said, "that people of this day are really prone to suspicion. For instance, a few years ago when I stopped off at Loyang for a little while I was then suspected of being pro-Loyang; and when I stopped off at Paotingfu for a few days I was suspected of being pro-Paotingfu. When I was stationed in Nanyuan President Li paid us a visit, and I was said to be pro-Li. Because of my friendly intercourse with Mr. Hsu Chien, who is a devout Christian and follower of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, people again call me a Sun-man. A few days later Fengtien sent one of the military to see me in Nanyuan, thereby starting some intercourse with Fengtien; hence people say I belong to the Fengtien party. Afterward I am told people began to question what party does Feng belong to anyhow, for whom and against whom, and so forth and so on. I then laughed at the remark, and verily I say no one has guessed me right. If I belong to any party at all it is that which places the love of country above party interest. If I am pro-anybody at all, it is he who has the salvation of China at heart. If I have any enemy at all, it is he who seeks to profit at the expense of the country. If I am anti-anybody, it is he who betrays his country to foreign nations. Outside of these people I have no particular inclinations. In other words, he who loves his country and seeks to save her from ruin is my friend."

As to his Christianity, a prime source for the jeers and sneers of English and American writers, it is neither to be supposed that Feng is able to grasp the subtleties of the Higher Criticism, nor that he could chop logic with the Dean of St. Paul's, but it is certain that he appreciates the co-operative stimulus generated among his rough levies by the mystic rite of baptism, and that he knows the value of fervent community singing to a tired brigade on the march. Let us remember that Toc H. lamps and the "Long, Long Trail" have ever met with encouragement from our own higher command. The Christian training of Feng's famous Division XI gave rise to the saying when it was sent to Sianfu, that "the worst army in China is to be replaced by the best."

If the faith of this "Old Testament Christian" (the epithet was Sir John Jordan's) has weakened, the fault is hardly his own. When the account of what are known as

the Shanghai, Shameen, and Wanhsien incidents reached him in Kalgan, distorted and exaggerated as they doubtless were, he published an "Address to the Christians of the World" deploring the silence and inaction of the missionary body in the critical situation which had arisen. He hurled Christian texts at England, "a country with an Established Church," with pitiless accuracy, and while a sane and logical defence of our action in each incident was and is ready, I cannot withhold sympathy from the author of this despairing challenge.

In China, perhaps more than in any other country, by reason of its stupendous population and inappreciable material development, politics and trade are closely interwoven. Thus British merchants, contractors, and others having dealings with Chinese cannot afford to eschew the politics of the country. The birth and growth of a new public opinion, the murmurings of a long silent *Vox Populi*, the literary Renaissance, the recent nation-wide will to peace, are phenomena which demand their attention. And with these broader questions it is as important to study the lives and characters of the national leaders. For the Chinese as a race are docile and obedient to constituted authority; the effect of centuries under a systematised autocracy remains inbred in the nation. As a consequence the influence of their leaders is both catholic and apostolic.

For this reason I have sought to do somewhat to eradicate the wrong impression prevailing in regard to Feng Yu-hsiang, certainly, since the death of Chang Tso-lin, the most powerful personality north of the Yangtze. Albeit he showed the best results under Tuchunism, the system of military governorships inaugurated in the early days of the Republic, yet his acceptance of Nationalist principles two years ago was the supreme achievement of the Kuomintang, the dominant factor in the final success of the Nationalist Party, and an important step towards China's attainment of national unity.

THE GENIUS OF DISRAELI: A PEN PORTRAIT

BY A. H. T. CLARKE

"Carry out your aspirations! There is one thing that our race has never learnt, and that is, to fail." (Disraeli to a fellow-Jew.)—A. H. Sayce, *Reminiscences*, p. 107.

"Dreams of fantastic youth! Amid the stern realities of existence I have unexpectedly achieved a long-lost purpose."—Disraeli, *Tragedy of Count Alarcos*, pref.

"Disraeli, whether admired or condemned by the partisan, certainly left his imprint on the history and political character of his age as perhaps no other individual has done since the days of Pitt."—Sir Chas. Waldstein, *Aristodemocracy*, p. 90.

THE romance of Disraeli's career is surely unique in the annals of history. In the nineteenth century before Christ, Joseph, a son of Israel, dreamed that he would one day become lord over his brethren, and actually became Grand Vizier of Egypt and the favourite of Egypt's king. In the nineteenth century after Christ another son of Israel (d'Israeli) lived to fulfil the dream of his youth, that of being Prime Minister of England and the favourite of England's Queen. "Well, Disraeli"—exclaimed in after times a friend of those early days who became Member for Hull—"when you and I travelled together years ago who would ever have thought that you would be Prime Minister?" "Who, indeed?" replied Disraeli, "but, as we used to say in the East, God is great! And now He is greater than ever!" With the exception of the younger Pitt most of our Prime Ministers were educated at one of the great Public Schools. Disraeli had to be contented with such inferior seminaries as Miss Roper's establishment at Islington or, from 1813 to 1816, the Rev. J. Potticany's school at Blackheath, or later, from 1817 to 1820, the Rev. Mr. Cogan's High School at Epping. Perhaps in this there was a Providence. "Nature," as he reminds us in *Contarini Fleming*, "is more powerful than education." And, as he says of *Coningsby*, at Oxford or Cambridge he "might have been

coddled into a prig or flattered into a profligate had it not been . . . that . . . there was a greater and more real world awaiting him than is to be found in those bowers of Academus to which youth is apt to attribute an exaggerated importance."

There were other drawbacks to his future career, his precarious health (which to the last was never really robust) and his small private means. He was for a short time articled to a London solicitor. But early speculations in American mines led to a series of losses that for long hung like a millstone round his neck. Strange stories are told of his not leaving his rooms for fear of being arrested for debt and of his actually compounding with some of his Jewish creditors for reducing the interest should he ever live to become Prime Minister. Hear him in the name of *Tancred*, his hero, exclaim:—

What should I be without my debts, . . . dear companions of my life that never desert me? All my knowledge of human nature is owing to them. . . . What expedient in negotiation is unknown to me? . . . What play of the countenance have I not observed? Yes, among my creditors I have disciplined that diplomatic ability that shall some day confound and control cabinets. O my debts, I feel your presence like guardian angels!

What was the secret that enabled him so marvellously to succeed in overcoming such apparently insuperable obstacles? In the first place, Ambition. Wonderful it is, even in the very early days of his career, to see how conscious Disraeli was of his coming fame. It was at Bradenham, so he long afterward told Lady Derby, he passed a "miserable youth." "Why miserable?" she naturally asked. "Because I was devoured by an ambition which I saw no means of gratifying." At the age of twenty-two he asks his friends, the Austens, to preserve his letters, as they will be worth guineas in the days to come! Already, at the age of twenty-one *Vivian Grey* introduces us to Lord and Lady "Beaconsfield." At twenty-eight he makes *Contarini Fleming* say: "In imagination I shook thrones and founded empires." Then he felt his father's hand upon his shoulder and heard him say: "My son will be Prime

Minister of —, perhaps something greater." At thirty-two *Tancred* actually annexes Cyprus and makes Queen Victoria Empress of India! On the plains of Troy he feels himself a coming Homer. At Jerusalem this second *Alroy* dreams that he may yet be called upon to restore again the kingdom to Israel. At thirty he was introduced to old Lord Melbourne. Asked what he would like to get, he replied: "I intend to be Prime Minister." That, as Melbourne was careful to explain in detail, had become "impossible." But Melbourne lived to see him in 1848 take his seat as leader of the party, and prophesied: "By G—, the fellow will do it yet!" At thirty-three his future wife wrote of him to her brother: "Mark what I prophesy. Mr. Disraeli will in a very few years be one of the greatest men of his day." Even at the age of twelve his brother Ralph remembered him in the holidays playing at parliament and always reserving for himself the part of leader and spokesman for the government. At the age of twenty-nine he goes to the actual Parliament and

Heard Macaulay's best speech . . . Macaulay admirable. But between ourselves I could floor them all. This *entre nous*. . . The time will come! (Buckle, i. 233.)

Again, "I could rule the House of Commons, although there would be great prejudice against me at the first. It is the most jealous assembly in the world." He was at that time not thirty; and every schoolboy remembers the famous apostrophe to youth at which Disraeli kindles the fire of his own ambition.

I perceive, said Coningsby, that you have great confidence in the influence of individual character. . . . But it is not the spirit of the age. . . . The age does not believe in great men because it does not possess any (replied the stranger). The spirit of the age is the very thing that a great man changes.—But does not he rather avail himself of it? inquired Coningsby.—Parvenus do, enjoined his companion, but not prophets, great legislators, great conquerors. . . . But are these the times for great legislators and great conquerors? urged Coningsby.—When were they not more wanted? asked the stranger. From the throne to the hovel all call for a guide.—But what is an individual (exclaimed Coningsby) against a vast public opinion?—Divine, said the stranger. God made man in His own image but the public is made by news-papers.—But when men are young they want experience, said Coningsby.—Great men never want experience, said the

stranger. . . . Almost everything that is great has been done by youth. . . . Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five and twenty [i.e., Hannibal and Napoleon]. Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. . . . But it is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.—Ah, said Coningsby, I should like to be a great man. The stranger threw at him a scrutinising glance. . . . Nurture your mind with great thoughts. To believe in the heroic makes heroes.

The stranger is, of course, Sidonia, an idealised portrait of the international Jew, a mingling of the characters of Rothschild and himself, master of all the secrets and of all the languages of Europe. Hence early in his life the East called him; and at the age of twenty-six he made a pilgrimage from Spain to Palestine, taking Athens and Egypt and Constantinople on his way. In the mosque of Omar

I caught a glorious glimpse of splendid courts and light airy gates of Saracenic triumph, flights of noble steps, long arcades and noble interior gardens where silver fountains spouted their tall streams amid the taller cypresses. . . . As for Dendera and Thebes, . . . conceive a feverish and tumultuous dream full of triumphal gates, processions of paintings, interminable walls of heroic sculpture, granite columns of gods and kings, prodigious obelisks, avenues of sphinxes and halls of a thousand columns thirty feet in girth and of a proportionate height. My eyes and mind ache with a grandeur so little in unison with our own littleness.

The description is worth noting for its Eastern colouring, which seems to have ever after entered into the composition of his high-flown novels. But it is none the less a fact that his Continental training enabled him to prize with more than ordinary zeal the greatness of the country in which his lot was cast.

Five capitals and twelve great cities, innumerable remains of antiquity and the choicest specimens of modern art have told me what man has done and is doing. I feel now that it is not prejudice when I declare that ENGLAND, with all her imperfections, is worth all the world together.

Here is the first example of that pride in his home country which made him write at the age of twenty-eight: "I am neither WHIG or Tory. My politics are described by one word, and that word is ENGLAND." This was the man whose very last words before he left the House of Commons were: "Our duty at this critical moment is to maintain the Empire. Nor will we ever agree to any

step that may obtain for a moment a comparative and false prosperity that hazards the existence of the Empire." It was to Disraeli that Lord Salisbury paid this tribute after death—that "zeal for the greatness of England was the passion of his life." The sincerity of Disraeli has sometimes been called in question by some: his patriotism, never.

At the age of twenty-one Disraeli's first novel appeared. Its title was *Vivian Grey*. Its hero was himself. And, like Byron, he awoke to find himself famous. How shall Vivian attain his ambition? He must enter society. "But to enter into high society a man must have either blood, a million, or genius." Vivian (that is, Disraeli) had only the last. In what sphere of life shall the last find its true goal? He tries all the professions in turn. First,

The *Bar*. Pooh! Law and bad jokes till we are forty and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. The *Services* . . . in war-time are fit only for desperadoes (and that truly am I), but in peace are fit only for fools. The *Church* is more rational. Let me see! I should certainly like to act Wolsey. But the thousand and one chances [are] against me; and truly I feel that my destiny should not be on a chance. Were I the son of a millionaire or a noble I might have all. Curse on my lot that the want of a few rascal counters and the possession of a little rascal blood should mar my fortunes!

It is passing strange that Richelieu should have been Disraeli's model as Ximenes had been Chatham's. In either case power was their goal and politics their method of attaining it. And politics in either case both found to be, as Disraeli once frankly admitted, a "beastly game." This is how, according to Disraeli, the game is to be played:—

Yes, we must mix with the herd. We must enter into their feelings. We must humour their weakness. We must sympathise with the sorrows that we do not feel and share the merriment of fools. O yes, to rule men we must be men. To prove that we are strong we must be weak. To prove that we are giants we must be dwarfs, even as the Eastern genie was hid in the charmed bottle. . . . Am I prepared? Now let me probe my very soul! There wants but one thing more—courage, pure, perfect courage. . . . Vivian Grey was convinced that there was at least one person in the world who was no craven, either in body or mind. And so he had long come to the comfortable conclusion that it was impossible that his career could be anything but the most brilliant.

It is matter of dispute how much of Vivian Grey figures in the real Disraeli. The above, we fear, is a painfully near likeness to its author in the flesh. Take the following remark to his father three years after *Vivian Grey* was written: "To govern men you must either excel them in their own accomplishments or despise them." And this is how four years later, in 1834, he tries to defend, as a loyal party man, the tergiversation of his leader, Sir Robert Peel.

The truth is, gentlemen, a statesman is the creature of his age, the child of circumstance, the creation of his times. A statesman is essentially a practical character. And when he is called upon to take office he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been on this or that subject. He is only to ascertain the needful and the beneficial and the most feasible. . . . The people have their passions. And it is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathise, because the people must have leaders.—*The Crisis Examined*. (Buckle, i. 271.)

This is hardly a flattering portrait of himself drawn by his own master-hand. "He had all his life," says his official biographer, Mr. Monypenny, "a certain weakness for mystery and intrigue." This Mr. Somervell corroborates. "To Disraeli political questions were questions of expediency" (pp. 135, 225). "His memory was active but selective and curiously inaccurate in detail. He saw his career in retrospect as a novel of epic proportions, and indulged some of the privileges of a writer of fiction in refashioning his past." So "when he tells" his stories "twice the two versions are apt to be entirely different" (*ib.* 77, 127)!

But Disraeli had other means of striking the public attention—his clothes. Mr. W. H. Mallock reminds us of what is little known—that a certain Mr. Bevan, owning a gold-headed stick that once belonged to Voltaire and claiming the intimate friendship of Lord Houghton and Miss Burdett-Coutts, was the original "dandy" from whom both Disraeli and Bulwer Lytton drew their model of a man-of-the-world. At High Wycombe Disraeli drove to the hustings arrayed in cambric and lace, with a blue band round his hat and with a coat lined with pink silk and, before he spoke, formally adjusted his ringlets. Nor

is this an isolated instance. We have fortunately an eyewitness of his appearance as he presented himself to his constituency at Taunton.

"For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Never in my life have I been so struck by a human face as I was by that of Disraeli. He was lividly pale, and . . . over a broad high forehead were ringlets of coal-black glossy hair which . . . fell in luxuriant clusters . . . over his left cheek and ear. . . . He was very showily attired in a dark bottle-green frock coat, a waistcoat . . . almost covered with glittering rings and fancy-pattern pantaloons. . . . Altogether he was the most intellectual looking exquisite I have ever seen. But as he proceeded . . . his voice, at first so finical, gradually became full, musical, sonorous. . . . The dandy was transformed into the man of mind, the Mantalini-looking personage into a practised orator. (*Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers and Politicians*, London, 1846, cit. ap. Buckle, i. 282, and Sir E. Clarke pp. 39-40.)

With the Oriental clothes are the man. And Disraeli was an Oriental. In Greece he donned, he tells us, "the costume of a Greek pirate—a blood-red shirt with silver studs as big as shillings, an immense . . . girdle full of pistols and daggers, red cap, red slippers, broad blue-striped jacket and trousers." In Turkey "I am quite a Turk, wear a turban, smoke a pipe six feet long, and squat on a divan." Yet this was the man who was to lead captive not only Lord Lyndhurst (at that time with Brougham, the ablest speaker in the Lords), the two brothers Bentinck, the two Derbys, Lord Salisbury, and Henry Chaplin, but also his "very affectionate" Sovereign, Queen Victoria. Wellington early took note of him as "d——d gentlemanly." Lord John Manners wrote of him on a forty-three years' acquaintance that "every year my love deepened with my knowledge." Lord Salisbury, once his severest critic, acknowledged "his patience, his gentleness, his unswerving and unselfish loyalty," which had left "an impression which will never leave me so long as life lasts."

Yet more than to his friendships, his fantastic appearance, his literary squibs, his wit and his wisdom, it was to his pertinacity and perseverance that he owed his ultimate success. As candidate for Parliament he was at first four times defeated; yet he never despaired of ultimate

success. And though at his first speech in Parliament he was howled down, he warned the House that "the time shall come when you will hear me." After his third defeat at the hustings he explained to the dinner-party over which Lord Chandos presided the secret of his invincibility.

I am not at all disheartened. I do not in any way feel like a beaten man. Perhaps it is because I am used to it. I will say of myself, like a famous Italian general who, when asked in his old age why he was always victorious, replied it was because he had always been beaten in his youth.

And what shall we say of his moral courage in hallooing Peel off the stage where he was so firmly and seemingly invincibly planted? Peel was one of the greatest Parliamentarians England had ever seen. To use Disraeli's famous phrase in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, "he could play on the House like an old fiddle." In Parliament he proudly declared that he led "the gentlemen of England." Indeed, he could count on the support not only of the old Tories and the new Conservatives, but of the Church, the farmers and the great bulk of the manufacturers of England. Himself sprung from the Middle Classes, he spoke with the voice of the newly enfranchised supporters of the reformed Parliament of 1832. He was a man of rare intellectual grasp, having taken a double-first at Oxford, and of a blameless life crowned by the most assiduous industry. It was this giant that Disraeli, to clear his own path to fame, elected to overthrow! Till 1843 Peel had the loyal support of Disraeli. But it was not in the conventional character of Peel to understand "that d——d bumptious Jew boy." In Peel there was not, as Samuel Wilberforce had observed, one trace of genius. Disraeli had solicited office and had been left out. He thought himself slighted, and determined on a terrible revenge. Peel gave him his opportunity. Peel had come into office on the distinct understanding that he would preserve the Corn Laws—in other words, retain a protective tariff keeping a monopoly of corn in the hands of the English landowners. Peel had since seen fit to change his mind. He gave the Corn Laws three years in which to gradually disappear. Was this, asked Disraeli

in a series of witty philippics that stung the too sensitive leader to the quick, the cause which Peel had been sent to champion in Parliament? Peel's "Conservative Government" was "an organised hypocrisy." There was no other man who was such a "burglar of other men's ideas," nor any other mind which could be so easily "convicted of petty larceny." Peel was no more a great minister than a man could be called a great whip who merely climbed up behind a carriage. Peel's whole mind was so unoriginal that it could be called "one long appropriation clause." He was like the Turkish admiral who on putting out to sea against the enemy's fleet changed his mind on the way and steered straight as a friend for the enemy's port. As for Peel pretending to be the leader of the Tories, he was merely passing WHIG measures under Tory standards. "He had caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes." These quips went the round of England. Nothing like them had ever been heard before in Parliament. Peel replied to them, says Gladstone, with an air of "righteous dullness." But no reply was possible; and, Gladstone adds, the attacks were delivered in a manner that at once "satisfied both the ear and fancy." By 1846 Disraeli had succeeded in driving Peel from office.

But there was in Disraeli's Oriental temper no lasting sense of pique. He was amazingly placable to all opponents. To O'Connell, who in earlier days had hurled at him such epithets as "liar" and "heir-at-law to the impenitent thief on the Cross," Disraeli lived to pay a generous tribute in the House. It is in his *Life of Lord George Bentinck* that Disraeli has embalmed a peculiarly generous and, on the whole, accurate appreciation of Peel. In favour of Palmerston he had twice offered to Lord Derby to stand aside, namely, in 1851 and 1855. He repeated the same generous offer in favour of Gladstone in 1858, when Gladstone was still anonymously contributing to that Tory organ, the *Quarterly Review*.

The conjuncture is very critical and, if prudently yet boldly managed, may rally this country. . . . Whatever office you filled your shining qualities would always render you supreme. . . . Think of all this in a kindly spirit. These are hurried lines but they are heart-felt.

It is sad to have to record that Gladstone, for whatever reason, refused the offer, and that this refusal led to the parting of the ways. From this hour the battle of the two giants begins. It is sad, too, to have to record Gladstone's opinion of his assailant.

The standard of public men has declined. For this deterioration one man, and one only, is responsible—Disraeli. He is the grand corrupter. He it was who sowed the seed. (Morley's *Gladstone*, iii. 475.)

This has not become the verdict of posterity, to which Disraeli appealed. We can easily put this to the test. The series of *chroniques scandaleuses* which had at first done duty for his biographies—"infamous libels" Disraeli called them—ceased with the spiteful portraits of T. P. O'Connor and Thomas Macknight. With Froude in 1890 came the turn of the tide. And Froude had hitherto seen Disraeli only through Carlyle's spectacles as the "Hebrew conjuror" taking a "leap in the dark" and "shooting Niagara." Froude's slight but fascinating sketch became the parent of a long line of well-considered studies that have culminated in the six portly volumes of the official biography by Messrs. Monypenny and Buckle, who have produced a panegyric of the hero in a work which will always prove a quarry for future investigators. That Life has since been supplemented by the pens of Mr. D. L. Murray, M. Maurois, and Sir Edward Clarke.

It is not easy to sum up with fairness and candour the political character of this remarkable man. And of the difficulty Disraeli seems himself to have been early aware, for among the profusion of his first political pamphlets there is one with the singularly arresting title of *What is He?* What, indeed? Professor Hearnshaw has hit, we think, on the only possible solution. Noticing the sadness of look in all Disraeli's later portraits, he hazards the guess that perhaps after all he had the discomfort of recognising the fact that for all his trumpeting of Tory principles he was in reality a WHIG without knowing it!

Let us put this suggestion to the test of facts. There is no doubt that Disraeli started off as a genuine Tory. His father, who had made himself famous in defence of the Stuart dynasty, had early initiated him into the Tory

principles of the seventeenth century. Disraeli's earliest heroes are clearly dictators like Ripperda and Alberoni, just as Lord Acton recognises in Disraeli's political ancestor, Bolingbroke, a "congenial spirit" with Macchiavelli. All Disraeli's earliest speeches and letters are full of gibes at the WHIGS. He is uncertain whether at first to join the Tories. He has a good word for the Radicals and a better word for the Chartists. But for the WHIGS he has no sympathy. All his novels look the same way. *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, which appeared in 1844 and 1845, are a genuine attempt to revive the High Church Toryism of the days of Bolingbroke and good Queen Anne. There can be no manner of doubt that at the outset Bolingbroke and Disraeli were genuine Tories full of dreams for the revival of the expired or expiring cause of Pretender or Protection.

But these proved to be only dreams. The facts of the present rudely called them off their dreams. So (to quote the historian of Toryism, Mr. Keith Feiling) they both set to work to "educate their party." In this work of "education" they both succeeded. Disraeli dropped Protection as summarily as Bolingbroke dropped the Pretender. Both were men of action who could "adapt" their theories to crucial facts. And what were to them the crucial facts? That Absolutism, without which old Toryism could not exist, was dead, and that Public Opinion had taken the place of the older aristocracy. In short, they became WHIGS.

It is remarkable how much Disraeli from the first owed to the WHIGS. His first great patron and leader of the Tory Party, to whose memory he bequeathed a valuable *Life*—Lord George Bentinck—was "a WHIG of 1688" (p. 40). Byron, to whose memory he always looked back as in some sort recognising in him a kindred genius ("my moral me"), was a strong WHIG who hated both Wellington and the victory of Waterloo. In 1867 came Disraeli's famous Franchise Act, which even his own chief, Lord Derby, called "a leap in the dark," but which Disraeli, recognising its parentage in the WHIG Reform Act of 1832, regarded as only another opportunity of "dishing

the WHIGS." In 1874 he disavowed the old High Church element in his earlier Toryism by his Public Worship Regulation Act, which earned the praise and active co-operation of that avowed WHIG, Archbishop Tait. His novels point the same way. To *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, with their grotesque glorification of the least practicable parts of mediævalised Catholicism, succeeds his best-loved and perhaps most famous novel of *Lothair*, published in 1870. Mr. Seccombe has described *Lothair* as a "confession of abandoned ideals." It is pleasant to know that Mr. Buckle (iii. 271), Disraeli's official biographer, takes the same view. *Lothair* glorifies the new saviours of Italy (Cavour and Garibaldi) and empties the vials of criticism on monks, Jesuits, priests and friars and inscrutably wily ecclesiastics like Manning in the Roman Church and Samuel Wilberforce in the English Church. But *Lothair* does more. It exalts the power of Modernism and Erastianism to the height in its heroine, Theodora. It was this that reconciled to its author that *malleus monachorum* Froude, and prompted him to write Disraeli's Life.

In this remarkable *volte-face* from the extreme of Toryism to its opposite Disraeli had but trodden the path of his predecessor, whom he was never weary of quoting with applause—Bolingbroke, the author once of an Act against Dissenters and secretary to the Old Pretender. Of that brilliant but sinister politician M. Louis Cazamian writes with his usual knowledge of English literary history:—

To what extent (he asks) was his opportunist Toryism . . . sincere? It seems that Bolingbroke . . . evokes the principles of the Revolution of 1688 and claims to apply them better than . . . Walpole (*Hist. Eng. Lit.*, ii. 103.)

For Walpole substitute Bright or Gladstone (both of whom Disraeli had actually invited to a seat in the Conservative Cabinet) and every syllable of the above description of Bolingbroke's Toryism, which had once embraced the return of the Pretender, would include Disraeli's Conservatism, which had originally regarded as essential to its existence the policy of Protection!

Of Bolingbroke's change from Toryism to WHIGGERY there is no reasonable doubt. According to the leading WHIG historian, Hallam,

He seems to have made the Tories reject their old tenets of . . . hereditary right and scorn the High Church theories which they had maintained under William and Anne. His *Dissertation on Parties* and his *Letters on the History of England* are in fact written on Whig principles (*Hist. Eng.*, iii. 295-6).

Sir Leslie Stephen, in his monumental work on *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, takes precisely the same view. "Locke," he says, "expounded the principles of the Revolution of 1688, and his writings became the political Bible of . . . WHIGGISM." But Bolingbroke found Locke's theories so "favourable to his own views" that "his avowed purpose was to revive the doctrines of WHIGGISM" (i. 178, ii. 171, cp. 176)! And with this tendency of his "later writings" Bolingbroke's biographer, Macknight, entirely agrees.

The change that came over Bolingbroke seems to have been repeated in his political pupil, Disraeli. It has become the fashion to defend Disraeli by comparing his creed with that of Burke. But Burke began as a WHIG and ended as a part-Tory. Disraeli began as a Tory and ended as a WHIG. Burke to the last made his "Appeal from the New to the Old WHIGS." Disraeli hated all WHIGS and wrote a book against "The Spirit of WHIGGISM." By WHIGS Burke meant the authors of the Revolution of 1688, *i.e.*, chiefly the Middle Classes and the Dissenters. Disraeli hated the Dissenters and jeered at the Middle Classes as the authors of "a Venetian oligarchy" with its Parliament-made "Doge" for a king. Later he must have changed his mind; for "the Middle Classes" came to be "inseparable from the greatness of England" and his once-vaunted "Tractarianism," which was the hope of Young England, has "taken a direction in conflict with the permanent bias of the British character" (Buckle, iv. 351, iii. 340). "Disraeli," says Prof. G. M. Trevelyan, "was playing something of Peel's part over again," and "ended his career as the idol of the despised Middle Classes" (*Hist. Eng.*, 657-8; *Br. H. of*

XIXth Centy., 345). Disraeli's latest biographer takes the same view.

At the outset of his career he had assailed the Whig tendency to . . . make the Sovereign a powerless Doge. Yet at the zenith of his power, by an ironic paradox, he was finding that the strength of the throne lay precisely in the immunity . . . which the Doge . . . had enjoyed. . . . He did not think the masses fit to govern. . . . His concessions to political democracy . . . were due to . . . expediency. (D. L. Murray, pp. 224, 226.)

Mr. Somervell asks: "Had he ever been a Protectionist on principle? . . . He was, in fact, on tariff questions a pure opportunist" (pp. 87-8). We think, on the contrary, that in this great question of Protection Disraeli was really no opportunist at heart. He held in the background of his mind a settled policy of belief. It was not his fault, but the fault of circumstance, that he could not apply it as systematically as he wished. Even in respect of the doctrine of Protection we believe that to the last he sincerely believed it was for the good of England. Take these words:—

The great question of Protection is not dead but is only sleeping. . . . Protection to native industry is a fundamental principle (Buckle, iii. 26.)

He even went so far as to "venture to predict that the House of Commons, after a fair, full and ample trial of Free Trade will be driven to repeal it from absolute necessity, though at the termination of much national suffering" (*ib.* 23). Then why, one may well ask, did he abandon the cause of Protection as "not only doomed but damned"? Because he was too anxious for office. He was neither, as Froude points out, the prophet who could calmly wait till his words were verified by the facts nor the patriot who could sacrifice himself for his country. He was too much of an opportunist. That is why his official biographer (Mr. Monypenny) is reluctantly compelled to admit that his "place is not among the supreme statesmen . . . who lay the foundations of many generations" (Buckle, vi. 645). It is not seriously possible to compare him with Burke. Burke never was allowed to enjoy for long the sweets of office; Disraeli was Prime Minister of England twice. Therein is to be seen in part a measure of the difference between the two men. Disraeli's work was for an age. Burke's was for all time.

A FORERUNNER OF DARWIN

BY W. FORBES GRAY

WHEN Darwin published his epoch-making books, *The Origin of Species* and *Descent of Man*, and sharp controversy was being waged regarding the tenableness of the views expounded in these works, a witty Scottish law lord proclaimed in a set of verses a popular notion which had long been current in the northern kingdom, *i.e.*, that Darwin had a forerunner in the person of a highly eccentric Scottish senator of the eighteenth century. Here is one of Lord Neaves's stanzas which clinches the whole matter:—

Though Darwin now proclaims the law,
And spreads it far abroad, O!
The man that first the secret saw
Was honest old Monboddo.
The architect precedence takes
Of him that bears the hod, O!
So up and at them, Land o' Cakes,
We'll vindicate Monboddo.

To vindicate Lord Monboddo in the sense of demonstrating that he forestalled Darwin would be a formidable task. It is true that he pursued a sound scientific method and that his conclusions, though received with derision by his contemporaries, have curious points of affinity with Darwinism. For example, the author of the *Descent of Man* would have recognised a fellow worker in one who studied man as one of the animals and sought to throw light on the problems of civilisation by collecting data about savage tribes.

But that Monboddo paved the way for Darwin can be admitted only with important qualifications. While there is positive assurance that he foreshadowed the evolutionary principle which, nearly a century later, was to transform the whole realm of thought, the idea was grasped incoherently, was unsupported by evidence, and

was associated with such fantastic beliefs that the discovery amounted to little more than a guess. The substance of Monboddo's theory concerning man's ancestry is contained in his *Origin and Progress of Language*, a ponderous work in six volumes, in which the author stumbles blindly on the truth rather than declares it with logical precision. In propounding the novel view that "language is not natural to man" because of "the origin and nature of the ideas expressed by it," and the "nature of articulation," our author contends that man resembles in some respects the orang-outang monkey.

Not only solitary savages but a whole nation, if I may call them so, have been found without the use of speech. This is the case of the Ouran Outangs that are found in the kingdom of Angola in Africa and in several parts of Asia. They are exactly of the human form, walking erect, not upon all-fours, like the savages that have been found in Europe. . . . It appears certain that they are of our species, and, though they have made some progress in the arts of life, they have not come the length of language.

That is rather a slender basis on which to found a claim that Monboddo was an evolutionist. Furthermore, his contention that the Angola monkeys are undeveloped specimens of the human species was not original. He admits that he was indebted for the suggestion to M. Jussieu, of Paris. Nor is this all. Monboddo afterwards became convinced that he had expressed himself too strongly with regard to "the exact conformity of the anatomy of the orang-outang with that of a man" and decided to modify what he had written on this point.

Though bringing an acute intelligence to bear on legal problems—for he was accounted an able and learned lawyer—Monboddo in his anthropological speculations was under the dominion of the wildest ideas. It is surprising that one holding high judicial office in eighteenth-century Scotland should have believed that there existed men with horns, long hairy tails, and the feet of goats. "Most men," observes Dr. Johnson, "endeavour to hide their tails; but Lord Monboddo is as vain of his as a squirrel." No wonder that Edinburgh society was derisive over the ruminations of this pedantic old judge, and

both the wine and water. It takes off the (word indecipherable) quality of the water and makes it mix in a more kindly way with the Blood, as the Antients have observed, and it dilutes the wine and makes it heat you and intoxicate you less.

Monboddo's other letter to Dundas takes the form of a New Year greeting, and is dated January 2nd, 1795. He writes:—

As your friendship and generosity have left me nothing to ask, I should think myself most ungratefull and unworthy of your goodness if I did not take every opportunity of testifying the Love and Respect I have for you. I therefore give you the trouble of this Letter upon occasion of the New Year, wishing most sincerely that it may be a happy year to you, not only for your own sake but for the sake of your friends and your country, who, I think, are all much concerned in your welfare.

He then informs his friend that he has been visiting his (Dundas's) mother, which affords him an opportunity of drawing a word-portrait of a Scots lady of the old school:—

She is a most surprising old Woman. I am in the 81st year of my age and she is seven years older, and yet in perfect health and intire (*sic*) both in Mind and Body. She looks much younger than I look; and has one of her Senses much better than I have, I mean her Hearing; and I believe her Memory, too, is better. Health and long life are inherited by children from their Parents, more, perhaps, than any other quality, and, from what I have observed, you have that inheritance from your mother.

And by a natural transition Monboddo passes to his pet subject of how to preserve health. Though Dundas has inherited a sound constitution, he must not trust to that alone:—

I hope you will take all possible care of your health, and for that purpose will practise constantly in the easy way I mentioned to you in my last year's letter, the cold Bath, which, practised in that way, will not take up a minute of time more than ordinary in your Dressing. It is to it chiefly, tho' I likewise use the rest of the Antient Regimen, that I owe the health and vigour both of Mind and Body, which I now enjoy, greater, I believe, than any Man of my age in Great Britain enjoys. Without it, I am persuaded I never should have been able to have supported the Domestic misfortunes I have suffered, particularly my last loss of my poor Dear Daughter.

This was Elizabeth Burnet, who died of consumption in 1790. Her remarkable beauty was the talk of Edin-

burgh; and she is supposed to have been the person who was praised in *The Mirror* as rejecting the most flattering offers of marriage in order that she might tend her father in his old age. Burns, who "had the honour" more than once of being the guest of Monboddo, fully surrendered to her charms. "Well," said the poet's friend Geddes to him when he returned from Edinburgh to Ayrshire, "and did you admire the young lady?" "I admired God Almighty more than ever. Miss Burnet is the most heavenly of all His works," was the unhesitating reply. Writing later to William Chalmers, the bard explained that "Fair B—— is heavenly Miss B——, daughter of Lord Monboddo. . . . There has not been anything nearly like her, in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness, the great Creator has formed since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence." It would have been strange if Burns had not followed up such superlative laudation by composing verses to Monboddo's fair daughter. Accordingly, we have an allusion to her in the *Address to Edinburgh*:—

Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the Sire of Love on high,
And own His work indeed divine!

Miss Burnet's death, however, impelled the poet to something more ambitious, and, after several months' "hammering," he produced the fine elegy of seven stanzas beginning:—

Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies;
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

The death of his second daughter was a misfortune from which Monboddo never recovered. It is said that his son-in-law covered her portrait to spare the old man's feelings. "Quite right—quite right," said Monboddo, looking up casually from his book.

But to return to the epistle to Henry Dundas. Not content with counselling his friend to practise the hygienic

existence, his Lordship characteristically casting his vote for the savage. It remains to be added that Johnson ate a hearty dinner and that his host suspected him of gourmandism.

In his old age Monboddo was fond of saying that he had forgotten "a great deal more than most other men know." That was probably true. No one who has wrestled with the *Origin and Progress of Language*, or the treatise on *Antient Metaphysics* can have any doubt that their author carried about with him an enormous mass of curious and recondite lore. Gibbon took nearly eighteen years to write the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, but Monboddo consumed twenty-six in telling all he knew of primeval man and in vindicating the learning and wisdom of the Ancients. Yet it was a learning to which little credit attached—a medley of fantastical ideas.

Even Monboddo's championship of the cause of Greek was not free from crotchetyness. It was well to proclaim the imperishable quality of the literature and philosophy of Greece, but the operation need not have involved an irrational contempt for Latin, and practically for all modern letters. Roman literature, in his view, was without creative power; its vitality was drawn from Greek sources. Had Monboddo restricted himself to pleading for an intensive study of the masters of ancient wisdom as the best foundation of a liberal education he would have rendered helpful service, but to imply, as he did, that all culture began and ended with the Greeks was to be both irrelevant and absurd. With him it was a favourite maxim that no one ignorant of Greek could write a page of "good English"; but if his own prose is to be taken as an example, he who aspires to write decent English had better leave Greek alone.

This indiscriminate laudation of the Ancients and belittlement of the Moderns led Monboddo to pen literary and philosophical judgments so extraordinary as to convict their author of craziness. The most exalted name in modern thought was his "worthy and learned friend Mr. Harris," whose *Hermes* would be "read and admired so long as there is any taste for philosophy and fine writing

in Britain." Neither the philosophy of Bacon nor that of Hume was of any importance. The former was very much astray and the doctrines of the latter were "wretched." We see, too, the brief decision of ignorance or prejudice, or both, in his characterisation of Locke's *Essay* as "a hasty collection of crude, undigested thoughts by a man who thought and reasoned by himself upon subjects of the greatest difficulty and deepest speculation, without assistance of learning." Berkeley fares no better. His theory is "as poor a piece of sophistry as ever I saw composed by a man who seems to be in earnest."

Monboddo's literary estimates are equally astounding. He laments that Shakespeare "knew so little of the nature of poetry," and that he had been set up as a standard for "the English taste in poetry." All the merit our author can assign the great dramatist is skill in mimography. "Perhaps," he adds patronisingly, "I should not have allowed him that praise, if any of the antient mimic pictures had come down to us." Home's tragedy of *Douglas* seems to have been Monboddo's idea of dramatic excellence. It is, we are told, "most happily executed, and exceeds anything of the kind I know, either ancient or modern, without excepting even the famous discovery in the *Ædipus Tyrannus* mentioned by Aristotle as a model of the kind." Could superlative praise be lavished upon a more unworthy object?

For obvious reasons Monboddo is more generous in his treatment of Milton than of any other modern author. The classicism of the Puritan poet was an unfailing passport to the favour of the Scots judge. We are therefore in a measure prepared for the dictum that Milton is the only poet who can be compared with Homer. None the less, *Paradise Lost* is not quite satisfactory. The poet "wants that without which neither poem nor picture can have any great degree of excellence, I mean the choice of a proper subject." One wonders what Monboddo would have said had Milton carried out his original idea and written a national epic based upon one or more of the legends of prehistoric Britain. The Arthurian story probably would have appealed to Monboddo more strongly than a Scrip-

tural theme. Anyhow, he came to the conclusion that *Comus* was to be preferred to *Paradise Lost*.

Further specimens from Monboddo's museum of literary curiosities might be exhibited, but enough has been shown to reveal his whimsical temperament and his undiscerning worship of the Ancients. Perhaps his weakness lay in knowing too much. Had his learning been more circumscribed his analytical faculty (which was sharp enough where legal matters were concerned) might have been exercised to more purpose. As it was, his knowledge was undigested. Reduced to order and systematised it would doubtless have brought him honour instead of ridicule, for that was the portion of a man who, apart from his discursive writings, had many estimable qualities. People mocked at the ludicrous ideas of the writer but respected the man. In turgid verse, but with an approximation to the actual, the author of *Pædotrophia* thus sums up the central features of Monboddo's personality:—

If wisdom, learning, worth, demand a tear,
Weep o'er the dust of great Monboddo here;
A Judge upright, to mercy still inclined;
A generous friend, a father fond and kind;
His country's pride, for skill in Grecian lore,
And all Antiquity's invaluable store.

THE FUTURE OF TANGANYIKA

BY SPENCER CAMPBELL

THE recent visit of the Royal Princes to East Africa has opened up to them one of the few corners of the British Empire that they had not seen, and, not unnaturally, Tanganyika Territory, which we hold under a mandate from the League of Nations, was of peculiar interest, although the schedule of the tour allowed the Royal visitors to see little more than one corner of this vast country.

A dozen years ago it was vaguely familiar to us as "German East," and we got scraps of information now and again—the sudden death of Smith-Dorrien on his way to take charge of operations, the appointment of Gen. Smuts as his successor, the difficult fighting in the advance on the foothills nestling beneath Kilimanjaro, van Deventer's great dash to cut the central railway (executed in the best spirit of Stonewall Jackson's Valley campaign), the fighting in the swamps, and the gradual wearing down of von Lettow, who finally made a dash towards Rhodesia and fell into Gen. Northey's hands.

To-day the very mixed population can at least look with complacency on the financial status of the country under its new form of government, and the success which has crowned the administration of the first British Governor, Sir Donald Cameron, should even satisfy that highly critical body, the League of Nations. A few facts and figures, more clearly than anything else, will illustrate the excellent results achieved by Sir Donald and his staff of officials. In the trade report recently issued we find the following official statement: "The value of the imports (excluding specie) increased from £3,152,422 to £3,672,064, or 16.5 per cent. The value of the

domestic exports as compared with the year 1926 increased from £3,025,978 to £3,295,461, an advance of 8.9 per cent. The excess of imports over exports is largely accounted for by the Government imports for railways and public works. These imports totalled £570,879, or slightly more than the 1926 total of £558,716."

The importance of Tanganyika as a country under British mandate is also illustrated by the fact that out of the total import trade 58.4 per cent. in 1927 came from the British Empire as against the balance from abroad, though one has to admit that this is not quite so favourable as the 1926 return, which gave 62.2 per cent. British Empire and 37.8 per cent. alien. Still, this temporary setback should only act as a greater incentive to our merchants and manufacturers.

Notwithstanding certain setbacks (due mainly to marketing and climatic conditions), the financial outlook cannot but be regarded as favourable in the extreme, and one naturally wonders why there is not a greater influx of British settlers. During the past few years, for example, the Union of South Africa has had little difficulty in attracting hundreds of men with some £2,000 or £3,000 capital, and that, too, in the face of additional difficulties created by the official insistence on bilingualism and the existence of a Government almost avowedly anti-British in sentiment. That, under these circumstances, so many of them, ignorant of the rudiments of agriculture, still more so of South Africa's special problems, and beguiled by plausible agents and highly coloured advertisement pamphlets into the purchase of fifth-rate lands, have failed, is scarcely surprising.

But the case in Tanganyika is entirely different. The administration is British, and the land is not controlled by speculators. Hence we are justly entitled to ask: Wherefore this timidity on the part of immigrants?

The causes are varied and complex. First and foremost, of course, there is the insecurity of tenure to which

allusion has already been made. It seems that there is a vague feeling abroad that at any moment the mandate may be given to another Power, and, although the unanimous consent of all Powers represented on the Mandatory Board is necessary for such a transfer, and one can hardly imagine Great Britain despoiling herself of a rightful heritage, those actually established in the territory and others who might become potential settlers profess disquietude as to what might occur were a Labour Government to succeed the Conservatives at the next General Election.

Such an extravagant act of self-sacrifice on the part of shrewd, hard-headed men like MacDonald, Thomas, Clynes, and Henderson at the head of affairs seems to be almost inconceivable, the more so since Tanganyika is a very good customer for British factories. All the railway material is imported from home, while, in addition, as far as private concerns are involved, the Trade Report states that in iron and steel manufactures "the products of the United Kingdom still predominate, chiefly by reason of superior quality."

Still, the doubt exists in men's minds, and it is hard to dispel. Not long ago it seemed as if a ray of light had pierced the darkness. At a recent Baraza, when he laid the memorial stone of a new school for chiefs' sons at Tabora, His Excellency the Governor was credited with the statement: "This country is definitely embodied in the framework of the British Empire and will never pass to another Power." This news was broadcast throughout the territory, Kenya, South Africa, and Britain, and afforded a basis of assurance that was very welcome to many a vacillating immigrant, to many a hesitant investor. But unfortunately this encouraging guarantee was made the subject of much question, it being stated in many quarters that His Excellency had never made this remark, a doubt that carried much weight since it was known the speech was only reported by amateurs, one of them, too, with a not over-bright acquaintance with the English language. Hence for the

purposes of this article I decided to ask for an interview with Sir Donald Cameron himself, and he was good enough to give me the following, which he described as an "extract from my remarks to the Tabora chiefs on the occasion of the opening of the school for the sons of chiefs at that place on the 14th of May, 1928."

"Mischievous and wicked people have, I understand, attempted to disturb your minds by telling you that it is the desire and intention of the British Government to interfere with the system of native administration introduced into the territory during the last few years and so much prized by the chiefs and the people. They tell you that the British Government sent out for this purpose, amongst others, the Commission which visited you here in March. You are not to believe these stories; they are untrue.

"Mischievous and wicked people have endeavoured further to disturb your minds by whispering to you that the British administration of Tanganyika, under the mandate, is merely a temporary one, that the British Government will give up the mandate, and that they sent out the Commission to deal with this question also. That is untrue; it is a lie; you are not to believe it. You have received the assurances of His Majesty's Ministers that Tanganyika is within the framework of the British Empire and will remain so. I repeated that pledge to you in Legislative Council in December, 1926, and through the medium of the periodical 'Mambe Loo' which the Government issue. I want you to remember that that pledge has been given. You, particularly the pupils of this school, the sons of the chiefs, who will be chiefs yourselves some day, never forget that such a pledge has been given to the native inhabitants of Tanganyika."

Which plain summary of affairs is, I take it, a sufficient reply in itself to the Doubting Thomases.

Another factor that has led to the general unsettlement is the rapidly increasing entry of Germans into the country. A certain journal, avowedly devoted to East African interests, has stressed this point with some vigour, hinting at a renewal of the "peaceful penetra-

tion" policy which was the main feature of German pre-War tactics as far as commerce generally was concerned.

The figures quoted at the June session of the Legislative Council in reply to a question as to the comparative number of immigrants since March, 1927, of different nationalities, showing British 428 and German 510, will in all probability lead to a recrudescence of the Press agitation when the proceedings of that particular day are more widely known.

Now, whether it can be said that His Excellency, in the aforesaid speech, was making a direct reference to agitators out in Tanganyika, who are making, or attempting to make, capital by sowing the seeds of doubt and suspicion, it would be impossible to say; and on such a subject it is more than unfair to hazard wild and vague suppositions. That there are such agitators cannot be doubted, yet one doubts whether the English paper which has taken up this ostentatiously patriotic attitude has, to use the vernacular, got hold of the right end of the stick. There is another European, yet alien nation, beside the German, strongly represented in Tanganyika territory, and one, too, possessing highly speculative tendencies.

The policy of His Excellency in refusing to put up for sale certain areas in allotments for settlers without wide publicity in Europe has aroused the ire of such gentry; and I would be inclined to attribute much of this "mischievous" campaign to real estate vultures of the type which has made South African farming and fruit propositions stink in the nostrils of reputable home papers. But, anyway, Sir Donald Cameron's Tabora speech is reply to any such, whether of German or British origin, "Argentines and the Portuguese, the Armenians and the Greeks"—if on so important an occasion, I may be allowed, risking a charge of flippancy, to borrow a few words from a jazz song, for they happen to bear an appropriate significance.

Next comes the vexed question of Sir Donald's native policy. He is accused of pampering the native to the prejudice of the European settler; but the real point lies

in this. Which of the two knows more of the whole aspect of the problem, His Excellency the Governor or his critics? And, in reply to this, I cannot do better than summarise the remedy suggested by Dr. Loram, the great authority on native educational matters in South Africa, where many years of crass stupidity and racial prejudice have created about as dangerous and volcanic a state of affairs as exists anywhere in the British Empire. The main corollaries derived from his argument were: "Train the native to earn a living, place him where he is best fitted to earn it, on the land, pay him better wages, instead of sweating him for the benefit of the European 'worker,' by doing so at once defeat the political activities of the I.C.U. (a recently formed native trades union, frankly Communistic in aim and decidedly dangerous), provide yourself with a huge new potential market; and, finally, give him a reasonable and an increasing share in the government of his own affairs." And Sir Donald's principles are much the same.

And now to revert to a charge vaguely hinted at earlier in this article, the alleged discouragement given to British settlers. With this nebulous accusation I totally disagree. If I am incorrect in saying that the Government is sympathetic towards settlers, I can at least claim sound authoritative support for my views, since this is one of the particular clauses in a certain memorandum which is to be, or has been, presented to the Colonial Secretary. Further, there is the corroborative evidence of Col. Hoy.

Col. Hoy was the first secretary of the 1820 Settlers' Association in South Africa, and, as such, was mainly responsible for introducing into the Union some 2,000 settlers of the right type, the vast majority of whom have made good. Leaving the Union, since when, incidentally, the movement has not prospered as when he held the reins, he has transferred his activities to Tanganyika, and is busily employed in precisely the kind of work which he brought to such a pitch of success down south. And, in a personal conversation we had the other day, he

assured me that Sir Donald had given him all possible assistance.

Finally, there remains the question of federation. Most of us have recollections of South Rhodesia's refusal to incorporate with the Union. Recent developments are scarcely likely to induce her to reconsider that decision. But East African federation is a different matter altogether. There are two alternatives—the development of a vast block of sub-central and central African British States, or, on the other hand, a junction of the two Rhodesias with Nyasaland, and a second alliance comprising Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Zanzibar. He would be a rash man who would venture to prophesy now, since many hold that it would be premature for Tanganyika to consider such a step unless she were guaranteed admission on a basis of perfect equality. And the mandate and Geneva rather block the way. But it is a vision that would have delighted Cecil Rhodes.

A GARDEN SANCTUARY OF BIRDS

BY BLANCHE WINDER

THE great charm about a garden sanctuary of birds, as distinct from a larger woodland sanctuary, is the opportunity that it offers of getting on terms of real intimacy with the local resident birds. You find out all sorts of little things about them that you could hardly otherwise discover. I read the other day in some ornithological notes that there are far fewer birds to the acre than is generally supposed. Well, this district is, I think, rather sparsely populated with birds, but I have been interested to note that in our sanctuary—three or four acres of garden proper, and about five acres of garden woodland—there are, on this February day, only one pair of great tits, one pair of marsh-tits, six independent robins, two hedge-sparrows, two wrens, one pair of blue-tits, one pair of bullfinches, one pair of mistle-thrushes, one cock and one hen blackbird, and three families of chaffinches. A hawfinch has, also, been singing very prettily all winter in a hornbeam hedge. He is one of the very shyest of our small British birds, but when I heard his pleasant chuckle and found out that he was there I began to feed our other birds in the vicinity, and he soon started to show himself, and now sits boldly on a naked bough within a yard or two of me, so that I can study his queer blue-black parrot bill, his white collar, and his black neck-tie, so oddly like a "choker" cravat. We try to keep this garden a real "sanctuary," so he will not be interfered with, though I know his habits among the peas are very bad.

To add to the list, a song-thrush is piping this morning, when I have heard, as I hear, about the tenth of February every year, the first full downward scale of the chaffinch. More thrushes and blackbirds are likely to come in a day or two, for I notice that, as soon as the cock-birds begin to sing and attract the hens, other cocks invariably arrive as well, and start fighting with them. A pair of long-tailed tits who nest here regularly, but carry off their large family in the autumn, will soon return and begin their pretty play about the old great yews; and I have seen one or two tree-creepers, and one or two gold-crest wrens about. There were, until a few weeks ago, two pairs of coal-tits also, but some accident has happened to one of the little birds, and now there are only three of the group left.

The loss of this little coal-titmouse was really a grief to us, for, although all the birds in our sanctuary are very tame, flying to us the moment we go out of the house, and following us round and round the garden, from tree to tree, our tiny vanished friend was the only perfectly fearless member of the coal-tit group. We called him Tiddley-Winks. He would fly to our hands, hang on to our fingers just as he hung to branch or twig, and pick bits of walnut from our palms. My edition of Yarrell's book of birds states that the coal-tits are believed to store up food, like field-mice or squirrels, but no authentic instance of this is mentioned. Tiddley-Winks, however, had without

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any doubt his little larder of nuts somewhere in the garden. The other tit-mice always take their portion to a branch—often within arm's reach—hold it in one claw, and eat it as we watch. But Tiddley-Winks would invariably carry his ration away behind the trees, drop to the ground, vanish completely for a moment, and then come back for more. We have counted twenty visits paid to our fingers in quick succession; this, too, in the autumn, when he was not feeding any young. Also, he was the only bird who would come for food in the twilight, flitting to and fro like a big moth. I think either his late hours or his fearless habits were his undoing, and that he was taken by a rat or a stoat, or, perhaps, by the tawny owl that lives in the ivy bush in the wood.

Last spring a handsome great titmouse would also feed regularly out of our hands, hanging to our fingers just as Tiddley-Winks did. It was curious to notice the difference in their claws. The big tit we called Titus, and Titus had the hardest, strongest claws imaginable—very different from the delicate, fairy-like feet of Tiddley-Winks. Poor Titus was dreadfully overworked in the nesting season by his hungry children. He would bustle to us for food and bustle away again, and one day brought his family along, and grew busier than ever, feeding them with walnut as they sat on the surrounding boughs. He went into the moult rather early, but continued to come and feed on our hands until he was really not fit to be seen. Then, one day, he was driven away by a handsome young fellow—his own son. I expect—who quite suddenly, and without any previous coaxing, swept down out of an evergreen on to my palm, and continued to do so regularly, ousting his poor tired father completely. Titus, his wife and children, left us soon afterwards, but a pair of great tits returned about Christmas, and seem so tame—though they have not yet flown to our hands—that I think Titus has come back in his new coat and has brought his wife with him.

All tits make curious noises, and the great titmouse has many kinds of notes. I have heard him giving three variants of his well-known "saw-sharpening" call, trying first one and then another, as if to see which he liked best. Then, sometimes, he produces sounds like an ungreased wheel-axle; or, again, gives the sharp "pink-pink" of a chaffinch, followed immediately by a long chatter, almost exactly like the chatter of a distant magpie. He has, also, in the mating season, a most beautiful little call, low, mellow, and plaintive, without any of the lisping, sucking sound that is so characteristic of the family. The little coal-tits are real mimics. I have watched and listened to one imitating the great tit's "saw-sharpening" note, and have known another produce first the blue-tit's quick shrilling, and then the ecstatic little noise, so like a sudden kiss, with which the marsh-tit greets the spring. But I think that all the tits imitate each other now and then. I have noticed, too, that a pair of mating great tits are frequently followed from tree to tree by a young coal-tit. Indeed, most birds seem to me to be interested in the early love-affairs of others.

I think it must be the oil in the walnuts that keeps our robins' plumage so beautiful all through the winter months. "Is that really a robin?" somebody said to me once, looking at the kind of *patine*—that is the only word for it—of faint lavender-coloured lustre, overlaying not only the grey under-parts, but the delicate brown back and wings as well. The cock chaffinches, too, have this faint lavender-coloured lustre on their autumn and winter plumage until the breeding season suddenly gives a sharpness and brilliancy to their feathers, and endows them with the right to be called one of the handsomest of the small British birds.

Three cock chaffinches feed just now from our hands. We could readily tame the others, but the weather has been too wet and cold to stand about. The hen chaffinches come crowding round us, and will walk over our feet if we keep quiet, but they never fly to our fingers; and I do not think that female birds ever get as tame as males. Among the titmice the female is, I think, slightly bigger than the male; for it is always the smaller one of the pair who feeds from our hands. The difference in size is barely perceptible, but it is there. Even those birds who do not perch on us are, however, very friendly. The tits and chaffinches have a funny little habit of flying sharply over our shoulders, almost brushing our faces with their wings in order to attract our attention. We always feed them by hand, and, except in very severe weather, do not put out a bird-table. Even then, it is not of much use to put out fat, or soaked bread, for the seagulls from the estuary find it out directly, and swoop down through the trees on to the lawn or terrace, or congregate on the flat, wide roof of the verandah. Their flashing white wings are very beautiful, and it is rather attractive to see a large solemn-looking herring-gull peering gravely in at your bedroom window; but the little birds have no chance when the seabirds come. The only one that ever fed with the gulls, flirting and curtsying in and out among them, was a pied wagtail that, in one severe frost, took up its quarters on the roof among the chimney-pots and flew down to the verandah-top at dawn, fluttering about my window till I opened the casement and gave it food.

People often say to us that we must have a "gift" with birds; but we have really nothing of the kind. Anybody who loves small wild birds, and can give the time to it, can tame them easily enough. If you are feeding, say, a robin, either on your hand or at your feet, you will soon find that another bird, perhaps a blue-tit, is watching the process with interest a little way off. A bit of nut thrown to him will show him what is happening. He will begin to come nearer and nearer, and soon dart in and take his ration quite close. To get them to come to the hand we start by putting the piece of nut onto the stone balustrade of the terrace, or wherever is handy; then, letting the nut lie there, we stand quite close, with our fingers stretched out towards the lure, but not touching it at first. By slow degrees we persuade the little birds to take the nut actually from the fingers, then from the palm of the hand. Robins, of course, are very easily tamed, and chaffinches are almost as bold. One splendid old cock chaffinch, whom we call "the Marquis," will stand in the palm of the hand and feed for

minutes together, only pausing to buzz off for a moment and drive away his sons and grandsons. Occasionally Tommy, an equally friendly robin, will fly on to a finger, and drive away the Marquis; or they will do battle freely on the very palm where the bits of walnuts lie. We find that walnut is far the best lure for almost every kind of small bird. They will eat peanut and cocoanut, and the chaffinches and tits are very fond of hemp-seed; but walnut is the best bait with which to bring them to your fingers.

One little robin we call "Lonely." We think that Lonely is *unoriginal*. He is never very hungry, and feeds most daintily, but he is greatly attached to us, and particularly to the toe of one of the members of the family. Lonely will take up his position on that toe, when it is cocked in the air as its owner takes his ease in a garden chair, and sit there almost for hours, fluffing out his feathers in a funny little way he has, and apparently brooding on his wrongs. Sometimes he rouses himself to make a dash for Tommy, when Tommy has ventured out of his own particular run. There is, however, a sort of No-man's Land between Tommy's and Lonely's domains, and it is very amusing to feed them both there. They take it in turns to fly up to our fingers, and, in the intervals, sing at each other loudly and vigorously, with their little tails cocked up in true fighting attitude. For the more combative a robin's mood, the more energetically he sings.

Most woodland birds, when they have reared their young and gone into the moult, hide themselves among thick foliage and skulk in the low-growing bushes. But our chaffinches, tits, and robins come boldly to be fed, looking daily more disreputable, and sometimes appearing at the finish without any tails at all.

Near the house we have, among the robins, Tommy, Lonely, and Rikki-Tikki—all very tame and quarrelsome. Deeper in the woodland are three more, who fly to us for food when we go that way, but never perch on us. I think that they are the little hens, and that they will presently come hopping about near the house, lurking under the bushes and making the small, plaintive noises that will cause the male birds to fly to them and put a bit of nut in their wide-open bills. It is never safe to dogmatise about wild things, but I think, from my own observation, that, among birds, it is often the little lady who goes a-wooing. The male bird takes up his quarters somewhere, and the female comes to find him. This is, I believe, always the way with the migrants. "Bird and Super-bird," as Mr. Bernard Shaw would say. The "life-urge" takes hold of the pretty little hens in the spring, and they seek out the fathers of their desired families. Also, I think that in some cases the female birds train the males to feed the expected young; for the soft noises that the hen-robins make are just like the noises of unfledged or newly-fledged birds, and they hold their bills open in such a way that the cocks are shown how to place the food at the back of the throat, just as they do when feeding their babies in the nest. Tommy is such a tame little robin that he will let me stand, with nut in my hand, quite close to his home in the ivy, fly down on to my fingers for the food, and take it straight to his wife, so that I can

watch him feeding her as she broods her eggs. He starts giving the nut to the youngsters almost as soon as they are hatched.

People sometimes ask me if the young birds drive away the parents, or the parents drive away the young birds. It is, I think, an invariable rule with local resident birds that the parents stick to their quarters and the young birds fly away to fend for themselves. Tommy, Lonely, and Rikki-Tikki have been with us for several years. When their youngsters, both first and second broods, are fledged, the parents gradually take them farther and farther away, and finally return without them. The Marquis, who has also been with us several years, never parts from his broods, but regularly brings his whole family to the verandah as soon as they are fledged, and, taking the nut from our fingers, feeds his sons and daughters at our feet. The young birds are very pretty in their delicate, undefined colouring, and have a curious way of working their heads and bodies from side to side while following their father about for food, that has caused us to name them "the Weavers." The descendants of the Marquis never leave the garden, even when most chaffinches are off to the cornstooks. Why should they go, when they get better food by remaining?

I think that most of the tits pair for life, and remain together summer and winter alike, but wrens and hedge-sparrows, thrushes and blackbirds, are generally seen alone in the winter, and do not appear to take much notice of each other until the spring. I have noticed one charming little habit that is indulged in by some song-thrushes and blackbirds—the habit of singing very low, as if were under their breath, all to themselves, through most of the winter months. The song is not in the least like their spring song. It is a delicate, almost muted, warble, very like the soft trill of a gold-crested wren; and the bird generally sings it deep in a holly or fir. At one time I used to go, every quiet winter afternoon, to listen to a blackbird making this mysterious, dreamy music in a big old holly-tree; and, standing just below him, listen and watch. He never opened his bill, but I could see his throat working, and hear the soft notes rippling in his breast. I think it was one of the prettiest bird-songs that I have ever heard.

Hedge-sparrows do not seem to keep together in the winter. One little "dunnock," called Brownie, comes to my window regularly for hemp-seed, but the other one lives quite a long way off under the trees of the avenue. Dunnocks like bird-seed, but it is very rare for wrens to eat anything that they have not found for themselves; nor do the long-tailed tits ever come to us for food. The tree-creepers who, if they are observed, generally slip round to the other side of the tree trunk, up which they are running like little mice, have lost much of their shyness here. They will let me watch them without trying to hide themselves in any way; so that I can study their pretty movements, and the way they press their tails against the bark, as I could only otherwise study them with the help of a glass.

Seeing the little resident birds so friendly does really, I believe, make the migrants more fearless when they come. In the nesting season our small birds give us no peace. Blue-tits, great-tits, marsh-tits, coal-tits, robins, and chaffinches either come to our hands or fly

close round our heads, begging for food for their young. Tommy has more than once made a dash for the cigarettes in our mouths, apparently thinking they were some large, new, white kind of nut. Sometimes I have thought that the willow-wrens and white-throats watch them curiously, as if wondering what they were about. The chiff-chaffs are the first migrants to come to the garden. I hear the male bird almost always on the thirty-first of March. A pair of garden warblers nest here regularly. I used to find them very shy birds, but in our sanctuary the cock will sit and pour out his beautiful songs without trying to hide himself in the thick foliage to do it. A pair of fly-catchers also nest each year on a certain ledge covered with virginian creeper. The cock-bird's familiar characteristic little silhouette is always to be seen either on the telephone wire or the twigs of an oak quite close to the nest. He darts a yard or so into the air, catches some small winged insect, and carries it to his wife. Both birds work very hard feeding the children, and then comes the day when four or five little fly-catchers go darting and skimming and flashing all over the flower-beds and lawn in search of their own food. The young birds do not seem to perch, nor to take the short flights that are so characteristic in their parents. They fly about at full speed, very near the ground, as one imagines humming-birds do. They seem to me the prettiest things in the garden, then, but they seldom stay with us for more than a week before they disappear.

How far, and to what extent, have birds got real intelligence? Well, I think that anyone who watches wild life of any kind, faithfully and patiently, is bound to come to the conclusion that animals use their faculties in a totally different way from human beings. I cannot, myself, believe that fox-hunting is not cruel, yet field naturalists will tell you that foxes do not give signs of the emotions which their defenders attribute to them. It is the same with birds. I do not find it easy to believe that the "bower-bird," about which one reads, decks the entrance to his home in order to admire the bright objects he has collected. I think he must surely put them there as a lure for the insects on which he feeds. Birds do not use their eyes for æsthetic purposes; they use them to perceive danger and to find their food. And it is a curious fact that, if you deprive them of their sight, you also seem to take away much of their sense of fear. When I want to succour a wounded bird, or to cut out a thrush or blackbird entangled in the strawberry nets, I always cover its head with a pocket-handkerchief, and fold one hand carefully about its body and wings, so that it shall not hurt itself with the scissors. I have felt the poor little throbbing heart quieten under my fingers as I went on. I think that birds, especially young ones, have some sensitive pleasure in the quiet, firm clasp of a warm hand. I have lifted young tits from the hedgerow in this way, and they never seem to mind.

But the instincts, apart from the intelligence, of birds, are very wonderful, beautiful, and strange. They do such unexpected things when their young are in danger. One day last spring the spaniel was hunting near some very rough ground in the garden woodland, when he suddenly sprang back, alarmed, and at the same time I heard the

most amazing yapping noises coming, not from him, but from something in the undergrowth. Then I caught sight of what at first I took to be a stoat, moving in quick leaps through the tall green dog's-mercury. The next moment I saw that it was a woodcock, which evidently had youngsters moving about the ground. If it had merely been sitting on its eggs it would not have stirred, nor would the spaniel have interfered with it. Indeed, he did not interfere now, but the proceedings of the bird as she endeavoured to draw him from her brood, the way she twisted, stoat-like, through the dog's-mercury, and the astonishing noises, really almost like barking, that she made, were very curious to hear and to watch. At last, in compassion—and also because I wanted to see if I could find the young—I took the spaniel away and kenneled him, which occupied several minutes. When I got back there was not a trace of the woodcock; she had vanished with her family. A little later I found the depression where she had nested, and the broken shells, quite fresh, of two eggs, but that was all. I have often wondered if she carried off the youngsters in her claws, and have deeply regretted that I did not see her go. Woodcock have an extraordinarily protective colouring. We must often have walked within two or three yards of her, but we had never seen the sitting bird. Perhaps, however, this was partly because she had chosen a place where there were deep fissures in the limestone rock, and many brambles growing about.

Young birds, of course, always obey the alarm-call of their parents, but the way in which they do it seems to me sometimes very mechanical. I have frequently disturbed a family of snipe or plover on open grassland, and, hearing the parents order their infants to "clap," "squat," or "freeze," have looked about on the ground, and found the tiny downy things spread out quite flat on the protective colouring of the dead grasses. But when I have picked them up they have "squatted" just as determinedly on the palm of my hand, intent on an obedience that, under the circumstances, is of no use at all to them. Once, however, I picked up a "squattling" baby partridge—I had come suddenly on a charming family party when climbing a low stone wall—and the partridge knew better than the plover or snipe. It kicked with a vigour in its tiny legs that only ceased to astonish me when I remembered the pace at which a full-grown partridge can run.

Bird sounds seem to vary a good deal, and sometimes I think one member of a family will make its own characteristic noises—just as Tiddley-Winks was the only one of the coal-tits to store his nuts. The "ker-wick" of the tawny owl is said to be his hunting note or, others think, the note of the young birds. I hear it in this garden at night all the year round, coming and going among the trees, much oftener than I hear the long hoot. But the other morning I heard it suddenly and loudly, in full daylight, and with a beautiful bell-like depth I had never before realised it possessed, ringing out from a big bush of ivy on an old trunk, where the owl was fighting with a jay. The jay screamed, and the owl "ker-wick-ed" as they did battle, until the wood rang again.

Every bird student knows, I imagine, how very inflaming is the subject of cuckoos among ornithologists. I once received a letter containing four pages of abuse from a perfect stranger because I had ventured to say (in print) that a cuckoo had done something my correspondent was quite sure it hadn't done. However, I do know one thing about cuckoos, which is frequently disputed, in connection with the queer bubbling laugh it sometimes gives. Many people say it is the call-note of the female bird; but one early summer day I was standing below a little wild rose hedge in the garden, and heard a cuckoo flying towards me across the lawn, "cuckoo-ing" as he came. He topped the hedge and almost flew into my face, and, the moment he saw me, broke into this queer loud bubbling laugh; then, still bubbling and laughing, apparently with amazement, he flew up over some fir trees and fled away, beginning to "cuckoo" again as soon as I was safely left behind.

Our garden-sanctuary is much more delightful than any aviary could be, but I do not think there is any cruelty about an aviary of small birds. So long as they have food and water, sunlight and shelter, and a little space to move about, I believe that they are happy enough. Indeed, if they were not happy and healthy they would very quickly die. I think, too, that a newly-caged wild bird who dies does not really pine away from loss of liberty. I believe that he dies from sheer fright, or from not having the right kind of food given to him. I am often tempted to take our young birds from the nest, rear them by hand (which could be done readily enough) and then give them their liberty in the garden; but it might really be a cruel experiment, for they have to be *taught* by the old birds how to find their own food, and would probably have no idea how to set about it for themselves. I have seen for several winters how dependent on us the little birds are, even now. Sometimes I wonder if Tommy and Lonely ever trouble to look for a single worm. One sits at the front door, and the other at the verandah door, calmly waiting to be fed by the first person who goes out.

However, everybody would not agree with the belief that caged birds do not fret. The dear old gentleman, Mr. Valentine, who was once such a familiar figure in Hyde Park, with the sparrows perching on his hand just as the robins, tits, and chaffinches perch on ours, told me once that the song of a cage bird was one of piteous entreaty to be let out. He loved birds with a passion I have never seen in anyone else; and he was always deeply interested in little stories of our sanctuary. Another thing he told me was that among people he spoke of as "we" and "us" it was an invariable custom at a death, instead of sending flowers, to buy a few caged birds and to set them free. I saw the account of his own death in the paper. He was found drowned in the very week when the Crystal Palace show of caged birds was being held. I have often wondered if any of those little birds were given their liberty in memory of one of the gentlest, tenderest, most mysterious personalities it has ever been my happiness to meet.

THE SHIRTS

BY KAREL CAPEK

HE wanted to think about other infinitely more important matters, but, do what he would, the unpleasant thought kept running through his mind: his housekeeper was robbing him. She had been with him so many years, and he had got quite out of the habit of keeping track of his personal belongings. There stood his linen-cupboard; in the morning he would open it and take a clean shirt from the top of the pile. From time to time, at irregular intervals, Mrs. Johanka would come and display before him a torn shirt, declaring that they were all in the same plight, and that master must buy new ones. Very good, master would then go out and buy half a dozen shirts at the first shop he came to, not, however, without a vague idea that he had gone through the same performance not very long before. It was the same with collars and ties, clothes and boots, soap, and the thousand and one other things which a man needs, even when he is a widower. Everything has to be renewed from time to time, but on an old man things all get somehow old and shabby at once, or goodness knows what happens to them; he was continually buying new things, only to be faced, when he opened his wardrobe, with a jumble of worn and faded garments made he could not tell when. But after all there was no need to bother about these things. Mrs. Johanka saw to everything.

Now, for the first time after all these years, it was borne in on him that he was being systematically robbed. It happened like this: he had received that morning an invitation to go to a banquet given by some society or other. For years he had been nowhere at all; the narrow circle of his friends was so small that the unexpected invitation bewildered him altogether; he was delighted beyond measure, but rather scared. First of all, he began searching to see if he had any shirt splendid enough; he pulled them all out of the cupboard, but there was not one which was not frayed at the cuffs or round the collar. He called Johanka and asked her whether he had not some more presentable linen.

Mrs. Johanka gulped, was silent for a moment, and then declared sharply that master must certainly buy new ones; it was useless for her to go on mending the old ones, they were regular cobwebs. He had, however, a vague impression that he had bought some not long before, but not being sure he was silent and at once began to put on his coat to go and buy them. But now he was once started on tidying up, he pulled some old papers out of his pockets to see if he should keep them or throw them away. Among them was the last bill for shirts, paid on such and such a date. Seven weeks ago. Seven weeks ago, half a dozen new shirts. That was his whole discovery.

He did not go and buy any others, but wandered about the room

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meditating. He looked back upon years and years of solitude. Since his wife's death Johanka had kept house for him, and never for a moment had he felt the least suspicion or distrust; but now an uneasy feeling came over him that he was being robbed all that time. He glanced about him; he could not say what was missing, but he suddenly perceived that the place was empty and desolate, and he tried to remember whether there used not to be more things about, a more intimate look, more of everything. . . . Full of dismay, he opened the chest in which lay memorials of his wife: dresses, linen. A few shabby articles were there, but all breath of the past was gone from them; heavens! the number of things which his wife had really left! What had become of them all?

He closed the chest and forced himself to think of other things; for instance, the banquet that evening. But those past years returned insistently. They seemed now more desolate, bitter and miserable than when he was living through them; they appeared suddenly as if despoiled, and from them breathed an agony of desolation. Of course, at intervals he had been contented, lulled, as it were, to sleep; but now he was appalled to see the slumber of a lonely man whom strange hands robbed of even the pillow beneath his head; and he felt forlorn, suffering from a keen pain, greater than he had known since the day—the day when he returned from the funeral. He found himself grown old and weary, as one to whom life had been too cruel.

One thing, however, he could not make out: why should she steal my things? What would she do with them? Oh, I see, he remembered suddenly with a certain malicious satisfaction. That's what it is! She has a nephew somewhere whom she loves with the foolish love of an infatuated aunt; have I not had to listen to innumerable babblings about that flower of men? Let me see, not long ago she actually showed me his photo: curly hair, snub nose, and a particularly pertinent moustache; though she, for her part, wiped away tears of pride and emotion. So that's where all my things have strayed, he said to himself. He flew into a terrible rage at the thought; he ran to the kitchen and called out to Johanka something like, "You wretched old hag!" and then bolted away again, leaving her fearfully and tearfully rolling her old goggle sheep's eyes.

He did not speak to her again for the rest of that day; she sighed as though she had been insulted, and clattered things about whenever they came handy, not realising in the least what the cause of the trouble was. In the afternoon he embarked on a complete overhauling of his cupboards and drawers; it was terrible; he remembered first one thing and then another which he had at some time possessed; various family heirlooms, which now seemed to him particularly precious. And now there was nothing left, nothing—not one thing left of it all. It was just as though there had been a great fire. He could have broken down and wept with rage and loneliness.

He was sitting in the midst of opened drawers, out of breath, covered with dust, and holding in his hand the one solitary relic which was left—his father's purse, a bead bag with holes now at both ends. For

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THE SHIFTING SANDS OF SOCIALISM

By SIR R. MITCHELL BANKS, M.P.

IN a recent article on "The Bedrock of the Tory Faith" I called attention to the fact that the Liberal Party is losing some prominent members. Some have apparently recognised that the difference between the Liberal principles in which they were bred and the principles upon which modern Conservatism proceeds is not serious enough to prevent their adhering to the one Party which stands solidly for the Empire and the Constitution. Others, such as Kenworthy and Wedgwood Benn, have joined the Socialists, with whom they have long had a temperamental affinity. Even the residue of Liberals are really divided, and probably only Free Trade and the "Nonconformist conscience" (or what is left of it) bind them loosely together. Socialism, I repeat, is our enemy, and, in my opinion, it is becoming more formidable every year. I reflect that when I was born there were three Labour Members in the House, MacDonald, Burt, and Broadhurst, returned as Liberals. When I first took an active interest in politics (1906) fifty-four "Labour Members" (including sixteen miners' Members) were returned. In 1923 no less than 191 took their seats, and these were then Socialists to a man.

Perhaps even more impressive than this increase in Parliamentary representation is the growth in the Socialist vote. Consider some figures:—

Year.	Votes polled by Socialists.
1910	370,802
1918	2,244,000
1922	4,236,000
1923	4,348,000
1924	5,551,000

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room. He just peeped through the curtain into the kitchen; good gracious, what was that? Johanka, her face flushed and swollen with weeping, was rushing about the kitchen and throwing her things into a trunk. He was terribly alarmed. Why the trunk? He crept to his room on tiptoe, confused, oppressed, and quite bewildered. Was Johanka going away?

There in front of him on the table lay all the things she had stolen from him. He fingered them, but felt not the smallest pleasure at their recovery. I see, he said to himself, Johanka has discovered that I have found her guilty of thieving and expects to be sent off at once—that is why she is packing up. Very well, I will leave her with that idea—until to-morrow; that will be sufficient punishment for her; yes, I will talk to her in the morning. But perhaps—perhaps, even now she will come and ask my pardon. She will burst into tears before me, fall on her knees, and that sort of thing. That will do, Johanka, I don't want to be harsh; you can stay.

He sat down in his evening clothes to await developments. There was silence, unbroken silence in the house; he heard every step of Johanka's in the kitchen, heard the angry slamming of a trunk lid, then again calm. What was that? He sprang up in alarm and listened: a prolonged, terrible howl, as of some creature not human; then it trailed off into a series of hysterical sobs; there followed the sound of knees sinking heavily to the floor, and subdued moaning. Johanka was weeping. He had certainly been prepared for something, but this was unexpected. With beating heart he stood and listened to what was going on in the kitchen. Nothing, only weeping. Presently Johanka will come to herself and ask for forgiveness.

He paced the room in order to recover his firmness, but still Johanka did not come. At intervals he stopped and listened; her wailing changed into a monotonous series of unabated howls. This dreadful despair was distressing to him. I will go to her, he resolved, and just say: "Now, let this be a lesson to you, Johanka, and stop crying. I will forget all about it, but be honest in future."

Suddenly a violent rush, the door burst open, and there stood Johanka on the threshold, howling; it was dreadful to see her face so swollen with weeping.

"Johanka," he gasped.

"Have—I—deserved this?" broke from Johanka. "Nice thanks this—as if I were a thief—such a shame!"

"But, Johanka," he cried alarmed, "but you have taken my things—all these, do you see? Did you take them or not?"

But Johanka did not hear. "What I have to put up with—such a shame—searching in my cupboard—as if—I was—some pilfering gipsy. To shame me so, me, indeed—you shouldn't have done it, sir—no right to—insult me—never—not to my dying day—would I have expected the like. Am I a thief indeed? I—I a thief indeed?" She shrieked in passionate distress. "Am I really a thief? I, indeed, considering my family! That—that I never did expect—never deserved such a thing!"

"But, Johanka," he said, somewhat damped, "just have some sense. How did these things get into your cupboard? Is this yours or mine? Say, my good woman, is this yours?"

"I don't want to hear anything," sobbed Johanka. "Good Lord, what a shame! Just as if—I was a gipsy—search my cupboard!—but this instant," she cried, fearfully excited, "this instant I'll be off. I shall not stop here till the morning. No—no."

"But look here," he protested in alarm, "I don't want to turn you out. You will stay on, Johanka. As for what has happened, well, heaven save us from anything worse. I have not yet said a word to you about it. So stop crying."

"Engage someone else," said Johanka, choking with tears. "I shall not stay here even till to-morrow morning. As if one were—a dog—to put up with anything—I won't," she ejaculated desperately, "not if you paid me thousands. I would rather spend the night on the pavement."

"But why, Johanka," he argued helplessly. "Have I hurt your feelings, then? But still you cannot deny —"

"No, not hurt my feelings," cried Johanka in a still more wounded tone. "It is not hurting my feelings—searching my cupboard—as if I were a thief. That is nothing at all—that I have to put up with—no one ever did such a thing to me—such a shame. I am not—just a tramp," she shrieked with a convulsive burst of tears and rushed out, slamming the door.

He was immensely perplexed. Instead of repentance, all this scene. What does it mean? She steals like a jackdaw, no doubt of that, and feels insulted because I know about it; not ashamed of being a thief, but terribly hurt in her sensitiveness when put down as one. Is the woman out of her mind?

But gradually he felt more and more sorry for her. You see, he said to himself, everyone has his weak spot, but you never offend him more than by remarking on it. Ah, what an unbounded moral sensitiveness man harbours even amid his faults! How painfully and tenderly susceptible even in his misdeeds! Just put your finger on his secret vice and you hear nothing but a cry of pain and indignation in reply. Do you not see that in judging the offender you are judging the offended?

From the kitchen came the sound of weeping stifled by a feather bed. He wanted to go in, but the door was locked; he stood there trying to reason with her, upbraided her, and then attempted to soothe her; but all the reply he met with was more violent and noisy sobbing. He went back to his room oppressed with helpless pity. There on the table lay the stolen articles: fine new shirts, a quantity of linen, mementos, and what not. He caressed them with his finger, but in the touch there was something sad and forlorn.

The Conservative poll in 1924 was 7,385,927; but in 1922 was 5,383,896, less, it will be noted, than the Socialist vote in 1924, though it gave us a clear majority in the House.

I have no similar figures referring to municipal elections, but there can be little doubt that the growth of Socialism would be equally conspicuous, possibly more striking, in that sphere. The whole of the trade union machinery and the Co-operative movement have been captured by the Socialists; and the Civil Services, elementary schools, yes, even public schools and old universities, are largely permeated with Socialism to-day.

How long will it be, then, before all the Parliamentary, municipal, departmental, and industrial institutions of this country are completely controlled by those who profess this doctrine? Obviously it can only be a very short time unless this advance receives a sudden check, of which, I own, I can see no signs whatever.

Looking backwards over a period of rather more than a century it will be observed that the political force of the movement has always surged forward in times of such industrial depression as we are now suffering from, and after the suppression of an industrial upheaval such as that of 1926. The conditions prevailing to-day are, in fact, those which have always been favourable to the development of this heresy, and we have now arrived at a point where further development means victory for it and—power. Melancholy as these opinions may appear, I feel bound to state them, for the gravest danger of all is the failure of comfortable people to recognise that the danger exists, imminent, fraught with incalculable consequences. These people must grasp the fact that a few short years may witness the annihilation of everything that in their view makes life worth living, the disappearance of Britain as a great economic power in the world, and the disruption of the British Empire.

Why do I regard the menace as so terrible? Partly because of what Socialism is, perhaps even more because of what Socialists are.

It is notoriously difficult to obtain from any two

Socialists precisely the same definition of their creed. Even the same Socialist keeps different definitions for different audiences—that which he will give, for example, in a debate at the Oxford Union will not be at all like the one he employs for an open-air meeting of the comrades in a mining village. Yet there is something in the nature of a fundamental formula upon which most Socialists would agree in principle. As long ago as 1890 Lane, the Australian, expressed it thus:—

The effect of the nationalisation of the means of production and distribution, and of the conduct by the State authority of all production and all exchange, would simply be to enable us to produce for use instead of for profit.

Mr. Snowden (*Socialism and Syndicalism*) wrote about fifteen years ago that the following statement would be “accepted by all Socialists as a reasonable definition of their aims:—

The object is to replace the system of private capital . . . by a system of collective capital, *e.g.*, by a method of production which would introduce a unified (social or collective) organisation of national labour on the basis of collective or common ownership of the means of production by all members of society. This collective method of production would remove the present competitive system by placing under official administration such departments of production as can be managed collectively, as well as the distribution among all of the common produce of all, according to the amount and social utility of the productive labour of each.

This is very verbose, but hardly takes us much farther: it is, in fact, a quotation from a German, Dr. Schäffle, and it is interesting to note that the last sentence seems to imply that incomes will be unequal and graduated according to a scale of merits which it will be incredibly difficult to assess. In the latest statement of the Socialist case (*The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*) Mr. Bernard Shaw concedes that Socialism will not achieve its purpose unless it results in equality of income, and I, for one, believe he is much more closely in touch with reality on this point than anybody else in the movement. Philip Snowden's own clearest contribution runs as follows:—

Socialism is a system of industrial and social organisation, where the common needs of individuals will be supplied by the organised co-opera-

colossal annual sums for the assistance of children, the aged, the sick, and the unemployed, and utterly shattered and swept away the assumptions such as the fantastic "law of increasing misery" upon which the doctrines of Karl Marx were founded. Its achievements, it may be remarked, have been most striking in those countries where Socialists have had least influence.

(b) There is not a shred of evidence to prove, or even to suggest, that Socialism, as already defined, will make good its pretensions and abolish those evils which admittedly still exist under the system it proposes to supersede. Various small communities have from time to time experimented with Socialism in practice, and not one success has been recorded. The only attempt on a large scale has been witnessed in Russia. There you may see Socialism of the Marxian type in being, and it is, beyond all doubt, a failure. Poverty, unemployment, waste, disease, inefficiency, and famine are rife; individual liberty and justice have simply ceased to exist; and wherever you discern a ray of light it is produced by a resumption of capitalist methods.

Search the world over for experiments in "collective ownership" and "collective management," by the State or the municipality. Such experiments, it will be found, are limited to concerns which are in the nature of services and monopolies not exposed to keen, if to any, competition, not truly industrial or productive in character, and obviously most easy to conduct on Socialised lines—posts, telegraphs, railways, shipping, mines, gas, electricity, and so on. Socialists point triumphantly to some measure of success in this very favourable field; the numerous failures they naturally suppress. But it is absolutely safe to say that, on the whole, the evidence is unfavourable to their claims.

(c) Even if their first proposition, that Capitalism has failed, were true, which it is not, and even if their claim to have a superior alternative were supported by the evidence at our disposal, which it is not, it would still be plainly perilous to entrust them with power until they have come to some measure of agreement upon the practical methods by which their objects are to be attained. When it comes to practice their minds, to use a forcible phrase of

Kipling's, are simply a "turbid chaos." The milder variety proposes to buy out the dispossessed private interests; the more extreme school advocates immediate and ruthless confiscation; the "trimmers" idiotically suppose that "a policy of taxation" provides a *via media* (as though slow poison were a more righteous method of destruction than the stiletto!), and apparently see no moral or practical distinction between taking a few shillings out of every pound a man receives from his labour or investments and taking the whole lot.

(d) But let us assume that by way of compensation, confiscation, or the *peine forte et dure* of crushing taxes, the banker, the shipowner, the cotton-spinner, the motor manufacturer, the bootmaker, the hatter, and the cash chemist have been obliterated. And this we must perforce assume, for no other meaning can be attached to the definitions of Mr. Snowden and Mr. Webb and the many similar definitions. Is all the colossal and intricate machinery of modern business, productive and distributive, to be not only owned by the State, but conducted by State Departments—the millinery department, the gramophone department, the leather goods department, and so forth?

Here your Socialist generally becomes impatient, and denies that he means any such thing. Very well, then, he must revise and limit the definitions which have so long formed his "Credo." Is it only the "collective ownership" and "democratic direction" of a few *selected* services—mines, perhaps, and railways—at which he aims? There is no resting-place for him there, and he knows it? And he also knows that State Socialism, under which all power would be in the hands of the bureaucrats administering the various industries, would be nothing short of slavery, involving, as the Bolsheviks admitted, industrial conscription and the enforcement upon the individual of those tasks for which in each case the department thinks him suitable. Sir Leo Chiozza Money, in his book, *The Great State*, endeavours to avoid the unpalatable consequences by the following ingenious device:—

The Great State will regard it as a thing impossible to condemn a man to be a coal miner for life. It goes without saying that the Great State, if it uses coal, will conserve it, so that coal mining will be reduced to a

minimum. That minimum will be performed not by a definite few for life, but by all able-bodied men for a year or two. Mining is much more dangerous than soldiering, and calls for the application of the principle of conscription. The mining conscript will go to his term of service as a matter of duty and with pride.

After which he will presumably have to do a year or so as a sailor, a barrister, a violinist, an engine-driver, and a scavenger—for why stop at mining? A very high pitch of efficiency will obviously be reached by this method! Plainly the worker will be just as much a “wage-slave” under this system as under Capitalism, and plainly the consumer will have to take the hats, pictures, pianos, motor cars and fountain pens which the Departments produce; and why should they exert themselves to study and forestall his tastes and run the risks involved in doing so?

(c) But, in fact, real State Socialism, or Collectivism, as it is sometimes called, is already rejected by most modern exponents in this country.

The Syndicalists, a product of France, reacting violently from the tyranny inherent in State Socialism, have proposed that the works engaged in each industry shall dispossess the existing capitalists, appropriate the factory or shop, and then, as sole owners and controllers, run the business, presumably appointing managers responsible to themselves alone for the practical conduct of affairs. They would fix their own hours, and wages, and prices, and output, and would, of course, exploit in their own interests the other syndicalised industries, between whom the consumers would be ground to powder. Since producers and consumers, in the mass, are after all the same people, Syndicalism would be a form of suicide, unless some central authority were to regulate the social and economic relations of the different syndicates, in which case we are brought back, in effect, to Collectivism. Hardly any Socialist of repute in Britain has been found to put forward a reasoned plea for Syndicalism in this, its simple and original form, because, I suppose, it is so patently unreasonable. Since no “syndicalised” industry would have a chance in competition with private undertakings, the latter would clearly have to be prohibited, or the system

would have to be applied to the whole field of industry. The originators of this sublime tomfoolery, probably seeing no chance of converting anybody but the inmates of asylums, have always proposed to enforce their will by the instrument of the General Strike. That fact alone should be a sufficient proof of their essential insanity: it is to commit suicide in order to have an opportunity for committing suicide again.

(f) The latest effort to escape from the “gradual inevitability” of State Socialism is a cross between that and Syndicalism, known as Guild Socialism, of which our leading British expositor is Mr. G. D. H. Cole. No capitalist has harsher things to say of State Socialism than he has. For example (*Self Government in Industry*):—

The Collectivist State would only make his (the worker's) position better by securing him a better wage, even if we assume that Collectivism can ever acquire the driving power to put its ideas into practice; in other respects it would leave the worker essentially as he is now—a *wage-slave* subject to the will of a master imposed on him from without . . . The postal workers are no more free while the Post Office is managed by a State Department than trade unionists would be free if their executive committees were appointed by H.M. Minister of Labour.

But perhaps his description of it in the phrase a “dull dog” is as scathing an epigram as any yet coined. What he fails to see is the appalling dullness of his own animal. He borrows from Collectivism the principle of State ownership; he borrows from Syndicalism the principle of industrial control and management by those engaged in the industry, and he evolves, in order to preserve a balance between producers, consumers and the State, a marvellous machine of committees, congresses, delegate meetings and councils which would, I am convinced, make the progress of business about as expeditious as the motions of an intoxicated centipede trying to work out the steps of a tango by an algebraical formula.

(g) Finally let us consider a few paragraphs from Bernard Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide*:—

We are agreed, I take it, that practical Socialism must proceed by the Government nationalising our industries one at a time by a series of properly compensated expropriations, after an elaborate preparation for their administration by a body of civil servants who will consist largely of the old employees, but who will be controlled and financed by Govern-

ment departments manned by public servants very superior in average ability, training, and social dignity to the commercial profiteers and financial gamblers who now have all our livelihoods at their mercy.

Now it is true that you can remove a great number of a man's organs "one at a time" by a series of surgical "expropriations." If you were to take them all out at once the shock would kill, but not so if your operations are spread over a period of years. If, however, you begin by removing his heart, your subsequent arrangements become nugatory. It does not matter whether you afterwards propose to proceed with Webbo-Shavian "gradualness" or with Maxtonian velocity. The subject is defunct.

Now credit is the heart of industry and commerce, and the latest fashion for nationalising is to select the banking business, on which credit so largely depends. "These," says Comrade Mosley, in another metaphor, are "the key-fortress of Capitalism: get possession of these and we have them at our mercy." Quite so: begin by removing the patient's heart.

The great question, then, "How do you mean to run your industries when you have dispossessed their present proprietors?" is answered by a chorus of hideously discordant voices, giving irreconcilable replies, and abusing one another.

One plain fact is on record of great significance as an indication of what would really happen. In May, 1924, a Socialist Member introduced in the House of Commons a Bill, drafted, I believe, by Sir Henry Slessor, for which every member of that party, including the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, voted. And no wonder, with fifty Members from mining constituencies in the party! Its principal provisions may be thus briefly summarised:—

(i) The entire conduct of the coal trade, winning, wholesale and retail selling, importing and exporting, to be in the hands of a Mining Council, presided over by the Minister of Mines, and consisting of twenty paid members, ten appointed by His Majesty, *i.e.*, by the Minister (at that time a Socialist himself), the other ten by the Miners' Federation.

(ii) Right to strike, without risk of "victimisation," carefully preserved.

(iii) Coal to be appropriated without compensation to royalty owners.

(iv) Mines to be bought—price to be *one year's output* (on average of five years before the War) at 10s. per ton—a derisory sum.

(v) Nobody but the Mining Council to sell, import or export coal.

(vi) Mining Council (remember its constitution) to fix the miners' wages and selling price of all coal.

(vii) A Consumers' Council to be organised, with the right to *advise* the Mining Council.

(viii) All expenditure under the Act (including wages as fixed above) to be "payable out of moneys provided by Parliament."

The taxpayers, of course, would be the owners; the taxpayers would pay the expenses; the taxpayers would receive the profits.

Now consider the state of the mining industry: consider the fact that under this Bill it would be in the entire control of the Miners' Federation; remember that the Miners' Federation was then (if not now) dominated by Mr. Cook—and then imagine what profits would be likely to accrue. And reflect that here we have a sample—a tangible, concrete proposal, embodied in a Bill and supported by the entire Socialist Party (then in office) in 1924; not an academic essay or platform exposition. I have, to sum up, pointed out that the foundation of the Socialist case—the failure of Capitalism—is rotten; that Socialists cannot base their claims for collective ownership on any volume of successful experience; that they are in utter disagreement about the practical methods of socialising or conducting socialised industry; that the only actual Parliamentary sample is neither Collectivism, Syndicalism nor Guild Socialism, but an inchoate, opportunist, makeshift, meaning, in reality, a surrender to the political influence of a trade union—the Miners' Federation—from which we may well predict the actual drift of Socialist

MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY

BY WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON

WHEN Disraeli the novelist made one of his characters say "With words we govern men" he spoke as a budding politician, and not necessarily as a cynic. The year in which *Contarini Fleming* appeared was that of his first attempt to enter the House of Commons. Since that time words have played an increasingly potent part in the art of government, and the present age is emphatically an age of party shibboleths and slogans. One of the most effective of the catch-cries which did such good service in whipping up enthusiasm early in the War was to the effect that the War would "make the world safe for democracy." And democracy everywhere, with gorge ever avid for blarney and bunkum, swallowed that draught, believing in its efficacy. Yet it is a sobering reflection that the world as we see it to-day is not more, but a good deal less, safe for democracy than fifteen or even fifty years ago.

Future historians, like those of the present, may differ in their distribution of responsibility for the lighting of the fuse which produced the explosion of August, 1914, but they will not fail to record the fact that the powder train had been laid long before. The knowledge we now possess of the despatches, conversations, and negotiations which passed between certain Continental Foreign Ministries and Chancelleries during the preceding decade justifies the assumption that even without the crime of Serajevo and the political complications to which it gave rise the War could not have been postponed much longer. A short time before that crime horrified the world a distinguished British officer (my informant), meeting a leading French statesman in Paris, was staggered by his remark, "There is going to be a war this year or next. Are you ready to fight?" He added that a war "would clear the air, relieve the pressure of armaments, and be good for humanity." With admirable tact the officer

rejoined, "Thank God I am not a politician, so it is not my duty to answer your question."

It is true that the crushing burden of armaments was alone forcing the greater Continental Powers to face war seriously in the hope of obtaining thereby relief and respite. But more immediately dangerous, as we can now see, was the secret diplomacy which—in France and Russia deliberately and purposefully, in our own country unconsciously and, as we have a right to maintain, innocently—was surely preparing the way for the great convulsion.

The dangerous game which had long been played by well-known French and Russian statesmen and diplomats is revealed in the Siebert collection of Russian despatches, and in other authoritative evidences of an unofficial character. Of the secret military agreement concluded between the British and French Governments Parliament and the nation learned only on August 3rd, 1914, when the Cabinet was pledged to common action with the other Entente Powers; while for our knowledge of the complementary naval agreement with Russia, which was being negotiated right down to the preceding June, we still have to rely in the main upon the Russian despatches already named, though more is known about that agreement in naval and private circles than will ever be revealed in official documents.

It cannot be questioned that in committing this country to what was in effect, though not in name, a secret alliance with France and Russia the British Foreign Secretary and those of his colleagues in the Cabinet who were fully aware of what was going on were actuated by a sincere wish to maintain the peace, however ill-designed to promote that object their action was to prove. Nevertheless, one is justified in casting great doubt upon the political perspicacity that could fail so completely, as we must believe, to detect or even suspect the malign manœuvring which was going on all the time in St. Petersburg and Paris with a view to ends distinctly provocative and aggressive.

It is no longer a point of capital importance how many members of the Government were kept in the dark as to the negotiations which were carried on between the British

and French General Staffs from 1906 forward, yet the recent deaths of two distinguished members of the Cabinet of that time may justify the divulgence of a curious difference of opinion between them on the subject. In January, 1920, the matter came up incidentally in a conversation which I had with Lord Haldane. A few days before he had called on his old colleague Lord Morley—"one of the most agile minds I have ever known," he called him—and they had discussed his own book, *Before the War*, and this is what took place. Whether Lord Haldane was repeating or only paraphrasing his own and Lord Morley's words I cannot say, but simply give the duologue as it was related to me.

Morley told me, "I am going to review the book," and he gave as the reason his complaint—Lord Loreburn, too, made this a principal point in his book—that the Prime Minister never told his colleagues of the military pourparlers which took place between this country and France after 1905.

I disagreed and said, "My dear friend, I am a lawyer, and I will tell you exactly what will happen. You will go into the witness-box and will say that you were never told and knew nothing about the matter. But then four witnesses will follow you and say the opposite—I myself, Grey, Asquith, and (?). You will lose your case for want of proof."

Lord Morley was still unconvinced, and said, "Now I'll get my papers." He got a red dispatch box containing his minutes of the Imperial Defence Committee's meetings and began to burrow amongst them. I took up a sheet of notes, looked at it, and then said, "Here is something! Listen! 'Mem.—Sir H. Wilson reported upon the conversations which had taken place on [date] with the French General Staff officers respecting the measures to be taken to occupy [a place on the Channel coast was mentioned.] Mem.—Should I have taken objection to the course which is being taken? No, on the whole it seems necessary that the negotiations should proceed.'"

Then I said, "What do you say to that?" Morley laughed as he answered, "I had forgotten it. I shan't write that review."

The fact to be emphasised and taken to heart as a warning for all time is that but for this secret diplomacy, differing so greatly as it did in character and purpose, though the same in its potentiality of disaster, the War, humanly speaking, would not have happened as and when it did. But secret diplomacy is not yet dead—far from it. It is still active to-day in more than one Continental country, as is proved by the known existence of treaties of alliance the terms of which are withheld from the League of

Nations. Has it been killed outright, or only scotched, here at home? The editor of the *Memorandum* of Lord Morley on his resignation in July, 1914, tells us that after the Agadir crisis of 1911, "when the Cabinet was not kept informed of the diplomatic approach to war," "Lord Morley, on discovering what had been done and learning of the secret conversations between our naval and military experts and those of France, took steps to rectify matters, and obtained from the Prime Minister a pledge that in the future no diplomatic steps should be taken which might involve naval or military commitments on behalf of France without the knowledge and previous assent of the Cabinet." Note that the Cabinet was still to have the right to exercise this large and dangerous power "without the knowledge and previous assent" of Parliament; and presumably that view is still maintained. Let the abortive Anglo-French naval pact be judged as leniently as charity will allow, yet at least it was a daring nibble at fruit which was supposed to have been forbidden for the future.

International relations are nowadays so inextricably entangled that so long as this vicious species of diplomacy exists anywhere it will involve danger everywhere. Are we sufficiently conscious of the danger, and sufficiently protected against it? And if not should we not do something to put our political house in order while there is time? It is not very cheering to remember that no spokesman of the Foreign Office, or for that matter of the Governments specially concerned, has as yet spoken publicly a single word that could imply that the deception of which Parliament and the nation were the victims from December, 1905, to August, 1914, was wrong or even irregular, or that it will not be repeated. All may be right, but those who, conscious of responsibility to the future, wish that their country shall profit by the misfortunes and miseries of the War, want to be quite sure that all is as right as human precaution can make it.

It is said that it is the outside observer who sees most of the game, and the observer who is outside political faction may have a clearer and surer eye for evils in the body politic than those who are engrossed by the hurly-burly

of party life. At the present time the health and vigour of English constitutional life are gravely menaced by encroachment from two sides—on the one hand, from the Central Executive, ever seeking to magnify its powers, and, on the other hand, from an increasingly powerful and overweening bureaucracy, infected with the same ambition; and hitherto Parliament has met this appetite for encroachment by feeding it.

So it came about that a handful of Ministers could, on their own motion, pledge the country to indefinite and disastrous military liabilities to a foreign Power. So, too, it happened that the mandates, imposing on the Empire military and financial responsibility for the control of vast alien territories, aggregating some 800,000 square miles, with a population of over 8,000,000, were undertaken without a preliminary mandate from the Imperial Parliament, which was only invited to ratify the transactions when it was too late to do anything else. In late years Foreign Ministers have claimed the power to give away British territory, or offer to do so, and Chancellors of the Exchequer the right to cancel debts and promise money grants without first consulting the Chamber which had fought kings for centuries, and decapitated one, before it had finally succeeded, as it believed, in asserting complete control over national finance.

Similarly some of the administrative departments of State have been allowed so to enlarge their functions and powers that they have become for practical purposes legislative and judicial tribunals, insomuch that judges of the highest courts of the land have felt justified in warning the nation of the way in which the bureaucracy is to-day playing ducks and drakes with some of their chartered civil liberties.

Are such developments consistent with any genuine conception of democratic government? If they are, where may they not lead us one day? If they are not, is it not time to call a halt? It would be childish simply to blame the Executive and the bureaucracy for the inroads which have been made upon parliamentary prerogative. In a large degree the apathy and weakness of the House of

Commons, its singular lack of independence, and its growing disposition to put party unity before the public interest, are at fault. This is not equally the case, however, with secret diplomacy, and it is to this aspect of the question that my remaining remarks will be directed.

It is a notorious fact that in no department of State is the claim to autonomy and freedom from parliamentary control advanced so boldly and carried to such lengths as in the Foreign Office. Let us, by all means, wipe the slate of all recrimination over the past, but let us first have the assurance that the past will not repeat itself. If, in a future which will long be full of danger and anxiety, peace and security are to be preserved for our country and Empire, there must be no more clandestine commitments to foreign Governments, and to this end Parliament must assert a firmer hold upon treaties and international dealings and relations of all kinds. Happily many members of both Houses are trying to do this already as never before, and for their growing alertness they are deserving of the nation's gratitude.

But more is necessary. In particular our ideas of what Ministerial responsibility implies need to be carefully reconsidered and, to use a now favourite word, "rationalised." The best safeguard would be the formal enactment of the principle, as one of constitutional law, that agreements made by Ministers without the knowledge and sanction of Parliament, whether written or verbal, and however loosely and vaguely drawn, which could impose upon the nation political obligations, whether in the form of military liabilities or not, should be regarded as offences against the State, and as such carry penalties.

The old doctrine of Ministerial responsibility has been whittled down to a mere abstraction, and nowadays no one any longer mentions the once familiar phrase. The historical evolution of the doctrine deserves to be recalled. The institution of a homogeneous Ministry in the modern sense, as a body of members chosen from the political party (in both Houses) in command of a majority in the elected chamber, dates from the reign of William III, and owes its origin to that Sovereign's Minister, Robert

The old Roman way of treating enemies of the State ranged from exile to a forced leap from the Tarpeian Rock, or some equally summary death. In his *Inferno* the mediæval Dante, who devised punishments for offenders of all kinds—even for those corresponding to our modern profiteers—conceived of evil counsellors as “swathed in fire.” In our own country it used to be customary for defaulting or even unpopular Ministers to be punished by attainder, entailing confiscation of fortune, banishment, or even decapitation. Quite recently a Greek Government revived the capital penalty in a case of military incompetence; and at least one other Balkan State still adheres to the same precedent; while another retains its old preference for indiscriminate assassination. Western civilisation in general, however, has happily advanced beyond these crude methods of bringing responsibility home to leading servants of the State. None the less, a more enlightened generation than the present will be less ready to condone injury done to the Commonwealth by deception and culpable blundering brought home to Ministers of State, and will recognise that the place of those guilty of such misdemeanour is as little a Prytaneum in life as a Pantheon after it.

If the history of the Great War teaches one lesson more clearly than another it is that the world will never be safe for democracy, or any other tolerable form of government, until the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility again becomes a reality in the representative system. Our electoral laws are severe enough. The humble citizen may be sent to gaol for months, and be disenfranchised for years, if during an election he promises his vote for a shilling or the equivalent quantity of beer. The candidate for the House of Commons must, to begin with, pass the ordeal of all sorts of qualifications, of which proof of sanity is regarded as the least important, and knowledge of his business is not one at all. And when engaged in electioneering, and long before, he must conduct himself with decorous probity in all dealings with the free and independent electors whom he wishes to make his constituents, or the law will soon have him. But Ministers of State, though now so

generously paid in coin, with the prospect of titles and pensions when they weary of fetching and carrying for exacting constituencies, are liable to no punishment at all, however ill they may have performed their duties, and however public interests may have suffered owing to their incompetence or neglect.

A Civil Servant may be surcharged even the lowest coin of the realm if by negligence he makes the State by that sum the poorer, and if he were to be guilty of flagrant incompetence he would be sent about his business. Although in effect State officials, though not in name or perhaps in strict law, our not unfairly paid Ministers are subject to none of the rules as to efficiency or the absence of it which apply to the rest of the administrative service. Is that arrangement quite equitable? Is it “good enough” for modern times and a democratic or even pseudo-democratic State? With the lesson of the War and all that preceded it to warn us, the answer must be an emphatic negative.

The dry-as-dust jurisconsult objects to modifications of the Constitution by Acts of Parliament. He tells you that it is the glory of an unwritten Constitution, as compared with a written one, that it allows more easily of adjustment to changing conditions. No doubt that plea had force in times when constitutional government was in its infancy, and its principles, institutions, forms, precedents were still in a fluid state. It has little force to-day, when the broad basis of Parliamentary life is more or less stabilised, and when the conservative and steadying influence of the Crown, unfortunately, as one must fear, has been reduced to a cipher; though so many innovations warn us that the great danger to political and civil liberties are the encroachments of an insufficiently controlled Executive and of an ever more powerful and aggressive Public Service.

After all, written Constitutions, if not treated as “scraps of paper,” have at least the recommendation that they let you know where you are. It is for Parliament itself to find some means by which the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility may be made again a reality, and be brought home to men who may culpably depart from the prescribed

rules of the offices of which they enjoy both the honour and the emoluments.

In speaking of the Foreign Office in particular I venture to make a further suggestion, and it is that the very last office of State that should be occupied long or repeatedly by the same man is that of Foreign Secretary. Experience shows that the protracted tenure of that office invariably encourages a dangerous propensity for autocratic methods. Lord Palmerston, of course, stands out as the classical example of the British Foreign Secretary of the "*l'état, c'est moi*" stamp. Yet from his time forward there had been far too many lesser Lord Palmerstons, each claiming to be a law to himself, sometimes to the extent of transacting acts of State of vital moment on his own responsibility, without even doing it in official form. It is notorious that of many such acts of State no official record was made.

It may not be generally known that when Great Britain occupied Cyprus fifty years ago the undertaking was given on her behalf that "whenever Russia shall, for whatever reason, return to her Asiatic frontier as it existed before the last war," she would "immediately evacuate the island." This pledge was a personal one given to France by Lord Salisbury in a letter to Mons. Waddington, her Plenipotentiary at the Berlin Congress (June 4th, 1878), and it is difficult to believe that the late Lord Curzon was aware of it when he concluded with the same country the Syrian Treaty, in which he promised, in the event of withdrawal, to let France have the first claim to succeed us. It would appear, therefore, that the position created by that personal arrangement, provided it were found to hold good in international law, is that France and Turkey, singly or together, might at any time call upon us to quit Cyprus, and France promptly take our place.

It is often said that it is good for the Foreign Office to pass into as few hands as possible, since continuity of policy is thus assured. The plea is specious but unconvincing. The wisdom of continuity of policy depends entirely upon whether the policy itself is wise or not; and at times it may be the best wisdom to cast the shibboleth of "continuity" to

the winds. It can hardly be disputed that our old pro-Turkish policy would not have lasted nearly so long, and have borne the responsibility for two great wars, but for the slavish regard of the Foreign Office for continuity and its imperviousness to new ideas. For the better part of his political life a defender and exponent of that policy, Lord Salisbury had at last to confess that the Turk was not worth our concern, and that we had "backed the wrong horse." In the men who are engaged in the business of foreign affairs no qualities are more necessary than foresight and insight, flexibility of mind and freshness of outlook. It can hardly be doubted which will be readier and better able to take occasion by the hand and steer his country through the shoals which so often warn it of new difficulties—the statesman so qualified, or the one who enters upon his office hampered by crusted traditions which may no longer conform to existing facts and conditions.

To resume: while the prerogatives of the Crown have been progressively restricted in favour of Parliament, those of Parliament are now being audaciously invaded by the Executive. Not the Crown but the Government is to-day the source of danger to public rights, and it is high time that the House of Commons, adapting the historical Dunning resolution of 1780, formally affirmed its opinion that the influence of Ministers "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," and took steps forthwith to give effect to it. When will the "Great Commoner" again arise who will boldly defend the rights of Parliament and people, wherever threatened, stop the dry rot in constitutional life which has set in, restore the balance in our representative system, and move his colleagues to adopt appropriate safeguards for the future? And will he come from the old Liberal, the Labour, or perhaps the Young Conservative group? The leadership of such a man would sustain the reputation and fortunes of any party for a generation.

PREVENTABLE POVERTY

By DAVID KIRKWOOD, M.P.

ONLY a Labour Government can save Great Britain from industrial decline and social despair. The present Tory Government has forfeited national and international confidence by its incompetence and blunderings in home and international affairs and stands condemned, in my opinion, as the most unsuccessful Government of the past fifty years. As a working man I test all Governments by the Carlyle test, which was "the condition of the people test," by which alone Governments can be fairly measured and judged. The wise old Scottish philosopher held that all Governments should be assessed according to the social condition of the peoples governed, and if we apply this principle to the administration of the Baldwin Cabinet the result is shown to be abject failure. Mr. Stanley Baldwin and his Cabinet colleagues have failed to rise clear of their class prejudices, restraints, and interests, and have conducted Class War Rule ruthlessly in the interests of the owning, financial, and employing class for four years. The social historian will write of the 1924-28 administration of the Baldwin Cabinet in words of shame. I marvel how the common folk, the underpaid, and the unemployed have suffered so patiently the economic and social injustice imposed on them since Mr. Ramsay MacDonald ceased to be Prime Minister. It was a sorrowful day for millions of people when Mr. Baldwin evicted the Lossiemouth statesman from Number Ten Downing Street.

The only measure I can recall of social benefit to poor folk passed by this Government is the Widows and Orphans Pensions Act, which was less generous in its scope than it could have been. Labour blazed the trail for that reform, and if Labour had been privileged to carry it into law its provisions would have been on a more liberal scale. One of the first duties of the next Labour Government will be to amend the Widows and Orphans Pensions Act in such a manner as will ensure to all widows and

orphans that economic care and security of material livelihood which an enlightened nation can easily afford. Apart from this Act the Government has done nothing to improve the condition of the working classes, but has done much to worsen their condition and reduce their standard of living. The working people, I know, are worse off in the mass than they were fourteen years ago, and certainly are much worse off socially and economically than they were during the War. It is a terrible comment on what is called Capitalism that working folk should be better paid, fed, and clad during a period of war than in the years of peace. In my fifty years' experience as a Clydeside engineer I can truthfully declare that the only time we were decently treated and reasonably remunerated was during the War. Evidently we were more valuable as makers of armaments for the destruction of human life than we are as the makers of engines and machinery for the enrichment of human life. Why should we not be as well treated when we are making locomotives as we were when making tanks, machine guns, and bombs? A Clyde engineer had at least £5 a week in the latter months of the War; nowadays if he is one of the lucky number in employment he is paid £2 17s. a week. It was Mr. Lloyd George, I remember, who told me and other engineers at Parkhead Forge, where we were employed during the War, that engineers were as important in the national economy as politicians. I believe they are more important. But, assuming Mr. George's valuation to be correct, why are expert engineers so poorly paid in comparison with mediocre and incompetent politicians? If engineers muddled their jobs as the Baldwin Cabinet has muddled their task they would be dismissed at a moment's notice. An employer won't tolerate an incompetent workman five minutes if another is available to carry on the task; but the workers are expected to tolerate an incompetent Government for four years, irrespective of the consequences. Those of us who protest fiercely and persistently against this lunatic toleration of incompetent Government are denounced as unreasonable and clamorous. We are the truly reasonable people. But this is digression.

My point is that the working people, manual and mental workers, who form the great majority of the nation, are worse off to-day than they were under a Labour Government. The rich minority, whose executive the Tory Government has been, are wealthier than they have ever been. They have reaped the grain from the Tory harvest of class legislation; the workers have been allowed to gather the straw. There are more unemployed than there were in 1924. The prospects of improvement are negligible under Tory rule. The only remedy the Baldwinites can devise is to present Big Business with £24,000,000 a year under the guise of de-rating industry. This will no more lead to a trade revival than did the subsidy to the coal industry, which absorbed more in one year than the annual de-rating dole will cost. What de-rating means to us is this: It is putting employers, deserving and undeserving, "on the dole" at the expense of the ordinary ratepayers, who will have to pay for the dole in one form or another. Other Tory expedients for reviving industry and reducing unemployment in the past seven years have included lower wages, more production, emigration, safeguarding, reducing the income tax, increasing workers' hours; each and all have been disastrous failures. They were bound to fail, because the capitalist system, which they were intended to repair, is beyond mending. A system of industry and Government which condemns millions to live in poverty in the midst of abundance is not worth repairs, even if repairing were possible.

De-rating is the latest attempt to mend the puncture in the tyre of Capitalism, but the puncture menders don't seem to be aware that the tyre itself is rotten. It will be wiser and cheaper to get a new tyre than to go mending one full of shreds and patches.

What the Government and its supporters and controllers have failed to realise is that millions are poor in this country because the national cupboard, so to speak, is crammed to overflowing with good things to make life worth while for all. My fellow engineering and shipbuilding workmates are underpaid or unemployed because they have built too many ships; 750,000 miners are compelled to

work an extra hour daily for low wages, and 250,000 other unemployed miners are forced to rely on public aid or charity because there is too much coal; the woollen and cotton operatives are on short time and low pay because there is too much clothing; railwaymen have had their wages reduced while others have been dismissed because there is too much transport; iron and steel furnaces and works are closed and the employees idle because we have more iron and steel than we can consume; bakers and distributive workers are unemployed because the stocks of bread and food are greater than our restricted appetites; catches of fish are thrown back into the sea because the markets are glutted with fish; the coopers and the net-makers are dispensed with because the markets are overstocked with cured herrings; there is even a glut in religion because there are too many churches. Abundance, abundance everywhere; granaries and warehouses packed with riches such as Alexander could never dream of; luxury and grandeur flaunted as they never were in Nero's time. Society women flock in hundreds to see a display of pearls worth £1,000,000; fabulous incomes for cinema stars, pugilists, notorious adventurers, and ex-Cabinet Ministers: yet man, made in the image of God, has not enough to eat and wear. After 1927 years of Christianity we have to send round the hat for coppers to keep the colliers and their wives and weans from starving on Christmas Day. This in the richest country Western civilisation has ever known. Would the Carpenter of Nazareth have condoned this? I trow not. He would have been leader of the revolution against such shameful injustice and wrong. The cheapest thing in the eyes of Capitalism is a poor unemployed man or woman, even though made in the image of God. No wonder the angels weep and honest men rage at the folly and stupidity of it all.

Against the system which makes such things possible I am a rebel, persistent and uncompromising. If all men are to work and live as human beings should Capitalism must go. The first step towards the realisation of this aim is the election of a Labour Government. I want a Labour Government because Labour believes

poverty is unnecessary, and as easily preventable as smallpox. The people will expect a Labour Government to put its belief into practice as quickly as possible. This can be realised by just and fearless legislation. Poverty is man-made, and man can remove it. When I was a boy smallpox, enteric fever, and other diseases were regarded as inevitable scourges, necessary for the mortification and humiliation of poor folk. These evils are not so regarded now, they are prevented by communal organisation, science, research, and industry. If the afflicted mining area were stricken by smallpox instead of by poverty, the whole resources of the State and local government would be mobilised to combat the disease. Medical men and nurses would volunteer their services and lives to the holy cause of driving out the invasion of disease. Poverty is no less menacing to the welfare of the home and the community than smallpox; in many respects it is more dangerous, because it often begets progeny even more terrifying than disease. Yet we pretend to regard it as inevitable and try to mollify it with alms and prayer. In this we are more foolish than the South Sea islander who prays to his wooden deities to augment the banana harvest. The people who cannot organise an adequate supply of bread for everyone of themselves deserve all the censure which Thomas Carlyle heaped upon them. It is not the Lenins who create revolutions. Poverty and Despair are the parents of revolution. The timid and gentle deer which normally live in the hillside areas of my native land are raiding the pastures in the valleys because there is not enough for them to eat on the mountain sides. Raiding deer have come within a few miles of Glasgow in search of food. The farmers have started to organise to demand protection. They are afraid of the timid deer, whom hunger has made aggressive. The British working folk, with all their docility, are not so timid as deer. The moral is obvious.

I am a man of peace. My only hate is poverty—unnecessary poverty. I have seen too much suffering and hardship caused by poverty to tolerate its continuance. Only when we have conquered the cause of poverty will

we be able to feel what freedom might be. To one who feels as I do about poverty it is imperative to war for its removal. The war against poverty is the most holy of all crusades, and worthy of national devotion and energy. The people for whom I speak are not greedy; their wants are few; their tastes are simple; their capacity for work and service is unlimited as the power of the ocean; they have humbled dynasties and empires, and they must obtain economic welfare and security or themselves go under. They want only to live, which means to engage in useful work, to have honourable remuneration, to have homely habitation, to have their womenfolk and children protected against the lack of material goods; to have the opportunity to strive for mental culture and spiritual advancement, the right to leisure and to travel, to be citizen co-operators in a nation which is great because of its democratic conquest over poverty. They want, in short, to make the struggle for bread a holy co-operation instead of a fratricidal shambles. Their creed is the Sermon on the Mount, which they regard as a guide and inspiration for everyday conduct of industry and not a sham and a mockery. Socialism is their hope, and a Labour Government the instrument for its achievement.

I tour the country every week-end, addressing meetings in town and village, and everywhere I go I forgather with hundreds and thousands of men and women who are in agreement with my Socialist principles and aspirations. Enthusiasm for Labour is rising, and it is supported by intelligence and understanding. Politics and economics are no longer dismal sciences, mysteries for "the learned ones" to bemuse the multitudes. Democracy is reading, thinking and studying; it knows and plans; it organises and prepares; it is conscious that its era of power is near at hand. The Baldwin Government is hated and despised; no Cabinet Ministers dare address an open-air meeting in a mining district; Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues are as unpopular with the miners as the Kaiser was after the sinking of the *Lusitania*. To mention the Premier's name in a meeting of mining folk is the occasion for howls of derision and disgust. This is because the miners believe

the Government were "the tools of the coalowners" during the 1926 Act, when Parliament enacted the Eight Hours Act at the request of the mine-owners. The miners were told the increase in the working day would lead to a revival in trade, whereas experience has shown the results to be lower wages, more unemployment and depressed trade. The hatred of the Government and Capitalism in the mining areas is intense and widespread. I do not envy the Unionist candidate who will have to defend the Government's policy before mining audiences at the General Election. It would be easier for shepherds to tame Bengal tigers than it will be for Tories to convince miners that the Government is not their enemy. Now, when this feeling is widespread among miners and other working folk, there is reason for it. The chief source of this hatred and discontent is to be found in the condition of the people. Grinding poverty and flaunting insecurity do not make their victims sociable and co-operative electors. I know how I would feel if my wife and children were in daily want of the essential needs of ordinary life; I would wage war with all my might against the system which made them the prisoners of poverty; discontent and agitation would be my main purpose until my loved ones and their home were guaranteed against hunger, winter, cold and the haunting ghost of unemployment and loss of income. Conscious of what my own feelings would be if I were an unemployed workman or underpaid miner, I can understand and appreciate how they feel and act. I am with them, heart and soul, in their fight to obtain fair treatment in society, and so will be millions of others when they realise the great human issues involved. There are more soldiers enlisted now in Labour armies organised to make war on Capitalism than ever mobilised to fight Militarism in the Great War, and victory is certain when the appeal is made to the electors in May or June. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald will again be Premier, and it must be the duty of himself and colleagues to take immediate action to kill preventable poverty in Great Britain for all time.

A GLIMPSE OF CANADA

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, M.P.

IN the early autumn of last year it was my good fortune to spend six weeks in Canada as a guest of the Canadian Branch of the Empire Parliamentary Association. Apart from our Canadian hosts the party numbered fifty-four, and was representative of all parties in the Parliaments of Great Britain, of the self-governing Dominions, including Newfoundland and Southern Ireland, of Southern Rhodesia, and Malta. The Indian Legislature was also represented by three Indians and one Anglo-Indian. The three Indians, I may add, were all ardent "Nationalists," but not one of them could converse with another save in the language of the dominant Raj, which alone supplies the cement of an Indian "nationality." Incidentally, it may be said that the educational advantages of the tour were considerably enhanced by the intermingling of legislators who represented widely diverse opinions and Legislatures which stand at very different stages of political evolution. But the main purpose of the tour, as defined by the letter of invitation from Canada, was "to afford an opportunity for the delegates to see as much as possible of our country, its resources, and its institutions, and to interchange views on the serious problems and potentialities of the British Commonwealth of Nations to the end of developing and strengthening the common interests and bonds of Empire."

In the ardent pursuit of this object we spent in Canada forty-two nights, of which twenty-one were passed in the sumptuously appointed special train provided jointly by the Canadian National Railway, on which we travelled from Quebec to Vancouver, and by the Canadian Pacific Railway, on which we returned from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic. If anything could have been more sumptuous than our train it was the chain of hotels, owned by the two great railway companies, starting with the stately Chateau Fontenac at Quebec and culminating in the

palatial caravansaries in the heart of the Canadian Rockies at Lake Louise and Banff. Yet, despite all the splendour and luxury of these great hotels, and the wonderful hospitality everywhere extended to us by Governments, municipalities, clubs, and individuals, many of us, I fancy, came to look upon our train more and more as "home," and upon our kindly coloured porters as friends.

Six weeks is little enough time in which to get any real impression of that great Dominion which must be thought of in terms not of a country but of a Continent. Covering an area about as large as Europe or the United States, Canada is some thirty times as big as the United Kingdom, and constitutes between one-fourth and one-third of the whole British Empire. To write dogmatically of such a country on a superficial acquaintance would be to court well-merited derision. But we saw and heard everything which specially qualified cicerones could show or tell us; we visited every Province and nearly every important city in the Dominion; we met statesmen of all parties; we tried to absorb the masses of statistics provided for our benefit by municipal officers, leaders of commerce and industry, mine managers, engineers, and so forth; we compared the great orchards of the Okanagan Valley in British Columbia with those of Nova Scotia and the Niagara Peninsula; we visited the great National Exhibition at Toronto; we inspected the 500,000 h.p. plant of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario on the Niagara River; we saw the new cutting binding and threshing combines at work on the prairies; some of us saw the wonderful pulp and paper factory of the Abitibi Company in Northern Ontario; others descended a gold mine belonging to the Hollinger Company at Timmins; we saw something of the superb waterways of Canada, traversing part of Lake Ontario and the whole length of Lake Superior and Lake Huron (a voyage of nearly forty-eight hours); and I myself (to descend to the trivial) played golf on no fewer than twelve different courses extending from Quebec to Victoria (B.C.), from Alberta to Nova Scotia. Golf has caught on amazingly in Canada, and many of the links are exquisitely beautiful, and, con-

sidering the difficulties imposed by climate, surprisingly well kept.

Little wonder if, after all this, one's impressions are a little blurred, as they are certainly open to correction; yet a snapshot not infrequently conveys a more accurate impression of a personality than a highly finished photograph, or even a full-length portrait, and a snapshot is all that I can pretend to have preserved or to reproduce.

Upon the country itself I shall not dilate; descriptions of Canadian scenery are the commonplace of every tourist. Yet even a snapshot must record the ineffaceable impression left by the vastness of the interoceanic Dominion, by the beauty and variety of its scenery, by the situation of Quebec looking down in queenlike serenity and majesty upon the wide expanse of the St. Lawrence, by the loveliness of Ottawa, with its nobly placed Parliament House, by the throb of economic activity in cities like Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, and Vancouver, by the spaciousness and beauty of the wheat-belt capitals, by the grandeur of the Selkirks and the Rockies, by the unsurpassable charm of tourist resorts like Minaki, Jasper Park, Banff and Lake Louise, and not least by the homelike woodlands and lakes of the Maritime Provinces.

To all these things, however, many pens have borne faithful testimony. My object is to record a few impressions of a different sort.

Perhaps the deepest impression made upon my mind was the spirit of hopefulness, buoyancy and confidence which seems to pervade every grade and section of the Canadian people—with one partial exception to be noted later on. Everyone we met in Canada seemed to have an unshakable belief in the future of the country. We Englishmen were probably more acutely conscious of the pervasiveness of this temper than our colleagues from the Overseas Dominions. With a vast army of unemployed quartered upon us for the last seven years it has not been easy for us to preserve a smiling countenance and to cultivate a spirit of optimism. In Canada it calls for no effort. The whole atmosphere is charged with buoyant optimism. Nor can anyone doubt that their faith is grounded on

reason. Take, for example, the city of Montreal, with its magnificent harbour. Already—despite its five months of ice-binding winter—the greatest grain-exporting seaport in the world, already responsible for handling nearly one-third of the exports and imports of the whole Dominion, Montreal is for ever considering how its facilities can be multiplied and its trade increased. The revenue of the Harbour Commission has grown during the last twenty years from half a million dollars to \$5,500,000 (1927). But Montreal is not content with this record, and for some years past a project has been under discussion for the construction of a new deep waterway, estimated to cost a sum of £150,000,000, from Lake Ontario to Montreal. The scheme has aroused considerable controversy in the Provinces more immediately concerned, Ontario and Quebec, and has also become the subject of negotiations between Ottawa and Washington. Into these controversial matters I may not intrude. I only mention the project as an illustration of the indomitable energy, the eagerness to improve upon what is good, which characterise the citizens of Canada to-day.

I have instanced Montreal, the greatest of the Eastern seaports of the Dominion; but the same is true, in equal if not fuller measure, of the great Western seaport Vancouver. In the whole tour nothing interested me more than the recent progress and the future potentialities of this great city. Forty years ago the site of Vancouver was an almost unbroken forest; to-day it is covered by a fine city—the fourth in the Dominion, with a quarter of a million inhabitants (including suburbs). Its magnificent harbour has a shore line of 98 miles and a total area of 48 square miles, of which 28 are landlocked; it has 31 loading berths for deep-sea ships, and during 1927 over 20,000 vessels entered the port. Forty-five steamship lines, of which 14 are British, now regularly operate from a port, almost certainly destined to become the Liverpool of the Pacific. That the Pacific itself is destined to play an increasingly important part in world-politics and world-trade is as certain as anything in human affairs can be.

Vancouver, however, is to-day looking not only towards

the Pacific. It is indeed, as regards Canada, in a unique position. It looks not only towards Asia and Australia, but towards Europe. Needless to say that it is the Panama Canal which has resolved this paradox into a commonplace. The beginning of Vancouver as a grain-shipping port dates only from 1921, when 1,500,000 bushels were shipped from there—mainly for Japan. To-day the Prairie Provinces, and especially, of course, Alberta, are beginning to look to Vancouver as a possible alternative to Montreal and the Atlantic ports. Five great grain elevators have already been erected and two more are approaching completion, with the result that the port would have an elevator storage capacity of approximately 10,700,000 bushels in readiness for the bumper crop of 1928. Of that crop it expected to ship 100,000,000 bushels—about one-fifth of the whole. Indeed, it is the confident expectation of this extraordinarily progressive city that practically all the grain grown west of Regina will ultimately pass through the port. Lumber exports are increasing almost as rapidly as those of grain, about 500,000,000 foot-board measure of lumber and logs having left the port in 1927. But those ambitious British Columbians regard these things merely as the small beginnings of the trade that is to be. And their hopes are grounded on careful calculation. The cutting of the Panama Canal has reduced the distance by sea from British Columbia to Liverpool by some 6,000 miles (from about 14,500 to 8,500 miles), and when the comparative cost of land-carriage and sea-carriage is considered it will be recognised that there is solid foundation for the optimistic anticipations of British Columbia. Regina is 471 miles nearer to Vancouver than to Montreal, and 1,312 nearer to Vancouver than to Halifax. Edmonton is 2,238 miles nearer to Vancouver than to Halifax. Regina is about the same distance from Halifax as Halifax is from Liverpool. The shipment of a quarter of wheat from Regina to Liverpool costs perhaps 21s. Out of this 17s. represents railway freight to Halifax, while the water-carriage claims only 4s. The same sort of ratio prevails elsewhere. It costs, for example, 6s. 6d. a ton to carry iron ore from Algiers to West Hartlepool, a distance of 1,900 miles. To

carry it by rail from West Hartlepool to Leeds, a distance of 65 miles, costs 6s. 2d. The railway freight for grain from Northampton to London (66 miles) is 14s. per ton; from Buenos Ayres to London it is 12s. 9d. But to get back to Canada. British Columbia has not only a commercial outlook. Few things in Canada impressed me as more significant than the little naval station at Esquimalt (Vancouver Island), where a dry dock has been constructed to hold the biggest battleship afloat. This represents the most recent and in some respects the most notable contribution of Canada to the naval resources of the Empire, though the services rendered by Halifax to the Allied cause in the Great War must ever be held in grateful remembrance.

Someone has written of that great Imperial enterprise, the Canadian Pacific Railroad, as "an adventure based upon faith." The phrase might be truthfully applied to the whole history and attitude of the Canadian people:—it is an "adventure based upon faith," and the faith manifests itself in a variety of ways—some of them unexpected. For the noble public buildings in Ottawa I was prepared, nor did the splendour of the chain of palatial hotels take me wholly by surprise. I confess, however, that I was astounded by the nobly planned and finely situated public buildings, and by the generous provision of hospitals, colleges and schools in cities like Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Regina and Edmonton, not to mention the splendid Parliament Buildings at Victoria (B.C.). In all the younger Provinces, indeed, the Parliament Buildings are planned on a magnificent—even, one might think, an extravagant—scale. If regard be had only to the governmental functions of the Provinces to-day, and to their existing populations, one would have to admit that the buildings are entirely disproportionate. But the Canadian builds not for the necessities of to-day, but for the certainties of to-morrow and the day after. Looking back over the sixty years since Confederation, he finds ample justification for the confident anticipation that sixty years hence Canada will have far outgrown even the generous provision of to-day. One word in this con-

nection must be added. One of the most ostentatious manifestations of pessimism in the Old Country to-day is a decay of faith in Parliamentary institutions. I found no similar decay in Canada, nor can I hear of it in other Dominions. On the contrary, the stately buildings in which the ten Parliaments in Canada are housed are but the outward and visible sign of a robust faith in the Parliamentary type of democracy, as peculiarly adapted to the genius of the British peoples in their many homes.

But we went to Canada not only to use our eyes but our ears, and in some modest measure our tongues. The visiting delegates delivered in all about three hundred speeches at more than one hundred banquets and other functions; but that number was far exceeded by those to which they listened. Of the speeches of the visitors I shall say nothing, though many of them were admirable both in form and substance. As for the speeches made by our hosts it would be invidious to particularise, but we were all charmed by those delivered in Quebec by two silver-tongued orators of Gaelic blood—Mr. Lemieux, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, and Mr. Taschereau, Premier of Quebec; we were carried away by the torrential eloquence of Mr. R. B. Bennett, leader of the Conservative opposition in the Dominion Parliament; greatly impressed by the weighty utterances of Mr. Howard Ferguson, Premier of Ontario, and delighted by the splendidly "English" sentiments of Premier Tolmie, who had just come into power in British Columbia.

In many of the cities which we visited formal conferences were organised, sometimes with members of the several legislatures, sometimes with Boards (Chambers) of Commerce or Trade, and sometimes, as in Winnipeg, with members of a specialised organisation such as the Wheat Pool. About this recent and interesting experiment in co-operative marketing we naturally heard a great deal in the Prairie Provinces. The "Pool" now has 144,000 members in those Provinces, it possesses 1,400 elevators besides storage reserves at the terminals, and it expects during the present season to dispose of nearly 300,000,000 bushels of wheat, the produce of some 15,000,000 acres.

As to the utility of this great experiment I heard various opinions; but the general impression left on my mind was that whereas to the biggest and strongest farmers the Pool was of little or no use, it has already proved of immense advantage to the "average" man. He receives from the Pool an initial payment of 85 cents per bushel, and the balance—whatever it may be when the season's operations are closed. The Pool itself works on the relatively narrow margin of 15 per cent., which has hitherto proved to be sufficient, but the mammoth crop of 1928, combined with the lower prices ruling, will afford a severe test of the strength of the Pool and the soundness of the principle on which it is worked.

The main topics under discussion at the formal conferences were Empire trade, with special reference to the operations of the Empire Marketing Board and Empire Migration and Settlements. As to the Empire Marketing Board, we found widely prevalent the curious delusion that it had been set up to promote the sale of British goods in the Overseas Empire. We were able to dissipate this error and to explain that the British people are, in fact, spending £1,000,000 a year to encourage the sale of Empire goods in the home market. But, while gratefully acknowledging our generosity, Canada, like other Dominions, still hankers after an extended scale of preferences, especially on their staple product, wheat. "How can we be expected to take your people if you won't buy preferentially the stuff they produce?" Some such question was continually put to us. "And why don't you send us more of your surplus capital?" "Why do you send it to Argentina, Brazil and other foreign countries to help them to compete with us in your markets?"

Such questions compel me to look, for a moment, at the reverse side of the shield and to record the less pleasant impressions I brought away with me.

Take, first, the question of capital. Nothing perturbed me more than the degree in which Canada looks to New York for industrial capital. Statistics are not easy to get, and I forbear to quote those which were

supplied to me lest my recollection or my information should be inaccurate. I must, however, confess that they appalled me. The flow of United States capital into Canada is certainly quite intelligible, and in default of a copious supply from London is wholly advantageous. But it is difficult to resist the conviction that control must follow capital. I speak, of course, purely of *economic* control. The danger of *political* control may be dismissed as illusory. Strong as is the economic pull of the United States, considerable as is the danger that the States may attract the best business brains of Canada, I could detect in Canada no trace whatever of any inclination towards political union. But economic and industrial penetration is a different matter, and if things are allowed to go on as they are at present Canada must inevitably become, in an *economic* sense, an appendage of her great neighbour to the south.

And not only in an economic sense. I was greatly perturbed by the extent to which Canada looks to the States for the supply of popular literature, and even for news. You would find the leading English reviews, magazines and papers in the best clubs; but, as far as I could judge, they were not to be had at the bookstalls. Cheap magazines from the States were there in profusion, but of Canadian products few, if any; of British products, none.

This is a matter of serious import, and I earnestly commend the consideration of it to those purveyors of popular literature who may perhaps be able to arrest a tendency which seems to me to be gravely menacing to British influence in the Dominion. Almost as I write these words the welcome intelligence reaches me that arrangements have just been concluded by which the news and cable services of *The Times* will henceforth be at the disposal of the group of Canadian newspapers controlled by the Southern Publishing Company. Among the newspapers taking this service are *The Daily Citizen*, Ottawa; *The Daily Spectator*, Hamilton; *The Daily Province*, Vancouver; besides papers published in Winnipeg, Calgary and Edmonton. In announcing, on New

Year's Day, the forging of this new link in the chain of Empire communication, *The Times* wrote: "The new system, which has come into operation in reply to a strong Canadian demand, incorporates a specifically Imperial service with the existing news resources of Canada."

Both parties to the contract are to be warmly congratulated upon its conclusion; but in particular I congratulate the British folk in Canada. Nothing, as I have hinted, impressed me more painfully than the inadequacy of the existing journalistic connection between British North America and the other parts of the Empire. The new arrangement should go far to fill in a glaring and dangerous lacuna.

Gravely perturbing also is the failure of the *Empire Settlement Act* to solve, or even to forward the solution of, the vital problem of migration. "It seems to be the unanimous opinion that the one thing Canada needs at present is people." So said Sir Charles Gordon, president of the Bank of Montreal, at the annual meeting of shareholders in December last. If he is right, how comes it that the flow of British immigrants into Canada has dwindled into a mere trickle? During the three years previous to the War Canada was taking an average of 130,000 people a year from this country. During the last three years the average has fallen to a little over 45,000. This is bad enough; but there is worse behind: during the same years (1926-28) she took from other countries an average of 83,000, of whom 186,000 in the aggregate came from countries other than the U.S.A.—mainly from Central Europe. Well might the Industrial Transference Board say in their recent Report (Cmd. 3156): "It is a matter of regret, and, indeed, astonishment, to find how disappointingly slow has been the rate of settlement of British people in Australia and Canada, notwithstanding the passing of the Empire Settlement Act." Commissioner D. C. Lamb, of the Salvation Army (and no organisation has done more for migration), writing on the Migration Crisis, quotes an ominous passage from the *Charlottetown Guardian*: "The West is saturated with a foreign population which it will require years to Canadianise; it will not be

wise to allow this foreign preponderance to continue long enough to loosen the bonds which now unite us to the British Empire."

This problem formed the subject of several conferences, but most of us (for obvious reasons) touched it rather delicately. One point we did make clear—that it was no part of British policy to dump unemployables into Canada. On the contrary, we recognised that Canada is entitled to ask for the best we can send. Some of our Canadian hosts touched the question less gingerly. "We want a British country here, and nothing else," said Premier Tolmie, of British Columbia, but he admitted, nay, insisted, that recent statistics revealed a deplorable tendency to substitute Central and South Europeans for the old Anglo-Saxon stock as the majority factor in Canadian immigration.

This matter is, however, too important to be dismissed in a few sentences at the close of an article. If permitted, I shall return to it.

There is only one other point to which, with great brevity, I must refer—the position of the Maritime Provinces. I have already hinted that to the general optimism of the Canadian people and to the prevalent prosperity of their country there is an exception. It is to be found in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island flourishes, but Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have a grievance. They contend that they came into the Confederation, for which, indeed, they were largely responsible, on the strength of pledges that such a policy would be pursued as would ensure a satisfactory economic position for the Maritime Provinces, but that in fact the Federal Government has (notably in their failure to use Canadian ports for Canadian trade) disregarded those pledges, to the great prejudice of the Provinces in question. Here, again, I must forbear detailed discussion, but the matter was pressed upon our attention, particularly in Saint John (New Brunswick), which wears a terribly woe-begone aspect, and even a "glimpse" must not ignore it.

Yet we were all impressed by the entrancing beauty of these Provinces, which recall the features of the homeland

(notably Scotland) more strikingly than any other part of Canada. Partly for this reason, among others, I was led to wonder whether British migrants are not in too great a hurry to get out West, where the environment is much less homelike, and whether they would not do well to settle for a while in the Maritime Provinces, and (if so impelled) trek westwards after they have become in some degree acclimatised. Anyway, I felt that is what I should elect to do myself. There is still plenty of land available; the farming is mostly of the "mixed type," with which we are familiar at home; and the inhabitants are British to the core, and ready to extend a warm welcome to new settlers from the homeland. Dr. Cossar, with Scottish shrewdness, has established here (at Gagetown, N.B.) a training farm where the boys from Craigellan are received for a few weeks or months before occupation is found for them on farms. We saw some of the boys, and of this interesting experiment I could write much, but space fails me.

I left Canada with but one feeling—apart from gratitude for boundless hospitality and kindness—a feeling of chagrin that the opportunity to visit it had not come to me forty years ago. But forty years ago the Canada which I have now seen did not exist. In fact, it is just forty-two years since the C.P.R. was opened for traffic. It then traversed an uninhabited Canada. If Canada is to-day inhabited, though still too sparsely, it is mainly due to the vision, enthusiasm and grit of the little band of Scots who planned and carried through that great Imperial enterprise.

Men to watch our mountains;
Men with eyes to scan the plains;
Men with Empire in their vision
And new Eras in their brains.

May my snapshot incite others to follow (more comfortably) in their footsteps and imitate, or, if it may be, surpass, their wonderful achievement!

THE NEW ORDER IN INDUSTRY

BY J. H. HARLEY

THERE is no doubt that the popular mind discerns something like the dawning of a new industrial order in these conferences between the General Council of the T.U.C. and Lord Melchett's group of employers, which are summed up by their extremer opponents under the disparaging name of "Mondism." No other explanation than this can account for the extraordinary perturbation which was shown when some suggestions were hazarded of a hitch after the first findings of these conferences had been submitted to the two sections of formally federated employers. Those who feared an end of the whole matter had, indeed, omitted to acquaint themselves with the complete facts of the case. If they had, they would have realised that Lord Melchett and his friends had stipulated in advance that, whatever the first attitude towards them of the federated employers might be, the conversations themselves were not to come to an end. The larger life of the future is more important than the smaller vexations of the present. Henceforth our country must march with almost fatalistic steps towards the New Order in Industry.

Two recent Labour Conferences afford us an opportunity of surveying the ground and of determining where the two sides are likely to camp in the future. The first is the meeting of the Trades Union Congress at Swansea and the second that of the Labour Party at Birmingham. Both conferences were extraordinarily jubilant. There was an evident prognostication that the future was on their side. Any discordant notes that were struck totally failed to win an entrance into the minds of delegates who were possessed by the confident hope that they were veritably witnessing the beginnings of a new day. Those who sought to discredit the Mond meetings, or were content to mumble the feeblar formulæ of bygone creeds, were simply driven in dismay from the arena of open debate. No one who witnessed the interchange of amenities at Birmingham between Mr. Wheatley and the platform, or between

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Maxton, could doubt on what side to bestow the honours of the controversy.

In a sense, too, these conferences at Swansea and at Birmingham were a mutual supplement to each other. Swansea showed that the British workers, despite all rebuffs, are still strong in the power of organising voluntary combinations, and that, when the new order comes, they will not need to rely so much as the German workers on the forcible power of the State. But, on the other hand, the State, as the organised expression of the will of the community, must still have a part to play in unifying and stereotyping the general plans of the new movement; and it was at Birmingham, where the delegates looked forward to the attainment of political power, that this aspect of the subject found its most characteristic expression.

It was quite clear that, so far as the delegates at both conferences represented the working-class feeling of this country, the conviction was dominant and undoubted that only the Labour Party could be confidently entrusted with the task of carrying out the plans of this new industrial order. The Conservative Government had fatally compromised itself by passing the Trade Disputes Act of 1927. That Act was founded on a grievous assumption and error, namely, that the General Council of the T.U.C. was the organ of a revolutionary movement, and that extended combinations between different trades are, therefore, to be regarded with suspicion and even on occasion smitten with penalties. The fact, however, that only a few months after the General Strike a number of representative employers asked that same General Council of the T.U.C. to meet them in amiable discussion showed how little these employers, who ought to know, gave credence to the Government assumptions.

But that is not all. So far as the industrial effects of the Act of 1927 are as yet perceived, its text might as well never have been issued from the press. Only the Government chose to include in its provisions another clause which could not be described in any other terms than as designed to cripple the political activities of those who met at Birmingham. The men who inspired this particular

clause evidently meant to bank on human inertia and on the disinclination of a manual labourer to take the trouble of putting his hand on paper. The consequence was that, just on the eve of a General Election, the officials of the trade unions were faced with the probability that, owing to the time necessary for regularising a new procedure, they would not at once be able to bring their political funds up to the figure which in the past have been necessary to cover the expenditure for efficient political organisation. This created a feeling of resentment, both bitter and deep, and its influence was seen in the unanimity with which at Birmingham the delegates welcomed an article on the Labour programme which made the repeal of the 1927 Act one of the most immediate objects of the party activity.

The General Council of the T.U.C. reacted in another fashion to the imputations of those who had slandered them. They brought forward a preliminary report to the Swansea Congress on the Mond negotiations which showed that they intended to do all in their power to guide these negotiations to satisfactory and epoch-making results. They were strong on the workers' capability of self-help, on the power of the workers to win recognition for their voluntary combinations, and thus to take part as an organised band in the new order of industry. They had agreed with the employers to declarations in favour of trade union recognition, and they had induced them to condemn victimisation for participation in trade union activity. Most significant of all, they had declared in favour of a National Joint Industrial Council and of the establishment of conciliation boards for the avoidance of stoppages in industrial disputes.

The proposal of a National Joint Industrial Council certainly marks a turning of the ways in industrial development. Here we have the magnates of great basic industries agreeing with the General Council of the T.U.C., who had been responsible for the conduct of the General Strike, that it was desirable that, for the purpose of future discussions between employers and employees, there should be one central body representing the

employers and one central body representing the employees. The body representative of the employees was already in existence: it was none other than the General Council of the T.U.C. The body representing the employers for such discussions as were contemplated in this far-reaching proposal was not yet in existence. There were bodies representing the employers in certain respects, but not representing them in all respects. It was intended by the Melchett group that as the result of their conferences with the General Council of the T.U.C. such a central representative body should be created for functioning in the future.

It was clear, at any rate, that there was no intention on the part of either employers or employees to narrow the purview of such a National Joint Industrial Council. Its discussions were not to be confined to wages and hours alone, but were to include "other matters of common interest in the trade or industry concerned." It was to meet quarterly for "general consultations on the widest questions concerning industry and industrial progress." It was evident that it would require an elaborate and competent staff. Although it was not suggested that it should be connected with the Houses of Parliament as the German provisional Economic Council was with the Reichstag, there was no limit to the part it might play in the future regulation of industry.

Most significant, too, as showing what the Melchett Conference thought of the possibilities of this Council, was the suggestion that it should be the authority for setting up a new conciliation system. So far as possible, the disputes of the future were to be settled by the usual negotiating machinery in the industries. The parties to the Melchett Conference did not believe in multiplying agencies without any positive necessity. But when the usual bodies had failed to settle any given dispute, then was the evident opportunity of the National Joint Industrial Council. It was to be empowered to appoint a joint standing committee of ten trade unionists and ten members of the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations. This committee, in its turn, could set up an *ad hoc* board

on the application of either side to a dispute, and would secure that there should be no stoppage of work until this *ad hoc* board had completed and reported the result of its investigations.

How characteristic of the course of British industrial development are such proposals as these! There is, to begin with, the deeply engrained assurance that all the resources of voluntary negotiation are to be set in motion before recourse is had to the State. A settlement reached by agreement is worth twenty imposed by the use of outward force. And there is, in the second place, the convinced belief that their organisation is strong enough and subtle enough to command respect and to arrive at an agreed result in the course of such negotiations. It is the custom in these days to turn to Germany for instruction in the organisation of rationalised industries. Very different, however, in this respect, is the experience and attitude of the workers of Germany.

Just as the present lines are being written, there has come the news of a lock-out in the iron industry of Germany. The occasion is that an arbitral award has been declared binding by the Government against the employers. It was then seen at once that in industrial as in political matters force is no remedy unless there exists on both sides a spirit of forbearance and mutual respect. This appears to be wanting where there is no preliminary acquaintance by the method of negotiation. The German workers complain that their employers show little sense of responsibility, and are unwilling to negotiate. The German employers appear to feel that their workers, being unable to win success by the use of their own strength, are bolstering up their case by taking advantage of the action of the State. The consequence is that the whole strength of the German Industrial Federation has been used to put an end to that part of the existing conciliation arrangements which provides that the Minister of Labour should make an award binding on the parties. At any rate, the employers suggest modifications which would seriously interfere with the ultimate scope of its usefulness.

The British workers, throughout all their history, have

been consistently against arrangements which leave little or nothing to their own initiative, and place all, or almost all, in the hands of the State. In particular they have invariably opposed the introduction of compulsory arbitration. This very proposal of the Melchett negotiators themselves shows a suspicion of the ultimate advisability of too much of mere State interference in industry. This is clear from the fact that their new conciliation machinery would be a serious rival to the Courts of Inquiry which the Ministry of Labour *may* set up under the Industrial Courts Act of 1919.

Still the negotiators at the Melchett Conference could not go very far if they were finally debarred from appealing to the help of the State. At all events, the workers in these latter days have always considered that their industrial movement, though not superseded, must ultimately be supplemented by their political movement. So it is that among the subjects set down for subsequent consideration at the Melchett gathering are: (1) high wages policy and minimum wage principles; (2) distribution of the proceeds and the participation by all concerned in the prosperity of their industry; and (3) Works Councils and the security and status of the workers. Under all these heads the political movement proposes to meet the industrial movement more than half-way.

In the Labour programme which was carried so enthusiastically at the Conference at Birmingham the following are declared to be the main industrial objects for which the party is to use its political power: (1) to secure to every member of the community the standards of life and enjoyment which are necessary to a healthy, independent and self-respecting existence; (2) to convert industry *step by step*, and with due regard to the special needs and varying circumstances of different occupations, from a sordid struggle for private gain into a co-operative undertaking carried on for the service of the community and amenable to its control; and (3) to extend rapidly and widely the forms of social provision, education, public health, housing, the care of the sick and maintenance during unemployment. Here it is evident that the

political movement has a plan of action under all the heads which, as stated above, are to be dealt with by the Melchett Conference in the future. How, then, are we to combine the two and envisage the main lines of the new order in industry?

It is to the Labour Party that we must look to lay down the lines of a new order in industry which shall thoroughly respond to all the demands of modern Democracy. The Government, as has already been shown, have placed themselves completely out of court by their unfortunate assumption that big workers' combinations which, like big employers' combinations, are a certainty of the future, are necessarily revolutionary in their outlook and tendencies. Likewise the Liberals, though they are prepared to concede a certain amount of public control to public corporations and contemplate the supersession of the superfluous director by the expert in a certain limited class of companies, are not in the least dissatisfied with the general autocratic control of the ordinary industrial establishment. This is made plain in the underlying argument of their recent Industrial Report. The Yorkshire manufacturer may hand over a certain number of shares to his employees as a kind of sop to Cerberus, but he will be very sure that the Liberal Report does not contemplate any serious diminution of his profits or his powers.

The Labour Party, as their Birmingham programme shows, are, however, prepared to deal, from the political point of view, with the findings of the Melchett Conference under the three heads already noted of Wages, Control, and Security. So far as Wages are concerned, they declare in most uncompromising fashion that the worker's means of livelihood must be the first and indispensable charge on industry. This does not mean a merely minimum or purely subsistence wage, but a wage which, as the Labour programme expresses it, is compatible with a life of health and comfort. Only they declare positively at the same time that in this field they will be merely supplementing trade union action. So that at the end it will emerge that the National Joint Industrial Council, or an Industrial Council for the particular industry, will work

out a plan determining the amount which is due as a first charge for wages from the proceeds of industry, while leaving it to the State to institute Wages Boards in weaker industries, or, if need be, to enact a minimum below which the guaranteed amount of wages must not be allowed to fall. It is plain also that the workers' representatives will ask that, in the new order, interest on capital shall be carefully separated from profits, and that interest on capital invested in the industry shall in no circumstances exceed the market rates.

It is, however, under the heads of ultimate worker's control and security or the future democratisation of industry where the greatest difficulties will be experienced in passing from the old to the new order. Here it is clear from the Labour programme that the workers' representatives in the Melchett Conferences cannot contemplate any sweeping or revolutionary changes. The new order in industry is to come on gradually, step by step. No heroic remedies can ensure a speedy passage from Inferno to Paradiso. There is not the slightest belief that you can heal all our industrial ailments by sweepingly prescribing the "nationalisation of the means of production, distribution, and exchange." Indeed, the words "public ownership" and "public control" are used instead of nationalisation, and the change of language marks the progress which the Socialist movement in Great Britain has made during the last twenty years.

Of industries to be transferred to public ownership there are specially specified in the Labour programme only the coal, transport, power, and life insurance industries. No particular plans are wrought out or indicated whereby the transference is to be made effective in detail. That is because the transfer is to go on gradually with due regard to varying circumstances, and no doubt the National Joint Industrial Council of the future would submit the special suggestions applicable to the transfer in any particular case, leaving it to Parliament to determine the final form of the arrangement, under which the Government would assume the rights of ownership in these industries so fundamental to the country's life. In any case, it would

be advisable for Parliament to consult the National Joint Industrial Council, because that body would certainly have a large amount of experience in discussing democratic plans for the future conduct of that important class of key industries which has become subject to the process of Rationalisation. Indeed, the critics of the Melchett Conference were very prompt in discovering that rationalised industries would occupy a very important place in the future deliberations of that body.

Although the detailed plans and arrangements for taking over the public ownership industries are to be settled, as we have seen, according to the circumstances of each particular case, there is one thing that can be affirmed with entire confidence, and that is that no undue stress will be laid on the workers' side, at any rate, on the analogy of Germany. That this is so can be seen by comparing the compulsory Kartell system put in force by the German Government on the German coalfields in 1919 with the Labour scheme for the future of the coal industry which has been circulated by the Miners' Federation of Great Britain. The way in which this has been prepared shows the way in which the Labour Government of the future will act, not by forcing through any cut-and-dry scheme on uncompromisingly rigid lines, but by taking account of the views and the ideas of each particular industry concerned. The German scheme was imposed by the Government from above. The British scheme was prepared by the men from beneath. No doubt if the coal industry had been up to date and efficiently rationalised, it would also have been discussed with the employers. Further, the German scheme divides the producers of fuel into eleven syndicates, and, so far as each syndicate is concerned, there is little to prevent the employers' views from being predominant. Even in the National Coal Association, comprising representatives of all the syndicates, there are only a few additional members to be added representative of the workers and the clerical employees of the industry. It is not until we come to the National Coal Board, the final court of appeal, that we find fifteen members out of sixty representing the miners, and a few

more representing the employees of coal-consuming industries. How different is the scheme of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain! There, from Pit and Works Committees up to the National Coal and Power Production Council the men have a representation amounting to nearly one-half of the whole body. The National Coal and Production Council, for example, is to consist of an equal number of executive and administrative officials and of miners and by-product workers. Neither is the coal industry of Great Britain to be divided into eleven different syndicates, but it is all to be unified and centralised under one efficient management. The American Trust rather than the German Kartell appears likely to be the model of the publicly owned industries in Great Britain, and when the wealth of democratic suggestions which are being formulated in the United States for a new order in trustified industry is considered it cannot be held that this outlook is unpromising.

One thing is certain that, so far as the new order in industry is being evolved from the Melchett Conferences, it will not be entirely controlled and regimented by a monstrous array of State bureaucratic officials. The very fact that the Melchett movement took its rise from a meeting where the representatives of the employees met the representatives of the employers on equal terms shows that the coming industrial government is going to be built up on thoroughly democratic foundations. The State, if it managed everything, would simply crush the delicate adjustments of industrial machinery beneath the cast-iron laws and regulations of an impenitent officialdom. It would penalise all strikes as something akin to high treason against its majesty, and, as in the case of the Communists at the Woolwich Arsenal, it would be inclined to ban workers on account of their political opinions. Only the faithful heroism of a Bernard Shaw can contemplate a soulless bureaucracy dictating to every soul of us what we should read and how we should think. The worker of the future demands to read and think for his own self, and the laws he obeys are the laws which he himself has helped to sanction and to enact.

GOLD IN POLITICS

By "AUGUR"

THE conscience of an Elizabethan Minister admitted the receipt of a pension from the King of Spain, and a Minister of the first George's had no qualms about paying a subsidy to a foreign colleague. Such things are not done in Europe any longer. Yet the power of gold in politics has, if possible, increased, because more than ever do international relations depend upon the economic factor.

We think that it was in 1924 when for the first time the world was informed of the power wielded by the great bankers. During the negotiations in London for the settlement of the Dawes Plan for German reparations the public was told clearly that this proposal had been adopted and that rejected, because such was the verdict of the representatives of the American banks. To-day we are confronted with the necessity of revising the Dawes Plan, not because it has broken down, or will break down in the next few years, but because the chiefs of the central banks in Europe, and especially in the United States, are agreed that a revision would be useful. In a preceding article ("German Reparations," *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, January, 1929) we disclosed the sequence of facts by which the constitution of the new Committee of Experts was prepared under the guiding impulse of that able American, Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for Reparations, powerfully supported by influential people in Wall Street and at the Treasury in Washington. The issue was obscured by the intervention of President Coolidge as the typical representative not of finance but of a deep-rooted provincialism. This retarded the appointment of the American members of the committee, but it could not prevent the logical course of events. In a couple of months Mr. Coolidge will return to his personal business, just when the Committee will be getting ready to report on the question: what sum can

Germany be asked to pay as an annuity for a number of years in settlement of the Allied claim for reparations and without endangering the economic stability of the Reich? This, naturally, on the understanding that the controls, restrictions and guarantees established by the Dawes Plan will go, as incompatible on the one hand with the status of Germany as a sovereign state, and as contrary on the other hand to the interests of international economic relations.

The Germans, when pointing out the true motive of some action, say: "Da ist der Hund begraben" ("There lies the dog"). In this case the "Hund" is buried in the last three words of the preceding sentence. For at the bottom of human aspirations is the wish to live well, to live better. A better standard of living may be attained and made safe only by the improvement of the economic situation. We live in an epoch inspired by the Covenant of the League of Nations. An improved economic situation, therefore, cannot be produced—as Germany did in 1866 and 1870—by relying on the fortune of war; it must be the result of co-operation between peoples. This co-operation becomes imperative in a closely packed Europe, where its absence makes itself felt immediately in no uncertain fashion. The interdependence of European States is best shown by the close ties which link up to-day their central banks, that is, those which manage their respective currencies. The United States of Europe may never materialise politically, but from the economic point of view they already exist, and their Executive meets in the study of the Governor of the Bank of England, or in that of his French or German colleague. Here we see the power wielded by gold in political affairs. Let us give a concrete example. The Banque de France to-day is one of the richest among the banks so far as its holdings of foreign equivalents of gold values are concerned. In the spring of 1927 financial circles in the City were surprised and then alarmed by the fact that, contrary to their expectations, the bank rate, instead of declining, showed a tendency to rise. It was discovered that this was the consequence of the buying of gold for the account of the Banque de France,

anxious to transform part of its immense holding of foreign currencies into a stock of the precious metal. The situation became so difficult that a personal intervention of Mr. Baldwin became necessary through the French Ambassador in London, and M. Moreau, the Governor of the Banque de France, came to London to see his English colleague. In 1928 it was remarked that the gold reserve of the Reichsbank began to grow, and towards the end of the summer it became clear that, in part, this was due to a tendency of the Banque de France to rearrange its foreign holdings. We happen to know that Dr. Schacht, the Governor of the Reichsbank, put on paper his view that this influx of French capital constituted a phenomenon which could have both good and bad effects, depending on the policy pursued in Paris: a clear indication of the power of gold as a political lever through its influence on the economic situation. For it is by exercising economic pressure that nowadays Governments obtain the best political results. What is making life unbearable for the Soviet Tsars? Certainly it is not the menace of war, which does not exist, but the stranglehold of the economic blockade. "Gold, give us gold," cries the Kremlin. The influence of the United States is based on their possession of an immense stock of the metal. Europe does not need American culture, but it can do with credits from over there. This is why to-day the Americans are masters in Berlin, to a large extent dominate Paris, and are carefully watched in London. It is the American banker who counts.

Let us see how this power of gold in politics preordains the coming revision of the Dawes Plan. First of all it is clear that it is not in the interest of the American creditor of Europe that Germany should be let off a large part of her debt. For on it depends in a large measure the satisfactory repayment of the Allied War debts to the United States. We may even discover some day that the formula linking up the evacuation of the Rhineland with the progress of the work for the final settlement of German reparations is of American manufacture. We deduce that, in spite of declarations to the contrary of

American politicians, the separate national debts to the United States, depending as they do more or less on the one source of German reparation payments, will be found linked up in one way or another. It is not impossible that that part of the German annuity which is equivalent to the total of the yearly payments of the Allies to the United States will not be passed to the individual Governments, but will be retained in the hands of trustees, a sort of *Caisse de la Dette Européenne*, perhaps with an American chairman, which will administer it, paying over the proceeds in one lump to the Treasury in Washington. From the point of view of the interests of American capital this arrangement has obvious advantages, one of these being that a major part of the German bonds (if the annuities are capitalised) need not be issued on the market, being held by the trustees.

The form which the scheme shall take will be decided in a large measure by the need of taking into account the preconceived notions which have installed themselves in public opinion. The most dangerous of these ideas is the one prevalent in Germany that the control of transfers is one of the precious guarantees extracted by the Reich when it accepted the Dawes scheme. Now, every financier knows that the control of transfers, installed to protect the mark during its weakness against unlimited buying of foreign currencies, acts to-day as a deterrent to those who wish to give Germany credits, obliging them to ask for a higher rate of interest. This is one of the mortgages of the Dawes Plan which stand across the path of normal banking operations by creating insecurity. The German nation, however, has been instilled with the notion that the control of transfers is an advantage, and therefore it will be necessary to make it appear that the surrender of this "privilege" is paid for by a corresponding concession. Perhaps this concession will take the form of extending to that part of the German reparation annuity, which would be earmarked for the payment of the debts to the United States, of the right to a two years' moratorium which the Allies possess according to their agreements with the U.S.

Treasury. In any case the important negotiations will not take place in the Committee of Experts, but alongside it, just as when diplomats were discussing the forms of invitation to the experts, bankers were talking already about rates of discount and interest. The central banks are strongly represented on the Committee: in fact, there are few of the experts who are not connected with them, and we are certain that their influence will be paramount in the solution of the problem. We think that even the sum of the annuity which the Committee is expected to determine "after a close study of the facts of the case" has been discussed already. Perhaps it is not far from the hundred million pounds mark at which some writers have hinted already. The "independence" of the experts means that they are to be free from political pressure. They hardly can free themselves from the doctrines of their financial institutions or from the influence of their colleagues.

Mr. Parker Gilbert remains the dominating influence. On the question of the appointment of the American experts he has been given a free hand by the Allies, so that on one occasion the British Government suggested that a decision on a point connected with the attitude of the United States Government should be suspended until Mr. Gilbert should have reached New York. Mr. Gilbert's reports can be found in the bookcases of leading bankers in Europe and in the United States. A German visitor to the United States when he made a statement with which an American banker disagreed was confronted with a page in the report in which the relevant sentences had been underlined with blue and red pencils.

THE FRENCH ARMY AND THE FRENCH: A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

BY MAJOR B. T. REYNOLDS

THERE is always a certain bond between men engaged in the same work whatever may be their nationality, and this applies nowhere more strongly than in the military profession. Five years spent as liaison officer with the French Army of the Rhine, commencing in the critical year 1923, have left me with very pleasant recollections of those French officers with whom my duties brought me in contact in the Rhineland. Force of circumstances have brought home to us in this country that we can no longer live in "splendid isolation," and have led us to endeavour to understand the mentality of our neighbours. This supplies, I suppose, the reason for the violently partisan attitude of what one might term the "hats off to France" school, as well as for that of those of us who have been unfortunate enough to meet Frenchmen holding forth in their post-war disillusionment on the perfidity of Albion, and who have been led in consequence to draw their own conclusions from the fact that we as a nation probably have more in common with the Germans than the French. The result is the curious phenomenon which is frequently to be observed of our countrymen roundly accusing one another of being pro-French or pro-German, and which sometimes makes one doubt whether they do not forget in their heat the primary necessity of remaining pro-British.

The Frenchman, on the other hand, brought up in a country which is still largely self-supporting, enjoys a happy mental insularity to which we have long been strangers, in spite of popular belief to the contrary. His national habit is also to argue from the general to the particular, from which it follows that if he thinks that Albion is *perfidie* he is apt to include the stray Englishman in the indictment. But his friendship once gained

it can be pursued for its own sake, and to a great extent uninfluenced by the clouds of unfriendly criticism appearing periodically in the French Press, which, it may be remarked by the way, is less symptomatic of public opinion than our own. Once admitted to the gas-proof chamber of his intimacy one is able, arguing from the particular to the general as is our habit, to form a far more just appreciation of the French nation than is possible for those who do not pierce below the surface. While disclaiming any connection with the "hats off to France" school, I may say that in my case that appreciation has been a very pleasant one.

The problem of their open eastern frontier is to the French what the problem of our sea communications is to us—in both cases the fundamental issue of self-preservation is involved. But it is about a thousand years since we have seen a foreign invader on our soil, and our sea communications have never been within measurable distance of being cut since we became dependent on them. The French have been invaded twice in the last two generations, and this supplies the reason why they pay to the question of security an attention which sometimes appears to us morbid in its intensity. Absolute security cannot exist in this world for nations or individuals, but the Frenchman who has had his house burnt down by an invader twice within living memory may be excused for seeking the next best thing. Aggressive wars do not come within their purview any more than they do within ours; the French, like ourselves, are faced with the problem of maintaining what they have got against the possible expansionist aims of less fortunate neighbours. Our interests may be widely different in almost every respect, but this fact alone should be a bond between us.

The outlook of the French towards their frontier problem is very similar to that of the army in India towards the north-west frontier of that country, and colours all their military thought. Since the days of Louis XIV, if not earlier, they have been considering the same problem of a possible war with Germany—or, at any rate, with some combination of the States of which the modern Germany

honoured red trousers, a fact which I have often found a useful counter to French charges of our being impractical owing to overmuch dwelling on the past.

The official traditions of the French Army of to-day only date from the Revolution, although some commanding officers of antiquarian tastes privately claim descent for their regiments from the famous corps of the old Royal Army with their picturesque territorial designations such as *Royal Auvergne*—I say privately because there exists a preference for the “good republican officer” in the minds of French selection boards. But I should think the confusion which the early days of the Revolution inevitably caused in the French Army is probably sufficient ground for the belief that the majority of such claims are as apocryphal as those sometimes put forward by British regiments. The visible repository of the traditions of a French regiment is its *Salle d'honneur*, and here are to be found collections of objects of more sentimental than intrinsic value, such as portraits of past officers, collections of medals and colours—dear to the hearts of all soldiers. I have even seen some *carnets de route* of the campaigns of the First Empire, one in particular belonging to a famous regiment which fought in the Peninsula, and in which mention is made of many fights against British regiments side by side with which it fought in the last war.

One factor that might be expected to militate against tradition in the French Army is that officers on leaving the military colleges are posted to general lists by arms, and not to particular regiments, as is the case with the young British officer. Changes of corps are frequent; one friend of mine who, when I first met him, was attached to the staff and wearing the dark blue uniform of a *Chasseur à pied*, was metamorphosed in less than twelve months, first into an infantryman of the line in horizon blue, and then into a khaki-clad *tirailleur*. The British officer who was required to change his complete kit three times in a year would think himself hardly done by if he got no allowance to help him meet his tailor's bill, but a grateful Government did not assist my friend in this respect. Another point

is that a French regiment has no mess; the unmarried officers form what they call a “*popote*,” and take their meals at the same table in the local “*Cercle des Officiers*” or in one of the restaurants of the town. This is a great loss which the French themselves regret, but the problem of the married subaltern is more insistent in their army than in our own.

But *esprit de corps* is none the less strong in the French Army, and is fostered by small distinctions such as the “*fourragère*,” the piece of cord somewhat similar to an aiguillette worn round the shoulder which is awarded to a regiment for gallant conduct in the field. The highest distinction is the *fourragère* of the same red colour as the Legion of Honour ribbon, and the more common is the red and green of the *Croix de Guerre*. I once attended the “*fête de régiment*” of a certain French corps. The proceedings were opened by a parade; the three battalions of the regiment were drawn up in a hollow square while the colonel made a moving speech on the responsibilities of the young soldiers in whose keeping now lay the traditions of the regiment. At the end of this address the men of the older classes performed the symbolic action of handing on the tradition by affixing the red *fourragère* to the shoulders of the men of the last-joined class. *Esprit de corps* in our own army tends to centre round similar small distinctions, and is not necessarily killed by a general list for officers, in proof of which one might cite the experience of the last war.

The various arms of the service are distinguished by much the same peculiarities as with us. The cavalryman considers himself rather a superior individual, and is inclined to affect slight irregularities in dress, such as light-coloured breeches and coats of peculiar cut. His principal sports are racing and show-jumping; very little polo is played, and the normal kit for the game is uniform complete with steel helmet. The gunners are easily recognisable as something of a “peculiar people”; promotion is better in this arm than in the rest of the army, owing to the expansion caused by the war. The effect of this has been permanent in the French Army, owing to

the pre-war proportion of guns to bayonets having been lower than in our case. A further reason for the better conditions in the artillery is that the excellent training that the young French gunner officers enjoy at the "Ecole Polytechnique" enables many of them to get lucrative jobs in civil life when the first edge of their military enthusiasm has worn off. The French artillery is rather split into two camps – the horsey and the technical. The former share the enthusiasm of the cavalryman for mounted sports, and frequently beat him at his own game; the latter shine rather with logarithms and slide rules. I think the British counterpart of these two types would not be hard to find.

The French sapper is generally a very technical officer. For various reasons he is less often found aspiring to the staff college than his British comrade, although there have been notable exceptions, such as Joffre. His peculiarities are summed up in the French saying, "Rien n'est sacré à un sapeur." The infantry arm still contrives to attract a good type of officer, although the proportion of rankers is higher in the lower grades than is the case with the other arms. One reason for the popularity of the infantry probably lies in the variety which service in this arm offers, and, curiously enough, it is accorded in the French Army the seniority still enjoyed by the cavalry with us. The French tank formations are officered from the infantry general list, as are also the Chasseurs à pied, the North African tirailleur regiments, and even the Foreign Legion. The armoured cars are officered from the cavalry, with whom most of their work lies, which seems a sensible arrangement, but the exclusive use of infantry officers in the tank units undoubtedly leads to less originality of thought as regards the use of this weapon than we are accustomed to see. But the French Army have not taken up mechanisation to the same extent as ourselves, and their experience is still largely confined to the types of tank that were in existence in the latter part of the late war. The Chasseurs à pied are a *corps d'élite* which generally attracts the best class of officer. The tirailleurs and the Foreign Legion supply an outlet for the surplus

energy of the type of officer who in our army does a tour of duty with the native formations in our African Colonies. As regards its officers, at any rate, the Legion is far from being the last refuge of the damned. Service in it is very popular; indeed, it must be a relief to the French officer to deal for once in a way with long-service soldiers. The majority of the men in the Legion are Germans and Austrians; many of them served against the French in the last war, but I have never heard of any disloyalty, indeed, the better-educated Germans are much prized as staff clerks and batmen. But the German always made an excellent mercenary, and does not seem to have been unpopular as a rule in the armies in which he served.

I feel that I must make some reference to the French chaplains whom I met serving with the Army of the Rhine. These were of all denominations, but the Roman Catholics naturally predominated. They were men of a really excellent type, who had a tremendous influence with the men, in spite of the fact that their government permits them no adventitious aids to respect such as the army rank that our own chaplains enjoy. Many of them served as officers during the war. I remember one in particular who was the senior Roman Catholic chaplain in Mayence. During the war he had commanded a battalion, and a story was told that on one occasion he was ordered to carry out a raid at very short notice. The day before it was due to take place the divisional commander came round to see that all was ready. The militant churchman turned battalion commander told him that he had not had sufficient time for preparation, and that he could not possibly carry out the operation. The general was furious, and said, "Do you know who I am, sir? I command this division, and I can break you." To which the bland reply was, "You can't break me, general, I am a substantive canon."

The most salient difference between our own and the French Army lies in their respective methods of recruitment. The French conscript only serves eighteen months, and the classes are called up to the colours half-yearly. The depot does nothing but clothe the recruit, so that the

unfortunate regimental officer has to train a fresh batch of raw material—one-third of his command—twice a year. A squadron, battery or company is considered lucky if it contains more than two officers and three re-engaged N.C.O.s; the whole of the remainder of its personnel have less than eighteen months' service, which is one explanation of the fact that the French officer has less leisure for games than his British comrade. But the system of universal service that is responsible for the dough also supplies the leaven in the shape of the higher proportion of educated men serving in the ranks. Generations of universal service have undoubtedly borne fruit, and the recruit, when he joins, already has a few rudimentary military ideas culled from the experience of relatives and friends. Another point is that where we enlist our men at the age of eighteen, the French conscript is not called up until he is twenty. The British recruit of six months' service would be sorely tried by the marches that the French soldier is called upon to perform on manœuvres. The Duke of Wellington said that it took two years to turn an Englishman into an efficient soldier, and I think the experience of the last war has proved this still to hold good as a generalisation; but the Frenchman undoubtedly assimilates military training quicker.

The French soldier is far more of an individualist than the Englishman. In barracks his appearance is often, to our eye, the reverse of military, but his back seems to have miraculously straightened after a ten-mile march carrying a pack weighing from fifty to sixty pounds. One of his most marked characteristics is a disinclination to perform any action the reason for which is not apparent to his intelligence, and such minor details as shaving sometimes come into this category. But when interested he is a most cheerful and indefatigable worker. I have been out shooting with French officers who have employed soldiers as beaters; they have worked for six hours in thick cover with only half an hour off in the middle of the day to eat a hunk of dry bread and a few sardines, washed down with half a litre of "pinard"—the French ration wine—and have been just as keen at the end of the day as at the

beginning. The excellence of French cooking is a legend in this country, and the charming hospitality of many friends has shown me that this is no idle tale, but culinary refinements are conspicuous by their absence in the French Army. I once saw a Général de division munching half a loaf of dry ration bread at five a.m. on manœuvres with evident satisfaction. The truth is that the normal French mode of life is far more simple than our own.

The French staff officer contrives to keep fit in spite of a life which we should scarcely consider conducive to that desirable end. He reaches his office at 9 a.m. or thereabouts and remains till 12 noon, at which hour he returns home to eat his principal meal of the day. By 3 p.m. he is back in his office, which he does not leave again until 6.30 or later. His only exercise in the day consists in his early morning ride, but this is a sacred institution and is evidently the saving of him, for I do not think he is any less fit than his British opposite number. But the French always consider that exercise is a fetish with us and that it is possible to accustom oneself to as much or as little as one will. The longer hours spent in the office do not necessarily mean that more work is done: indeed, the French have as wholesome a dislike of redundant paper as ourselves, and are at least as successful in keeping down the output. But the rule is that all officers must be present during office hours, and this being so, they certainly find time to read their morning paper, not to speak of an occasional surreptitious novel. From the point of view of a liaison officer this system adds to the amenities of life, as one can generally find someone not too busy to spend a little time gossiping. In this respect I have often pitied the French liaison officer who finds British staff officers working at top speed in the morning in order to be free to play a round of golf in the afternoon.

Owing to the nature of the probable wars on which the French Army bases its organisation, the centralisation in their case is always one echelon higher than with us. It always strikes the French as extraordinary that a battery in our army is commanded by a major and a battalion by a lieutenant-colonel, the ranks held respectively in their

army by the commander of the artillery *groupe*—corresponding to our brigade—and the second in command of a regiment of three battalions. But the French battery and battalion are not organised to act independently of their parent formations to the same extent as our own. In this connection I have heard mistakes made by a division acting independently on manœuvres condoned on the grounds that it was difficult to expect a divisional staff to work on its own; when properly *encadré* with an army corps staff over them such errors would not occur.

I am inclined to think that we are too prone to generalise on the subject of the French temperament; the difference between the Nord and the Midi is almost as great as that between England and Italy, and from the point of view of their mental processes the Alsatian and the Lorrain correspond more closely to the South German than to any of their French compatriots. Both these provinces were very strongly represented amongst the officers of the French Army even before the war when they were under German rule. The unfortunate southerner is always a butt for French humour. During the war a story was told of an army corps which was recruited from around Marseilles: a staff officer was standing at the entrance to a village some way behind the lines during a battle when he suddenly saw a number of unarmed men in uniform approaching him at a rapid pace from the direction of the enemy. He stopped them and demanded, "Qui êtes vous?" The leading man of the party replied proudly, "Nous sommes les fuyards du — me corps." Infuriated by their nonchalant attitude, the staff officer shouted at them, "Misérables où sont vos armes?" only to receive the unabashed reply, "Nous les avons laissées sur le champ d'honneur." Daudet with his inimitable character Tartarin de Tarascon is probably largely responsible for this fashion in humour, but it is the greatest error to imagine that Tartarin is in any way typical of the French nation.

The Frenchman likes his little bit of rhetoric; it is an institution with him corresponding to the peculiarly English form of humour to be found in the pages of *Punch*; but he has the good sense not to copy our taste in humour.

whereas we are occasionally led astray into attempts to vie with his eloquence. Anyone who heard the candid comments of delighted French friends on a recent speech by our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in which he was so far carried away by his surroundings as to declare that he "loved France like a woman," would be careful to avoid hyperbole before French audiences in future. The average Frenchman is really at bottom an extremely hard-headed materialist, but there are a few "reserved subjects" on which he permits himself the luxury of being illogical and sentimental, notably *l'amour*. A story is told of a cosmopolitan batch of students who were asked to write an essay on the elephant—the Englishman entitled his literary effort "La chasse à l'éléphant," the German "L'éléphant et sa place dans la zoologie," the Pole "L'éléphant et la question Polonaise," and the Frenchman "L'éléphant et ses amours"—which shows that he does not object to drawing his own caricature even if he does not always like others doing it for him.

The French are very distrustful of expressions of altruism in others, and summarily dismiss as cant much that in Anglo-Saxon countries springs from genuine idealism. But the truth is that not only our circumstances, but also our mental processes, differ so vastly that it may be doubted if we are really capable of comprehending one another. The most one can do is to endeavour to see a thing "from the other fellow's point of view." One point to remember is that where our interests are world-wide as well as European, French interests do not really extend beyond the Mediterranean. Another point is that we from our circumstances are inclined to be opportunists, as any great trading and banking nation must be, whereas the French, who are still predominantly an agricultural people, tend to take the longer view. The origin of the legend of *perfidie* Albion undoubtedly lies in this last difference, and it must be admitted that the changes of orientation in our foreign policy must be a trifle bewildering to the French mind. But whatever misconceptions they may harbour of us as a nation, their personal friendship is proof against an honest difference of opinion to an extent that is not generally recognised in this country.

FOREIGN POLICY: TOWARDS THE NEW ORIENTATION

BY "TRUVOR"

IN the December number of this REVIEW an attempt was made to show ("Foreign Policy Without Sentiment") that British interests are suffering owing to our subservience to France and neglect of Germany.

The intention here is to compare the alternative policies and see how they are likely to work out. But before doing so it is necessary to say a reassuring word to those who feel that we no longer have free choice; that we are irrevocably bound to France by ties of loyalty. A moment's consideration ought to be sufficient to remove such doubts. We entered the War as a free agent because it suited us to do so, and we entered on the side of France because we had not been able to reach a working arrangement with Germany in spite of all our efforts. Our War commitments were honourably and generously fulfilled, and now we are free once more to adopt the orientation which best promises to assure European peace. Fortunately, France has put this question outside of all doubt by making it quite clear that she, on her side, considers herself absolutely free. Her Turkish policy just after the War, and later her Ruhr policy, may be cited in this connection, and the writer, for one, is genuinely relieved that she, in her usual clear and logical way, has made it for ever impossible for our sentimentalists to pretend that honour binds us to support France.

Let us examine, dispassionately, how the two policies work out:—

- (1) The present policy of a blind devotion to France.
- (2) An understanding with Germany.¹

It is difficult to understand how anyone can fail to see that a pro-French foreign policy can only lead to war.

(1) In both cases, of course, it is understood that we would have friendly relations with all other nations who were willing.

At its best it can result in nothing more than a purely Anglo-French friendship; whatever else may follow that is the limit of its good. Admitted, of course, that the flock of little nations subsidised by France would co-operate (so long as it happened to suit them). But the plain fact is that these nations—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, etc.—would be of no use in the conflagration towards which our present policy is taking us. However, let us admit that we shall have the devotion of France and the Little Entente; what shall we have against us? First of all, Germany—a Germany disillusioned, embittered and humiliated. For, although an attempt will be made to prove that friendship with France is compatible with a friendship with Germany, the fact is that the two are really incompatible if our friendship with France is developed on the present lines. The French are born Chauvinists. Their chief aim is to keep Germany down and to prevent England from becoming friendly with her; and in the last four years they have been successful, for our relations have grown steadily worse.

A Germany disillusioned in the West will turn to the East. It is no new path for her. She has more knowledge of Russia than has any other Western nation. Russia needs Germany's organising power and industries. Germany needs Russia's market, which, we must not forget, will one day be open once more. But the matter does not end there. Italy is distinctly nervous of France, and if we are the close ally of France we cannot have more than lukewarm relations with Italy. America is, perhaps, more problematic; but it may be said definitely that America's feelings towards Germany to-day are far more friendly than towards France, and possibly—taking the nation as a whole—than towards us. America looks upon Germany as a nation honourably trying to meet its obligations, and eternally hampered in this work by a Chauvinistic France and a stupid (if not slightly tricky) England. One thing is certain: America would give far warmer adherence to an Anglo-German Entente than to an Anglo-French one. For America believes that our present policy will lead, sooner or later, to another

European war. It should be emphasised that Germany's inclinations are towards the West (which, of course, does not exclude friendly relations with Russia). She will turn exclusively to Russia only if she is rebuffed in the West.

If the results of policy No. 1 are clear, those of policy No. 2 are clearer. One is inevitably forced to the conclusion that an Anglo-German understanding would guarantee peace in Europe for decades to come. In the first place, an Anglo-German combination would be invincible. It would be an autocracy, benevolent, we hope and believe, and for that reason not unpopular. For we certainly have no wish to be invincible at the expense of being generally hated. As regards France: in so far as she is genuinely anxious about her security she must welcome such a combination. Germany as our collaborator could be no danger for France. In so far as France is out for revenge and for the repression of Germany—sublimating those crude sentiments as she may into "anxiety concerning security"—she would, of course, be bitterly disappointed. It would be hypocritical to pretend that there is not a good deal of this feeling about; but we must ignore it. We cannot continue—ten years after the War—to take account of such aberrations. We must content ourselves with the fact that every legitimate anxiety of France would be stilled by an Anglo-German combination.

Italy would, on the whole, welcome it. The combination means safety for her; for if France is nervous of Germany, Italy is nervous of France.

Russia, of course, would dislike our *rapprochement* with Germany intensely—just as much as she likes our present coldness. But Russia will have to make the best of it. So far as her legitimate interests are concerned the danger of intervention has disappeared. If a trace still remains in England, Germany will act as an efficient brake on it. Just as the combination would secure France against Germany it would secure Russia against England; if one could seriously think that there is any danger. Russia would eventually welcome the co-operation of England and Germany in developing her resources (*i.e.*, all except

the die-hards, who, in any case, must disappear as soon as the improvement of social and economic conditions gives the moderates their chance).

There remains the Little Entente, which would fight the idea tooth and nail. But here again we must be firm. We cannot allow the peace of Europe to suffer in order to preserve the *amour-propre* of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania. The first two exist at all only owing to the will of America, England and France. They were badly spoilt at the Peace Conference by being allowed to "lobby" and then sit as judges on the Central Powers, instead, as was only seemly, of being summoned at the end to hear what had been decided for them.

But sooner or later they must wake from their dreams. The days when they were encouraged to pluck the tail-feathers from the sick eagle have passed. Great efforts will, at the best, be necessary to secure a lasting peace—without sacrifices it will be impossible. Those sacrifices must be made; for those who think that a lasting peace in Europe is possible without a radical adjustment of many pressing questions are living in a fool's paradise. If the adjustment be carried out by an Anglo-German combination having unlimited prestige, and supported by a friendly Italy and a more or less friendly France, it will be done in a spirit of equity. If an embittered Germany—rebuffed by the West and despairing of receiving justice at our hands—finally decides to settle her own problems in her own way, with an exulting Russia in the background, the work will be done in a partisan spirit which will be the cause of fresh disasters in the future.

It has frequently been stated that our devotion to France is due to our fear of her air forces and recognition of our own vulnerability. Since the time of Ethelred the Unready it has never paid to buy off your opponents. And if our military experts could jog up their static minds they might realise that if France to-day is but an "aeroplane-step" from England, in two years' time machines will have so developed as to make the jump from the German-Dutch frontier to the Thames as easy as from Cherbourg. Salvation does not lie that way, but in the refusal to

play France's game of trying to make Germany a military cypher. For who has decided that in the next war—if it must come—England will again be opposed to Germany? France realises that her post-War policy has put a *rapprochement* with Germany almost outside the sphere of practical politics. She therefore argues—quite logically, as usual—that the weaker Germany can be kept the better will it suit her. But why should England, to whom these arguments do not apply, help to weaken her potential ally?

Difficulties lie ahead whichever path we take; but not the same sort of difficulties in both cases. If we continue our present pro-French policy we shall have quiet for a moment, *i.e.*, we shall have quiet on the surface and sufficient to reassure the man-in-the-street. It will be the quiet before the storm. If, on the other hand, we adopt the new orientation it means immediate worry—but, thank God, it cannot mean disaster.

In the belief that the English nation always reacts best when it knows all the facts, and that any sort of subterfuge is dangerous and unnecessary, no attempt will be made here to hide the difficulties.

It has already been made clear that there are three principal lessons which must be learnt before a better feeling becomes possible. They are: (1) That many—perhaps most—of the things we were told about the enemy during the War were untrue; (2) that Germany had not the entire responsibility for the War; (3) that we should throw off our hypocrisy which makes clear vision impossible. These are all psychological lessons; but there is a fourth one which involves material adjustments, *viz.*, that the Peace terms (the word "treaty" is avoided because it connotes negotiation, which was lacking—except in the case of Turkey where, thanks to France, there was too much of it) must sooner or later be altered. If the man-in-the-street could read the accounts of those famous preliminary negotiations he would have no difficulty in condemning them. The shuffling and the wholesale surrender of principles are so clearly reported that every honest man can come only to one conclusion.

Bismarck is held up as a grasping bully, whereas his Peace terms in 1871, which were in any case far more severe than he wished owing to the usual mentality of the generals, who, then as now, insisted on interfering, would make the Paris negotiators blush if they were still capable of such a thing.

In short, it is fair to say that the only people who to-day consider the Peace Treaties as sacred are those who know that any readjustment will mean the loss of part of their ill-gotten gains. The French go so far in this fear as to oppose the easement actually due to Hungary under the Treaty of Trianon because they fear that if one Treaty be touched there is no saying what may happen to the rest. The foregoing must not be taken to mean that the claims of Hungary or any other nation should be allowed without question. Lately, *e.g.*, there has been an attempt to represent Count Tisza as an opponent of war under any conditions, and Hungary as an innocent victim of a brutal Austria—which is humorous. It would be truer to say that Tisza was merely doubtful whether the proper moment had been chosen—and when he found England against him he was quite sure that it hadn't.

But this does not alter the fact that certain readjustments are due to Hungary, and when President Masaryk declared, in a recent interview, that he is in favour of better relations with Hungary but that the Treaties are sacred and must be so maintained for the good of the world, he is only stating, in hypocritical terms, the commonplace that a successful suitor never sees any necessity for an appeal. And when he says that it is dangerous for ignorant amateurs like Lord Rothermere to touch questions which can only be handled by statesmen, his words—if they have any meaning at all—are an impertinence. Genuine statesmen were always rarities; they now seem to be practically extinct. In any case, Lord Rothermere—although he would probably confess to the vaguest knowledge about Hungary until a few months ago—has at least as much justification for an opinion as anyone who was involved in drawing Czecho-Slovakia's present frontiers. That other frontiers in Upper Silesia and elsewhere require adjustment needs no argument.

With regard to Poland and Roumania one hardly knows what to say. Each is sitting quite contentedly on a keg of gunpowder. The first has the Danzig Corridor, the second Bessarabia. Is it kind to let them sleep on or should they be wakened from their dreams? A Germany rebuffed by the West and united to a restored Russia will put poor Poland in the unenviable position of a pea between two very big millstones. Bismarck in 1871 was opposed to the annexation of definitely French minorities because he saw it must lead to future trouble. The Paris Conference lightheartedly made a Danzig Corridor and hoped for the best.

* * * * *

The question of the German Colonies is too big to be treated here. Enough for the moment to say that this is a subject in which much education of England and the Dominions is necessary. Prince Max of Baden states that more than one responsible English colonial official got into trouble in the early days of the War for pointing out the many good features in Germany's colonial administrations. As far as one knows Germany seems to have received a normal measure of loyalty from her native subjects (which doesn't look like maltreatment); in matters such as anti-malaria measures she does not appear to have been behind us; General von Lettow-Vorbeck is likely, from all accounts, to rank among the world's greatest colonial administrators. All this does not look like the crass incapacity which made it necessary to take Germany's colonies away from her for the sake of the poor native. But one seems to remember, once upon a time, some rather destructive criticism of Belgian colonial administration which, apparently, the Paris humanitarians ignored; so perhaps it wasn't done for the sake of the poor native after all.

As so much has been said here about the amendment of treaties it is interesting to note that the German attitude is very reasonable. They lost the War and expect to suffer for it (*i.e.*, they have no illusions). They do not complain about paying reparations, although they would like to know the amount and would like it to be a reason-

able one. But they demand that the world—ten years after the War—should regain its sense of justice and withdraw the accusations made at Versailles from purely revengeful motives, and which—as has been proved many times over—were unfounded. Entire War guilt; a monopoly of War atrocities and an incapacity to administer colonies according to the principles of justice: these are three of the points.

It might help to dispel some of the entirely unnecessary bitterness against Germany on the part of those who lost relatives in the War if they remembered that quite a lot of Germans also lost relatives—only they are wise enough not to blame the English nation or the English Army for it, but the statesmen of all nations, including their own. After all, Herr Schmidt of Essen was as little responsible for the War as Mr. Smith of Sheffield. No one consulted them, no one told them the truth until it was too late to do anything but fight—and then indeed they were given every opportunity to participate.

Apology must be made for handling the question at such length. But the fact is that, although the initiation of a new orientation in foreign policy may seem in itself simple enough, the circumstances which surround it, the necessary preliminaries and necessary consequences are so complicated that a short statement is not possible. Before the War the man-in-the-street left foreign politics to the "statesmen." If the War taught him that this is disastrous, that it is the duty of every intelligent citizen to follow the moves, and exercise control where necessary, possibly the millions of dead did not die in vain. If we have not learnt this lesson they did die in vain, for our statesmen will again bring us to a situation in which they will throw down their hands and leave it to "our heroic troops" to carry on. In the case of the Anglo-French pact a world-wide public opinion remedied one of the more stupid mistakes of the politicians. But unless the public interests itself continually in these matters we shall most certainly drift again into something equally catastrophic.

THE NATION AND ITS SCHOOLS¹

By THE RT. HON. T. J. MACNAMARA

THESE are, as I think, the conditions precedent to the establishment and maintenance of an effective system of national education :—

- (1) The community must recognise the true importance of education as part of the national equipment.
- (2) The curriculum of the schools must be framed on lines that will help the pupil not only to earn a decent living, but to live a decent life.
- (3) The system must be adequately financed and effectively administered.
- (4) It must be able to command the services of a body of well-trained teachers so provided for that they may devote their whole energies and abilities to their vocation reasonably free from anxiety as to maintenance and provision for old age.

If these broad propositions are accepted, let us see how far they are to-day satisfied; and what should be done to secure their further promotion.

THE PUBLIC ESTIMATION OF THE VALUE OF EDUCATION

As regards the first—the public estimation of the value of education as part of the national equipment—in my lifetime a revolution has taken place. Fifty or sixty years ago there were lots of people about who were profoundly convinced that certain functions in our complex modern civilisation could only be properly performed by ignorant or, at any rate, comparatively ignorant people. It was folly, they insisted, to educate youth “beyond its proper station,” as they put it. I recall the story of a farmer who is reputed to have laid it down some twenty or thirty years ago that if all the money spent in this country on education up to that date had been spent on manure it would have been much better for the country.

Well! We’ve travelled a long way since that day. Indeed, I think as a nation we are now almost ready to

(1) The substance of an address to the Berkshire Education Conference at Reading, September 29th, 1928.

accept John Knox’s great dictum: “Every scholar made is an addition to the wealth of the community.” There are still obscurantists about. But their objection is not so much to education as to its cost. And when we have put the cost of national education upon a just basis as between the locality and the Treasury, I am not without hope that these also may be found willing to range themselves on the side of the angels.

This problem of the national conception of the value of education becomes of acute importance by reason of the astonishing changes now taking place in the world forces. From the close of the nineteenth century great and revolutionary changes took place because steam had come as an ally to mankind. From that moment human effort went on to a new plane. Its potentialities were enormously enhanced. And most of the nineteenth century was devoted to the perfection and the development of this great new revolutionary force. But at the close of the nineteenth century other new and stupendously more powerful allies came up and asked to be allowed to sign on with us—electricity the chief of them. Hence we go right up again on to an entirely new plane, on which already amazing things have happened, with far more amazing things to follow. Indeed, already the magic power of these new allies blunts our very faculty for amazement.

With all these mighty forces standing on the threshold of our lives waiting to be adapted to our needs, surely we must be keen and eager to equip ourselves for the new world and its new forces. Properly applied they will arm the natural man with powers and possibilities that bear no relation whatever to his native strength and ability. They will transform him literally into a being beside whom the fabulous giants of fairy lore are indeed ridiculous pigmies. Aladdin did wonderful things by rubbing a lamp. But Aladdin is a back number compared with the man who presses the button. I will make bold to say that when the history of the twentieth century comes to be written that nation will be found on top which has applied and adapted most promptly and most fruitfully the magic

forces with which we have as yet only a slender acquaintance. "If the iron be blunt and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct."

THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM—THE FALLACY OF MASS PRODUCTION

I turn to the curriculum. Well, of course, it must be adapted to the actual needs of the pupil in after life. But it must do more than train him to earn a decent living. It must help him, as I say, to live a decent life. And to that end it must teach contentment while stimulating worthy ambition. It must promote independence of mind and spirit whilst at the same time inculcating courtesy and respect. It must seek to teach an outlook higher and nobler than that which to-day is responsible for some of the tendencies of modern life.

But, of course, the school has its limitations. It is idle to charge against it defects and tendencies beyond its control. And some people are much too ready to do that. Business men complain that boys come to them who can't do this and can't do that. Well, expose a photograph prematurely to the light and it fades: it isn't "fixed." Probably if these boys had been kept a little longer at school it would have made all the difference. Again, the school cannot control economic conditions which drive the people from the countryside into the towns to add to misery and congestion, already a sinister comment upon our claim to be a truly great people. But, given reasonable conditions of life on the countryside, the school can play a big part in checking the drift to the towns.

NO UNIFORMITY IN INDIVIDUALITY

The greatest defect in the organisation of the common school arises, as I think, from the fact that in the early days, at any rate, the thing had to be done cheaply. And from that emerges the system of what I may call mass production in education. You took fifty or sixty children of seven years of age and put them into Standard I. At eight they all moved into Standard II. And so on. Now

that plan, the outcome of parsimony, is manifestly all wrong. You can't have mass production in education. There is no uniformity in individuality.

Small classes help, of course, to secure practical recognition of the fact. But somehow or other you've got to get closer to the individual child, its possibilities, its limitations. Some of us are so designed that it isn't much good spending money or patience on us trying to take us right to the other end of the curriculum. Give us a thoroughly sound plain elementary education, send us out with a due sense of our duty and responsibility, inspire us with a love of good reading, and you've done all you can for us. With others the limit is reached farther on. We are worth, and capable of, further cultivation. To adapt the provision of educational facilities much more closely to the possibilities of the individual child is one of our big problems for the future.

There is another problem that needs serious attention, and that is the closer co-ordination of the curriculum and method of the primary and secondary schools. I expect things are much better managed now. But in my time the boy who went from the elementary to the secondary school went into a new world altogether. The curriculum was different, the teaching methods were different. He was quite unable to find his bearings and must have wasted a lot of time. I've no doubt practical educationists have been hard at work on co-ordination and assimilation for years past, and with excellent results. But I commend to my old colleagues the need to make this co-ordination so real that the scholarship boy coming from the primary school will find himself simply on another rung of the same ladder.

THE FINANCE OF EDUCATION

I turn to the problem of finance. In the first place let me gratefully say that both centrally and locally the means for the maintenance of education have been very generously increased, especially during the last few decades. That, of course, follows from the growth of public opinion regarding the value and importance of

education. Prior to the great Reform Movement of 1832 the State had no concern whatever in the provision of education for the people. That was a matter for the voluntary effort of the Church with its National Society, and of Nonconformity with its British and Foreign School Society. One of the first acts of the Parliament which followed the great Reform Bill of 1832 was the grant of £20,000 a year to these two societies. This very modest grant was continued annually from 1833 to 1839. The conditions under which it was made payable are set forth in a Treasury Minute of August 30th, 1833. Amongst other conditions was the following:—

That no application for a grant be entertained unless a sum be raised by private contribution equal at the least to one half of the total estimated expenditure.

This policy of furnishing Government grants to the schools penny by penny for the amount raised locally remained a feature of our system of making Exchequer grants through the years that followed down to 1876.

In 1839 the Exchequer grant to these societies was increased to £30,000 a year, and by Order in Council a Committee of Council was established

to superintend the application of any sums voted by Parliament for the purpose of promoting public education.

With this commission the new Committee of Council turned its attention to the task of seeing that the annual Government grants to the schools were being properly dispensed. To this end it appointed school inspectors, issued instructions, and made the right to inspect a condition of receipt of State aid. From this point onward the State remained a contributor to the cost of elementary education, steadily increasing its grant and its power of control and direction right down to 1870, when a new revolutionary step forward was taken.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1870

Following very serious disclosures by the famous "Newcastle" Commission as to the inadequacy and inefficiency of the provision of education for the people,

we get the great Act of 1870. In effect that Act said to the conductors of the voluntary system: You may go on as in the past. Your schools will remain under private local management. You will retain your right to give denominational religious teaching. You will get Exchequer grants as before. But you must continue to find your supplementary income from voluntary contributions and school fees—the latter abolished altogether some twenty years later.

But, continued the State in 1870, we must supplement the voluntary system. And to do this we will give to localities permissive right to elect a local Board of Education, to be chosen *ad hoc*, and styled a School Board. This body will survey its area, and if it finds deficiencies it will be charged with the duty of building a new public elementary school to be called a Board School. This school will get Exchequer grants, like the voluntary school, from Whitehall. But for its supplementary income—unlike the voluntary school—it shall have recourse to the local rates. The religious teaching in such a school must be undenominational.

Thus, for the first time, we have a statutory obligation laid upon the community to build out of its moneys a public elementary school; for the first time the local ratepayer is made contributory to the cost of education.

Well, the two systems grew apace together. But the voluntary or denominational school found competition with its new rival an increasingly difficult task. As School Boards multiplied and school rates were levied, the task of securing voluntary contributions became more and more troublesome.

THE ACT OF 1902

Thus we come to 1902, and the Voluntary School increasingly hard pressed to compete with the rate-aided Board School. So it was boldly put upon the rates for its local maintenance under conditions into which it isn't necessary for my present purpose now to go. At the same time the directly elected School Board was abolished, the local control of education passing into the hands of the local

municipal authorities. And it is under that system, unchanged in the main, we are working to-day.

I have run through this story because its recital is necessary to an understanding of the problems of finance and administration. The difficulty of collecting voluntary subscriptions made the continuance of the "fifty-fifty" policy as between the Exchequer and the locality impossible, as I have already shown. The placing of the Voluntary School upon the local rates eased that situation. And, though the principle has never been re-enacted in terms, the view that the locality should raise a substantial share of the cost of education still persists as part of our national policy. To day the local rates furnish between 42 or 43 per cent. of the total cost of elementary education, now nearly sixty millions a year.

THE INCIDENCE OF THE COST

But while Exchequer grants and local rates have grown apace, there never has been any real endeavour to deal scientifically with this question of the incidence of the cost of education. Necessity has compelled special Exchequer assistance to be given to what are called necessitous areas having comparatively low rateable values and many working-class children to be provided for. But all this has been mere makeshift, mere tinkering. There never has been a genuine and thorough-going endeavour to adjust the charge as between the Exchequer and the locality in anything like a true appreciation of the extent to which the service is, in its value, national on the one hand and local on the other. The result is that the districts with high rateable values and few working-class children get off lightly as regards the local charge for education. At the other end of the line the poorer areas, notwithstanding the special grants to necessitous areas, are burdened with rate charges for this service which are unjustly oppressive. For the year 1927-28 the Bournemouth local rate for education was 1s. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. in the pound; the West Ham rate 5s. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. The Blackpool rate was 1s. 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ d.; the Barnsley 4s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

The Eastbourne rate was 1s. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.; the East Ham 4s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. The Hastings rate was 1s. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; the Walsall 4s. 5 $\frac{5}{8}$ d. The Southport rate was 1s. 7 $\frac{5}{8}$ d.; the St. Helens 4s. 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

Now this needs a thorough overhaul. Many people argue that the cost of education should be met entirely from national sources. I don't go that length. I think the locality should bear a share, because I want to stimulate local interest and local responsibility. And, of course, I want efficient and economical local administration. I would suggest that 15 or 20 per cent. of the total cost should be met by a local charge. The other 80 or 85 per cent. should be met from Imperial taxation. Further, the Exchequer grants should be administered on a sliding scale so adjusted that the local charge would be the result of an equalised local rate for all local authorities.

EDUCATIONAL ADMINISTRATION

As regards local administration let me at once thank the members of Local Education Committees up and down the land for the fine service they are rendering to their time and generation. Britain has every reason to be proud of the amount of time and service she can command from her local voluntary workers in a variety of fields. I doubt whether any country commands so much. But the concentration of all local government under one roof in each area imposes a heavy and growing burden. It is now proposed to abolish the directly elected Poor Law Guardians and hand the responsibility for Poor Law administration to the county and county borough councils. Of course, there will be co-optation and delegation. But we need to watch events closely. Increased bureaucratic control is an inevitable concomitant of the policy of abolishing directly elected bodies and concentrating their responsibilities in the municipal authorities in each area. And certainly Education and Poor Law administration need more than any other public service the direct contact of men and women of affairs, and of large public interest, understanding and sympathy.

I will leave the problem of administration with one more

comment only. In all well conducted business undertakings care is always being taken to reduce "overhead" charges to the minimum consistent with efficiency. In education I think we have rather overdone the overhead charges. We have a most elaborate and pretty expensive system of central official machinery. And this we have reproduced on a smaller scale in every local education area.

THE TEACHERS

I come now to that most important of all educational problems—the teachers. At once let me say how grateful I am for the greater consideration and the greater freedom of initiative and action now conceded to the teachers compared with the old days. I could literally astound teachers of the present generation with the story of the experiences of their forbears. Let me for their edification go back to the Education Blue Book for 1842-3. There I get Whitehall's conception of the status and function of the teacher from a general Instruction to H.M. Inspectors, then being appointed, as to what they should look for in normal schools for the training of teachers then being established by the voluntary societies to which I have already referred. The visiting Inspector is thus adjured:—

He will ascertain whether the diet is so simple, whether the household arrangements are so divested of all luxury, and whether the domestic duties performed by the students are such as to prepare them for the humble position and probable privations of a schoolmaster's life, and to prevent the growth of presumption and conceit.

Later on in the same volume I come across the second report of the training school at Battersea. Let me read an extract:—

In the formation of the character of the schoolmaster the discipline of the training school should be so devised as to prepare him for the modest respectability of his lot. Obscure and secluded schools need masters of a contented spirit, to whom the training of the children committed to their charge has charms sufficient to concentrate their thoughts and exertions on the humble sphere in which they live, notwithstanding the privations of a life but little superior to the level of the surrounding peasantry. When the scene of the teacher's exertions is in a neighbourhood which

brings him into association with the middle and upper classes of society his emoluments will be greater, and he will be surrounded by temptations which, in the absence of a suitable preparation of mind, might rob him of that humility and gentleness which are among the most necessary qualifications of the teacher of a common school.

IN THE 'SEVENTIES AND 'EIGHTIES

I take a long stride to the day when I became a teacher. At that time the average salary of a certificated master was £120 16s. 1d. a year. Three out of every four of them were receiving less than £3 a week. The average salary of the certificated mistress was £72 10s. 4d. a year. Not more than one in ten of them was receiving more than £2 a week.

TO-DAY

I have said enough to show that we have travelled a very long way from the earlier of the documents I've quoted, and a pretty long way also from the 'seventies and 'eighties. Teachers still have their difficulties, of course. Who hasn't? And, in any case, I will ask them to get what philosophy they can from Gilbert's King Gama, who put it to us:

Oh, don't the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong,
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing at all to grumble at?

The very high level of rates and taxes naturally leads to clamour for a closer grip upon public expenditures; and there are those who turn to education, amongst other things, as one of the quarters in which economies should be effected. But the future is with the schools and their teachers. People are more and more determined that their children shall have a better chance than they have had before them. And so long as the system is wisely founded and appropriately administered we may rest assured that the country will countenance no step which will prejudice the effective equipment of its children.

HENRI GHÉON

BY MAY BATEMAN

Our crucial moments are hardly ever set dramatically. Humanity's Stage Manager seems almost purposely to defy those favourite theatrical conventions which, secretly, most of us look upon with shamefaced tenderness. Decisions which ultimately prove to be the turning-points of lives—parting of ways such as the choice of a career or a vocation—more than all, perhaps, those vast spiritual upheavals which make the brain reel before their immensity, have a knack of coming about, in nine out of ten cases, in the least suitable surroundings, at inopportune moments; the hub of a main line railway station, for instance, or the blare of a jazz band.

To every rule, exceptions. Fate, the Moving Finger, the Unseen Power behind us, call it as we will, does not always even seem to act ironically. Now and again a comic mask hides genuinely merry features, and a man does not necessarily take the road to martyrdom pinioned, with his head facing the horse's tail, to rouse the crowd's derision. Now and again our zero hour has had its adequate backcloth, limelight and orchestra, though as a rule in these circumstances the chief actors themselves are the last to realise that any drama is going on. Reality has a way of taking us unawares, like the principalities and powers of darkness, or the hounds of heaven.

The first of the only three meetings which ever took place between Dominique-Pierre Dupouey, a Lieutenant of Marines and man of parts, and Henri Ghéon, poet and playwright, attached at the time—soon after the beginning of the Great War—as assistant surgeon to a group of artillery on the Belgian front, is a typical instance of this failure to grasp the full significance of an event while it is in progress, however spectacular the surroundings.

Spectacular they were in this instance. On January 28th, 1915, the French troops on the banks of the Yser were fully prepared for a surprise attack upon the enemy.

The French were occupying part of the Grand Dune, but the superior positions, the counter slopes and heights, were held by the enemy.

A few days before Henri Ghéon had taken advantage of his Protestant friend André Gide's introductory letter to his friend Dupouey, by sending the latter a short note to say that he—Ghéon—believed that they were now in adjoining sectors. Gide was insistent that the two must meet. They would have so much in common.

On the morning of the 27th, Ghéon had a brief reply—his one and only note from Dupouey—explaining that he and his men were now at Coxyde-Bains: could Ghéon visit him there?

Ghéon determined to take the first opportunity that offered. Obviously Dupouey would be a kindred spirit. He, too, "adored Beauty passionately." Ghéon had already written poems and a play or two. Dupouey, "prodigieusement artiste en même temps que beau soldat," was a master of line in draughtsmanship, with the assured touch of an Aubrey Beardsley. In addition, they shared many literary tastes and cared for the same kind of music. Dupouey, connoisseur in art, admired Outamaro's and Hokonsai's Japanese prints. Ghéon, sensitive to the finger-tips, alert and keen, with the seeing eye, looked forward to the chance of exchanging ideas with a man with whom he would have so many æsthetic sympathies.

But at the moment his thoughts were not with Dupouey. The War, for him, was still a great adventure. Its horrors had neither dulled nor awakened any spiritual consciousness. "Je me disais: ça y est! et n'avais qu'un souci, avant d'entrer dans le néant: celui de me tenir bien jusqu'au bout."¹ On the morning of the surprise attack he made his way long before dawn to a bare attic room in a four-storied house, partially wrecked. Hidden under the roof was a second observation post, to be made use of only in case the first became untenable. There were mere essentials in the dark garret—a telephone apparatus, two

(1) *L'Homme né de la Guerre*, Henri Ghéon.

chairs with straw seats, a small table. The loopholes in the gables gave upon the sea.

The wait seemed long. Very slowly the curtain of night lifted from the sleeping water. Isolated points came clear. The Dune, cut and dissected, riddled by holes; houses which looked like children's toys in the cloudy distance; stretch upon stretch of pale sand cut sharply by black dots; the low polders reaching from the outskirts of Lombartzyde to Nieuport town. "Masures blanches, haies, saules coupant le 'bled' marécageux. . . . Middelquerque, Slype, etc. . . . tant d'autres crêtes de sable et tant de pointes de clocher."

When first he came here to this coast its colour, its blue and green shadows, and movement of its ever shifting sands reminded him of Biskra. To day, he memorised one impression after another of the scene, almost as though he himself were not concerned with its issues. An hour before the actual assault the artillery broke into a confused medley of sound, like the tuning up of an orchestra, as he wrote later. The roof shook. The attic "bourdonnait comme l'intérieur du violon." The shrilling discord suddenly became harmonious as the guns "found themselves," like Kipling's ship, intent on making the grandiose, terrific, sonorous music of destruction.

It was just then that the door opened and two officers came in. One was a colleague of Ghéon's, who announced a visitor, Pierre Dupouey. Tumult and upheaval was the prelude to the entrance of the man who, "entraînant" Ghéon "dans son sillage lumineux" was to change the whole tenor of his work, to renew his life, to point the way to satisfying and lasting Beauty.

Almost from babyhood Ghéon's artistic consciousness had been alert and eager. Salient incidents showed for him in pictures, marking time. The ebony crucifix with the figure of Christ in mellow old ivory, standing out against a red wall at home, was one. Another, High Mass on Sundays, and the pointed flames of altar candles transformed by nebulous wreaths of incense, the rich vestments, the swelling chords of the organ, the beadle's impressive form, with his tall stave and fine belt and fairy tale hat,

and finally, in the interlude between church and home, a blissful purchase of *éclairs* to crown the festal journey. The school chapel in its quiet street where a little door opened upon ancient arcades and cloisters. (He lived in a cathedral town.) A retreat before his first Communion, and the study windows widening upon roses in full bloom; he and a few other prospective first communicants were allowed to walk in that rose garden.

Henri's mother was a fervent Catholic, but his father was an agnostic. The invisible barrier between the two made for conflicting loyalties. And strange to say, it was the father's example, and not the beloved mother's, which weighed with his son. M. Ghéon did not try to alienate his children from their mother's influence; she went her way, and he his. But what he was, and what he felt, acted as a silent challenge to home teaching.

Naturally, religious instruction did not form part of Henri's training at the Lycée, a lay school. There he studied Descartes and Kant, Spinoza and Leibnitz, Hegel, Renouvier, Spencer, Darwin, and Hartmann and Büchner avidly. Now this system and now that engrossed him; he was a clever boy. Meanwhile the atmosphere of the anti-clerical spirit, so strong in France at that juncture, grew and spread.

Unhappily, what religious teaching he had from the parish priest, a fine and learned man, failed to get home. M. l'aumonier seemed to think that Henri and his companions, all very young boys with the boyish faculty of losing interest unless their imaginations were gripped, were already ripe for the study of abstruse theological problems far more fitted to the capacity of a group of young seminarists than to them.

Weekly instructions of an hour or two were confined to doctrine: never touched upon the moving stories of saints or martyrs, or, in a practical form, with the inimitable drama of the Liturgy, "cet immense bain de gloire, de certitude, et de poésie" as Paul Claudel calls it. Bored almost to tears, the boys hardly listened. In Henri's case, at least, every point was missed. "Notre connais-

(1) The Claudel-Rivière Correspondence.

sance de Dieu ne sortait de là plus claire, ni plus profonde, et ni seulement rafraîchie" he wrote later. Never once did he have the remotest vision of the glow and zest and lovely perils which go to the making of true spiritual adventure. There came a day when doubt could be kept back no longer.

One Sunday morning, in the room above, his mother was getting ready to go to Mass. She called out: "Hurry, Henri, or you'll be late." After all, it had to be. . . He went upstairs, heavily. She was standing in front of the long glass in her bedroom, putting her gloves on. "I'm not coming, mother. What's the use? I don't believe in it." He read the lines of her stricken face aright. . . But much as he loved her, he did not know then that never for one moment did she blame him but only herself for his doubt, nor guess how ceaseless her prayers would be for him from that hour.

As for him the worst was over. At least he had been honest. A weight was off his mind. For the next twenty years he lived practically as a pagan, not only without God, but without feeling any need of God at all. Life, on the whole, was charming and agreeable. His father died when he was still very young, but relations and friends simplified what difficulties then ensued. He took up the profession of medicine to secure his independence, but he had no financial cares. Nearly all the beauty he wanted in life was his for the taking. He could travel when he wished, buy the books he wanted, hear the music he liked, meet congenial and intellectual friends. Kind and affectionate, he accepted the care of his widowed sister's children as if they were his own, but they involved no responsibilities of fatherhood. His mother made the house a home.

Like many of his friends, he framed his best working principles or philosophy of life from the longing to create something worth calling Art. There were moments of ecstasy in inspiration itself, and, when that failed, a limitless treasury of masterpieces in literature, painting and sculpture. Worship of Art and knowledge, individual

progress, the deification of Man—always so comforting a doctrine—embryo Nietzscheism, filled his life. "Les besoins de notre art nous ont dicté notre philosophie. . . . Quels espaces nous franchissons sur les ailes de la Beauté dans l'extase quasi-divine de ce soulèvement qui ne vous conduit nulle part!"

He read nearly everything he could lay hands on, except the Scriptures. "Cette exclusive volontaire a scandalisé même mes amis." The growing influence of new contemporary Catholic writers—Caudel, Jammes, Péguy—left him unmoved. He admired the æsthetic value of their work in supreme detachment.

He had Gide for guide on his first visit to Italy. Florence gave him glimpses of a new ideal of Art which upset many preconceived theories.

Giotto's work, Masaccio's, Fra Angelico's, were one with the unseen power which made itself felt so strongly in the great spaces of Santa Croce and the narrow cells of San Marco. "Ces miracles de l'art, qui surpassaient l'entendement, étaient les fruits non d'un rêve individuel, mais d'une religion nettement formulées. . . ." Art for Art! Art for the Masses! Were they stock phrases, as Jean Cocteau was to say later? Art, blending with Faith so indistinguishably that you scarcely knew which was which; Art saturated with Faith, surely reached the summit of attainment here? Henceforward, unbeliever as he was, Art unmoved by the spirit of prayer would never wholly satisfy him.

But the half-conceived theory did not change his own easy way of life; he did not apply it to his own work. It merely vaguely deepened certain appreciations, added almost sensuously to his æsthetic joys at times. He went to Italy again, and afterwards to Greece. He was recalled from a happy journey abroad to find his niece at death's door. She recovered. But two months later his best friend, his mother, was killed by an accident. Something froze in him as he held that mutilated body in his arms. She had put her trust in God: this was her end. Deliberately, at her funeral Mass, he stared straight at the

(1) *L'Homme né de la Guerre*.

(1) *L'Homme né de la Guerre*, Henri Ghéon.

Host at the moment of Elevation, cold and defiant. "Tu n'es pas . . . Non, tu ne peux pas être."

He parted from Dupouey on that memorable day of their first meeting in a state bordering on exaltation. Yet what was there about Dupouey which set him so amazingly apart from other men? He was a brilliant talker; nothing seemed to escape his quick eye; he was trenchant and assured; his judgments so "net" and true that you could not question them. Intellectually, Ghéon felt like a child beside this man who talked of life, death and art and the rest as if the light word were the trail to something splendid which he saw and Ghéon could not. . . . And there was a baffling certainty about Dupouey which was restful, which gave you trust. . . . "Nul homme ne m'a paru plus assuré de ce qu'il dit." Dupouey's tone was light and deep at the same moment; looking through death, he saw victory. "Est-ce beau, cette préparation d'artillerie!" he said under his breath. He rejoined his men, who were waiting for orders to occupy the second line, and hoping then to push on to the front. "La grande dune, ils n'ont qu'à y sauter. . . ! Nous irons peut-être à Ostende. . . ."

They talked, the second time they met, of war. And Ghéon ventured timidly to suggest that for him war in itself seemed as the rim of the horizon; "une fin suffisante." He could not picture himself facing life after the war. "Moi pas," said Dupouey curtly. Detached and always with that baffling sense of aloofness, he told the story of a young officer who, after the battles of Dixmude, had come to the priest to put himself *en règle*. "Only now!" stressed the astonished priest. "Why, you might have been killed over and over again in that massacre!" "I knew that, of course," said the officer, "and from the first moment I made up my mind to 'come into line.' But, all the same, I wasn't going to bargain with God, and offer Him faith in exchange for life, or my soul's welfare." "Est-ce assez noble et délicat! et humble, au fond, sous l'apparence de l'orgueil," said Dupouey, and then presently, watching the sunset, "Le soleil reflété

vous baigne de toutes parts. Dommage que les Boches vous jettent à la tête leurs petites saletés!"

After their second meeting Ghéon, writing to Gide, described himself when leaving Dupouey as being in a state of mental *ivresse singulière* which was inexplicable. What was the secret of Dupouey's indefinable charm? Was charm the word? It went so much further, deeper than that. He was unique, but why? Because of his innate self-possession? His remoteness? . . . Already unconsciously Ghéon was "'plus possédé' que je ne me le figurais."

On February 24th they met for the last time. Dupouey, on another surprise visit, suggested taking him to Furnes and back in an automobile. They looked at the ruins of a shelled church, whose opening, once a door, now like the heart of a rose, revealed mysteries. As Dupouey talked, Ghéon's heart swayed with the unconscious rhythm of his words. But he could not follow Dupouey's silences. They went so far—too far for human reach, as he knew later.

They said *au revoir*, not good-bye. "Venez me voir dans mon cave." But duties pressed, and there were a hundred other teeming interests. After High Mass on Easter Sunday, Ghéon heard that in the neighbouring sector, only a few miles away, some Marine officer had been killed the day before. Some Marine officer? The name was garbled. In any case, it could not be Dupouey's.

But it was. A fortnight later the news came, strange to say, through Ghéon's sister.

So Dupouey was dead, and now at last his friend began to try to pierce the mystery of his personality. Death as we know Death could not touch that virile, immortal figure. . . . Only fuller life, fuller significance, could be Dupouey's. . . . Ghéon felt as much, even then. For himself, he was content to stay in outer darkness, to be lost in "le néant." But for his mother, for Dupouey, there must be an after-life . . .

Nowhere was Dupouey forgotten. His men were inconsolable. "Brave comme pas un" . . . "Ménager de ses hommes, point téméraire, il envisageait tous les risques." "C'était une intelligence d'élite," said his brother officers and others who had served with him. But it was the parish priest of the district, a jolly, smiling man, on the best of terms with everybody, who, when Ghéon was introduced to him and asked him for further details, became instantly another man, and gave him the clue of the mystery, taking him for Dupouey's intimate friend.

"Quel exemple! J'ai visité beaucoup de consciences, c'est mon état; j'ai connu beaucoup de belles âmes. . . . Jamais, nulle part, la pareille. Dans les derniers mois de sa vie, j'ai assisté, je puis le dire, à sa transfiguration. Il montait chaque jour plus haut. . . . Il ne faisait plus un pas sur la terre, qui ne l'en détachât pour l'amener un peu plus près du ciel."

The aumonier and he had met for the last time at the beginning of Holy Week, and Dupouey was going straight back to the trenches. His thoughts were with the coming Easter Feast, "The Feast of Feasts." He would act as server: "Not Father X. . . . but I" . . . "We shall sing the Alleluia with full hearts." At ten o'clock on Holy Saturday, just as he was leaving the trenches, he was killed. "Dans cet instant, son allégresse était si forte, et le don de soi si complet, réclamait en échange une telle fête de Dieu, que Dieu ne put résister au plaisir de la lui donner toute entière." . . .

The vision of God. . . . The Beatific Vision. . . . The fullness of Beauty revealed at last to St. Augustine, so long blind, when he had opened his heart to grace and understanding. So it was because he had firmly sought it, because he had lived in the hope of seeing it, because its Light was reflected in and through him, that Dupouey was "different" from others who saw less clearly. . . .

But long months were to pass before Ghéon was to see that his eyes, too, might be opened. He wrote to

Madame Dupouey, who with exquisite self-sacrifice sent him Dupouey's private journal to read. "He is praying for you," she wrote, simply. Ghéon asked for a copy of the New Testament and studied Christ's life in the light of the new revelation. Now he began to see that nearness to God was the real object of man's life. . . . "We were made for God as a key is made for a lock." He had, falteringly, a vision of the significance of the words: "Et Verbum caro factus et habitavit in nobis."

At Christmas, nervously, he went to a priest and opened his heart. Drily, at the close of the recital, the priest, with a look which somehow recalled Dupouey, said, "Si je vous comprends bien, vous êtes venu à Dieu en artiste. . . . Mon cher enfant, Dieu et raison. . . . Ne nous laissons pas égarer par le sentiment! . . . Il faut croire avec son esprit."

Ghéon returned, made his confession, and went to Communion at a low mass at midnight, on December 24th of the same year that he had first met Dupouey. Here again the priest gave him a necessary warning. "Ne croyez pas qu'en recevant en vous Notre Seigneur, vous alliez être transporté dans une sorte de béatitude. L'Eucharistie . . . est la nourriture de tous les jours, le pain quotidien. . . . Il n'enivre pas, il nourrit." The infinite wisdom of God! He needs "des serviteurs lucides," not false exaltations. "Il donne la grâce et il la retire pour prouver le cœur humain . . . il rappelle à la modestie l'esprit du pécheur converti et le ramène à ses limites qui sont, non point l'horizon sans fin de l'extase, mais les lois étroites de la raison."

Renewed and fortified, he began his life's work anew.

"The prayer of the scribe . . . is in the work of his craft." That, in effect, is why Henri Ghéon's post-War work has been so singularly effective.

Convinced of this truth, Ghéon has boldly applied its principles to his whole literary and dramatic output since his conversion. His specific aim is far-reaching. He is trying with all his might and main to try to raise the standard of the stage in general, particularly the French stage and its players. Already he has a unique organisation

behind him whose unworldly ideals, whose genuine disinterestedness he can count upon, and which is formed on the basis from which early Christian drama itself sprung.

Pagan drama was closely associated with the vestibule of its Temples. When Christian drama came into being the Church took the place of the Temple in the lives of the people, and near or within it miracle plays were enacted. From the beginning of the ninth century to the end of the thirteenth century, at least, the players in the Latin dramas which were given from time to time, and to which, from time to time too, strophes and verses in the local dialect were introduced, were drawn exclusively from the ranks of the great monastic schools; the teachers, lay students, and as we should now say young seminarists. M. Léopold Delisle, in his *Sacramentaire de l'Eglise de Paris*, mentions a document dated in the eleventh century relating to a confraternity of players called *La Confrérie des Douze Apôtres*, amongst which are the names of "Eude, diacre; Hubert, abbé; Ingelbord, prêtre," etc.

The plays themselves—composed by monks and students—were uniformly formed upon the basis of the Liturgy. They were given in the churches themselves, or in the cloisters of some abbey or cathedral to celebrate the particular feast of the occasion—Christmas, Easter, one of Our Lady's Feasts—or that of some Patron Saint whose festival was especially dear to the students, St. Nicholas, notably, or St. Catherine. Crowds of all sorts and conditions from all parts of the country flocked to the representations, which were often given on stands in the great squares outside the churches, whose doors were sometimes set wide open, meanwhile, proving how closely the life of the mystery play and the life of the Church were linked. Often the players moved from stand to stand not only to denote the changing of the scenes but also possibly to give a larger number of the audience the chance of hearing and seeing at least one section of the miracle play.

But were they far or near, the subject of the drama was

always familiar to them all. They followed it just as easily as the Mass itself. "Le sujet du drame était toujours emprunté à des histoires et à des légendes que l'éducation religieuse, la tradition orale, la liturgie ordinaire et les arts plastiques avaient rendues familières à tous les fidèles."¹ They knew their Old Testament and New Testament stories by heart. Were they not always written in the glass of the painted windows of the Cathedral, or on the stone of the façades, the wood of the screens, of the churches? At Chartres, to take one instance only, there was the whole story of the Bible and the great dogmas of the Church to be read, line by line, in its sculpture and carvings, clear for all to see. The Saints, then, were not aloof beings, whose names were only to be recalled with difficulty, but friends, as real and intimate as any neighbouring peasant was. The statues in the church on their niches were as dear as the people's own dead forbears. Their legends were as well known to them as the stories of Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty are to us to-day, endeared by the very human foibles and weaknesses which they mastered. Men and women like ourselves—drawn from every rank, from great noble families, like St. Augustine, and peasantry, like St. Joan of Arc, which brought home the fact that sanctity, actually, was not out of the normal man's reach—as, we should say now, taking a Double First at Oxford or Cambridge was, for most of us—but, on the contrary, in the range of possibility. . . .

The Compagnons de Notre Dame, founded by Henri Ghéon on the lines of the old miracle players, is an attempt to revive the old ideal which evokes real union between stage and auditorium. And he claims that the ground of common appeal is the finest instinct of humanity. In other words, that no other human accord is so strong or so powerful as the bond of common faith, and that between heaven and earth it is quite possible to establish a *va et vient* which can get across the footlights quite as easily to-day as it got across the flares of the Middle Ages, granted certain conditions.

(1) *Origines Catholiques du Théâtre Moderne*.—M. Sepet

Of old, in Henri Ghéon's view, this *rapport* obviously existed. In Greece, in the time of Æschylus and Sophocles; England, in Elizabeth's reign; the French provinces, in the Middle Ages. "The players believed in the reality of the men and women whom they represented; the spectators felt that the play was true, believed in it just as much as its author and stage manager did." "L'état de communion existait préalable-ment." French national dramatic art—all national dramatic art at that era—had this Christian significance until after the Renaissance, only ceasing to appeal to the people as a whole when it became secularised. From that time on, only Molière's farces, in France, "sut garder le contact direct. . . . De là date ce théâtre clos que René Salomé oppose au 'théâtre social.'" . . . But how to re-establish this lost "union" between audience and players?

Some excerpts from the statutes of the *Compagnons de Notre Dame*¹ show the grounds upon which M. Ghéon proposes to bring this about.

"The services (of the group) will be gratuitous. . . . We believe it possible to gather a sufficient number of *Compagnons* so as not to be forced to ask too much of any single member and thus to avoid the danger of interfering . . . in the exercise of their domestic and professional duties. . . . Each (player) will be used according to his capacity. But, adopting the method which has made it possible at the Vieux Colombier to form a distinct and well-regulated troop, we indicate as a principle that there are no secondary *rôles*, that all should be studied with the same conscientiousness and presented with equal skill. A person who takes a leading *rôle* in one play . . . may be called upon to take a secondary *rôle* in another play . . . and vice versa. . . ."

"The *Compagnons de Notre Dame* is founded in a spirit of faith for the praise of God . . . by means of art in the theatre."

An unrealisable dream? One may picture the reader shrugging his shoulders. Does he remember how Ghéon's

(1) Quoted, as a rule, from T. Schwertner's translation.

play of *La Merveilleuse Histoire du Jeune Bernard de Menthon*, so admirably translated, and produced by Sir Barry Jackson at the Kingsway Theatre, was played, day after day, to a crowded audience of men and women, including many exceptionally cultured and clever persons, certainly, but also a remarkable number of those who were neither one nor the other, but yet found a common bond of appeal in St. Bernard's poignant story? This play was originally produced on the heights of the mountains in Savoy, on the site of the old home of the de Menthons, where descendants of the family still lived. (Some of them acted in the play.) But it and other plays of Monsieur Ghéon have been put on in Paris, at the Théâtres Balzac, des Arts, du Vieux Colombier, de l'Atelier, des Champs Elysées, etc. . . . ; in Versailles, Melun, Auxerre, Liège and throughout the provinces; in Flanders, Switzerland, Belgium, England (London and Birmingham), and, I believe, America, with immense success. His plays and other works have been produced by some of the best publishers in France—Blot, Plon, Stock, Blond et Gay, La Nouvelle Librairie Nationale, the éditions Nouvelle Revue Française, etc.

The finest of his plays, in the present writer's opinion, will soon be given to a London audience.¹ *Le Comédien et la Grâce* is founded on the legend of Genesius, a leading actor at the time of Diocletian, who was converted to Christianity on the stage itself, when acting before the Emperor, and then and there led out to martyrdom. The clue to the accord which Henri Ghéon is trying to establish will be found in Genesius' words:

"Je vous dirai ce que je fus. J'étais le soldat du péché, le soldat du néant, le soldat de la vanité et du vide. . . . Dieu aujourd'hui est venu avec des flûtes, des lyres, des cymbales, et il m'a rempli de silence afin de se faire écouter. . . . Le monde est creux. . . . Il crévera comme cette bulle, si le souffle de Dieu ne le gonfle et le conduit. . . ."

(1) To be produced at the Everyman Theatre during the present Session under Mr. Milton Rosmer's and Mr. Malcolm Morley's direction.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND ITS CONSTITUTION

By "LOMBARD"

THE Report on Currency, Banking and Credit recently issued by the Labour Party is an interesting document. Its recommendations cover such important questions as the control of the Bank of England, the extension of banking facilities by the spread of municipal and co-operative banks, the allocation of credit on a qualitative and not merely a quantitative basis, and the regulation of the value of gold by international agreement.

Each of these topics involves vital problems of an economic character deserving and admitting of study without regard to political sympathies. The question of the extension of municipal banks, of which there has been a successful example in Birmingham, was recently considered by an expert committee, which pronounced against further developments in this direction at the present time. During the War capital issues were controlled by the State largely on qualitative lines, but then the nation was faced with a situation which demanded that the whole effort of the country should be directed to the one objective of victory, and that alone. This in itself justified the assumption of extraordinary powers in regard to the use of credit, but the Labour report does not deal with the immense difficulty in ordinary times of assessing competing claims to credit, or of the risk of the suppression of enterprise by any attempt to do so other than by the existing competitive methods of scrutiny by banks, issuing houses, and, in the last resort, the investing public. The report suggests the need for enquiry on the subject, and perhaps the matter may be left at that. More concrete proposals are made regarding the control of the Bank of England.

Proposals touching the organisation of the Bank derive peculiar significance from the fact that not only is the Bank the pivot of the British financial system, but also that on it, as the official custodian of the pound sterling,

hinge the currency arrangements of a number of the British Dominions and Colonies overseas. The Bank of England is thus an organ of Imperial concern. But this is not all. As the authority charged with the ordering of a great money centre, and wielding an influence felt in all other money centres, the Bank of England is an organ of international concern. Any scheme, therefore, that aims at introducing important changes in the constitution of the Bank invites close critical examination from the widest point of view.

The Labour Report on Currency, Banking and Credit advocates "the control of the Bank of England by a public corporation containing representatives of such essential factors in the community as the Treasury, Board of Trade, Industry, Labour and the co-operative movement." This suggestion is based on the public responsibilities attaching to the central bank as the regulator of currency and credit. The report observes that "some of its" (*i.e.*, the Bank of England's) "main functions are not in the ordinary sense commercial but governmental." It is obvious, indeed, that the control of the money market, with its reactions on the exchanges and the level of prices, entails an activity and influence differing in kind from, and transcending in scope, the activity and influence of a commercial bank or any ordinary business concern. But it does not necessarily follow that it is correct to describe these duties as "governmental," and from that definition to argue that the Bank should be brought "under public control." In this reasoning there seems to lurk the danger of *petitio principii*.

The discussion on the subject of financial policy at the Conference of the Labour Party at Birmingham in October emphasised the importance attached to the proposal to introduce public control into the administration of the Bank. One speaker, who stated that he had taken a hand in framing the proposals, asserted that the programme stood, in his view, for "the nationalisation of the Bank of England," which might be held to signify that under it the Bank would be brought under State control to the extent that prevails, say, as regards the Post Office. Mr.

Philip Snowden, on the other hand, in expounding the programme, associated himself with the remark previously made by Mr. MacDonald that the control of credit and currency must be kept free from political influences. In the circumstances it may be helpful to consider the present constitution of the Bank of England, and to examine the probable consequences of bringing it "under public control" in the manner suggested.

The Governor and Company of the Bank of England were brought into being, as is well known, in 1694 by Act of Parliament as part of a plan for the supply of funds to the Government of William and Mary. The Bank was the creation of the revolutionary government, with whose fate its own existence was intimately bound up. The restoration of the Stuarts would have involved it in disaster, for, as Macaulay observes, the Bank "must have instantly stopped payment if it had ceased to receive the interest on the sum which it had advanced to the Government, and of that interest James would not have paid one farthing." We are not concerned here with the romantic history of the Bank's early years, but with its organisation and duties; nor can we trace in this paper the remarkable process by which, of its own impulse, an organisation with a definitely party origin transformed itself into one of the most typically national institutions we possess. An arresting feature in this process is to be found in the fact that, with the exception of changes regarding the note-issuing functions of the Bank, the legal provisions governing the Bank's organisation and business are still in all essentials those embodied in the original charter of 1694.

The Bank of England is a purely private corporation, and its stock is held entirely by private investors. Its board of directors consists of governor, deputy governor and twenty-four directors, who are appointed by the General Court, at which holders of £500 of Bank Stock or more, present at the meeting, may each give one vote only. No individual may exercise more than one vote irrespective of the size of his stock-holding. There are no obligations regarding the professional or personal

qualifications of the directors, except that they must be British subjects.

The business that the Bank is permitted by law to discharge comprises the issue of notes and general business, including the management of the Government account and the Public Debt, rediscounting and the grant of loans and advances. Under Peel's famous Act of 1844 the fiduciary issue, that is, the amount of notes that might be issued without equivalent gold backing, was rigidly limited to £14,000,000, plus an amount not exceeding two-thirds of the authorised issues of other banks ceasing to issue subsequent to the Act of 1844. At the outbreak of the War the Bank's fiduciary issue stood in virtue of the above provision at £18,450,000. After careful enquiry into possible alternatives, it has been decided to adhere in principle to this system, which had been shown by experience to be well adapted to the requirements of this country and, under the Act passed last July to regulate the note issue, after the amalgamation of the Treasury and Bank note issues, which has now been brought into effect, the fiduciary circulation is fixed at £260,000,000, with certain powers for the Treasury and Bank, acting together, to reduce or increase this figure if conditions indicate the need for such a step. The profits of the note issue are to be credited to the Treasury.

The Bank's general business is unhampered by detailed restrictions, and remains subject only to the broad prohibition laid down in the Act of 1694, that the Bank should not engage in trade.

The fact that the statutory enactments governing the Bank's constitution and general business have endured for over 200 years, despite the large number of grave political and financial vicissitudes that have marked this long period, gives pause for thought. It cannot be pretended that the framers of the original Charter foresaw the great developments of British financial power and industrial enterprise that have since taken place. Still less can it be urged that anyone two centuries ago foresaw the far-reaching rôle that history was to cast for the Central Bank of the leading money market of the world. It also cannot

be overlooked that in no other country has it been deemed appropriate to leave the Central Bank, which is responsible for the control of credit and currency and for the custody of the ultimate national reserves, so free from detailed prescriptions in regard to organisation and duties. It is, however, not only as regards the Central Bank that the absence of a written constitution distinguishes this country from certain other great nations, and the fact that it is so distinguished does not necessarily indicate the desirability of terminating a system which experience has shown to satisfy British needs or of introducing into the heart of our financial mechanism a measure of public control hitherto unprovided by legal enactment.

The absence of public control does not imply that the public is not entitled to know what is going on or to receive regular statements of the Bank's position in a lucid and easily intelligible form. It was therefore a matter for genuine satisfaction that the Bank took the opportunity afforded by the amalgamation of the Bank and Treasury note issues to improve the shape of its traditional weekly return by expanding some of the most important entries in it. This step was taken by the Bank on its own initiative, and the action goes a considerable way towards meeting the criticism voiced in the past that the Bank return suffered through excessive compression, and was inferior to the corresponding statements issued by other leading Central Banks.

The reason why the Bank of England, though it bears a public responsibility of the highest kind, has since its foundation been permitted itself to determine the constitution of its controlling body, and the scope of its functions, is that in all its actions it sets itself to study the national interest as distinct from considerations of private advantage. For this purpose it is necessary that the Court of the Bank should include men representative of British finance and industry in the broadest sense, and a study of the vocations of the members of the Bank Court shows that it includes representatives of the railways, of shipping, of insurance, and of important merchant houses with world-wide connections. The Labour Report on

banking, currency and credit doubtless aims also at securing a representative board for the Bank in suggesting that it should include representatives of the Treasury, Board of Trade, Industry, Labour and the Co-operative Movement. But certain objections suggest themselves to a cut-and-dried scheme of this kind. The formal grouping of members of the Bank's Court under these categories would give the board a partisan character, and would impair the unity of inspiration essential to the correct appraisal of the complex economic factors with which a central bank is called upon continually to deal. It is highly undesirable to introduce into a Board which should be animated by a single purpose the idea that individuals have different external constituencies from which they derive their mandate or to which they must presumably look for renewal of their office. Under the existing constitution the Bank Court is directly responsible to the shareholders, but as the Bank pursues in general the policy of a uniform dividend, these have no incentive from the point of view of personal profit for interfering with the direction. In practice, therefore, the Bank is free to pursue a national policy, and a Board comprising representatives drawn from a wide circle of enterprise and industry is likely to prove the best organ to this end. There is nothing to prevent the introduction on to the Board of men conversant with branches of industry not at present represented, but the unity of the Board would be likely to suffer from the earmarking of seats in the Court to special interests. The requirement in the direction of a central bank is a national, not a sectional outlook.

Reference has already been made to Mr. Philip Snowden's assertion that the control of credit and currency must be kept free from political influences. The introduction of representatives of Government Departments on the Board of the Bank has a bearing on this doctrine. So strongly has the view been held that politics must not be allowed to enter the portals of the Central Bank that in a number of foreign countries the Charters of the Banks formally debar Members of Parliament and officials from serving on the Board. The presence of representatives

of Government Departments on the Board would afford a too ready facility for the intrusion of political influences, and there would be no security against the risks which Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden are rightly anxious to avoid. There is, indeed, no occasion for official representation on the Board of the Bank, for, as the Labour Report recognises, the administration of the Bank in practice "is conducted in close association with the Treasury." The Bank is at all times fully apprised of the financial requirements and programme of the Government, and it has never been suggested that such considerations have received other than the fullest attention from the Bank. This was abundantly demonstrated in the course of the War, when the Bank placed itself and its resources unreservedly at the disposal of the Government. It has at the same time to be remembered that the Bank is now again legally responsible for the safeguarding of the gold standard, and, so long as this remains the case, the Bank is bound to take care that the natural desire to help the Government of the day should not prompt action prejudicial to the discharge of this fundamental statutory obligation. The independence of the Bank is and always has been the sheet-anchor of British credit. This would be jeopardised by the admission of an official element to the Board, which would be likely to be regarded in many quarters as an easy channel for the exercise of political bias.

This conclusion is supported by a further important consideration. The Labour Report accepts the view that the currency question is a world question, and that, if currency and credit policy are to be conducted in a manner that will combine the advantages of stable exchanges and stable prices, it is desirable that the Central Banks of different countries should act in co-operation. In Europe and America the view that the Central Banks should be kept immune from political influences has received wide recognition. This is shown by the constitutions that have been drawn up for recently founded Central Banks. In particular the doctrine has found strong support from the League of Nations, which has taken a leading part in

re-establishing the currencies of European countries on a sound basis, and which is now taking up the problem of fluctuations in the purchasing power of gold. If there is to be wholehearted co-operation between the Central Banks it is highly desirable that the Bank of England, whose rôle in such a matter is of transcendent importance, should be free from any possible suspicion, however unfounded, that its action or views are or may be coloured by political inspiration. Those, therefore, who stress the importance of stimulating common action between the leading Central Banks of the world may easily prejudice the realisation of their aims if changes in the constitution of the Bank are introduced that may impair its independence and so weaken its authority.

While for various reasons no formal conference between the Central Banks has yet been held with a view to the regulation of the purchasing power of gold and other matters, as was proposed at the Genoa Conference of 1922¹, it is known that constant contact is maintained between the leading Central Banks, and it is open to argument whether at this stage greater results cannot be achieved by other means than formal conference. The re-establishment of the French currency on a gold basis has now practically completed the work of currency reform in Europe, and there is every reason to anticipate increasing benefit from the development of the intimate relations now maintained between the heads of the Central Banks in different countries. The development of these close associations might receive a rude shock from any basic modification of the constitution of the Bank of England, whose authority and prestige at home and abroad are based upon its hitherto unquestioned independence.

(1) The question of variations in the purchasing power of gold is, as previously mentioned, now being investigated by the League of Nations.

AN ANCIENT CINQUE PORT

BY A. G. BRADLEY

THERE is nothing quite like Rye in all England. To find its match one must go to the Welsh Marches. But then Ludlow, as the queen of that noble region and its best example, represents another style, altogether another environment, and another kind of past. There is nothing feudal and baronial about Rye, though its citizens could once boast with technical accuracy the resounding title of "Baron of the Cinque Ports." The old red-roofed houses which cover the high sandstone rock that, crowned by its noble church, lifts the town like a pyramid above marshland and sea, have sheltered through all its past but comparatively humble folk—fishermen, merchants, smugglers, above all smugglers. Through the Middle Ages a little self-governing republic amongst the seven towns that formed the Brotherhood of the Cinque Ports Confederacy, with its jealously guarded privileges, that for three centuries constituted the Royal Navy of England, the maritime prop and defence of Crown and Country. In return for this vital service, due at a moment's notice, the freemen of Rye, like those of Hastings, Winchelsea, Romney, Hythe, Sandwich, and Dover, were free of all market and port dues throughout England, of all national or county or, indeed, of any authority but that of the King himself as represented by the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports at Dover. For these privileges and a few minor ones, Rye, like the rest, provided its quota of fighting ships, manned by men skilled in sea fighting, at the King's call when he went to war on the Continent or in Scotland or Wales. Our great historians tell us in much detail of the large armies, the thousands of horses that the Edwards and Henrys conveyed over sea. But they forget to tell their readers by whom these vast feats of transportation were accomplished, aided by the commandeering, when necessary, of other craft from the West or East Anglia— but

always as irregulars under the command of a Cinque Ports admiral. The policing of the Channel was another duty of the Ports, while a further privilege was a virtual monopoly of the enormous trans-Channel Pilgrim traffic to both Continental and English shrines, particularly those of Canterbury and Compostella. Another was the honour of salute imposed by law on all outside vessels when passing a Cinque Port or a Cinque Port ship. Devonians and West Countrymen in their Drake and Raleigh transports might take note of this! A further decorative privilege which is honoured to this day was that of carrying the canopy at Coronations, now commuted for a place of honour at the ceremonies. Thus the Kent and Sussex Federation served King and Country till about the close of the fourteenth century, when its chief harbours of Sandwich and Rye-Winchelsea began to silt up, and still more when the growing trade and requirements of the nation demanded a more widely extended naval system.

Rye was by no means the most important member of the "Brotherhood," as it was called, but it best preserves to-day the ancient character of these towns, and is far the most picturesque and admired of them all. Nature has in this respect lifted it above its sister towns such as Sandwich, a formidable rival in mere brick and stone, and of a more distinguished past, but lying on the flat. And, again, its *vis-à-vis*, Winchelsea, also of once greater distinction, but now shrunk to a straggling, beautiful village. For Rye, as before mentioned, clusters in pyramid form on an isolated rock rising abruptly out of Romney Marsh, that wonderful twenty-mile stretch of sheep-cropped verdure which rims the coast from the sandstone cliffs of Fairlight, above Hastings, to the chalk heights about Folkestone. From east or west, far along the coast and from many an inland hill-top, this strange-looking excrescence will meet the eye of the approaching stranger and, maybe, cause him to rub it till the first glimpse is toned down to the due meed of appreciation the distant scene will assuredly invoke. Once an island, and first occupied as a fishermen's settlement at some dim period, Rye had become of sufficient importance soon after the Conquest to be added

together with its neighbour of Winchelsea to the five towns already included in the Cinque Port Federation. On three fronts a cliff formed its natural defence. On the landward side, for the strait dividing it from the mainland was drained in early days, the defending wall still exists. At each end of this was a mediæval gateway. One was removed within easy memory by a vandal Corporation, before the outside world had discovered the charms of this then side-tracked and sleepy borough. The other, a fine specimen of the Edwardian period, still forms a chief entry to the town and puts a wholesome check on the maddest motorist. From its summit on festal days streams in the wind the ancient banner of the Cinque Ports Federation, which vaunting West Country orators may take note that all their pre-Elizabethan forefathers had to salute, whether flying on land or sea.

That modernity should lay its ugly hand on the fringes of the town was inevitable. But everything within its old bounds, its walls, gateways, and cliff edges, remains, considering all things, wonderfully unspoiled. Its striking appearance on approach would surely prepare the visitor for something uncommon, and I do not suppose that any one of them is disappointed. At any rate, in a quarter of a century I have never met such a phenomenon, nor in the notes of unrestrained rapture that float through our open windows from the thousand passing pilgrims who tread our cobbled streets could there be any doubt about the manner in which Rye strikes them, or its magic effect upon gentle and simple. For the charabanc has long found us out. The streets that climb upward from the still partially walled base of the town, crossing the lateral High Street to the upper plateau, whence the noble church tower looks out far over land and sea, are all more or less rich in quaint and curious buildings of every date and style from Tudor to Georgian. The two most attractive streets bear the significant names of Mermaid and Watchbell, the latter from the warning bell which hung there to arouse the citizens when danger from the French or otherwise threatened from the sea. These and many other streets are cobbled with round "boulders," and the

prudent resident has his shoes soled with rubber lest he sit down on them unawares too often. Before Rye was discovered the rare explorer reported that its streets were grass-grown. They are still often quite green, though now very largely occupied by residents who take a pride in them. This is not because the occupants, as Hastings used libellously to affirm, top-dressed them in the night to keep up the old-timey reputation of the town, but because grass always grows among cobbles save among heavy traffic, and the traffic of Rye naturally avoids as much as possible these more picturesque and boulder-strewn ways.

Above the mellow red-tiled roofs that mostly cover the quaint houses the noble church in its spacious leafy graveyard rises with great distinction. On the massive central tower is a clock dating from Elizabeth, with large brass quarterboys, whose activities are much appreciated by American and other visitors. The body of the church, one of the largest in Sussex, displays every style from Norman to late Perpendicular, for the simple and dramatic reason that it was twice gutted and partially burned by the French. So was the town, to say nothing of conflagrations due to ill-luck or the carelessness of its occupants. Possibly the pre-Tudor hovels thus wiped out are no æsthetic loss. It is enough that so much remains of the succeeding styles externally and yet more in unsuspected interiors. The church bells were carried across the Channel by raiders more than once to ring defiant chimes from some ill-furnished tower upon the Norman shore. When opportunity came for their recovery the Rye men seem to have given as good as they got. A small twelfth-century castle stands near the church upon the cliff edge. It has borne for all time the now significant name of the Ypres (colloquially Wypers) tower—derived from a leader of those Flemish mercenaries who swarmed in the reign of Henry I, till they were shipped off to help evict the Welsh from South Pembrokeshire, and with the help of West Country Englishmen to make that region English in blood and speech as it still remains.

It is impossible to convey in print the old-time atmo-

sphere and the quaint impression made by Rye when first seen. The eye of the old resident may conceivably get dulled by custom. On the other hand he hears almost daily evidence of its effect on all and sundry. I who have lived in it for a quarter of a century, and furthermore know every country town in England with any claim to distinction, for these very reasons know that it is unique. Though in the seventeenth century the later Rye was fairly familiar hearing, as a passenger port for the Continent, forty years ago few outside the district knew even its name. It was a stagnant, side-tracked little market and fishing town absorbed in its own limitations, cherishing its Cinque Port and smuggling traditions, full of undisturbed antiquities and practically untrodden by the foot of the stranger. It was in due course "discovered," mainly by golfers and artists, when its old houses began to fall into the hands of persons who appreciated, cherished, and often restored them. This growing element did much to preserve the character of the place. For though the local vandal is always with us, feeling has been aroused that the beauty of the town is its principal asset. It has now quite a large residential community. When I first came to live in it I had always when on my travels to explain to enquiring friends where and what Rye was.¹ This long time now any such announcement of residence in it would probably be greeted with an "Oh, how delightful," or some such tribute to the town's reputation. Americans discovered it long ago. It is even said that every other house in New England has a sketch of Rye hanging up within it. All this is, of course, very comforting!

Looking southward from the window at which I write, the sea glitters two miles away beyond the green intervening levels of Romney Marsh. Through the centre of the picture the River Rother winds its slow way to the shingle wastes that unnumbered tides have piled up on the shore. Half-way to the coast, squatting in the heart of the pasture land, are the grey towers and bastions of Camber Castle,

(1) Except, of course, to readers of Henry James, whose name has become for ever identified with the town.

one of the defensive forts that in an hour of invasion panic Henry VIII erected along the south coast. It then occupied the point of a long gravel ridge, which shut out from the sea the great harbour covering several thousand acres that are now pasture and farming lands. Looking westward again across the two-mile span of this vanished harbour, its further bounds are crossed by the woody ridge which carries the shrunken remains of what was once the important Cinque Port town of Winchelsea, more important, indeed, than Rye. Here from the Rock of Rye to that of Winchelsea, washing the foot of the bordering hills that were then low cliffs, spread the great sheet of waters where the fleets of the two towns and, when great things were stirring, the combined war fleet of the Federation, mustered. A solitary river winding through it from Winchelsea to meet the Rother at Rye is now all that is left of this four square miles or so of sea. The remains of Winchelsea, fringing the wide space in which is set its ancient church, are as picturesque in their different way as Rye, but a scattered village in contrast to a rather close packed town.

Its story, at any rate, is even more dramatic than that of Rye. For this is the remains of a town founded by Edward I. It is not the original Winchelsea. This lay two or more miles away, somewhere seaward off the present mouth of the Rother, and was destroyed and submerged by a tremendous tempest in the year 1287. It had occupied an island or peninsula, had contained four thousand souls, and been one of the chief seaports of England, and particularly of London. It had been already much damaged by tide and tempest in 1254, but, rallying from the blow, maintained itself till the later and more violent storm wiped it completely out. The contemporary records of this unparalleled tempest, which flooded miles of Romney Marsh, choked the old mouth of the Rother at Lydd with shingle, and turned the river into its present channel and outlet, are most lurid. "The tide," say the old chroniclers, "flowed twice without ebbing, the roaring of the waves was heard many miles

inland, while the sea glowed as if on fire in the darkness of the night." But Edward I, greatly valuing his Cinque Ports, could ill spare Winchelsea. So he caused it to be rebuilt on the secure ridge two miles away, where the still unfriendly sea, by inverse tactics, left it in due course high and dry. But the new town, under the King's auspices, arose like magic. Laid out in squares like a modern American city, it was quickly peopled by undaunted refugees from the submerged town and immigrants from elsewhere. It soon contained eight hundred houses, otherwise four thousand souls. Civic relics and insignia were transferred there, together with all the privileges of the old Winchelsea. Its three embattled gateways and a Court House still remain. The waters of the great natural harbour lapped its feet, and its ships rode there as easily as in their old quarters for a century or more at any rate. The old church still serves the parish, and perhaps five hundred souls inhabit the picturesque abodes that cover a part at least of the old Edwardian town, which a fickle sea brought violently into being only to destroy by a lingering death. Again and again the French attempted by violent means what the retiring sea in the end effected. Twice in the fourteenth century the new town was gutted and partially burned by them, with great slaughter and ravishing and abduction of women. The second of these catastrophes seriously weakened its powers of resistance against the time when its fortunes began to decline from natural causes. Many times in the Middle Ages the keels of large war fleets floated over the pastures and tillage lands that now stretch from the Rock of Rye to that of Winchelsea. The ships of Dover, Sandwich, Romney and Hythe, with those of the three Sussex ports, and subsidiary vessels from elsewhere, were more than once collected here for the invasion of France, notably in 1373. Think what the transport of over thirty thousand men, with impedimenta, including, as on this occasion, nine thousand horses, across an unfriendly Channel in, say, fifty-ton ships, must have meant!

But never was there a more dramatic scene than when, some years earlier, Edward III and the Black Prince

sailed out hence on an August day, and fought a Spanish fleet within easy sight of the shore. Froissart describes the whole affair in picturesque detail. The Spaniards were expected down Channel homeward bound from Flanders. The King and Prince awaited them with a Cinque Ports fleet at Winchelsea. The Queen and her ladies, down presumably to see the fun, lay at the old Udimore Court House three miles away, and only recently removed bodily (into Suffolk). In due course the big Spanish ships, forty in number and "laden with treasure," hove in sight. The King, says Froissart, setting out to meet them was in high spirits. Attired in a velvet jacket and small beaver hat he caused his minstrels to play dance tunes. The Spaniards steered straight for the English fleet instead of away down Channel as they might have done. The King gave directions himself to all his captains as to the order of battle, and when the moment came the line was formed to the sound of trumpets. Edward then ordered wine for all, and they put on their helmets. As a leading Spanish ship drew near the King cried to his sailing master, "Let me have a tilt at him," and at it they went. The impact was so great that it knocked many of the Spaniards and some of their ship's gear into the sea, and started the King's ship leaking badly, when it was grappled by another big Spaniard, and the archers and cross-bowmen got to work. The leaks threatening the King's ship with speedy disaster lent fury to its crew, who boarded the Spaniard and killed or wounded its whole company, throwing them indiscriminately, after the current fashion, into the sea. The Black Prince in another and still leakier ship was in yet greater danger, being grappled tight with a large enemy ship till the Duke of Lancaster came up shouting, "Derby to the rescue," and tackling the Spaniard on the other side, brought about its capture, and the casting of its crew also into the sea.

Of such sort were the fights which characterised the whole of this famous action so eloquently described by Froissart. Sixteen Spanish ships were sunk or

captured. The rest went limping down Channel on their homeward path. The English loss was slight. Crowds of spectators watched the battle from the heights on shore, and messengers reported its progress to the anxious Queen and her ladies at Udimore. Thither in the evening of the victory the King and his knights rode post haste, and spent the night "in revelry and talking of arms and amours." The new Winchelsea flourished as a fighting and trading port for about a hundred years, and then, owing to the recession of the sea, began its long and steady decline. Rye held out much longer as remaining a seaport, and only lost importance in sympathy with the Cinque Ports generally, when they were superseded by the necessity for bigger things. The little town flourished on, however, in its quiet way, and had no reason for succumbing to the inevitable like its stranded neighbour. Till the late eighteenth century the waters of a wide estuary lapped its feet; now only a troublesome winding river connects it with the sea. Through the eighteenth century it had as racy a municipal history as any corrupt borough, returning two members to Parliament through the paid-for votes of a single figure oligarchy. Its early Georgian town hall, besides being most interesting within, has a delightful origin. The Corporation borrowed the money to build it from the then sitting member, a Pelham. When the time for repayment came it was intimated that unless the debt was cancelled the member's re-election would be more than doubtful. The Pelham family, through its head, that hoary jobber the Duke of Newcastle, accepted the situation, and the wily burgesses got the hall for nothing.

EARLY SPRING—AND HARDY

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

ALWAYS these loitering, melancholy dusks
 Of early spring will now belong to you.
 They hold the essence of the spirit we loved
 As yours: the musing greyness of despair
 Shot with dim, brooding sweetnesses of hope;
 The portent in the promise, the far view
 Looking beyond bud, leafage, to the end.
 In this pre-blossoming stillness of the spring
 Life stares, as in a mirror, at his face;
 Here is a time you loved, a chosen theme,
 Your soul's own place;
 To these hushed, faintly lighted evenings
 (If anywhere this side the moon)
 The native in you, from death's foreign sojourn,
 Must return.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

LAST month it was barely possible to write of the King's recovery with a ray of hope; now, though it is impossible to put aside anxiety, still there is a conviction that the tide has turned. If after this terrible ebb health comes back one thing at least is certain. King George will be lifted on a tidal wave of popular affection such as no prince and no subject has called out in England within living memory, except, perhaps, the old Queen Victoria in her last years. A feeling has been generated, not only for the sovereign but for the monarchy, which is so little reasoned that it may seem irrational to many critics; but it is an immeasurable strength to the British State.

Even in the contingency which instinctively one avoids putting into words, this feeling would remain; and it could be of service in an attempt to solve the greatest problem that is immediately before British statesmanship. Unfortunately the tradition of British policy is to do nothing before you must, and the chances are enormously against seeing anything done about India in the present year. Party interests outweigh all other considerations, and with a general election in near view it seems hopeless to expect that any of the conflicting groups will forbear a possible party advantage. But within the decade that has not yet run out we have all seen a British administration—for that matter, a very strong coalition—do under necessity, and not without humiliation, that which could have been done by wisdom five years earlier—in Ireland. English memories are short; but none of us who tried to reach the earlier settlement—and who very likely hindered as much as we helped—can forget the shocking cost of failure to be wise in time.

India and Ireland are as unlike as any two problems can conceivably be, but Indian politicians of

all kinds have the Irish example constantly in their minds and on their lips: not long ago the spokesman of the deputation from the Indian Princes quoted the Ulster precedent. And assuredly the facts of the Irish settlement—and of the anarchy, moral and physical, which preceded it—were present to Mr. Gandhi when he made a notable proposal at the Indian National Congress. The President of the Congress had pleaded for Dominion status for India as a whole; younger and extremer men (mostly from Bengal) had argued against anything short of complete independence; Mr. Gandhi proposed that the Dominion status should be accepted on the condition that it should be granted within the current year. That is, I believe, the expression of a man of goodwill. The time limit is, of course, if taken literally, too short. But a decision on the main issue could easily be reached within the year—if lifted above party. The real question for statesmen to determine is, how far they mean to go. Once that issue is raised, can anyone suppose that if India is to be self-governing, any other limit is possible than that which has been standardised for the Dominions? Or again, can anyone suppose that it is possible for Great Britain to retrace the steps already taken to extend self-government in India?

The Simon Commission is still working, and its existence furnishes an excellent plea for postponement. Yet any man who has been familiar with such movements as that which manifestly shakes India to-day will know that the history of the Commission must cloud all fair consideration in India of its report. Conclusions that it has reached may be of service to the Government for guidance; but they will be useless to move Indian opinion in aid of a proposed plan. A clear decision from the Imperial Government, expressed in the name of the King-Emperor, could, I believe, impose a settlement on India which would keep India firmly within the British Commonwealth.

It must be imposed. The National Congress only accepted Mr. Gandhi's amendment on the condition that the whole of India should be the self-governing unit. This

ideal is definitely rejected by the Moslem Conference, which demands an Indian federal system with autonomy for the separate States. We all know how easy it is to work up feeling either for the preservation of a smaller separate entity or against the partition of a larger one. And where this internal difference exists, there will always be people to counsel *divide et impera*. Such people believe that the British Raj can go on indefinitely as it was last century. They ignore the fact that the essence of the British Commonwealth is willing association, and that India has been too much spoken to, during the War and since the War, in terms of partnership, for England to draw back now. Ireland remains an object lesson. We may again see Ministers throwing up their hats (as they did in 1921) because they have persuaded a rebellious dependency's representatives to accept terms which three or four years earlier those same Ministers would have denounced as outrageous and impossible. Or again, after some such bloody welter as we went through in Ireland before Ministers could make up their minds, we may see the British clearing out of India and leaving that vast territory to work out its own destinies.

As things stand, a formula or a policy for the reorganisation of India is needed; and it is hopeless to expect that India can find it for itself through the medium of congresses. We in Ireland were set to that task at the Convention in 1917, and it never looked like being accomplished—because the representatives did not feel that they really possessed the power to decide. Only an accredited Government can carry through so big a work; and, at least when the elements are diverse, the less democratic that Government the better.

Events in Southern Europe point the moral. In Yugo-Slavia King Alexander has been driven to suppress the democratically drawn up Constitution under which the preponderating Serbs took power to oppress the Croats and Slovenes, and were aided by the fact that Croats adopted the usual democratic tactics of absenting themselves when they could not get everything they wanted. These tactics are always popular, because they sound

heroic, and in practice relieve those who adopt them from innumerable occasions when courage must be shown. The Serbs, having got the power, used it; but when matters were brought to a crisis by the shooting in the Skuptshina, and the crisis seemed likely to last indefinitely, the King acted; but by general consent he did well to abolish democracy for a time. He has extraordinary advantages as a soldier with a romantic descent from the kings of Montenegro as well as of Serbia; he has been through the fiercest trouble along with his troops and his people, and he has been the chief apostle of a united Yugo Slavia. This was an attractive ideal on paper. His people could not bring it into practical realisation, and now he must try, having chosen helpers from all the constituent elements. If he uses his lease of power to impose a scheme that conforms to the facts—that is, some kind of federal scheme—he will be greeted by shrieks about disruption of the kingdom; but on these lines he may prevent ultimate and complete disruption. Then, if he is a wise man as well as courageous, he will introduce democracy again by measured doses. But for the present he is obliged to discard a system of government which, even where it is best established, excels rather in preventing things from happening than in getting them done.

The United States are once more affording us an example of this truth. So perfectly democratic is their machinery that hardly anything can get done—except, indeed, by methods which seem to us a little like those of King Alexander in Yugo Slavia. For instance, according to *The Times* on January 5th, “the forces of law and order” fell upon “Chicago Heights,” and their first act was to seize the City Hall and arrest all the local policemen. Then—and not till then—they proceeded to round up gunmen and bootleggers in great numbers. It was hardly constitutional to deprive these gentry of their natural democratic protectors—but still something got done by the unspecified “forces of law and order.” Such methods, however, cannot be used in the Senate, where a deadly contest has raged between those who want the Bill for building cruisers and those who desired America

to ratify her own Kellogg Pact. It seemed quite possible that by sheer ingenuity of obstruction both Bills might be held up, till it became increasingly plain that it did not greatly matter. For the Kellogg Pact has been explained away by its promoters in the country of its creation until it is seen to be no more than a "gesture." At all events, the American Senate was assured that it can be so regarded. Other nations may take a different view of what is implied by their signature, but its advocates have made quite plain that by ratifying it America will neither risk being forced to any course she does not like, nor prevented from any action she may desire to take. As to the cruisers, whether a Bill passes or no, America will certainly have a fleet sufficient to guarantee that in any future war, so long as America is neutral, her vessels shall have uncontrolled use of the seas—on penalty of attack by a fleet at least equal to the strongest. No American Government dare face the possible recurrence of such conditions as existed from 1914 to 1917, when Germany was sinking American ships and England was stopping and examining and on occasion bringing into port such of them as escaped the Germans. Of the two oppressions, the English was the more fiercely resented because it was universal and affected every ship that put to sea. It is true that only inconvenience was inflicted—and the loss of not being able to supply rival bidders. But it was to be expected that when America had money to build a fleet which would deliver her from any need for such submission in the future, she would build it. The real obstacle in the way of the Cruiser Bill is probably that America at large thinks that the Navy wants too big a margin for this guarantee, and could already ensure the "freedom of the seas."

A position of extraordinary interest is arising in China. The Nanking Government has concluded treaties with all the European Powers, regulating a new and increased scale of import duties. Only Japan stands out. If the Japanese are to be allowed to import at the old tariff, which was lower, all the signatories of the new treaties will be

entitled to do the same, for each has stipulated for the treatment of the most-favoured nation. In other words, China *vis-à-vis* with the outside world finds herself in the last resort confronting the only Orientals who have thoroughly adopted European methods. Japan can upset China's whole fiscal policy—and if Japan and China were alone in the world, could impose her own will. But there are other Powers that watch Japan closely, and neither of the opponents in this negotiation has entire freedom of action. They will dislike each other, perhaps, more than do Chinese and Europeans; but they will understand each other better. And since China has officially decided to Westernise itself, its relations with the civilisation which it designs to copy are more likely to be usefully considered if Japan becomes in a sense the spokesman and the interpreter of Western ideals. Meantime, England has re-established something more like friendly relations since the treaty was signed; war vessels have exchanged the courtesy of salutes, and though Mr. Edwards, head of the Customs service, retires, he is succeeded by another Englishman, Mr. Maze, trained under Sir Robert Hart, who virtually created the whole administration of that huge service.

It is a vexing world at present, but not a dull one. Amazing experiments are being tried; even Islam changes. Mr. Kipling might make a wonderful story about the recent happenings in Afghanistan—and, at a guess, one would expect his sympathies to lie with the picturesque conservatism that is furious to see its women bid to unveil and its men bowler-hatted instead of turbaned. King Amanullah has failed in his adventure; it is not yet clear who wins, nor if his successor will succeed. But as a sort of by-product in this process we have all, we laymen, become aware of what can be done with aircraft. In three journeys troop-carrying machines have lifted a hundred European women and children out of the danger zone. That is a new aspect of what the airman can do. Mr. Laurence Housman in a recently published volume of poems (*The Love Concealed*) has an exquisite elegy on

Henri Pol, who for long years gave alms to every bird that flew or hopped in the Tuileries. The bird-lover died in June, 1918, when the air was full of new and sinister wings; and Mr. Housman did not think that Henri Pol could have approved man's use of the birds' element. Yet even he—or Mr. Housman—might have noted the opening of another side to the account when (as *The Times* put it) Perseus soared over the Khyber and swooped down to deliver.

Italy is another place of political experimenting, and the new order there has definitely included the Fascist organisation as a recognised part of the State—very much as if the Ulster Government were to assign functions to the Orange order. Or, to suggest a much more probable consequence, as if a Labour Government should allot to the trade unions a part in the machinery of government. Labour men do not like Il Duce; but they will not be slow to quote the example of his policy if it is urged against a Labour Government that it takes semi-official counsel with an organisation that is sectional, not national.

Some remarks of general interest about the future of the Labour Party were made when Lord Olivier addressed the University Labour Federation at Manchester University. To begin with, Lord Olivier reminded his audience that it was the duty of the British Government, whatever party might be in power, to protect the native peoples, and that but for Government's control "the natives would have been eaten up by the independent action of capitalist Europeans and private adventurers." A discussion followed in which Mr. Arthur Greenwood, speaking as one of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's followers, said that the Labour Party must "trust their leaders," and not ask for guarantees of this, that and the other. "If people feel they cannot trust their leaders," he added, "they ought to leave the movement." Some things that have been happening, for instance lately, when Mr. Henderson spoke in Scotland, suggest that the "movement" ought to take the initiative, and not wait for dissidents to leave it.

Those who can remember back to the early days of the Salvation Army are a little astonished to find the whole newspaper Press convulsed with speculation as to the question of its control. When allowance is made for the fact that discussion of the matter proceeded behind closed doors, and that closed doors are a challenge to curiosity, none the less it is significant that this association should stir so wide an interest. Apparently the dynastic hereditary principle has been followed till now, and now must be departed from. General Booth the Second has been deposed. Whoever succeeds to the leadership will probably feel bound to maintain one notable tradition. I cannot remember to have heard it hinted in any quarter of these islands that the Salvation Army interfered in politics, for good or ill.

The year 1928 carried off in its course two of the recognised immortals of the arts—Thomas Hardy and Ellen Terry—and with them Sir George Trevelyan, author of two of the best English books outside of what is called absurdly "pure literature." It made also a formidable sweep among the outstanding figures of the Great War—Lord Haig, Lord Oxford and the German Admiral Scheer. But already 1929 in its first ten days runs up a score against it. Marshal Cadorna and the Grand Duke Nicholas died within one week—two "famous and unlucky names." Truth to say, few of us in this country formed any clear idea of the Italian general; but the Grand Duke was a personality that always connected itself with Tolstoy's most likeable portraits of the Russian officer. Few armies can ever have been better furnished with personnel, both in the officer grades and in the ranks, than was the Czar's in 1914, and none was ever worse served with all the machinery of supply. Valour was hamstrung by peculation; though peculation is too mild a word for the corruption of which Rasputin was the chief—and he, it seems, chiefly overthrew the Grand Duke.

It would be unnatural not to record the rejoicings over the issue of the deciding Test Match. After two events, in

SHAKESPEARE

By D. S. LEONARD

I LIKE to think of Shakespeare as a boy
Roaming the Stratford woods and hazel groves,
Welcoming April with a burst of joy—
April, the earliest of his youthful loves!—
Delighting in the cuckoo-flowered meadows—
All white with lady-smocks—and mimicking
The cuckoo's cry—or vainly chasing shadows
But capturing the spirit of the spring.

I like to think of Shakespeare as a man :
The actor playing supremely every part ;
The circumnavigator who could span
That turbulent, chartless sea, the human heart ;
The poet-dramatist with art sublime
Building against the ravages of Time.

THE BELOVED OF THE OTHER

By PAUL ERNST

(Translated by Beatrice Marshall)

NOTE.—Paul Ernst, who is a candidate for this year's Nobel prize, in this, and other stories, is following the method of the Italian writers of novelettes, who, as he says in a prefatory note, have created in the Italian *Conte* a form "remarkable for having flourished for centuries without diminishing in popularity." His particular model is to be found in the *Cento Novelle Amoroze dei Signori accademici incogniti*, published in the 17th century, and he has reproduced the light artificiality of the Italian original.

A WEDDING was being celebrated in a well-known Venetian house. The bride was the only daughter of her parents, who were eager to render the joyful event memorable for the young couple, and their guests, by a series of festivities which would not soon be forgotten by those who had taken part in them, and by the inhabitants of Venice.

At sunrise a procession of boats set out on the Brenta for Padua. In the boats the wedding party was distributed in pairs. Each lady had her cavalier. On the bank, daintily decorated ponies towed the boats along, red and yellow ribbons were plaited into their manes, and little silver bells round their necks made tinkling music as they tossed their heads beplumed with peacocks' feathers and performed their task with ease and gaiety. Every boat had a sail striped with red and gold. The sails caught the breeze from the sea and made the work of the ponies all the easier. Rich carpets were spread on the floor and seats of the boats, with gold fringes dangling into the water. All the company were dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses, but in silk, velvet, and lace, each with the colours of his family. The long crooks of the shepherds were tipped with silver and shone in the rays of the rising sun. Hair was curled and powdered, and made a becoming setting for happy, healthy young faces. In the back part of every boat was a band of musicians, those in the first boats led the *Gigues* and *Rondeaux*, while those behind blew wind instruments and joined in, so that all could hear what was being played above the merry tumult of chatter, giggling laughter, and silvery splash of the rippling water.

Near Padua were extensive meadows which belonged to the family of the bride. Here the boats were moored at a suitable place and boards thrown out, and the gentlemen led the laughing, sometimes shrieking ladies gracefully on to firm land. After the party had gone a little distance many of the ladies sat down to rest gracefully and the gentlemen stretched themselves at their feet. The gentlemen

which Australia had the worst of the luck and seemed out-classed, came the third, in which, after a fine struggle, the elements seemed to favour the home side, and England went in to get 332 runs on a worn wicket, which the night had deluged with rain. Yet the first pair put on over 100 runs, and Hobbs, going out before he had scored 50, was yet allowed to have accomplished one of the great feats of his long career. Nor did all the glory go to the veterans. Even when the first four batsmen had piled up most of the necessary runs before they were disposed of, others found difficulties, and till the last half-hour the issue was in doubt. England won by three wickets; but not before it was made clear that Australia could well keep up its end against perhaps the best all-round team that ever went on that errand.

The exhibition of Dutch art at Burlington House has been no less of an event than that of the Flemings in 1927. It is an event of a different kind, for its essence lies in the full representation of a few masters, all of whom were known tolerably well to the most casual visitor of galleries; but for my own part I feel that I never really knew Rembrandt before, and that for the first time I have had the chance to know Frans Hals; and that ten Vermeers make a new revelation. Setting down impressions in the roughest way, it seems that one should try to see Hals without comparing him with the greater master who makes his work look thin and his blacks crude and bluish. Yet there is one thing in which Hals can challenge Rembrandt: in the second gallery are two small heads of boys laughing, and Rembrandt has not the match for their enchanting glee. The "presumed portrait" of Rembrandt's son Titus is very charming, but it has not such vitality. Nor, indeed, does one ever find in Rembrandt life spurting out of the eyes of people as in the "Portraits of a Man and His Wife" by Frans Hals (lent by Amsterdam). The lady's hand is on the shoulder of her man, and her face glows with proprietary achievement.

Also, thin or not, Frans Hals makes the bodies of people as well as their faces express them; he catches the

characteristic silhouette. Rembrandt, as a rule, uses the body only to give weight and mass to his composition, though in "The Lady with the Fan" (lent by the Duke of Westminster) the quiet figure seems to be withdrawing itself a little, and the central interest is focussed on the beauty of the hands.

Or again, as in the King's "Adoration of the Magi," we have figures which express the utmost of an emotion by their whole gesture: here it is not the face but the group of bodies that swims up out of dimness. Yet, when all is said, the essential Rembrandt is the painter of the massive old Jew who sits formidable as some huge spider in its web, or of the so-called "Portrait of a Warrior," which shows really a deeply learned army leader far on in age, yet keeping the poise and the swiftness of a younger man; somehow the plume balanced from his headpiece carries out the suggestion of springy fibre. Or, perhaps, above all else, Rembrandt is the painter of beautiful young men: one with a hawk on his wrist (again lent by the Duke of Westminster) has a bloom on his face that is not effeminate; another on the same wall (lent by Lord Faringdon) is sensitive in every feature; a golden air seems to move about his head, that is set off against a black having tones of a golden brown through it.

Then there is Vermeer, who can make the plain wall behind a cook at her work more exquisite than any Ming pottery, and whose picture of Delft from the Rotterdam Canal makes every other landscape in the gallery look cold and joyless. What kind of glow suffuses this masterpiece without altering perceptibly any neutral tint, it is hard to determine. Then there is the "Portrait of a Young Girl" from The Hague, whose soft mouth is parted in actual speech. Why did Vermeer alone of these Dutch masters use blue and use it so exquisitely?

Over and above the work of these great men and their contemporaries, there is display of primitives, and also of moderns—Mauve, the three Maris brothers, Bosboom and Israels, and a score of works by Van Gogh, to be seen at a second visit or a third.—All the world has been very generous to this Exhibition, but Holland in particular.

talked, languished, and uttered pretty compliments; one or other of them would now and then produce a flute and blow a charming tune. Meanwhile, a long table was decked under the shady trees at the side of the farmhouse. Country dishes were prepared and served. . . . Every description of cheese was there; butter, pale gold, patted into all manner of shapes. Honey lay in the comb on brightly painted china plates. White spongy bread was piled on wooden dishes with artistically carved borders of wreaths and flowers. Milk, in bowls of white and brown wood with glittering metal handles, stood with a jug by it to pour it out. At last, when all the guests were gathered together—everyone sat down to eat.

The sun by this time was high and hot. The company finished their rustic meal and the father of the bride rose and advised all the guests to wait in the hall and apartments of the roomy country-house till the hottest hours were passed, and then to enjoy the cool of the evening. This everybody was inclined to do, and the whole party wandered into the house.

As one may imagine, most of the gentlemen desired to remain in the society of their ladies, but there were some ladies who declared they were tired and needed sleep—perhaps their fatigue arose from not having the young gentleman they wanted. On the other hand, some gentlemen got separated from their partners, who were thus obliged to retire alone. Anyhow, it happened that about ten young men found themselves together in a room, not knowing exactly how they were to pass the two or three hours of intense heat. After several vain attempts to sleep, to relate good stories, to play pranks, to whistle or sing songs, they alighted on the idea of starting a Bank and beginning to gamble.

So they gambled, and as is always the way, everyone wanted to win. First one, then another, found a means of secretly accelerating his luck. When this was noticed there was an outcry and he who had been caught cheating had to give back his winnings. But as one was not always caught, so one continued to cheat a little, and it often happened that the very person who had cried "Cheat" the loudest was one of the first to get caught next time.

Among the gamblers was a man named Odoardo, who was remarkable for his cold-blooded self-possession. This calm and collected youth enjoyed an advantage which the others had not observed. On the wall opposite him hung a mirror—awry—which reflected the cards every time the Bank was made. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Odoardo in the course of the game always won, and that the others, who only sometimes won and oftener lost, by degrees lost all their money to Odoardo. It was a big sum altogether, something like ten thousand realen.

Odoardo had never intended to win such a large sum and, like the others, had quite involuntarily allowed a joke to develop into a serious affair. Now there lay in front of him on the table, suddenly as it seemed, a huge pile of gold, while the rest of the gamblers had nothing at all to speak of. A painful embarrassment overwhelmed all at

once the merry party. Not one of the youths had the tact and presence of mind to turn off the awkward situation with a jest. Moreover, many of them were poor devils for whom the loss signified a great deal. They grew embittered, and one of them made a scathing remark about Odoardo; it was stupid, but not too stupid to let pass with a laugh. It had the usual effect in such distinguished circles, an effect which can easily prove fatal. What the young man said was: "Luck at cards doesn't always mean luck in arms." Unconsciously Odoardo may have welcomed the opportunity of escaping from his unpleasant position. He retorted angrily, drew his sword, and before the others could interfere Odoardo's opponent lay swimming in his own blood.

The severely wounded youth was laid on a bed. The rest crowded round Odoardo and besought him to fly into safety. His money was stuffed into his pockets; one of the young people ran to the river bank and unmoored a gondola, shook hands with him, and promised to do his utmost to hush up the affair.

Odoardo got into the gondola and rowed rapidly up-stream back to Venice. It was night when he reached his father's house, fastened up his gondola, drew out his key, and in the darkness climbed the familiar staircase to his room. Here he lit a silver lantern and went to put his money away in a chest, from which he drew out linen and articles of clothing, for he intended to go straight to a monastery, the abbot of which was his uncle, there to await in safety the consequences, whatever they might be, of the duel. He belonged to an aristocratic family; his opponent, on the contrary, was of humble birth, and his family would not have much influence in bringing Odoardo to justice. Thus he felt he had nothing to fear, and was in excellent spirits. The delightful excursion of the early morning, the Arcadian festivities, the excitement of winning at cards and in combat, the flight up the river in the evening, all had combined to give him that confidence which a healthy, strong, and lively young man naturally feels in his powers.

As he moved now noiselessly backwards and forwards in his room he heard suddenly a gentle breathing proceeding from his bed. The bed was hung with costly silken curtains. He drew one aside and beheld a beautiful girl lying, very slightly clothed because of the intense heat, sound asleep in his bed. One arm supported her lovely little head. Long eyelashes shaded her cheeks, her breast rose and fell with her breathing, and her right hand lay on her heart. He started back and nearly let his light fall on the ground. Then he held the curtain a little higher and, standing on tiptoe, he stared and stared, as if enchanted by the lovely picture of the sleeping girl.

How long he stood there who can say? Perhaps only a very short time, for at such moments when all our senses are on the alert we live through so much that we lose all count of time. The bedroom of his parents was next to his, only a door separated him from them. He heard his father speaking and walking heavily up and down. Suddenly he began to feel ashamed of standing there in

contemplation of a nearly naked sleeping girl. He put out the light and went softly out of the room, down the stairs to his gondola, and rowed rapidly to the monastery.

He got from his uncle the lecture which he expected and to which he listened absently. Then he was given good things to eat and wine to drink, for Brothers Cook and Butler looked after the nephew of their Lord Abbot with attentive tenderness. Finally he stretched out his limbs in a comfortable, soft bed. The image of the young girl in his room at home floated before his eyes till he fell asleep.

The next morning he awoke to memories of the nocturnal beauty. He besieged his uncle with all sorts of questions which the abbot was at a loss how to answer, for the young man was shy of relating how he had found a beautiful girl reposing gracefully in his bed; so he could get no light thrown on the adventure. Meanwhile his father had been informed of his son's duel, and came to the monastery to enquire particulars of the quarrel.

News had come from Padua that his opponent's wounds were not dangerous, so the old gentleman went to the magistrates and to the relations of the wounded youth to try to put things right. The youth had applied for a position in the State, and Odoardo's father's influence could help him to procure it, and, after all, he had provoked the dispute which ended in bloodshed.

Towards evening news came that Odoardo might venture to show himself in the streets. So he took leave of his uncle, and Brother Cook pressed into his hand a packet well done up. It was a rich pastry which had been prepared for his supper in the evening. He put it impatiently into his pouch and hurried out through the monastery gates.

A gondolier was there eager to be engaged, and he rowed him at express speed to his home. He sprang up the stairs and rushed into his mother's room. In the window-seat, sitting opposite his mother, busy with her embroidery which she dropped in her lap to look at him, was the heroine of his bedroom. His mother thought his joy at seeing the young lady was meant for her, and flew into his arms. The girl looked on, blushing, for she naturally felt that she had something to do with the youth's excitement.

It seemed that the beautiful stranger belonged to a noble family, and was called Julie. Owing to the carelessness of a servant a fire had broken out in her parents' house, and the young girl had come for a few days' stay with Odoardo's mother till the damage done by the fire in her home had been repaired.

Odoardo seized the favourable opportunity of making himself agreeable. He sat with the ladies, held the skein of wool which the fair one was winding, stretched a canvas for her on the embroidery frame, and moved chairs and footstools to the position they were required to be in. He told amusing stories and talked of his plans for the future. His mother knew that all this was done for Julie's sake, for her alone he would not have exerted himself so chivalrously; still, she enjoyed his attentions and felt proud of her handsome, attrac-

tive son. She laughed when the young people laughed, and felt so youthful in entering into their fun that she could almost fancy herself a friend rather than the young man's mother.

Julie was gay and friendly, though far from wishing to give encouragement to the admirer even in being responsible for the development of the situation. Her behaviour was simply that of a young girl whose heart is not in question when a young man pays her certain attentions which she feels she hasn't the right nor is it her duty to reject. The alterations in Julie's home were completed quicker than was expected; perhaps Odoardo's advances were the cause of their rapid completion. Anyhow, Julie left the house of Odoardo's parents and went back to her own. Odoardo thought that he now had the right to show Julie further attentions.

It was exquisite spring weather; the nights were lit by a full and silver moon which shone on quiet canals and silent palaces. Near Julie's house was a small garden laid out on the top of a high wall, from which a Spanish lilac trained to grow as a tree was in full blossom and sent down an entrancing perfume. Odoardo sat in the gondola, his oars shipped, and sang to his guitar a love song which he had composed himself for Julie. All the windows in her house were unresponsive. But he did not expect her to open one; it was enough to think that Julie was lying awake in her bed listening to him. He pictured her as he had first seen her, and a thrill of happiness and longing ran through him as he thought that his tender notes penetrated to her heart.

But things were quite different with Julie from what he imagined. Julie loved and was beloved by another, and was perfectly content and at peace in her love, so that all his wooing was thrown away. No emotion awakened in her, only embarrassment that she didn't see the way out of. It is true that she lay in her bed and listened to Odoardo's song, but it didn't touch her heart in the least, and she asked herself if she had not been to blame in her conduct while in the house of Odoardo's parents; ought she not to have from the beginning destroyed all hope? She reproached herself that she hadn't, for a noble woman's heart takes no pleasure in the torments of an unhappy lover.

Again she reflected how modest his homage had been, that there had been nothing that could be really called love-making, and that it might have looked like vanity or coquetry if she had interpreted his conduct as courtship. Thus she was torn this way and that between anxieties and self-reproach, and scolded herself while Odoardo rowed blissfully homewards through the moonlit canals.

Not far from Julie's house was another house in which lived a girl of aristocratic birth, too, a little younger than Julie. Her name was Ermine, and she had only just bloomed into womanhood. She, too, had heard Odoardo's song, and had pulled aside the curtains and seen the singer with his guitar sitting in his gondola and looking up at the windows.

When one is Ermine's age the whole world seems to exist for love

and nothing but love. Such a young girl is like a rosebud, just unfolding, that can think, if it thinks at all, of nothing but the song of the nightingale in the branches overhead, which song is, of course, meant for the rosebud's ears alone, and the night and the whole world belong to the rosebud and the nightingale. Ermine could only think that Odoardo must have seen her, perhaps the last time that she had been at Mass in the Cathedral, that he had fallen in love with her, and had composed the serenade on purpose to sing it to her. When a maiden cherishes these thoughts without any particular sentiment in her heart of love, passion flames up within her whether she will or no. What could she see of Odoardo from behind a curtain in the moonlight? Perhaps she felt more than she saw, perhaps what passed within her was quite independent of the outer world. Enough that tenderest feelings towards the singer flooded the innocent child's soul, her great blue eyes filled with tears, she looked up at the star-studded sky which was visible in small strips above her and folded her hands in a prayer of thankfulness.

Odoardo came again the next night and the next, and came nearer than he had come the first time to Julie's house in his gondola, and he sang, and the two girls listened to the song with their different feelings.

On the youthful Ermine, however, the effect of newly awakened passion worked too strongly; it was more than her maidenly strength could bear, as she was still hardly developed out of childhood. She was overwhelmed with the suddenness of the new sensations which possessed her. Slender and delicate, with a complexion of lilies and roses and thick, fair hair, she became pale and sickly and complained of headaches.

Her parents, who loved their child passionately, were alarmed, and at once took measures to preserve her health. Besides their palace in Venice they had a small house at Murano, at the back of which was a charming flower garden. Here they resolved to take Ermine and to leave her in the care of an aunt, the sister of her mother. This aunt had looked after her when she was quite little. For Ermine was one of a large family of children, and the mother had her hands full, especially as the other children were boys who, as is well known, with their bloody noses, torn garments, objections to washing and other misdemeanours give much more trouble than the quieter and more tractable girls.

Meanwhile Julie had made up her mind to tell her admirer that all his hopes were vain, and to break it to him as gently as possible.

One evening when Odoardo came, as usual, in his gondola she stood wrapped in a shawl at the door of the palace and motioned the astonished lover to come to her. In joyous excitement he anchored his gondola with trembling hands to a stake and sprang out. He would have thrown himself at her feet, but in beseeching tones that petrified him she told him to follow her into a small apartment lighted by an oil lamp where an old woman sat knitting.

She said, "Leave us, grannie, I want to speak a few words to

this gentleman in your little room." The old dame rose obediently, took up her knitting and went.

Now Julie, taking Odoardo's hands in hers, began: "I reproach myself bitterly, Odoardo, that I have not told you before what to-day I must tell you. I like and respect you, and maybe if I had known you sooner things would be different, for every girl is proud to be loved and can value a lover. But you must forgive me when I say that it is impossible for me to accept the gift of your heart, for I have already become secretly betrothed."

Odoardo reeled, and she put out her hand to steady him. White to the lips, he said, smiling, "Don't be afraid. I am not going to faint. It was only a sudden feeling of giddiness." Then he passed his hand over his short, dark hair, and went on: "It is my place to ask your pardon, for as the affair stands my attentions must have been a nuisance rather than a pleasure to you, and especially I feel how difficult you must have found it to speak and tell me the truth. But I am sure that in your goodness and generosity you will allow that I have made love to you in the same innocence as that in which you have hitherto been silent. You have no reason to reproach yourself. You could not have done otherwise. I will only ask one favour of you now. You will understand at once that it is nothing unworthy of your noble nature to grant. All I want is to know the name of your lover so that I may become his friend and hear about you from him."

Julie shook her head. "I will tell you his name rather than you should think me mistrustful if I didn't. But I entreat you not to seek the friendship of my lover. That would be too much for you to bear."

Then she told him that the name of her lover was Ippolito, and continued: "I know how sincere and deep is your love and I assure you that I feel for you all I may feel. That is, of course, little enough. At least so it will seem to you now. But you will get over your love, and afterwards you may be glad that you will always have a sister in me."

Odoardo stooped, and, taking her hand, he imprinted on it a long kiss in which he expressed his reverence and gratitude.

Julie's dress was fastened on the shoulder with a pin in the head of which was set a very beautiful antique intaglio, a dancing satyr, blowing a flute. Odoardo wore a ring on his finger also set with a cameo. He drew off the ring and handed it to Julie. "Now that you have sworn to be sisterly to me," he said, "I beg you to let us exchange gifts. Take this ring; my great-grandfather gave it to me the first time I left my parental home. Give me instead your pin to wear in my vest somewhere near my heart, as you will wear my ring."

Julie hesitated a moment, then she said: "The pin is one of Ippolito's presents. But I will give it to you."

She unfastened the pin and gave it to him. The ring she slipped on her finger. Odoardo kissed the pin, and placed it outside his

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jerkin. Then he bowed and took his leave. He left the house, unchained his barque and rowed home.

At that time several distinguished families had country-seats at Murano. Odoardo's parents owned there a small palace with garden quite close to Ermine's house. The day after the events just recorded Odoardo told his mother that he would like to spend a few weeks in Murano to study there undisturbed. The house was ready, the steward and his wife kept it in order and tended the garden. So Odoardo was able without any difficulties to migrate there with his books and a few clothes.

Nobody knew anything about the love affair between Julie and Ippolito, because it was the intention of Ippolito's parents to marry their son to Ermine, who was his cousin. He had half confessed to his mother that he was in love with someone else, and she had half guessed it, too, and would have fallen in with her son's choice if it had been possible, but his father held to his plan on account of money. Ippolito had five brothers, and his future inheritance would not be sufficient for him to bring up a family. Ermine, it is true, belonged, too, to a numerous family, but her unmarried aunt was very wealthy and had made Ermine her heir. Ippolito knew that Julie was not so well off as his father would desire for him, and for that reason he had not mentioned Julie's name to his parents. His prospects would have been hopeless if he had not had an ambitious plan on hand which was to obtain an advantageous post as Governor in one of the distant countries which at that time belonged to Venice.

It happened that on the very day that Odoardo moved to Murano Ippolito had heard of the death of the Governor of Candia, and had been calling on influential personages in order to get their assistance in obtaining the post, and he was not without favourable expectations.

But the chief person was Odoardo's father, and this raised an important obstacle, because he had been told that the latter wanted to procure the Governorship for his own son.

Ippolito, to please his parents, intended to call on his cousin at Murano and enquire after her health. As he came to the house he met Odoardo, who had just been arranging his rooms and giving directions to a carpenter to run him up some bookshelves. Odoardo knew Ippolito, and was pleased to see him. He knew that he was his successful rival in love, but he did not know that he was a rival candidate for the vacant Governorship. Ippolito on his side knew nothing of Odoardo's love for Julie, but he was aware of his father's intention of procuring him the post of Governor of Candia.

Thus Odoardo was in a friendly humour. Julie's frankness and his own noble soul made him generously disposed to the whole world.

Ippolito, on the other hand, was embittered and pessimistic, not because he had a worse disposition than Odoardo, but his plans depended on a small external matter, and if they went awry his soul, instead of being exalted by misfortune, would sink into still bitterer despondency.

As Odoardo came up to him with a genial smile and held out his hand, he thought to himself: "The affair is concluded; Odoardo has got the post"; and he interpreted his good humour, if not as triumph, as a kind of self-satisfaction at having worsted his competitors. In this depressed state of mind he saw the cameo which he had given Julie as a token of his love worn by Odoardo in the neighbourhood of his heart.

Beside himself with wrath, he cried: "Where did you get that cameo?"

Odoardo understood his emotion, but with the calm assurance of a blameless conscience, and wishing to make friends with Ippolito, he replied in a friendly way: "From Julie!" and was going to take his arm and tell him the whole story when the infuriated Ippolito, who now thought he had lost both his love and the post, drew his sword and cried: "Defend yourself, you miserable scoundrel!"

And Odoardo was obliged to draw his sword, too, in self-defence; as he parried the attack he tried in vain to reason with Ippolito, his enemy's onslaught became more and more fierce. And as Ippolito's one idea was to kill Odoardo—whose one thought was to justify himself—it naturally happened that finally a thrust from Ippolito wounded Odoardo so severely that he fell to the ground.

As he lay there, his face deathly white, his eyes shut and blood trickling from his wound on to the dusty road, Ippolito awoke to a consciousness of what he had done. They were just in front of Ermine's garden gate. Quick as thought Ippolito opened the gate, carried Odoardo into the garden, laid him on the path and called out to Ermine that she must come and bandage the wounded man before he bled to death, and then he ran to fetch a doctor.

Ermine had been walking up and down the box-bordered path, between the flower-beds. She had paused before a tall lily and gazed into its white chalice which was powdered with gold dust from the antenna; she had contemplated the swelling buds of a tea-rose and could see the red of the petals through the green cup; and all the time she was thinking of Odoardo's evening song to which she could no longer listen, and even wondered if she might dare to tell the beloved her new address, for, beyond looking down at him from behind the window curtains, she had no other relations with him.

And then Ippolito wrenched open the garden-gate and dragged in the unconscious, wounded man. Ermine uttered a faint scream and laid her hand on her heart, but when she saw this was a case in which her help was needed, she hastened to the spot where Odoardo lay.

She saw a clenched hand, white as wax, trickling blood, a black jerkin stained with blood and dust. Over the face of the wounded man was pulled a hat with a sweeping plume. She knelt down beside the prostrate figure, removed the hat and saw the pale, transparent features, the closed eyes and long eyelashes—Odoardo's face. For a moment she felt as if the world was sinking around her, as if nothing was there but herself. She bit her lips till they bled, to prevent being overcome by a swoon. Then she slashed the wounded man's jerkin

open with the scissors which hung from her girdle with her reticule and bunch of keys, cut away the shirt underneath, and there was the white naked breast with blood welling from a gash round which the flesh was swollen and blue. She took her handkerchief, folded it and pressed it gently on the wound. Then she laid the pieces of the rent shirt together, and as the blood soon saturated the handkerchief she laid the linen pieces on top and pressed them firmly; but these, too, were soon dyed with blood.

Then Ippolito arrived with the surgeon. Ermine might have gone, but she preferred to stay. She laid the head of the wounded man in her lap while the surgeon removed the blood-saturated linen and examined the wound with a steel instrument.

Odoardo with a sigh opened his eyes, and Ippolito, weeping, knelt beside him. "You may have Julie, you may have the post," he exclaimed. "Only don't die—I will let you have everything if only you will live, else I shall be a cowardly murderer."

"Julie," murmured the wounded man, smiling blissfully, and again he closed his eyes.

Ermine's heart stood still. "Hold me or I shall faint and let his head fall," she cried to Ippolito.

He sprang up from his knees and held her while the surgeon continued attending to the wound. He brought a pail of water from the road, cleansed the wound and arranged the bandages properly. "It is nothing serious," he said; "the shock was the worst."

"He will live?" asked Ermine, casting up her eyes. "Thank God!"

Now the aunt appeared on the scene. She helped, questioned, scolded. Ippolito in his crushed state of mind told everything.

He loved Julie and believed himself beloved, he said. "I thought that Julie loved me, but now I will give her up."

Odoardo, with eyes still closed, shook his head. Ermine clasped her hands convulsively on her breast. The steward and his wife were sent for and brought a stretcher on which the wounded youth was laid. They carried him carefully into the house and put him to bed. Ermine refused to leave the bedside and Ippolito stayed in the room.

In a few hours Odoardo himself was able to speak. He told all that had passed between him and Julie. Ippolito replied by telling of his plans. Odoardo promised to retire in his favour. His friend should lead home his bride. Ippolito shed tears of gratitude and kissed the cold, drooping hand of the man whom he had wanted to kill.

Long weeks on a sick bed followed for Odoardo. His parents came, and Ermine had declared to them her unalterable determination to nurse the patient. Her parents and aunt tried their utmost to reason with the enthusiastic young creature, for at that time it was unheard of for a girl to act as sick nurse to a young gallant.

What passed now in Odoardo's thoughts? What of his love for Julie? Who can say exactly what passion is? Was he in love with Julie when he took the jewelled pin from her hand and stepped into his gondola? Was the feeling which he had entertained for her pre-

viously love, or something else? Curiosity, perhaps, to know what lay behind the closed eyes of the girl he had found asleep in his bed? Had all inner excitement been laid to rest within him when Julie told him Ippolito was her lover and promised to be a sister to him? Not by her words themselves, but by the sisterly way in which she had spoken them? And is it possible to love one's sister as one's beloved? Did Odoardo not know that the bow had only snapped on his meeting with Ippolito, and that perhaps what he had said later on his sick-bed was inspired by the belief that he still loved Julie?

But now there lay Odoardo in a room in the little palace at Murano, and Ermine sat at the head of his bed. She had a piece of lacework in her hand and counted her stitches, only moving her lips. The shutters of the windows were closed and through the chinks sunbeams found their way into the room, and fresh air. He lay still with closed eyes and a strange new melody hummed in his blood, awakening in his veins and in his ears. Behind his shut eyes he saw a warm, deep red rose colour; he knew that Ermine sat beside him, and a glow of intense happiness thrilled his senses.

Then he sighed in his deep contentment. Ermine let her work fall in her lap and glanced at him, smiling happily, unconscious of everything else in the world beside. Both had the same feeling. They were like parents who watch their child at play, the offspring of their love in whom they are united. They don't know what it is they feel, because we only know what is unnatural, never what is natural.

So he whispered, "Ermine." She bent down to him and laid her head on the pillow beside his and her tears began to flow. And then they both shed tears—tears of happiness.

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GENERAL ELECTION PROSPECTS

By LT.-COM. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.

SINCE the Reform Bill Election it can never have been so difficult to prophesy the results of an appeal to the country. For never have the electoral changes been so great. True, an immense addition was made to the register before the 1918 election, but during the years preceding this addition, including the enfranchisement of women over the age of thirty, and almost universal suffrage for men, party activities were in abeyance and little was done to educate the new electorate along ordinary political lines. That election, with its war emotions, and the Coalition, was no criterion of the real political position.

The first real test of the new democracy came in 1922 when Mr. Bonar Law went to the country on the cry of Tranquillity and came back with a good working majority of seventy-nine. The elections of 1923 and 1924 were abnormal owing to the resurrection of the great fiscal controversy in its most clearly defined form at the first of them, and to the Red Letter scare in the second. And now, just when political prophecy might have become easier, 5,250,000 new women voters are added to the register. If the younger women had not been enfranchised we could have had at least an actuarial basis on which to calculate, taking the figures of the by-elections during the last four and a half years as our guide.

If the electorate had remained as it was in 1928, and if the turnover of votes at the by-elections had been reflected at the General Election, the Labour Party would have been returned with a small working majority. And here it will be convenient to examine the question of what numerical majority a modern Government needs in the House of Commons. It used to be possible to "carry on" with tiny

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majorities. Two Liberal Governments have functioned with a majority of eighteen. The first, formed in 1837, lasted four years. The second, formed ten years later, lasted for five years, when it was succeeded by a Conservative majority of twenty, which also held office for five years. But conditions have changed. With the growing complications of government to-day, the far greater strain on Members of Parliament and the longer sessions, most Parliamentarians will admit that stable government without a working majority of at least forty would be almost impossible.

If we have a succession of short-lived Governments with small majorities the common sense of Parliament and the country will demand a different procedure from the present one, whereby an Administration defeated in a snap vote on Supply must resign automatically. It would be quite simple to come to an arrangement by which a Government would only resign if defeated on a vote of confidence. Under our procedure such a vote can only be put after due notice. I refer to this consideration because it has a bearing on what follows.

An actuarial calculation of the results of an election is always liable to a violent upset one way or the other by political or "popular" issues, often unforeseen, which arise during an election. "Chinese Slavery" during the 1905 contest; "Hang the Kaiser and Make the Germans Pay" in 1918; and "Red Gold" and the "Zinovieff Letter" in 1924 are striking examples.

The bigger the electorate the looser are party loyalties and ties. The new democracy is, I fear, susceptible to mass appeal and subject to emotional waves.

And in addition to this vast increase of the electorate there are other factors which confuse prophecy and throw doubts on all statistical calculation. It will be a summer election for the first time for a generation. This is bound to affect the issue. Seasonal workers, such as the fishermen, will be away from home; electioneering work will be easier in summer weather, providing we have any! The people's mentality is different in summer. I know many parts of the country where even a winter election is looked

upon as a festival. When people are in a holiday mood they refuse to be frightened; this will advantage the party that proposes to make changes.

Motor cars are a considerable electioneering factor nowadays, especially in the rural districts. Their value is greater when the weather is bad. On the other hand, the Conservatives think they are advantaged in *some* divisions by fine weather, for, they declare, Labour voters are keener and poll their full strength whatever the weather, while they, the Conservatives, have the greatest difficulty in getting many of their people out to vote at all unless there is a good scare or some violent outburst of patriotic fervour as in "1900 and war-time."

Much will depend on how far the movement of the farmers away from the Conservative Party has progressed by next June. There is a forward group in the Farmers' Union advocating the use of its considerable political fund to run fifty or a hundred farmer candidates. Indeed, a country party might easily emerge, as it has done in several European countries and certain of our own Dominions. It would upset all calculations.

Again, how much will broadcasting be used? Last time only three speeches were delivered through the ether, and only one of these, Mr. Baldwin's, from a studio. The more wireless is used the more it will help the party with the smallest press, for it will reach the people in their own homes and perhaps, judging by our usual June weather, at their own firesides. And the B.B.C. will hardly dare to discriminate between the parties.

Another factor that must not be overlooked is the rapid industrialisation of large areas in southern and south-western England. The County of Kent, for example, with its rapidly developing coalfields and factories, is becoming an industrial area. In the Home and Southern Counties, it must be remembered, a great deal of girl labour is employed in new industries, such as artificial silk and as machinists, and it would appear the most likely that in this section of the new voters the Labour Party will find its increased strength.

The above considerations duly noted, let us take each

party in turn and prepare a rough balance-sheet of its assets and debits.

The Conservatives start with the tremendous advantage of an actual majority of 200. They must lose 100 seats, on balance, for this majority to be wiped out. Given a wave of feeling against them, and with the new electorate, this majority might melt away. Nevertheless, a sitting member always has an advantage. He is better known, he has been able, or should have been able, to do all kinds of services to many people in the constituency, and he can rely a little on the Englishman's dislike of change of any kind. Against this it must be remembered that over 100 M.P.s are not seeking re-election and there has been a kind of general post in the constituencies amongst many of those who are. All parties are involved in this, but the Conservatives most of all. Much will depend on the real issues before the electorate.

If the election were fought on the Local Government Bill alone Mr. Baldwin would lose, for it is only popular with those who are normally counted as Conservative voters already; the shopkeepers don't like it, while such influential bodies as the Guardians of the Poor, Poor Law officers and the like have had their toes trodden on and their positions worsened. Particularly is this the case in Scotland where so many independent burghs are being wiped out as governing entities.

But, as no one can get excited about this subject, or remain excited for long, except on one or two details such as the brewers' relief, the election will, in practice, not be fought on this measure however much it may be in theory.

The General Strike will be the great "talking point" and the impropriety, from the Conservative point of view, of entrusting the King's Government to its leaders. But the real fight will be on Socialism *versus* anti-Socialism and private enterprise. We are the most individualistic of countries, as the slow progress of rationalisation shows, and we have the greatest number of small property owners and rentiers in proportion to our population of any country except France. It might be supposed that there was

electoral advantage in talking about the Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Pensions Act; but, in politics, gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come and not of favours already granted; and both the Liberals and Socialists promise better pensions and allowances. Also, the original Act of 1925 contains many anomalies.

Before leaving the Conservative assets I must mention the Prime Minister himself, whose personal popularity and command of good English must help his party considerably.

On the debit side must be set the swing of the pendulum, the coalfield and unemployment muddles, a weak foreign policy, high taxation, and the lack of any *young* popular leader. The Conservatives need a Lord Randolph Churchill to-day. If such a one exists he has kept silence for so long that the public won't have heard of him by the time polling day arrives.

At the last Election the Conservatives gained 104 seats from the Liberals, fifty-five from the Labour Party, and lost six to Labour and none to the Liberals. Seventy or eighty of these gains might easily go, and I think this is fairly certain. At the best, from their point of view, the Conservatives will return with a clear majority of between sixty and eighty. This is the Home Secretary's estimate, and he, as a first-class fighting man, is an optimist and believes in his cause. At the worst, from their point of view, the result will be no Conservative majority at all, and even such losses as to leave them only the second biggest party in the State.

Now as to the balance-sheet of the Labour Party. Its greatest asset is the definite break with the Communists. Where Mr. MacDonald and other leaders are being opposed by Communist candidates, and where a Labour nominee is opposing the only sitting Communist Member of Parliament it will hardly be possible to paint the Labour Party with the brush of Moscow. Wherever Russia's red gold may go it certainly doesn't find its way to Transport House, the headquarters of the Labour Party.

The swing of the pendulum in this case is an asset for

the Party out of office. The steady work that goes on, in season and out of season, especially the Sunday meetings, all over the country, is bearing fruit as the steady growth in the votes cast for the Labour Party at successive elections shows clearly enough.

The majority of the new women voters, again, live among or come from working-class families; and those organised in Trade Unions can be more easily reached and influenced than the scattered middle class girls and women.

In Germany, where elections are fought on the universal suffrage franchise as they will now be fought in the future in this country, I have been told that the young women, married or single, vote as the man whom they most admire in the world votes. This hero may be abstract and a Cabinet or ex-Cabinet Minister, or concrete in the shape of the young man they have married or hope to marry. And as women, after all, usually marry in their own class, despite the plots of cinematograph films, working girls will probably vote as their husbands or sweethearts do. Housewives may dream of influencing the votes of their parlour-maids; but I back the influence of the parlour-maid's young man every time.

The younger generation, irrespective of class, does not vote nearly so often now on an hereditary principle. The modern young business man is not impressed, for example, by the way his grandfather voted, though his grandfather was tremendously influenced by the votes cast by *his* grandfather. Nor do I believe the thinking portion of the younger generation is so easily caught by slogans and catch-cries as the voters of old. Slogans and catch-cries appeal to the emotions. Bread-and-butter politics are not exciting but very effective; and, on balance, the Labour Party will gain here.

But Labour's greatest asset, undoubtedly, is summed up in the word rationalisation. This ruthless creed holds terrors not only for the rank and file of industry but for the sergeant-majors and regimental officers; in other words the foreman, managers, clerks and technicians. If the Mond-Turner negotiations had succeeded the menace would have loomed smaller. For their object was to safe-

guard the position of the workers by hand and brain during the period of convalescence after the surgical operation of rationalisation, the employers gaining by their co-operation. But the Engineering Employers' Association has made agreement impossible here, and their manifesto rejecting the proposals is in the nature of an early Labour election address. While if the Engineers bark, the Mine-owners bite. *Their* contribution to peace in industry has been a persistent attempt to break up and destroy the men's unions in several of the most important coalfields. The individualism and the dislike of change that I marshalled among the Conservative assets in the political field will sadly hamper the Melchetts, the Londonderrys and the Dudley Dockers in the industrial field. For we are discussing a possible Labour victory, not a stubborn rearguard action.

Labour debits: first, not necessarily in order of importance, I would place lack of money. The anti-Trade Union Bill has made the collection of the Trade Union political levy far more difficult. Added to this are the depletion of union funds and the falling off of membership following on the long industrial depression. In the Midlothian by-election in February last, for example, the divisional Labour Party that won the seat from the Conservatives started the campaign literally without a penny piece in its coffers, and it had collected only one-third of the cost by the time the poll was declared. And this within three or four months of the General Election. This poverty must not be overrated as an electioneering handicap. The soldiers are there. But they will have to be sparing of ammunition.

Again, there is the lack of organisation, also partly through want of money, in many divisions, and especially in the rural areas. Another reason for difficulties in organisation in many constituencies is the almost total absence of Labour supporters with private means and the leisure brought by private means. Weekly wage-earners and mothers of families without domestic help have little time to give to the building up of the local machinery of politics.

It has taken a long time for Labour to begin to make

headway in the country districts. There is progress now, but it may not be fast enough. And, failing a great wave of feeling like the 1906 election, which swept the Liberals into office with a majority of 356, sheer political inertia may act as a drag on the Labour effort.

There is apathy and lack of fire in many places, the result of the depressing effects of a long spell of poverty and unemployment.

After balancing these two accounts and comparing them with the Government's balance-sheet I would say that Labour's prospects are better than in any previous election. And as I have said before, anything may happen. But confident prophecy of a great Labour victory would be reckless.

And what of the Liberal Party? Its chief assets are its tradition and the desperation of sincere men and women fighting for political survival. To these I would add the jibes of the "heathen." If Conservatives and Socialists had said nothing about the Liberal Party for the last three years I would have put its survival value rather lower than at present. But the average Liberal is like the animal whom the French explorer described as fierce, because when attacked it defended itself vigorously. The Party has a faithful Press, supporting it in good times and bad times; whereas the Conservative Press, and especially the Rothermere and Beaverbrook sections, consider it their duty to criticise their friends for their own good. The Liberal Press, on the other hand, believes in political Couéism. And as faith moves mountains it may well move a large body of the new electorate. Sir Herbert Samuel and his bodyguard of trained whole-time organisers have worked very hard during the last two years, and the Party possesses the best by-election "circus" of any.

The old fiscal creed shared, it is true, with Labour, but still appealing to the faithful anti-Socialist Free Traders, can be used both for offence and defence.

Mr. Lloyd George is resourceful, and may produce some good electioneering tricks. And there are ample funds. The Englishman loves compromise; and the

policy of moving neither forward nor backward will always appeal to a section of the population.

If the Liberals came out boldly for Prohibition, and no half measures about it, they would rally an influential body of religious and social reforming opinion, and would throw an apple of discord into the Labour Party. The late Mr. Pringle, who was certainly a political expert, advocated this for some years before his lamented death. If his advice is now adopted posthumously it would ensure the survival of the Liberals as a temperance party, however small; whereas another General Election like the last will complete its destruction.

Much again depends on how Mr. Lloyd George handles the situation created by Sir Herbert Samuel when he burnt Mr. Lloyd George's boats by declaring emphatically against any post-election support of any Labour Government, no matter what its programme or what the political situation at the time. He may build new boats or bridges; in other words, restore the bargaining position from which Sir Herbert Samuel ejected him. This would encourage the Liberal faint-hearts and restore the hope of a balancing party in the next Parliament. If Samuel is supported, the Liberals become a sect of the Conservative Party, like the old Liberal-Unionists.

There are certain debits, of course. A very large section of the working-class vote must be written off by the Liberal Party managers altogether; and at the other end of the scale an influential and wealthy section of former Liberal manufacturers and landowners have definitely joined the Conservatives.

The divisions in the Party both in Parliament and in the country persist. Electoral pacts, especially between Liberals and Conservatives in the North of England and Scotland, are another difficulty. If the bargains are broken Liberal seats will go; if they are honoured the remaining Radical working-men and the progressive young Liberals will be discouraged. But the greatest debit, though in certain circumstances it will weigh more heavily after the Election than during it, is the feeling of the people that they want stable Government and that the

Liberals prevent it. However much we lean towards compromise when bargaining, the English people prefer black or white, and few will vote for grey.

How many seats can Liberals win from Labour, and how many from the Conservatives, and how many of their present thirty-two can they retain? Liberal optimists give the Party a total of eighty returned to Westminster, pessimists a score. In the former case Mr. Baldwin will be "out," for Labour will certainly win another hundred net; while if the pessimists are right either Labour or the Conservatives will be in a majority and the Liberals are finished, barring a victory for the shade of Mr. Pringle.

Perhaps I may be permitted to express the hope that, whatever the result, the new electorate will vote as a serious democracy. Scares, false issues, blind prejudices are harmful to popular Government. Democracy is on its trial in many countries, and may even be arraigned in our own. The Labour Party desires the greatest degree of change in the present social system, but its wiser leaders realise that such changes can only be made when a majority of the population has been convinced of their need and practicability.

If the people are content to continue as we are, with such social ameliorations as the financial situation will allow, well and good; the reformers will continue their missionary work.

If the people vote for change, I hope they will do so with their eyes open and their brains alert. The highest statesmanship will appeal more to reason than to emotion. From my own observations I believe that the new democracy is interested in politics, and does desire to understand the great issues that will be before it in the next General Election.

The Party that realises this and appeals to the intellects of the people will eventually triumph.

THE SHIFTING SANDS OF SOCIALISM.—II

BY SIR REGINALD MITCHELL BANKS, M.P.

IN my previous article on this topic I observed that I dreaded the Socialist Movement partly because of what Socialism is, even more because of what Socialists are. The Socialist Party is a party of rebellion. Their pedigree is an interesting one. Just as the Tory derives, if you follow his political lineage back, from the Cavalier, so does the Socialist derive from the Roundhead. However historians may argue about the legal aspects of the struggle between Charles and Cromwell, it was a sound instinct that gave to it the popular name of "The Great Rebellion." That is what it used to be called, and that is what it was. I am not saying that rebellion is never justifiable, but the tendency of rebel parties is this, that they begin by protesting against abuses and oppression, and at that stage they enlist men of generous impulses to whom "freedom" is the most sacred of words. Such men as a general rule would prefer to secure their aims by reason and persuasion: they are seldom men who love a row for its own sake, and belong to the "force is no remedy" school of thought. Since, however, that against which they strive is not amenable to reason, they are compelled to take the sword—and their hands begin to shake as soon as they have drawn it, for they are not fighting men by nature. To them soon adhere those who are impelled less by love of freedom than by hatred of authority, and those to whom freedom means licence, and those desperate folks who think any change in their lot must be for the better. "Infirm of purpose" they cry to the Eliots and Pymys, the Lafayettes, the Kerenskys, and the Ramsay MacDonalds, "give us the daggers." Then those who began the rebellion stand aghast (if they keep their own heads on their shoulders) while it runs its usual course, through massacres and atrocities, to an oppression worse than ever, and the rebel party, purged of its moderate creators,

emerges, ever a little more tinged with red-spatterings it may be, from the guillotine or the firing-parties. From parliamentary Puritan to revolutionary Whig, from revolutionary Whig to Liberal, from Liberal to Radical, from Radical to Labour, and from Labour to Socialist, here is the series of the generations— and as each generation develops it sloughs off the moderates, as I have said, until now we see the Communists, for such are the Wheatleys, Maxtons, and Buchanans (whatever they may style themselves for the nonce), making an effort to depose the Socialists—the MacDonalds and Hendersons and Webbs. Will they succeed? For my part I incline to believe they will, and I base this opinion on my experience of the Socialist as you hear him when you attend his meetings, and more particularly when he attends yours. Are those frantic cheers for Webb with his “inevitability of gradualness,” or are they for Maxton and “Socialism in our time”? Ask anybody who has “stumped” the country a little, and you will find he agrees with me. As I pointed out in my first article, pure economics are not preached to the mob, and would make little appeal if they were. By the verbose phrases in Socialist books and pamphlets—“Public ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange”; “to take complete control of the administration of the wealth of the country and from that common pool of wealth, taken from private enterprise, to fix not only a minimum wage but a maximum wage” (Wheatley), and the like—the mob understands “loot.” And if those who have secured power by promising loot fail to implement their promises there will be the devil to pay, and they know it. Now, when every man and woman, however ignorant or foolish or penniless, pauper as well as worker, has “the ballot in his hand,” a vote in addition to a voice, promises of politicians are not so easily repudiated as in the days gone by, and therefore the Socialists, if they achieve power as well as office, will be forced to redeem their I.O.U.s. Whatever the ideas of the so-called leaders may be, they will have to give practical expression to the ideas of the Socialist rank and file. What sort of ideas are these? What sort of people *are* Socialists in general?

I have given an outline of the ancestry of British Socialism, but, as in the case of most British families, the ancestors have married foreigners from time to time, and the blood of Carl Marx (a strong fluid) pulses in the veins of these descendants. Nothing worth mentioning is left of Marx as an economist or as a prophet. It seems his speciality was being wrong. But he preached the “*class war*,” and that is still the gospel of the great mass of those Socialists who are out for loot. “Raid the rich man’s orchards because he is the enemy of your class and has stolen your land.” One can ennoble many base things— theft, falsehood, assassination—by the use of military metaphors! In Russia the raid is over and the apples have turned to Dead Sea fruit. But our Communists in Britain are either too stupid to see it, or too bigoted to believe what they see. They are the “shock troops” of Socialism here to-day, but in spite of their curious Muscovite jargon their psychology is so crudely simple that I need not analyse it in this essay. Suffice it to say that some distracted brains try to reconcile Communism with Christianity. Such pathetic confusion of mind is peculiar to the British, and is an amusing trait which alone distinguishes the muddle-headed, indigenous species from its more lucid and logical congeners on the Continent, who recognise and emphasise the repugnance between the two creeds, and definitely declare religion to be the “opium of the people.” Let us examine some more interesting phases of Socialist psychology as it operates altogether outside the economic sphere—for even loot, I suppose, may be classed as a simple form of economics. In this connection one must always remember that Socialism is the child of Radicalism, and the grandchild of Liberalism, and shows hereditary characteristics. That is why I began with its genealogy. Now, Mr. Carhill in his brilliant little book, *The Legacy of Liberalism*, has pointed out that the Liberals “claimed exclusive rights to the exploitation of pity as a political asset,” and that pity, if undisciplined, is “apt to slop over into an effeminate shrinking from the infliction of pain, merely because the sight of suffering is painful to the spectator.”

This morbid pity is peculiarly dangerous in a Power which has to govern a great number of races, African, Oriental, under-civilised, over-civilised, primitive, subtle, weak, ferocious, placid, excitable, but having this in common that they can only be well ruled when the ruler is just and firm and merciful, but can never be well ruled by the sentimentalist, whose sense of pity is morbid and indiscriminating. Such people are not *merciful* in any practical or reasonable way: they react violently to the obvious and immediate instance of suffering, and seem incapable of imagining the consequences. And so they nearly always defeat their own object. It is simply the old tale of sparing the rod and spoiling the child, which would not matter so much if the baneful results were confined to the child. But if your children are the "People of the River," or Iraquis, or Bombay mill hands, who become "politically minded" and have "national aspirations" and cry for another large helping of constitutional plum-pudding, the bilious attack which will result from giving it to them will make the nursery a very unpleasant place for the other children, for whom also you are responsible. Recent news from Bombay tells of a serious *fracas* between Hindus and Pathans, the former accusing the latter of kidnapping Hindu boys for purposes of human sacrifice! There has been a pretty serious casualty list in this affair,¹ and if you add up the injuries and deaths from equally idiotic riots, religious, political, and industrial, in India during the past few years the total is really appalling—and probably the sufferers were the least culpable of the crowd, for that is usually the case. These are the fruits of pitying the child and encouraging it to misbehave by yielding to all its demands. But one knows what the Socialist attitude will invariably be. When the row gets too awful, and the police or the troops have to draw truncheons or even fire on the mob, there is a howl of indignation from the Socialist benches and headlines in the Socialist Press upon the latest "horror," "atrocities," or "massacre." It is the brutality of

(1) *The Daily Express* says 19 dead and 100 injured.

the police and the cruelty of an Imperialist-Capitalist Government that is responsible for it all.

In exactly the same way this diseased emotion was exploited on behalf of the miners in 1926. The ringleaders of the strike (the same group who affect sympathy with the oppressed Hindu and African) knew perfectly well what they were doing, and had quite other ends in view than the relief of the miners, but they could safely rely on this characteristic of their dupes. And the result was quite definitely to make the position of the miners worse, besides dissipating the funds of the Trade Unions, inflicting discomfort and suffering on the community, retarding the progress of industry, and hanging enormous financial burdens round the wretched taxpayer's neck.

"The International Class-War Prisoners' Aid," the "Organised Unemployed," with its cruel expeditions of poor men from Wales or the North to London, "The League against Imperialism," and quite a number of kindred Leagues, and Guilds, and Congresses, are impudent frauds engineered by people whose aim is the destruction of order; but they suffice to deceive the poor, emotional creatures with the fanatical eyes, the enlarged thyroids, the narrow chests, and the hydrocephalous foreheads who may be seen wherever the Socialist *intelligentsia* congregates from the London School of Economics to the latest queer theatre for the production of the dreary drama. They all fancy their symptoms mean softening of the heart, when in fact they mean softening of the brain, and the confusion of these two things has destroyed States before now.

Closely connected with this phenomenon is the invariable tendency of your Socialist to assume that the British magistrate, the British official, the British settler all over the world is either a slave-driver, or a sadist, or a combination of the two. It is, indeed, well and wholesome that Parliament should be on the alert to mark any case of injustice or cruelty throughout the Empire. Thank heaven such cases are few. But what can be said of the men who believe any tale against a fellow-countryman, who advertise that they alone are willing to

redress grievances, who accept without question any story to the discredit of our race, and gloat openly over the rare occasions when they can prove one?

If any reader does not believe that the Socialist Party does this I can only say that he does not follow the Parliamentary debates, or peruse Socialist publications. Let him take his Hansard for the last twenty years, open the volumes at random, look at the questions, read the debates when they touch on India, Africa, or Egypt, and judge for himself. For the assassinated officers, the policemen roasted alive, the harmless civilians shot down, the white women insulted, no sympathy is to be found. But for the Anarchist, the Terrorist, the half-witted instigator of the crimes—what indignation at his imprisonment, what laudation of his patriotism, what solicitude for his health and comfort!

This is all a design to procure cheers and votes when the Socialist orator proclaims "I am the champion of the 'underdog.'"

Of all silly phrases this is the most inane. Truly the "underdog" may be a harmless animal assaulted by his physical superior, or he may be, on the other hand, a rabid, ill-conditioned mongrel who has just bitten a virtuous and peaceable dog in the hind leg and thoroughly deserves his position.

Here, at any rate, is the first queer paradox of the Socialist mind—the combination of exaggerated pity towards one case with utter indifference towards another.

One can only pray (though it may be too late even for that) that 250 million human beings in British India, and I know not how many in Africa and elsewhere, may never experience the ultimate disasters which this ignorant, misguided humanitarianism is bound to produce if those who practise it obtain control of the Empire.

But the Socialist character teems with inconsistencies. Take, for example, his attitude to military service during the war—an amazing example. For his position is that the individual must sink himself, if needs be, in the State, must subordinate personal desires for advancement, profit, and security to the interest thereof. But who at

any given moment is to decide what the interest of the State may be? Presumably, in a democratic country, the majority of the electors through their representatives.

Now if one fact in political history is certain it is that in 1916 the majority in Great Britain were in favour of prosecuting the War to a successful conclusion, and entirely agreed that Conscription was the only fair and effectual means of doing so. Yet there were numerous Socialists who refused, who went to prison for refusing, and who plumed themselves upon their courage in taking that stand. I own they were justified in boasting of their courage. But what of their consistency? They were called "conscientious objectors," and that meant they objected to war. But their objection was to something more—it was an objection to obeying the majority, it was an objection to sacrificing themselves to the State. "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas—le Socialisme." What the logical Socialist would have done would have been to proclaim aloud, "Behold me! I think war wicked; I dislike it; but I am only an individual. What is the voice of the community? For now, if ever, is an occasion for hearkening to it."

But "No," said he. "I listen to the voice of my conscience alone." And thereby proclaimed himself what he really is—the rankest individualist the world has ever known. But that is always his behaviour in practice. The next Election will be conducted on a basis of adult suffrage. Everybody, male and female, over the age of twenty-one will vote, and one would suppose that Democracy could go no farther. If Socialism triumphs and ordains that I shall be despoiled of my property (such as it is) and forbidden to pass an inheritance to my children, I may argue, but I cannot consistently disobey. I have myself decreed it; I have trusted Democracy and I cannot complain. If I do complain I shall not be suffered to escape as "a conscientious objector." But the Socialist will certainly complain if he gets worsted, and he will preach forcible resistance (direct action) when it suits him, as he did in the War, after the War, and specially in 1926; and he will assume, as he always does,

that the "State" is only to command him when it agrees with him. "Vox populi vox Dei" has been his cry since the beginning, but he adds (*sotto voce*), "when it is also my voice, and not otherwise." Here, again, Communists have the courage of their convictions, frankly acknowledging that while the *bourgeoisie* and the *bourgeois* tradition persists, democracy is of no use to them at all. When the "Proletariat" has stamped out everybody else people may (perhaps) be trusted to read the truth and vote according to their views. Perhaps. But until that time, "L'État—c'est nous."

But the normal man cannot expect to understand the mental processes of the Socialist: he is an "oddity." Except as a demagogue he is nearly always a failure. He sees that the world does not assess him at his own valuation, and something in his own soul whispers to him that the world is right. This makes him irritable and "cocky," and so he goes about (especially if he belongs to the *intelligentsia*) proclaiming that the standards of the world are all wrong. The world has no taste in books, or plays, or food, or music, or morals—not even in clothes or hairdressing. An easy rule for him, then, in all these matters is to be different from the world, because if he is different shallow people will think him superior. If the average man votes the latest Russian drama a bore, and prefers a story of ordinary human fun and ordinary human trouble to a *mélange* of incest, disease, despair, and suicide, then the Russian drama must be a masterpiece. If the ordinary man likes some rhyme and reason in his poetry, the Socialist intellectual must affect those poets whose works reproduce the soliloquies of the padded cell. He even takes more pains to be shaggy and shabby than the average man takes to pass muster. If the *bourgeoisie* are shaving he will take to whiskers (a trick as old as Greece, where the saying was *ἐκ πωγῶνος σόφος*), and no doubt in the very unlikely event of the *bourgeoisie* taking a fancy to Strindberg and Tchekov he would swear there was a subtle fascination in revue only to be appreciated by his own more delicate and sophisticated sense of humour. Most of it, no doubt, is the pose of the man

with the "inferiority complex," and for those who can't play Mozart, draw correctly, or write good English the obvious course is to rave about Stravinsky, take to Cubism, and affect to appreciate Russian or Scandinavian. But the oddity is not all assumed: it is the symptom in many cases of a real perversity, a real delight in listening to the preacher who says, for instance, that marriage is a failure—a mere legalising of lust and tyranny; that conventional morality is a sham; that all success is due to chicanery or brutality; that soldiers are blockheads, lawyers rogues, and business men thieves. For here is another strange paradox: that Socialism postulates for its success almost heroic virtues, and those of us who doubt whether human nature can be expected in any measurable time to attain thereto are denounced as cynics: yet of human nature as it actually is nobody seems to have so low an opinion as the Socialist. He takes a spiteful joy in hearing it decried. Throughout his character these singular contradictions are apparent. Who, for instance, so sanctimonious on the subject of peace? Yet what causes breaches of the peace? Lack of self-control. And if you want to see men utterly lacking in self-control you may watch the Socialist Party in the House, or at one of their congresses. I have heard Ministers mocked, interrupted, and insulted in an incredibly offensive way by the Socialist Party; a few minutes later some very mild observation from a Conservative Member will bring a dozen of them to their feet howling and gesticulating with indignation. They are sticklers for the rules of debate and the courtesies of the House, as applicable to others, but they do not regard themselves as bound by any such trammels. It is like the behaviour of a very disagreeable child who pulls his sister's hair and goes yelling to his mother if she slaps him in self-defence. It is the very antithesis of the spirit that submits to arbitration and obediently accepts an award.

What, after all, is a strike, especially a general strike, but a resort to force, the substitution of war for arbitration? Yet those who never cease denouncing international war as stupid and wasteful are bellicose and truculent beyond

belief in the matter of industrial war! Mr. Cook is credited with telling the Communist "League Against Imperialism" that civil war was the only method of stopping international war. If he said so (and it sounds like him) he was only doing what most Communists do, carrying Socialist arguments to their logical conclusion—which, in the case of Socialist arguments, means the same thing as a *reductio ad absurdum*. The Socialist is very bitter because "his class" does not enjoy the educational advantages of the wealthy. Education, he insists, is the agency which will elevate and refine character; give the worker education and leisure and the product will be indeed admirable. Next minute he is bellowing his contempt for the educated man who has had leisure, and comparing his character most unfavourably with that of the honest, ignorant worker who has been deprived of these advantages. Winchester and Oxford and plenty of games have made us what we are—an idle, selfish pack—so why, I wonder, should he sigh for Oxford and Winchester? Only on the assumption, I suppose, that the "workers" are of a superior clay and would make better use of these advantages. For that proposition there is, to say the least of it, no evidence.

"More money, more leisure, more education" is ever his cry, and it never crosses his mind that the well-off man may reasonably retort: "And these things have made of me the beast you say I am!"

Perhaps he would retort: "Ah, but that's because you have too much—I mean moderate means, enough leisure, a sensible, not a 'classical education.'" And it never crosses his mind that the *bourgeois* may reasonably retort: "And these things have made of me the dolt you say I am."

Take a final example of his curious inconsistency. Patriotism, in its usual meaning, he dislikes: at any rate he sneers at national pride, at national emblems, at national ambitions. He is an international, a citizen of the world. Yet when I divide by races he divides by classes, he is a "class" patriot—and surely the latter division is even less logical, even more haphazard. Why is it wrong

to take pride in being born a Briton, and right to take pride in being born a "worker"? There is at least some ground for saying that a Briton has some good racial qualities peculiar to himself; there is no ground for saying that a "worker" has good qualities which distinguish him from other human beings. In addition to which, if I am born a Briton I die one, while the worker of to-day may be the "boss" to-morrow.

Herding with the Communist, the Atheist, the Revolutionary, and the Weird Intellectuals, drawn, one supposes, by some natural affinity of crank to crank (for one cannot see any other reasonable bond) is a considerable number of pious puritans. The old Labour Leader was a pious oleaginously pious, person, and first fluted his "wood-notes wild" in temperance circles and tabernacles. He there perfected the art of denouncing things he did not like himself; and so an obsolescent tradition remains that the "Labour Party" is inspired with a lofty and austere morality. The Communists will soon get rid of that, I expect; but meanwhile there remains a fair body of people who connect good breeding and money with chambering and wantonness, and poverty with self-denial and asceticism. With the disappearance of the Liberal Party these may be expected (for a time) to support what they still, in spite of the facts, think of as "Labour."

I have attempted some sketches—from the life—of what Socialists are. And I assert that even if the economic theory were right the people who profess it are so wrong that they could not work it. They cannot work anything, not even a Socialist Congress. Those who cannot control themselves can control nothing; those who cannot understand what Authority means can never rule; those who are inconsistent and capricious can never make laws; and those who hate their fellow men can never do equity.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF LABOUR POLITICS

BY ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.

THE modern Labour Movement is the creation of the Industrial Revolution. Like the Trade Unions, from which the Labour Party sprang only a quarter of a century ago, the political organisation of the workers has been influenced by economic and social conditions which have moulded its principles and dictated its main lines of policy. The rise of the Labour Party at the end of the nineteenth century, and its rapid development in the twentieth, is by no means an historical accident. The same great process of economic change that originated in the mechanical inventions which inaugurated the era of machine production, and produced the factory system and the modern wage-earning class, also brought into existence the modern working-class organisation. It was essentially, in its origin, an organisation of defence and a protest against the economic inequalities and social injustices produced by the capitalist system.

The evils of capitalism were indeed gross and palpable. It had brought about the concentration of large industrial populations in gloomy factory towns, and had exposed them, in accordance with the prevailing economic theory of *laissez-faire*, to the most merciless exploitation. It had imposed upon the wage-earning class an inhuman discipline which spared neither man, woman nor child. It was not merely the long hours of work, the low wages, the squalor and misery of their homes, that drove the working people to revolt which often took a violent form. Far more potent in its influence was the feeling that they had been entrapped and enslaved by a rigid system which sapped their vitality and used up their lives as one of the raw materials of wealth production, giving them in return no more than the bare means of a wretched subsistence. To the least intelligent wage-earner capitalism spelled a loss of freedom. Poverty and misery were perhaps the lot of the great mass of people under the system which

the new methods of machine production had displaced; but the new factory system brought new shackles. The factory hooter called him to work on the stroke of the clock, and dismissed him after long hours of toil exhausted in body and mind. His work was regulated in the minutest detail by rules and regulations, the smallest infraction of which was punished by fines. He was not even allowed to whistle at his work. He dare not leave his place to wash his hands. In working hours the doors of the factory were locked. To all intents and purposes he was a slave of the machine, and was driven, like a machine, remorselessly and unrelentingly to the limit of his capacity.

Against the rigours of this system the law forbade him to combine with his fellow workers. It had been made a crime for two workmen or more to agree together in requesting an increase of wages. Savage punishments were prescribed for those who endeavoured by peaceful persuasion to induce their fellow workmen to leave their work with the object of compelling an employer to increase wages or improve conditions of employment. The law had made it a crime to attend a meeting called for the purpose of organising a combination of workmen or taking part in a trade dispute. No man without risk of punishment could subscribe to a fund which might be used to support a workman who had left work, or who had refused employment, in the hope of securing better terms from the employer. It is true that the Combination Laws applied equally to employers and workers, but it was the latter who suffered from their rigorous administration.

The working class organisations which came into existence under these conditions as a means of protection against the excesses of the new capitalist system inevitably developed a constructive purpose. They concerned themselves primarily with improving the lot of the worker, within the four corners of the capitalist system. But wider aims were implicit.

Half a century ago new ideas were stirring the minds of thoughtful working men. Capitalism was no longer

regarded as inevitable and eternal. The vision of a new order seized the imagination of progressive Trade Unionists. There had been workers in earlier years who had come under the influence of the early English Socialists. But there was no conscious and deliberate movement towards Socialism in the ranks of organised labour until a couple of generations or so ago. Trade Union organisation, undertaken primarily as a means of defence, derived a new driving force from the belief that the capitalist system could be superseded by a more humane and not less efficient method of organising the production of wealth, and of ensuring its more equitable distribution on the basis of co-operation.

This conception of a responsible participation by organised bodies of workpeople in the production and distribution of wealth was not a new thing. The Co-operative Movement, founded by working people to protect them as consumers against the exploitation of the capitalist system, visualised from its early days the voluntary association of producers, possessing their own capital, and forming self-governing and self-sustaining communities, producing for themselves the necessities of life. Its ideal was—and is—the Co-operative Commonwealth, which term it uses in contradistinction to the system of private ownership and control.

The capitalist system, with its ever-enlarging units of production, its developing system of mechanical transport, its expansion of markets and the growth of banking facilities which mobilised financial resources for the extension of capitalist enterprises, had, it is true, opened up possibilities of production beyond the range of the small co-operative communities which struggled to establish themselves in an earlier age. But though the worker's position was improved as time went by it became clear that, notwithstanding rapidly increasing production, Labour was not given a square deal under the system.

The new ideas took root in the minds of the organised workers. Their spread coincided with the extension of trade unionism, and what is especially interesting with the rise of the militant general Labour unions. The seed

which had been sown bore fruit. The soil of capitalism proved fertile ground.

The horrors of the early nineteenth century—coldly chronicled in many an official report—were a lingering memory. And although the more enlightened generation of employers which had arisen would have shrunk from defending the old conditions, the workers realised the indisputable fact that they got nothing out of the capitalist system, except as a result of oft-repeated and insistent demands. During times of prosperity employers did not come forward voluntarily to share their prosperity with the workers. The initiative invariably had to come from the workers. The employers, it seemed almost as a matter of principle, always resisted claims for shorter hours and improved conditions. Concessions have had to be wrung from them. They were, with a few honourable exceptions, always to be found in the van of opposition to factory and other industrial legislation. For long they were coldly hostile to Trade Unions, though in course of time they have seen the wisdom of negotiation with organised workers.

The Trade Unionist, therefore, came to disbelieve in the existence of benevolent despotism in industry. They realised that they must use all the power they could command to improve their economic conditions; and they began in increasing numbers to appreciate the impossibility of satisfying their aspirations under the existing system.

It was but a step to the political organisation of Labour. In view of the growing volume of legislation affecting working class interests, and the large representation of employers' interests in the House of Commons, Labour representation became urgent. The philosophical background of organised Labour logically demanded a distinct and separate party. The system of Trade Union representatives was but a temporary makeshift, and in 1899 the Trades Union Congress, in alliance with the Socialist organisations, took steps to establish an independent political party. Though the outlook of Trade Unionism had wavered between reformism and a crude revolutionary

philosophy, its entry into politics officially committed it to the attainment of its purpose by constitutional means.

It is, of course, true that there are members of Co-operative Societies who do not share the aspirations of the Co-operative Movement. It is equally true that there are members of Trade Unions who do not subscribe to the principles of the Labour Party. What, however, is undeniable is that the leading spirits of these three working-class movements have common aims which are unrealisable within the existing order. I would also claim that the principles of both the Co-operative and Trade Union Movements logically lead to a repudiation of the capitalist system and the acceptance of the conception of an order of society based on democracy and co-operation.

At various times in the history of Trade Unionism it has been possible to suggest that the organised workers had become reconciled to capitalism and were prepared to make the best of it. This might have been said of the period in which the Trade Unions were developing their characteristic technique of collective bargaining, and when they were to be found in alliance with the Liberal Party. It might indeed be said, and has in fact been said, in regard to the attitude of Trade Unions in the recent discussions with the representative group of employers headed by Lord Melchett, that the organised workers no longer aim at the supersession of capitalism. The wish is father to the thought. The constructive attitude which the Trade Unions have adopted towards industry and towards the nation at the present time cannot be taken as signifying their acquiescence in the continuance of the present system. It is, indeed, part of the modern Socialist policy of securing for the representatives of the organised workers an enlarging measure of control over the determination of industrial policy and the conditions of industrial life. But whilst the Trade Union Movement is anxious to play a larger part in the "government" of industry, in shaping its administration, in improving the standard of life of the worker, in raising his status and widening his responsibilities in industry, it firmly believes that far reaching political action is essential in order to transfer the means

of life to public hands. Those who, like the Prime Minister, believe that the organised workers have abandoned Socialism profoundly misunderstand the nature of the forces which have moulded the mind of organised labour, just as they misunderstand, or, at any rate, misrepresent, the purpose and method of Socialism. Similarly, there are those who deplore the intervention of the Co-operative Movement in politics and hold that co-operation is in no sense antagonistic to the existing system. But the Movement was driven into politics in self-defence, and as a means towards the fuller development of the co-operative system. There is no conflict either of principles or of method between the Labour Party and the Co-operative Party. The Co-operative Movement is fully conscious of the fundamental cleavage which exists between it and the system of private enterprise.

Even a superficial acquaintance with the history of the Trade Union, the Co-operative and the Political Labour Movements should be sufficient to convince critics of the error of regarding any of them as upholders of the present order. These Movements have a common basis. They move on converging paths to the same goal. That goal is the supersession of the capitalist system based on the private ownership of land and capital, and the exploitation of the wage-earning class by those who, owning or controlling capital, are in control of industry. The politics of organised labour, like its industrial policy, appearances notwithstanding, are socialistic. This must be said with some emphasis. It is really impossible to understand the dividing issues as between the various political parties at the present time unless this is clearly understood. What the organised Labour Movement means by Socialism, and how the Labour Party will bring the new order into existence by its political programme, I hope presently to make clear. But I consider it to be necessary, in order that the issues may be well-defined, especially as between the Labour Party and the Liberal Party to emphasise this fundamental fact. The rise of the Labour Party and its phenomenally rapid development as an independent organisation is the outcome of Socialist propaganda

amongst the wage-earners. The foundations of the Labour Party are in Socialism. The political, economic and social programme for which it stands represents a fulfilment of the ideals of the Trade Union and Co-operative Movements in their application to the control of industry and the organisation of the national life.

Organised labour is the product of economic, social and political evils for which a solution had to be found. It is concerned with human needs. Although it represents the organisation of a class, it does not exist merely to further class interests. Its aim is human well-being. Our political opponents make great play with the supposition that the Labour Party is a class party and that it upholds the "class war." It is true that the Labour Party is the deliberate creation of working-class organisations. It is also true that its concern is with those who labour and contribute to the nation's stock of commodities and services. It is, moreover, true that it has no place in its scheme of things for the idler. But it is not a class party in the sense that it is working solely in the interests of a narrow section of society. Even at the lowest it claims to represent the true interests of at least four-fifths of the population. But, as a matter of fact, an insistence on the satisfaction of the human needs of the great mass of the people, and a genuine regard for wide human considerations are essential to a real national policy. The Labour Government of 1924 may rightly be regarded as the first national Government. It reflected the national life and gave a wider connotation to national policy.

As regards the charge that the Labour Party is a "class-war" party, I would say that the term "class struggle"—inaccurately translated into English as "class war"—recognises the truth that history, at least in its domestic aspects, is a struggle of one class after another for recognition and power. And it is obvious to all that the masses of the people must be accorded their place in the sun. The so-called "class war" is not the expression of a theory or an ideal. It is a cold statement of fact, supported by the history of both Conservatism and Liberalism. The former has concerned itself primarily with the defence of the

privileges of the aristocracy and the landed classes. Liberalism is the product of the struggle of the industrial and commercial interests which were created by the industrial revolution for a foothold in the social and political world hitherto dominated by Tory interests.

The Labour Party has no need to be ashamed of its desire to end the social and political influence of non-producers and to establish the useful and productive elements in the community in control.

The welfare of the people, their security, prosperity, health and happiness have been the paramount consideration in the organisation of the wage-earning class. But this class organisation, as I have said, was undertaken for the broadest social ends. The organised workers created their political party, not to serve narrow class interests, but under the inspiration of democratic ideals, and with a genuine social equality as their aim. The Trade Unions, when they called the Labour Party into being, renounced the belief that economic revolution could be brought about only by violent means. But their adoption of the methods of political democracy was by no means equivalent to a declaration that the processes of economic change must be necessarily slow. The existence of the Labour Party is an avowal of essentially revolutionary aims in the sense that the party seeks to create a new order of society different in its aims, purpose and organisation from that which exists to-day. In accepting the limitations of the party system and the obligations of Parliamentary methods Labour gave a pledge more binding than any formal declaration that the supersession of Capitalism by Socialism will be accomplished without that bloodshed and disorder which its opponents pretend to fear.

Those who make Labour politics synonymous with the prosecution of the class war, and who denounce Socialism as a theory subversive of organised society, assuredly do not understand either the motive which brought the workers' organisations into existence or the methods which they have deliberately chosen to adopt. To reduce the issues that divide the parties to a mere sordid struggle between the "haves" and the "have nots" is not merely

to perpetrate an injustice, but to deny the moral purpose of the ideals which provide organised labour with its powerful dynamic. Those who defend the existing order must shut their eyes to the fact that the conditions of a civilised life for all have not been provided under capitalism. It has produced millionaires at one end of the social scale and paupers at the other. Grudging measures of amelioration have been passed by Parliament without as yet safeguarding the masses from destitution. Capitalism confronts the unemployed poor with the idle rich. It justifies child labour and the starvation of social services concerned with the health and education of children. The orthodox political parties have sought to minimise the existing shortcomings in the social services by pointing to the achievements which have been made without embracing the logical development of the system of collective provision.

This brings me to what is the heart of the Labour case against prevailing conditions. The case against capitalism on moral grounds is even weightier than the case against it as an inefficient, wasteful and disorderly system of economic organisation. It was said of Keir Hardie that he made Socialism the poetry of the poor. It can be said with equal truth that Socialism is the ethics of the poor. The political and economic theories which underlie the political programme of the workers, whilst based on scientific considerations, are at the same time generous and humane. There are few people who would care publicly to defend the extremes of wealth and poverty which exist to-day, and which in the view of the Labour Party ought not to exist. Can anyone to-day deny the existence of widespread and unmerited poverty in our midst, the existence of evil housing conditions, the continuance of preventable disease? Will anyone seriously contend that ignorance, disease, dirt, disorder, squalor and misery are social blessings? Labour bases its case on the moral claim of every individual to conditions of life and to opportunities which will enable him—or her—to live a decent life as an individual and as a worker, parent and citizen, upon whom the State has imposed

duties and responsibilities. The social and economic evils which exist to-day degrade human personality and impair the standard of citizenship.

Organised labour believes that these evils are largely the products of the existing system of capitalist production for profit, based on private ownership of land and capital, and upon the autocratic or oligarchic control of the economic organisation of life.

The material fabric of modern society rests upon the institution of property. The motive which dominates the economic order and powerfully influences the whole of our national life is private advantage. It is this pursuit of material gain which has led to wide social disparities and deep-seated economic injustice.

The whole emphasis in the Labour programme is upon constructive efforts to establish an order which will enable the common human needs to be satisfied and human interests developed for the public good. Moreover, common interests and common needs bind together the workers of all lands. Organised labour is the voice and the interpreter of a universal aspiration towards freedom and peace, founded on fraternity and equality. Its policy is therefore a policy based on both Socialism and Internationalism.

The roots of Labour politics are then to be found in the economic and social conditions tolerated by the capitalist system and in the revolt against the *laissez-faire* doctrine which provided capitalism with its philosophy. Though primarily defensive in their early days, the organised Labour and Co-operative Movements, partly under the inspiration of Socialist pioneers and partly as a result of practical experience, developed a constructive purpose, seeking to substitute a co-operative commonwealth for the existing economic and social order. Their interest in Socialism, however, is not academic. They are less concerned with systems than with people. To them co-operative and collective organisation and the application of democratic principles to the control of the nation's economic life are essential to the satisfaction of the physical, intellectual and spiritual needs of the people.

Dictatorship and Press in Spain

By W. Horsfall Carter

WHAT with the rigid censorship on the one hand and the news concocted at Hendaye or Cerbère (the French frontier towns) for the benefit of foreign newspaper correspondents, most of us have long ago given up any attempt to know the truth about Spain. Twice within the last six months there has been an outbreak of discontent, deplored, of course, by the Dictator as the "madness of a tiny minority," but hailed even by such a respectable organ as the *Journal des Débats* as the end of the dictatorship. On the last occasion, at least, English readers have been favourably impressed by General Primo de Rivera's sporting offer of a £1,000 reward to anyone who could prove that he actually witnessed any instance of bloodshed or could establish the identity of a single person killed or injured in the "revolt."

To anyone who is familiar with the conditions governing the Marques de Estella's rule these sporadic scares are quite intelligible, and they are certainly not to be interpreted as meaning that he has lost anything of his personal popularity or his grip on the helm of State. It was a foregone conclusion, for example, that the drums and fifes of the fifth anniversary last September would be to some extent muffled by the adversaries of the dictatorship, if only as an intimation that the patience of the Spanish people has its limits.

It is often said that there is no political idealism in Spain. One has only to read the Press and converse with those who count as the intellectuals in Spain to realise the inaccuracy of such a statement.

The politically minded are indeed a small minority, but among them one finds a touching faith in nineteenth-century Liberal ideals and dogmas, which hitherto has proved an effective barrier to all efforts to "constitutionalise" the new *régime*. That is, indeed, General

Primo de Rivera's greatest difficulty; he can get no support—such as Signor Mussolini has received from Nationalists like Federzoni and Rocco—for his honest attempt to bring the country back to constitutional normality. Just as there was something dignified yet pathetic in the surrender of Señor Sanchez Guerra, when he reached Valencia on January 30th only to discover that the "plot" had miscarried—so one does not quite know whether to admire or to deprecate the stubborn loyalty to tradition, and in many cases to persons of the old *régime*, which more than anything else stands in the way of a solution of Spain's present difficulties on practical common-sense lines. *Tout est perdu, sauf l'honneur* is so very Spanish and also so eloquent of the passive resistance of the nation to her "patriarchal dictatorship."

One example of the fertile imagination of foreign journalists will suffice. When the news of the "revolt" last September appeared in a certain English daily, one of the names mentioned among the ringleaders thrown into prison was Señor Pablo Iglesias, the revered Socialist leader who has been dead these two years! If he could have risen from his grave he would have observed with no little satisfaction that the Congress of the General Union of Workers was, in fact, being held at the time without the slightest interference by the Government. What happened was simply that a number of persons—several hundreds is a rough estimate—known to have grievances against the present *régime* were placed under preventive arrest. Nearly all of them were released within the next few days.

But, it will be said, the strict Press censorship must act as a powerful lever in provoking the wild rumours that circulate in the country, and of which such newspaper stories are an inevitable consequence. This argument is, indeed, employed in the case for a free Press defended in one of the Madrid Liberal papers as I write to-day. The relation of cause and effect, however, is not really so simple as that. I was in Spain last September and I can vouch for the fact that the most persistent rumours of incidents during the Dictator's visit to Barcelona a week afterwards

Each of us will think of King George's reign in terms of the matter which most interested him. Mine was Ireland—and could there be a sharper test? For when the reign opened, party strife over the question of Ireland was fiercer than at any time for at least a century. The King, still new to the throne, stepped beyond his normal attributes when he called the Buckingham Palace Conference in 1914. No settlement resulted, but the Irish leader came away from those meetings convinced of the Sovereign's desire for justice with appeasement, and profoundly touched by the courtesy he had received. It was not that he counted on support; he knew that the King had done his utmost in calling the conference, and could not weigh upon its issue. But he felt that he in his own difficulty had the sympathy and goodwill of the King.

Then came the War, and Redmond's friends will not forget that the King showed his sympathy with our leader by letters of condolence on his brother's death, met on the field, and of congratulation on his son's decoration, earned on the field. It was wise that the King should write such letters; and yet we did not feel that he wrote them because it was wise. But Redmond did not continue to represent Ireland, and during the War events embittered relations between England and Ireland. After the War, abominable actions on both sides were on both sides justified, all the more fervently because they were inexcusable; feud was savage between the two countries, and those who spoke for insurgent Ireland angrily repudiated the Crown. Whether as a Sovereign or an Englishman, King George might well be excused for losing all goodwill to Ireland. Yet in all that time every intelligent observer was aware that the King's mind was bent on appeasement; and the first hope of a settlement was given by the King's Speech, delivered in person, not without risk, at the opening of the Ulster Parliament.

There is still a numerous—though decreasing—party in Ireland which desires complete separation and a Republic. Yet even among those who object to the throne as an institution I do not think one could be found to allege anything but helpful friendliness shown by King George.

democratic" prejudices, but also gentlemen like Signor Carli enjoy a liberty which is akin to licence. Speaking generally, the Government makes no attempt to restrain the rancour of its satellites and the poisonous presentation of news and opinions in such papers as *Il T*—in Rome. After all, the advertisement for "His Master's Voice" records put up by some wag outside the Italian section of the Press Exhibition at Cologne was entirely appropriate.

But in Spain, which is not a "totalitarian" State, there is no danger of "dull uniformity," even though by the latest decree following upon the Army troubles at the beginning of February every newspaper and periodical is required to give up one-sixteenth of its space as required for the publication of Governmental *communiqués*. It is still true to say that in the gamut of political tendency every tone continues to be represented, a fact which reflects equal credit on the genial Dictator and on educated public opinion. In Madrid, for instance, there are the three established Liberal papers—*El Imparcial*, *El Liberal*, and *La Libertad*—with their evening counterparts keeping up their end with undiminished vigour, besides *El Sol*, the most up-to-date and progressive organ, and several Socialist papers. A similar variety is to be found in Barcelona and, in fact, throughout the provinces. In the two capitals the Government has contrived to establish a paper of its own—through the Patriotic Union—namely, *La Nacion* in Madrid and *La Razon* in Barcelona, but this has scarcely affected at all the circulation figures of the old-established papers. Nor is this merely because the Spaniard is a creature of habit. The Marques de Estella has always maintained that he has no politics and looks for support neither to Right nor Left. So on the great day, September 13th, 1928, when disgruntled Liberals talked of the "apotheosis of reaction," it happened that both *El Debate*, the organ of the Jesuits, and *A.B.C.*, the mouthpiece of vested interests and bourgeois respectability, published leading articles not of eulogy but of protest against the continuance of the present *régime*. Members of the Socialist Party and the trade unions have

never been better off than they are to-day, though, indeed, nothing will induce them to co-operate with the Dictator in any "Corporative State" owing to their perennial feud with the Church. The latter, of course, has regained all the ground lost in the last decade of Parliamentary rule—and more, and this fact largely accounts for the boycott by the liberal-minded of the National Assembly and of General Primo de Rivera's efforts to devise forms of law and government that may reflect the realities of the national life.

Every daily paper has to submit its proofs in galley to the local censor, in most cases the Civil Governor of the province, whose task is such that few envy him or bear him any resentment. Verbatim reports of the sessions of the National Consultative Assembly have also to be passed by a special Government official before they may be inserted in the Sessions Diary, though it should be said that in the first year of the Assembly his occupation was almost a sinecure. There is, as a matter of fact, no restriction of freedom of opinion, so long as articles on political and social questions are confined to discussion of problems of government in the abstract. Sly digs at the Dictator's position are quite a feature of the Press. I remember reading last October in the *A.B.C.* a sketch by Señor Sanchez Guerra (the ex Prime Minister, who is now on trial for complicity in the last conspiracy) relating a cautionary tale about a Galician horseman who, having once mounted a restive steed, found it impossible to dismount. The allusion to General Primo de Rivera was transparent, and sure enough *La Nación* that night contained an effective *riposte* to the wit of the "egoist of Biarritz."

Besides some useful criticism of the Dictator's economic policy in a weekly *España Económica y Financiera*, the only paper which can be trusted in economic matters—one finds the well-worn themes of Parliament and the franchise, of Republicanism and Socialism, and even religious subjects like miracles, examined from many different points of view. Polemics go on almost daily between *El Sol* and the ardent Catholic papers, which is surely a healthy sign for the Press, if not for Spain. It is, in fact, only when a

writer gets on to dangerous ground with remarks that might be used by the unscrupulous to provoke a disturbance of public order that the knife falls. If articles that are likely to do injury to Spain's position in international politics are also banned, there are some of us who would welcome some such restriction on articles dealing with foreign policy in all countries after the mischief that has been done to Anglo-American relations during the last year.

Like the schoolboy who said that the Head was "a beast but a just beast," those who are connected with the Press in Spain undoubtedly resent the limitations imposed upon them, but at the same time they recognise that the power of the executive is not being abused. On November 28th, as was reported in *The Times*, a round robin was submitted to the Dictator by the editors of the chief newspapers, asking that the conditions in which the censorship is exercised should be rendered less severe. This certainly does not suggest that the *régime* is one of tyranny in which the Press has no independence of action. Among the grievances then put forward was the complaint that the newspapers should be obliged to publish official *communiqués*. This was not then, however, strictly accurate. Last September, when the Dictator returned from Barcelona and heard of all the rumours of insurrection that had been spread about, he issued an official note saying that these reports were without foundation, and deploring the conduct of the mischief-makers, adding that the Press was free to publish this message or not, as it might think fit. It appeared on the next day in every single paper in Madrid. There is no doubt that in the profession of journalism, as in most branches of public life, Spaniards are taking lessons in civic responsibility and learning a sense of public duty from a firm but gentle dominie.

Curiosity led me to investigate the actual extent of the penalties imposed when something happens to have escaped the vigilance of the local censor. Here are some of the principal examples:—

(1) December 31st, 1924.—*La Voz* (the evening counterpart of *El Sol*) suspended for three days.

(2) May 14th, 1926.—*El Liberal* fined for publishing an offensive caricature of Marshal Hindenburg.

(3) July 29th, 1925.—*El Liberal* suspended for five days for publishing a tendentious statement about Count Romanones, the ex Liberal chief.

(4) Early in 1926.—*La Epoca*, the extreme Catholic paper, suspended for a few weeks and a fine of 25,000 pesetas (nearly £1,000) imposed for printing a scurrilous article with regard to the reception given to the aviators of the "Plus Ultra" after their transatlantic flight. The amount of the fine was subsequently reduced following an appeal from one or two distinguished journalists.

(5) November, 1927.—*La Libertad* fined 3,000 pesetas (just over £100) for presenting an article with the heading, "Spaniards Nowadays are Not Respected even in China." This is, perhaps, the only instance of an article being stopped by the censor and a penalty being imposed.

One case recently: the two papers which were suspended for reprinting an article from a French review violently attacking Fascism in Italy were allowed to resume publication after an interval of ten days. There is thus no great cause for complaint, especially if you compare the conditions in Italy or Russia. And it is only natural that foreign newspaper correspondents should have to abide by the same rules as the Spaniards while they are enjoying the hospitality of the country. No control is exercised, be it noted, over mailed articles. The point to notice is that the Press in Spain has remained a faithful mirror of national opinion, even to the extent of disputing its own limitations.

El Liberal recently came out with the suggestion that the methods of the dictatorship should now, after five years, be abandoned, while the Dictator himself and his colleagues should remain to carry on their good work of government. Let the Government "establish the municipal authorities in accordance with the law decreed by itself (Estatuto Municipal, March 8th, 1924); then form the Provincial Councils on the basis of the 'ayuntamientos,' and convene the National Assembly with the due representation of local and provincial interests." The challenge was, of course, taken up by a writer in *La Nacion*. He replied in the usual style that it would be the height of folly to leave the work of reconstruction half done, and that if the progress of the country is freely admitted—as it is by everyone—the zealots of freedom of the Press will surely have patience a little while longer until the process of evolution is complete. The Press censorship, he said,

must last as long as the emergency régime itself, until the new constitutional system of the country is in force, *i.e.*, when, at the end of 1930 (this is in accordance with the Government's declarations last year when the Consultative Assembly was convoked), a national plebiscite shall have approved the fundamental charter of the nation and the necessary laws such as the Statute of the Press.

(It is an encouraging sign that the Dictator still adheres to this time-table in his latest pronouncements.)

This is clear enough, and if it were simply a question of waiting another two years the Press would stand to gain rather than to lose in influence and prestige. For in Spain the Press is not merely the "fourth power" but quite definitely the only power after the executive. But the provisions of the new Penal Code with regard to the Press are not altogether reassuring, and they have aroused already some critical comment in *El Sol*.

First of all the tradition is maintained by which a newspaper enterprise, like any other company or corporation, is liable to be suspended or suppressed by the Courts as a penalty for certain specified classes of offence. The new Code, however, provides for an exception to this rule. No such action is to be taken by the Public Prosecutor if the actual author of the incriminating article or sketch can be discovered and he admits sole and personal responsibility. But, as the writer of the leader in *El Sol* affirms with dignity, no self-respecting editor is going to let a member of his staff take such sole responsibility, when he has simply expressed himself according to the criteria of the paper. *El Sol* argues that this is equivalent to a death-penalty for a newspaper, and that such "measures of security" (the term used in the Code) are out of all proportion to the fault committed, and are an insult to the modern idea and the high standing of an independent Press. One may applaud the writer's sentiment, particularly in the case of his own paper. *El Sol* has only been in existence for eleven years, but it has reached a standard of culture and independent judgment which has few equals in Europe. Those who have visited the Press Exhibition at Cologne will have noticed the special feature

contributed by *El Sol*, a little book of some 300 pages in octavo, got up in tasteful fashion, which represents nothing more or less than the contents of the ordinary twelve-page edition of the paper of July 1st, 1928. An excellent symbol of *multum in parvo*. The facilities given by the Spanish Government to the Spanish-American Press at Cologne also show a welcome breadth of vision. *El Sol* is especially well informed on Ibero-American affairs.

Article 93 of the new Penal Code also states that pending necessary legal proceedings the Tribunal is entitled to suspend at once the said company, corporation, or other juridical person. For Tribunal read examining magistrate (the system of preliminary investigation by a *juge d'instruction* is the same as in France), and one may well understand that *El Sol* is somewhat alarmed. Apart from the financial loss for a newspaper, although it may eventually win its case in the Courts, there is the danger arising from the fact that, as things are at present, the examining judge may take his instructions from the Public Prosecutor, himself an official of the Government. Under such conditions there is no political liberty. Moreover, the above is apparently prescribed without prejudice to "special laws" to be enforced at a later date. The Penal Code, I should perhaps say, carefully excludes all provisions relating to the political constitution of the country and relevant legislation "so as not in any way to prejudge the character of the future charter." No one can tell yet whether *El Sol's* fears will be justified in the event. The Spanish Dictator has still "got us all guessing."

A few words in conclusion on the Madrid Press as it is to-day. The *A.B.C.* continues to be the most widely read, although *El Sol* comes a good second, in spite of the fact that it continues to neglect bull-fighting, which it calls "*la llamada fiesta nacional*" (the so-called national festival)! The reputation of the latter is already made abroad—witness the number of foreign writers or statesmen in the front rank who contribute to its columns. On the day I

write this there is an article by Lord Robert Cecil on "Why Great Britain Needs the League of Nations," while the same paper has been publishing voluminous extracts from the works of Mr. H. G. Wells. A year before I read portions of "The Way the World is Going," and now it is the turn of "The Open Conspiracy." Mr. Lloyd George, forsaking America for the nonce, has just written an article on the Rhineland question in *La Vanguardia* of Barcelona.

In the enforced absence of "*politicaillerie*," one of the most interesting effects of the dictatorship is seen in the improvement of the foreign service of the Spanish Press. In the language of the new psychology the introvert is on the way to become an extrovert. There is probably a more intelligent and unprejudiced view of the chief world problems to be found among the so-called "intellectuals" in Spain than in any other country. Problems of education and social reform are receiving more attention every day, and the Dictator is not above acting on some of the suggestions made through his competent advisers in the Government. In fact, the Spanish Press, although on a leash, has never been in a better state, and one does not need to be a partisan of government by dictatorship to affirm that it is reflecting faithfully the realities of life in Spain to-day. Finally, the standard price of ten centimes means that you get better value for your money than in any other European country.

department of Prints and Drawings. The Victoria and Albert Museum is a museum of industrial art, and attached to a Royal College of Art, so that one of its sections would be in any case a department of engraving, illustration, and design with a special room for practical students. For such a department the supply of material is sufficiently copious to make it unnecessary to compete with the British Museum for the actual possession of rarities, which in most cases can be made available for educational purposes by modern processes of reproduction. A more serious charge of overlapping was brought in the Departments of Ceramics. In this case the evidence taken by the Commission makes no allusion to what I have always believed to be the cause of this difficulty. When I first joined the British Museum the most conspicuous among the keepers of departments was Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks, K.C.B. To this great collector and benefactor the British Museum owes many of its most precious possessions, and especially its collection of ceramics. It is difficult to-day to imagine what the general Antiquities Department in the British Museum was in pre-Franksian days. Not only did he expend an ample fortune of his own in the acquisition of precious objects, but by his example and his powers of persuasion he induced other collectors, like Mr. Felix Slade, to bequeath collections of similar value to the British Museum. Under Sir A. W. Franks many of the miscellaneous so-called antiquities in the British Museum were translated into works of art. There was a good deal of latent jealousy between the two museums, and some undesirable competition did occasionally take place.

Some overlapping is almost inevitable between the Departments of Printed Books, Manuscripts, and of Prints and Drawings, seeing that they are by origin sections of one great national library. In the case of original drawings, the relations between the Departments of Manuscripts and Prints and Drawings have been most amicable, and in more than one instance a fitting transfer has been effected from one to the other of certain valuable objects for the benefit of students. The Department of

Printed Books was less amenable to transfer, even in the case of duplicates, and when some years ago they obtained permission to dispose of a number of duplicate books, the Department of Prints and Drawings was not consulted beforehand, so that a great number of illustrated books of some value for the history of engraving narrowly escaped being dispersed altogether, but were fortunately saved for use in the Print Room.

In March, 1895, I was selected by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., for the post of Director, Keeper and Secretary in the National Portrait Gallery on the retirement of Sir George Scharf, K.C.B., taking over the lately completed but still empty gallery in St. Martin's Place. I was now confronted for the first time with a Board of Trustees, and it is a pleasure for me to look back upon the fourteen years during which I was Director of this Gallery, and to recall the unfailing kindness and support which I enjoyed throughout from my Trustees. As Sir Charles Holmes has stated in his evidence before the Commission, his relations with the Trustees of this Board were as fortunate as mine, and this could certainly have been endorsed by the late Director, Mr. James D. Milner.

The National Portrait Gallery had been a Cinderella among such institutions. First installed "temporarily" in wooden sheds at South Kensington, it had been shifted into the old Brompton boilers after their removal to Bethnal Green. There it languished with a headquarters office in Great George Street, Westminster, with a Treasury heel firmly planted upon it, until a fairy prince appeared in the person of a Mr. W. H. Alexander with an offer of £80,000 to build a gallery to contain this precious collection. This offer could not be declined. The bad fairy godmother, however, who, as children are told, mars the fate of so many happy lives, was not absent from the birth of the National Portrait Gallery, nor from the almost concurrent birth of the National Gallery of British Art, due to a similar act of munificence by Sir Henry Tate. The sites available in the hands of the Government were the much-coveted ground at the back of the National Gallery, due to the opening up of Charing

Cross Road, and the ampler but more remote site in Westminster, due to the removal of the great prison at Millbank. Intelligent anticipation, a faculty of fitful growth in Whitehall, should have shown that in the case of two such new galleries space for future extension must be secured. The National Portrait Gallery, being the first in the field and the most obstreperous in its needs, secured the coveted site in Charing Cross Road. There the new Gallery was erected by Mr. Ewan Christian, the plans for the most part passed by the then director, Mr. George Scharf, C.B. The Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery were too anxious to secure their new Gallery for them to call attention to any difficulties which might arise in the future. Unluckily the director, Mr. (later on Sir George) Scharf, was a short, stout gentleman, with an affection of the neck which made it difficult for him to raise his head. For this reason he discouraged large open galleries, as is the National Gallery, in favour of a succession of galleries smaller in every dimension, including height. Acting on these instructions the architect designed a three-storied building with an ample basement, in which no room exceeded Mr. Scharf's dimensions as to height, and only the top floor could be lighted from top lights. The actual site of this first building did not interfere with any plans for the extension of the National Gallery, except that a wing was thrown out to the east of the National Portrait Gallery, facing St. Martin's Place, with a floor specially prepared to receive heavy works of sculpture, of which the National Portrait Gallery possessed very little.

When the present writer took over in March, 1895, the new Gallery was complete and ready to receive the long-exiled portraits from Bethnal Green. A new staff had to be formed of clerical assistants, attendants, cleaners, and police. By April, 1896, the Gallery was ready, and was opened to the public without any special ceremony.

On the day of its first opening it was only too evident that the new Gallery was full up, and barely sufficient to contain the collection of National portraits as it was then. The collection continued to increase year by year with

increasing difficulties as to hanging new portraits. Supernumerary portraits began to be weeded out and lent to furnish other Government buildings. Wherever the London Gallery seemed to overlap the National Galleries in Edinburgh and Dublin, a portrait could be transferred on loan, so long as it was not required in London as an illustration to history. Each year brought fresh difficulties.

At last the removal of St. George's Barracks and the Recruiting Office at the back of the National Gallery cleared a considerable site, upon which an extension of the National Portrait Gallery might take place. Eventually after a discussion lasting over many years a site was reserved for an extension of the National Portrait Gallery westwards facing Orange Street. The site plan, now issued, reveals only too well the original error in allowing the National Portrait Gallery to be attached to the back of the National Gallery instead of on a site of its own in which it could extend in any direction. It is inevitable now that both an immediate extension and any additional extension in years to come of the National Portrait Gallery can only be in the same direction westwards along Orange Street. Thus the Gallery will assume a long attenuated form ending at each end in a blind alley, for if the main entrance be retained in St. Martin's Place, as now, visitors will have to make a long trudge to get from the furthest gallery upstairs to the exit. In addition to this difficulty those of lighting, heating, watching, and of historical classifications will all be increased. It will not be an enviable task for the director in the future, but the situation is now irrevocable.

After the death of Queen Victoria in January, 1901, and the accession to the throne of King Edward VII, a complete reorganisation of the royal palaces was found to be necessary, with a revision of the whole marvellous collection of pictures, sculpture, and other works of art in the possession of the Crown. King Edward VII was graciously pleased to offer to the present writer the important post of Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art with a post in the royal house-

hold attached to it. The chairman of the Board of Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery gave a hearty welcome to this offer, and had little difficulty in persuading his colleagues on the board to do the same. The decision then lay with the Treasury, and the possible objections to a duplication of office and salary; but as it was His Majesty's own wish these difficulties were soon overcome. It so happened that the congestion already felt in the National Portrait Gallery had reduced administration to a jog-trot existence, so that the weight of the double office was felt in less degree, especially since the Director had inherited from Sir George Scharf a clerk and assistant keeper in the person of Mr. James D. Milner, considered worthy a few years later to be promoted to be chief director, and cut off lately by untimely fate and overwork at the zenith of his useful life.

It is no part of the present article to speak of the royal art collections, as they involved a quite different system of administration from that in force under the Government. It is interesting, nevertheless, to compare the post of director, or surveyor, in either case, with regard to the collections under his care. Whereas at the British Museum the present writer felt the force of control by a Board of Trustees only by transmission through others, but at the National Portrait Gallery had a sufficient experience of such a board acting on himself personally, he was called upon to administer a collection as large, as variable, and as valuable as any other in the world, and one, moreover, distributed over several different localities. The demand for action was immediate, as the two most important royal palaces, Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle, had to be dismantled in order that they might be reconstituted and their contents reinstalled to meet the requirements of a new Court in a new century. The task laid on the surveyor of the King's pictures and works of art was heavy, because so little had been done for so many years past, and the extent and value of these collections were hardly known, even to their royal owner himself. Thanks to the unflinching support of King Edward VII, the experience given by the Lord Cham-

berlain and the Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's department, especially in the matter of expenditure, and to the sympathetic assistance of other persons connected with the Court, the rearrangement of this wonderful collection in the royal palaces was carried through in good time.

Just about the time when the rearrangement of the royal collections was more or less completed, Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., ceased to be Director of the National Gallery on the expiration of his second quinquennial term of office. My name was mentioned as a possible successor, but the fixed idea that the Director of the National Gallery must be a practising artist carried the day, and Sir Charles Holroyd was appointed, to be succeeded in later years by Sir Charles Holmes. This was a fortunate escape for me. From my personal acquaintance with the last three Directors of the National Gallery, as well as from the evidence given by Sir Charles Holmes recently before the Royal Commission, I am convinced that I should have found the relations between the Board of Trustees of the National Gallery and the Director, and the general conditions under which this Director was compelled to work, most distasteful and probably unendurable in view of the free hand which I enjoyed as Surveyor of the King's Works of Art. I assert also that had I been compelled to receive authority from any Board of Control, other than financial, before undertaking any changes in the hanging and distribution of pictures, or before giving them such attention and repair as might seem to me to be necessary, the reinstallation of the royal collections would have extended over a long period of years, and perhaps never been completed.

Having also a fairly extensive acquaintance with museums and art galleries outside England, and also in the provinces of England, I am prepared to assert that, where the influence of a Board of Trustees is paramount, and a director a mere servant, dismissible at short notice, too often miserably paid, a museum or gallery can never flourish. Where, however, a director has the support and confidence of his employers, to take, for in-

stance, Sir Whitworth Wallis, at Birmingham, and his brother, Mr. George Wallis, at Nottingham, and where the credit for success is awarded to the director, a museum or art gallery can be made part of the life-blood of a community.

So numerous are the subjects of interest, which have already been discussed, and remain still to be discussed by this Royal Commission, that it is only possible in a single article to deal with two or three salient matters in the evidence already taken. For instance, Sir Charles Holmes was asked a very pertinent question: "How would you view the opinion expressed that it is not essential that the Director of the National Gallery should be a painter?" Sir Charles Holmes, being an eminent painter himself, naturally regarded a close and practical experience of painting as essential. Had the question been addressed to me on my official experience I should have given as decided an answer in the negative. This would not be due to any belief in my own abilities, which are, of course, strictly limited. On the face of it, Sir Charles Holmes's opinion seems to the uninformed to be based on so obvious a truth that there has been no idea of departing from this rule at the National Gallery. Yet the forty years and more during which I have been concerned with the administration of museums and art galleries have taught me that this claim on behalf of an artist is a complete fallacy. Sir Charles Holmes spoke of appalling croppers, and of the general untrustworthiness of an amateur. This was only in the matter of purchasing pictures, whereas this is only a part of the duties performed by the director of a museum or gallery. I could bring instances of appalling croppers by quite eminent artists, when confronted with paintings of a different date and in a different style of painting to their own. Sir Joshua Reynolds himself would afford more than one instance. Did not the National Gallery under Sir Charles Eastlake have an occasional "appalling cropper" of its own? A painter's share in a work of art is the conception of a subject, and the magic power of transferring to a canvas, or some other surface, this conception by

pigments, which he has been trained beforehand to use, and with the help of those gifts of drawing which, although inherent in human nature, only make themselves evident in certain select individuals. Once completed, the painting ceases to be the artist's monopoly, and in course of time, after a lapse of years, becomes something more of a commodity, like furniture, or china—in fact, it becomes a "work of art." Few artists, if any, can really think out of their own technique.

A similar difference of opinion exists about the restoration of pictures, into whose hands this important work should be entrusted. Here I am again at the stiffest loggerheads with Sir Charles Holmes. After a long experience of supervising the cleaning and repair of pictures during which the National Portrait Gallery, the Bridgewater House collection, and the Royal collections in all the palaces, including Hampton Court, have passed through my hands, I assert with the utmost confidence that the professional painter may be the most dangerous man to be entrusted with, even to be consulted upon, the restoration of a valuable picture. It is heart-breaking to think of the crimes committed upon pictures in former generations, and even, I regret to say, at the present day. Many of these crimes were due to an artist's love of "improving" the look of pictures. A true picture restorer is born, not made, and if he has begun life as an artist he has usually been a failure from a professional point of view. The work of restoration in the case of paintings is akin to that of a hospital, in which a ward may contain a dozen or more patients, each suffering from a different complaint, and each requiring a different treatment from the others. The true picture restorer has, like the doctor of medicine, to know how to meet the necessities of each case. For this a course of preliminary training and experience is necessary. A director of a gallery would not, or, at all events, should not, think of operating himself upon a sick picture, but would call in a general practitioner in most cases, and a specialist in others. In the case of special treatment the help of a practised artist may at times be of value, as indicated by Sir Charles Holmes, but his knowledge of

the medical or surgical treatment which may be required is not likely to exceed that of the "amateur" director who may have sought his advice. Indeed, it may be less, for a director should in course of time acquire a considerable acquaintance with the ailments of paintings of different dates and different methods of painting.

The main gist of this article is not to discuss the ever-acute question between artist and amateur, the rivalry and overlapping of museums and galleries, the inadequacies of salaries and grants, but to point out how necessary it is that the staff of our national museums and art galleries should be properly equipped for the very special and important work which they are called upon to perform. The nineteenth century, especially in its later years, was marked by a great expansion all over Europe of an interest in the history, as well as the practice, of the fine arts, in the formation and equipment of national museums and art galleries, as a popular need, contrasted with the dilettante proclivities of great private collectors, royal or otherwise, in former generations. The invention of photography, and its development into an art, increased the facilities for improved knowledge, and brought acquaintance with the great works of art about the world within the grasp of the zealous student. Professorships of fine arts were founded, and the great Universities recognised the study of the fine arts, in particular Greek and Roman art, as a possible part of the University curriculum. Then came, chiefly through France, the revelation of Oriental art, and the advance of China and Japan, extending eventually to India, and even to earlier years of humanity. Throughout these years Great Britain maintained a high repute for its energy and output in the domain of art history, while the administration of its museums and art galleries afforded an example to many other countries about to enter on the same class of work. Through the inexorable march of time the pioneers of this work are passing away, and their places are difficult to fill. The administration of the national museums and art galleries is included in the Civil Service of the nation, and the

cost defrayed out of national funds. The great museums and galleries which have grown up and are still increasing in numbers in the provinces have to be supported out of funds raised locally, in addition to the charges on the revenue for the maintenance of the national collections. Provincial galleries feel the same difficulty in obtaining an adequate and sufficiently well-paid staff to keep them going.

Just forty years ago, in 1888, at the first meeting of the so-called Art Congress at Liverpool, the present writer was called upon in an emergency to deliver a presidential address in Section E, which dealt with art history and museums. In the course of that address, which will be found printed in the Transactions of the Congress, I used the following words, which, even after this lapse of years, I should be prepared to use again:—

I will endeavour to sketch to you what is my ideal for the future history of museums in England. It is always permissible to dream, even if the dream be one that flits through the ivory portals of deception and not through the horn gate of truth. Let us dream that we are in the year 1900 and something. Among the great offices of State there is one department set aside for education, with a separate Minister in the Cabinet for education; among the sections of this department is one entirely devoted to the art education of the people, and under its control are the following institutions:

The British Museum, for general antiquities.

The South Kensington Museum, for works of art other than pictures and sculpture.

The Bethnal Green Museum (merged in the People's Palace), with all sorts of objects, of which the nature is simple and easily understood.

The National Gallery of Paintings by the Old Masters.

The National Gallery of Paintings by Native Artists.

The National Portrait Gallery.

The National Gallery of Sculpture, both ancient and modern.

All these institutions are component parts of one great whole, the national collection of works of art for the instruction and elevation of the people. Each of these institutions is managed by a man who is recognised throughout the world as the greatest living authority on the subjects over which he has control; he, besides directing the management of this museum, is engaged in educating a number of subordinates, of whom one will eventually fill his post, and others go out to our provincial or academic institutions. In the provinces every town of any importance has its collection of similar objects, but on a reduced scale, when possible under the same roof, but always kept distinct, and never clashing or competing together. Special care is taken to separate and secure the preservation of objects of local interest, while objects of national interest are deposited in the national collection. The curators and directors of these

museums are men of local origin who have been trained at the expense of their fellow-citizens in the great national collection of the country. In some cases women are employed, this being a sphere quite within their reach, and one which, in my opinion, they are very well fitted to adorn. Schools and colleges are each provided with a museum, the contents of which do not exceed that which is capable of being taught on the spot.

That was forty years ago, and much has happened since. The year 1900 and something has been and is going. Meanwhile the whole matter has expanded so vastly that a Royal Commission has been appointed to enquire into it. Indeed, the matter has become an international business, because at the present day no British director or curator can be described as highly trained who cannot read Latin, if not Greek, cannot read and speak, to some extent, French and German and, if possible, Italian, with, when possible, an acquaintance with Dutch and Spanish. More than this, his duties involve the desirability of seeing things with his own eyes, and not merely through other agencies. Such a knowledge can only be acquired gradually through a lifetime. This form of professional study of the fine arts needs an early apprenticeship, just as much as the actual performance of one of the fine arts. The old German system of *Lehrling*, *Geselle*, *Meister* cannot really be bettered.

Wer soll Lehrling sein? Jedermann.—Who can be pupil? Anybody.

Wer soll Geselle sein? Der was kann.—Who can be a worker? He who knows something.

Wer soll Meister sein? Der was ersann.—Who can be a master? He who has learnt something thoroughly.

The pupils can be provided by the Civil Service examination, but to attain even the rank of a comrade or worker in art some kind of achievement is required. The masters are more easily selected in later years. At present the Civil Service examination can only produce clerks, among whom may by chance be some young man or young woman with an innate love of art who would seek a post, however ill-paid, in one of the National Museums or Art Galleries. Vacancies may not occur at the right moment, and the suitable candidate may very possibly be absorbed into some better-paid branch of the Civil Service.

There are strong arguments in favour of a Ministry of the Fine Arts; there are as strong arguments against this, and, in a country which has not shaken off the mantle of the dilettante, the arguments against such a Ministry have prevailed. The existence of the present Royal Commission is nevertheless a sign of the times, and a proof that something of the sort is in the air. We have our great National Museums and Art Galleries, and we also have our great institutions of the same sort in the provinces, where local sentiment is too often prone to look upon the National Galleries as the merely local interest of London. The fact that the cost of the London Museum in Lancaster House is borne by the general taxpayer has perhaps lent some colour to the mistaken idea that museums and galleries in London should not be the concern of the taxpayer outside London, but maintained, like the great Museums at Birmingham, Manchester, Bristol and elsewhere, out of local resources. A Ministry of the Fine Arts might, however, gather all these conflicting elements under its wing. Against this is alleged the cost of such a new Department, but the Commissioners in this Interim Report point out how small a part the actual cost of our National Museums and Art Galleries plays in the bulk of the nation's expenditure, the total for the year 1927-8 being less than the cost of a single capital warship. The policy of H.M. Treasury appears to be to wait until the scandal has reached such dimensions that the hearts of the wealthy are touched and the strings of their purses unloosed. This attitude is due to the dangerous example of the United States of America, where actual cash is more easily obtainable and of less value than the training in art, literature and general culture which are "supposed to be diffused through Museums and Art Galleries." Yet, year by year, the nation is scared by the boggy of increased expenditure, and taught that it is better to go humbly to the Alexander, the Tate, the Duveen, the Rockefeller of the moment and beg for their support. Take, for instance, the long-deferred extension of the National Portrait Gallery, now put forward in this Report as an urgent necessity. This

extension is only a portion of what is needed for the completion of this Gallery upon its allotted space, and will only afford relief for about fifteen years. Its cost will not exceed £40,000, to be spread over more than one year, and yet the nation does not appear able to provide this small sum out of its own resources. This and other similar expenses may be met by private generosity, but the nation can hardly look to a Tate or Duveen to pay the expenses of the staff. The evidence given by Sir Charles Holmes and the Earl of Crawford show the hopeless inadequacy for its purpose of the present administrative staff at the National Gallery. Sir Charles Holmes alluded to the multifarious duties which now devolve upon the senior and junior officers, in particular the valuable work done for the Estate Duty Office. The question should be asked: What is the work done for the Estate Duty Office, and why it is imposed on the staff of the National Gallery, and, if so, if any additional remuneration is made for the performance of this work? It is known that the extra work of this sort imposed upon the late Director of the National Portrait Gallery was to a great extent responsible for his premature death and the loss to the nation of so valuable a servant.

An increase in staff should be an increase in quality rather than quantity. The average Civil Service clerk might be able to perform part, even a large part, of the ordinary office work, but he would be useless for the really difficult and important details of a director's requirements. It may be suggested that, if assistants have to be appointed by public competition through the Civil Service, each new clerk or apprentice should be attached for a certain period only to such an office as the British Museum or the National Gallery, after which period if he (or she) be considered to have the aptitude for any special work of this sort the appointment should be confirmed. Then it should be part of the annual duty of this young student to spend at least one month of each year at the discretion of his chief in studying in some museum or art gallery on the Continent as part of his official duties, and, of course, with his ordinary expenses paid. Then after these years of training the officer would be ready to be appointed per-

manently to some special subject, such as prints and drawings, or ceramics, or classical sculpture, such specialism before this date being discouraged in the majority of instances. This would enable the young officer to get a general acquaintance with the contents of a museum or art gallery without being cooped up at once in a watertight compartment throughout his official life, as is too often the case in the English Civil Service. It may be remarked that the suggested early system of employment would apply as well to museums or galleries of Natural Science as to those containing works of art. The important aim of any Government should be to obtain the services of a suitable staff for its museums and art galleries. Having secured such a staff, the members of it should be trained in such a manner that they are allottable within reason to any particular duty. Specialism should not be encouraged until a later stage in an official's career, when his special proclivities will have declared themselves. At this stage the salary should be a matter of earnest consideration and should be on a scale of its own, unaffected by that in ordinary use throughout the Civil Service.

It is perhaps a fortunate coincidence that the issue of this Interim Report should follow immediately on the Report made on the Public Museums of the British Isles (other than the National Museums) by Sir Henry Miers, F.R.S., to the Carnegie United Kingdom Trustees, independently of the Royal Commission, in which Sir Henry Miers is included. This Report is due to a former Report, issued by the British Association at its meeting at Cardiff in 1920. In this Report Sir Henry Miers says that the really important factor in making a museum good or bad is the influence of the Curator, depending upon his energy and his qualifications, and, further, that one of the salient facts disclosed by the present inquiry is the disgracefully low standard of salaries. Sir Henry Miers also says that, apart from some of the museums in the larger towns, there is scarcely a general museum in the country that is really well arranged, well housed, provided with the necessary storage and workrooms, and adequately staffed.

The simultaneous issue of these two Reports should

married Marguerite, is it more likely that he would have found himself as a poet? One can imagine Matthew Arnold going through with the adventure, finally united to Marguerite and domiciled in Paris, only to regret the purity and sweetness of the English countryside and the congenial native life he had abandoned for a foreign, uncongenial mate. It would seem that whatever course he may have chosen there was sufficient food on which to nourish his peculiar talent for expressing melancholy and frustration.

Here and there the author displays a curious ill-tempered harshness, almost a malevolence, towards his subject, as though having perhaps suffered inconvenience or exploitation at the hands of porters, waiters, and hotel proprietors abroad, and, angry with the world, Mr. Kingsmill resolved to get his own back from Matthew Arnold upon whose life he was at work. Poor Matt gets a bad time of it. It is as if Mr. Kingsmill said to Matthew Arnold: "Ha, ha! You thought you were going to escape biography, or, at worst, fall into the sentimental hands of a George Russell. But here come I, a critic, so to speak, with no nonsense about him. Where are you now?" Thus pursued, Arnold takes shelter in one retreat after another, only to be pulled out by the scruff of his neck to be worried to death, after which Mr. Kingsmill grants him a handsome burial among the trees and flowers which the victim loved so well. But this is a surface impression. Read again, one is compelled to recognise the integrity of Mr. Kingsmill's criticism. The lamp which he applies is a ray so powerful that it cannot but expose such shams and weaknesses and self-deceit as are in the body under examination. If there have been surgeons who have made a kinder, more superficial diagnosis, it is because they have seen but according to their light—a weaker voltage.

Having failed to make a success of his individual life, Matthew Arnold, for want of anything better to do, assumed the rôle of teaching others. He did not, however, set out to teach how failure such as his may be avoided: one could understand that, but how success may be attained.

"It is very animating," Arnold wrote to his mother in 1863, "to think one has at last a chance of getting at the English public. Such a public as it is, and such a work as one wants to do with it." Mr. Kingsmill is particularly interesting when he discourses on "impersonality"—an attitude which overtakes creative writers at a period of their career when the flow of poetic inspiration shows signs of dwindling. At such times artists are apt to become philanthropists and throw themselves with zeal into social, national, international, and like activities. Not only does such work provide a convenient excuse for deferring his real work, but it carries him along on contemporary winds and fills him with self-righteous satisfaction at the thought of his own altruism. Altruism, indeed, of an exalted kind considering the quality of his poetic stuff that he must sacrifice, he thinks, to the impersonal necessities of his day. "To be less and less personal in one's desires and workings is the great matter," Matt wrote to his mother in 1866, having announced to her a little earlier: "I mean, as I told Fan in the autumn, to deliver the middle class out of the hand of their Dissenting ministers."

It is an old story. Few poets have failed to succumb to the illusion. With some the delusion was so strong that, through sheer perversity, they indeed preferred to be associated with their assumed professions rather than their real work. It pleased Tolstoy to despise his novels because his sociological writings were being discredited by old admirers of *War and Peace*. Goethe, who remained unmoved in the face of literary praise and blame alike, completely lost his dignity and flew into a rage with his biographer when Eckermann dared as much as hint that Goethe's scientific premises were open to scrutiny. It was by his contribution to science that he would be remembered—so he said. In our own days there is Mr. H. G. Wells, who affects to be a journalist, and Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who I daresay looks on himself as being primarily a painter. And, finally, there is Mr. Hugh Kingsmill himself, who no doubt prunes himself on being a biographer.

"As soon as a man has discovered this distinction

between personal and impersonal 'desires and workings,' " says Mr. Kingsmill, "his sense of proportion and his consideration for others diminish; and the selfish instincts he indulged timorously in his own interests begin to be bold, dispensing him, now that he is working for humanity at large, from the small obligation of generosity and help to which the ordinary man is sensitive, even when he fails to discharge them."

The theme which Mr. Kingsmill disengages for us is what he wittily describes as "Dawnism." "Dawnism," he says, "or heralding the dawn of a new world, of the millennium, the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth, the New Jerusalem, the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Age of Reason, the resurrection of Judæa or Ireland, France, Germany or Russia, etc., etc.; in short, an excited anticipation that some form of collective action is about to solve all the troubles of the individual is an intermittent but apparently incurable malady of mankind." To this illness Matthew Arnold seems to have succumbed as his poetic inspiration dwindled. There is a curious blight on all creative activity: a tendency to dream rather than do. Though he feels it is his only means of being equal to himself, a writer involuntarily postpones his real work, clutching at every irrelevant task but his own (his own being, according to Proust, to decipher the book of illusion). "Every outward event," says Proust, "whether the Dreyfus Case or the War, has furnished writers with an excuse for not deciphering that book; they had wished to ensure the triumph of right, to refashion the moral unity of the nation, and had no time to think of literature. But these were nothing but excuses, for they had no genius, or not enough of it; that is to say, no instinct. For it is instinct which dictates the task, while the intelligence supplies the pretext for eluding it. But no excuse avails in art; good intentions count for nothing. At all times the artist must obey his instinct; which explains why art is of all things the most real, the most austere school of life, and the true Last Judgment."

This supports Mr. Kingsmill's contention. But it also makes one regret that Mr. Kingsmill, himself a creative

writer, should side-track into criticism and postpone his real work. One laments that the creator of *Polmont* should be compelled to inspect the life of another instead of recreating his own. One longs for more of the "rich prose—these cobbled streets, snug houses, plentiful food, good wine, and love and love! Exuberance and strength! And the gently-flowing Indre." One longs for a spring day in Touraine outside the little village with the enchanting name "Azay-le-Rideau." But if Mr. Kingsmill will not just yet provide us with poetry of his own, with what sureness of instinct he disentangles Arnold's beautiful lines from a mass of uninspired material. He writes: "The idea of repose, whether in death, or in some state removed from the moral compulsions and immoral enticements of the world, releases the only spring of inspiration in Arnold which always runs clear:

So rest, for ever rest, O princely Pair!
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain air,
Where horn and hound, and vassals never come. . . .

and:—

Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine,
Gently by his, ye waters, glide.
To that in you which is divine
They were allied.

and:—

Let me see
Once more before my dying eyes,
Bathed in the sacred dews of morn,
The wide aerial landscape spread,
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead.

and:—

Far, far from here
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay,
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair.
And by the sea, and in the brakes,
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain-flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours.
And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
Bask in the glens, or on the warm sea-shore,
In breathless quiet, after all their ills."

Whereas the idea of repose, as revealed in the poems just quoted, was the natural expression of Arnold's talent, reconciliation, which he tacked on forcibly to several of his more important poems, I think from a feeling that it was a sign of great vision in a poet to do so, refused to issue naturally—at least out of the themes he chose. There is a fashion which persists in literature and is (unjustifiably, according to musicians) carried by literary critics into music—a fashion of conceding a superiority to reconciliation over the attitude of, let us say, rebellion or despair. This fashion, if we examine it more closely, springs from a sort of literary inferiority complex which vents itself in priggishness. It is generally assumed that the universe, though veiled to our mortal sight, is a harmonious entity. Hence writers who end their work on a note of reconciliation are credited with a vision which perceives all there is to perceive, the entire universe, by a sort of intuition, while others who rebel or despair are assumed to do so because their shorter sight enables them to see but a portion of the whole. No writer wants to lag behind another in sensibility and perception. Hence the tendency in Matthew Arnold, for example, to force reconciliation into his poetry, which does not ring true to his nature. The real modern genius of reconciliation is Tchehov. This fragment jotted down in his note book gives expression to a feeling latent in all his writing: "Essentially all this is crude and meaningless, and romantic love appears as meaningless as an avalanche which involuntarily rolls down a mountain and overwhelms people. But when one listens to music all this is—that some people lie in their graves and sleep, and that one woman is alive and, grey-haired, is now sitting in a box in the theatre, seems quiet and majestic, and the avalanche no longer meaningless, since in nature everything has a meaning. And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive."

Here we have to do with a warm, living feeling which found effective expression in, for example, the reconciliatory scene in *The Duck*. Goethe, wisest of critics, believed that literature at its best, when touching poetry,

was invariably the outcome of a naïve, sub-conscious state of mind which dealt in terms of the things of this world behind which the Absolute lay concealed. Demands from above, he held, destroyed this naïve productive state of mind and passed off for literature something which was not literature but self-conscious rhetoric. Nevertheless, he imposed a reconciliatory ending on *Faust*, which is more forced and formal than spontaneous—a "demand from above." Still, what was he to do? What is a man to do in the face of life and death? Is he to rebel stupidly? Submit meekly? Submit gladly, with a smile, insinuating, as it were (like Mr. Middleton Murry), that he is "in the know," that nothing of the hidden machinery of omnipotence is really hidden from him? Or singing psalms, hoping inertly? Was Goethe to bring in Faust into the heavenly scene vehemently protesting that life was a fraud and the universe an impostor? Picture the scene. Faust, waving his hands wildly, shouting, "Cads! Humbugs! Bullies! Profiteers! I refuse to submit. Refuse to die. Refuse, moreover, to live eternally. I rebel! Rebel, I say!"

Chorus of archangels, shouting indignantly: "Sit down!"

(A number of winged ushers then remove Faust, after which interruption God sits unmoved in His Heaven, and all's right with the world.) But Faust? What can he do now but turn Lucifer?—a sort of Mr. Aldous Huxley who, having received some such similar treatment at the hands of the archangel of criticism, sighed bitterly: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and went for the archangel with a brutality not of the other world. But anxious lest he be thought insensible to the mystic qualities of Heaven from which he had been ejected, anxious to prove that "I have understanding as well as you. I am not inferior to you. Yea, who knoweth not such things as these?" yet unable to work the miracle himself, Mr. Huxley very wisely harnesses Beethoven to his somewhat rusty chariot. The acquisition of "Point Counter Point" is not sufficient in itself to initiate us into Heaven; the supplementary purchase of a Beethoven record seems indispensable for a real

intimation of immortality. Thus Mr. Huxley. Of such, too, is the Kingdom of Heaven.

A certain reaction, however, is noticeable in contemporary literature from mysticism and preoccupation with the affairs of Heaven. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, a puissant if somewhat left-handed writer, now pins his faith to the "complete man." But priggishness will have it that even so component a thing as the "complete man" must have a centre of gravity somewhere to which one may aspire; and which, according to Mr. Lawrence, is situated a little lower than the hips. My own idea of art is one and one only: that it must be unforced. But the less thought of that also the better for art.

To return to Mr. Kingsmill and Matthew Arnold. Creative writing, among other things, is like the continual pulling out of weeds—of habit and illusion—which threaten daily to befoul and choke our private garden of life. Or, better still, it is akin to using "Cutex," which consists of "wrapping a little absorbent cotton around the point of a nail stick, dipping it into the Cutex bottle, and working around the base of the nail, pushing back the cuticle gently. Almost at once," reads the label, "you can wipe off the dead surplus cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers in clear water." Creative writing, especially creative criticism—whether of letters or of life—is removing the cuticle of lies, self-deceit, self-flattery, habit and illusion generally which threaten daily to grow over our real life. And Matthew Arnold's nails shine the better for Mr. Kingsmill's operation.

MISS MAYO AND HER CRITICS

By H. G. DALWAY TURNBULL, M.A.

IN the Preface to his *History of European Morals* the judicious Lecky remarks: "Its subject necessarily includes questions on which it is exceedingly difficult for an English writer to touch." Could Lecky revisit the moral fields of earth to glimpse Miss Mayo's *Mother India*, he would hardly find words to express his astonishment that an American lady, no distant descendant of those who shrank with horror from "a naked eye," should have written such a penetrating and outspoken book.

In India, of course, the book has aroused a chorus of angry protests—not all from Indians—and indignant students publicly (though not solemnly) burned a copy in Calcutta. Mr. C. S. Ranga Iyer, a Member of the Indian Legislative Assembly, has issued under the title of *Father India*¹ a reply which would have been more effective had it been less shrill, and had the writer not seized the opportunity and the temptation to blame an alien Government for the continuance of such "abuses" as can hardly be denied. The reply by Mr. Dhan Gopal Mukerji—*A Son of Mother India Answers*²—is more effective in proportion as it is more temperate in statement and in tone. And there have been others who have taken up the challenge on much the same lines. In the case of the reported utterances by Mr. Gāndhi, Miss Mayo has suffered the usual fate of the reporter who has not obtained a signed statement, for the *Mahatma* has published a repudiation and a protest. Candid friends seldom get the credit of their good intentions, and the suggestion that Miss Mayo was officially or semi-officially prompted to denigrate Indian social customs and the Indian educated classes in the interests of British rule is one that, however absurd it may

(1) Selwyn and Blount, November, 1927.

(2) E. P. Dutton and Co., New York, 1928.

appear to us in England, has naturally occurred to the sensitive and suspicious Hindu.

Whatever good such a book may do—if we may assume for a moment that its facts are well-founded and its conclusions reasonable—in countries such as America, where there is, or was, widespread ignorance of fundamental facts about India, it is doubtful whether its good intentions will be of any avail in India itself. The comparative handful of genuine social reformers in that country—the men and women who are ready not merely to pay lip-service to reason and reform, but to risk abuse and social persecution by acting on their beliefs—may find that the resistance of “the compact majority” has been perceptibly stiffened by Miss Mayo’s book.

There is little wisdom in lecturing India on some of the matters dealt with by Miss Mayo, especially if the lecture comes from America. Thousands of Indians have seen American films. These, they assume, are pictures of the normal life of the West, and they are tempted to say: “If this is the life that your social system begets, let us keep our own ‘abuses.’”

Now *Mother India* is undoubtedly a sincere and able work. Its facts are effectively grouped and handled; its style is vigorous and vivid, and it is seldom, if ever, rhetorical or violent. One gets the impression that Miss Mayo feels a genuine sympathy for the sufferings of women, children, and animals. It is perhaps all the more effective for being written in English rather than American. And as it is a book which is supposed to have made some sensational revelations, is it any wonder that it has been read by many whose interest in sociology is as a rule rather faint?

Miss Mayo has told us of the child-mother and the horrible treatment she usually undergoes at the hands of the *dhai* (native midwife) and occasionally at the hands of her husband; of the father, often immature, yet enervated by early indulgences, or old and perhaps diseased. She has pictured the cruel treatment of widows, the miserable lot of the “untouchables,” the almost deliberate squalor

and anti-sanitary habits of masses of the population, the daily suffering inflicted upon thousands of dumb animals. She has quoted some impressive statistics; she tells us, for instance, that of Indian babies born alive about two million die each year, that in Calcutta the death-rate among females, mainly owing to the *purdah* system, is forty per cent. higher than among males, that there are nearly twenty-seven millions of widows, a large number of whom are quite young and forbidden to remarry.

To the European who has lived for any length of time in India and kept his eyes and ears open, these things are not unknown, though some of them may be known only by hearsay, but Anglo-Indians, as a rule, have been unwilling, for various reasons, to deal really frankly with them in print. They are now being asked by friends who have read the book, “Is all this true?”

The first thing that might be expected to strike any intelligent reader is that the book is—presumably of set purpose—very one-sided. Miss Mayo seems deliberately to have given us only the darker sides of Indian life, only its ailments and defects. She herself knows, of course, that her book is not a complete picture of Indian life, and she speaks of “other facts . . . other angles left untouched by this research.” but the danger is that the heedless or inexperienced reader may take the picture to represent the whole truth. And this he or she seems usually to have done. Any student of India can at once supply qualifications on the other side.

Among the Indian peasants, who form about four-fifths of the population, there are, in spite of malaria and a comparatively poor diet, considerable numbers of sturdy or tough and wiry men. Though he has not often the same weight of solid bone and muscle as most of the peasants of Europe, the Jat or the Maratha would probably hold his own in any contest of endurance. Again, men like Tagore in literature, Bhandarkar in scholarship, Gokhale in politics, and Bose in science show us that modern English-speaking India is not quite barren of achievement in the realm of thought.

of a husband at least. To the Hindu mind an old maid is an almost indecent object, and a dissolute or decrepit husband better than none at all. Miss Mayo has drawn up on the other hand a table of horrors indicative of the permanent injury or the fatal results consequent upon marriage being forced upon child-brides. Such things have happened and do happen, but Miss Mayo has had to draw them from the records of a good many years and from a population of 300 millions. A similar table could probably be compiled from the criminal and pathological statistics of London or New York,¹ but in Europe or America such things are regarded as offences against nature—and also against the law. That there is another side to Miss Mayo's picture has been shown by Miss Noble (Sister Nivedita), who gives us a charming description of the kindness with which the child bride is treated in a Hindu home.

We may conclude, then, that the child marriage business, though far from ideal, is not, on the whole, quite so revolting or so hopeless as Miss Mayo might lead one to suppose.²

Mr. Iyer, though admitting the evils of the *purdah* system (confined, among Hindus, to higher castes, and non-existent or barely existing in some parts of India), criticises Miss Mayo for her misrepresentation of the treatment of Indian women and the place assigned to them in society. The Hindu wife walks behind her husband; when he has finished his meal, she eats, by herself. "Wives and cattle are to be bought for money," says the Hindu proverb, and the frequency of contemptuous references to women in Indian talk and literature reminds us (once again) of the early Fathers of the Church or the mediæval writers. Still, those who know the women of India best, agree that they exercise no small influence in their homes, and would resent the suggestion

(1) The report for 1927 of our own Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children does not make very cheerful reading.

(2) Her picture, for instance, would give a misleading idea of the life of the Maratha peasant. It would apply with least qualification to conditions in Bengal.

that they are down-trodden. Female education is steadily advancing, and the educated young Indian is beginning to appreciate the advantage of companionship on terms of something like intellectual equality. Here, too, as at so many other points of the "unchanging" East, new forces are at work.

Mr. Iyer's reply to Miss Mayo's indictment on matters of sex is largely one of *tu quoque*. He quotes at considerable length from Judge Lindsey's *Revolt of Modern Youth* to show that the morals of boys and girls in American schools are in a parlous state, and he remarks: "In India things are better off because the Pundits have faced the facts and solved the problem of life in reference to the climatic and other considerations." By seclusion and early marriage the high-caste Indian girl is protected from the temptations to which, if Judge Lindsey is correct, so many American girls have succumbed. She loses, of course, that period of maidenhood which in other lands (even in America, let us hope) can be so charming and so innocently enjoyable. But in this imperfect world one cannot have things both ways.

Incidentally, Mr. Iyer is quite justified in protesting against Miss Mayo's statement that "Indian women of child-bearing age cannot safely venture, without special protection, within reach of Indian men." Girls are probably more likely to be kidnapped in India than in Western Europe, but the general decorum of the sexes in public is above the European standard. Let it suffice to quote the Abbe Dubois,¹ who held no very exalted opinion of Hindu morals: "They [Hindu women] do not, it is true, receive those insipid compliments which we have agreed to consider polite; but then, on the other hand, they are safe from the risk of insult. A Hindu woman can go anywhere alone, even in the most crowded places, and she need never fear the impertinent looks and jokes of idle loungers." In India "Hyde-Park" cases are very rare.

To Miss Mayo's evidence of the prevalence of venereal

(1) *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies* (trans. Beauchamp; Oxford edition, p. 340).

diseases among educated Indians Mr. Iyer retorts by quoting English hospital statistics. No one would deny that these things are still a scourge and a problem in this country, but, quite apart from any discussion of comparative statistics, the point which Mr. Iyer misses is that the ordinary Indian attitude towards the matter is biologically unsound. Few otherwise educated and respectable Indian fathers seem to object to their daughters being given in marriage to diseased husbands; in corresponding circles in England such fathers would now be rare, and would certainly be ashamed of themselves if what they had permitted became known.

That, in spite of her over-emphasis and her risky generalisations, there is more weight in much of Miss Mayo's indictment than he is (naturally enough) willing to admit, Mr. Iyer might have gathered from the *Satyarth Prakash* (Light of Truth) of "Rishi" Dayanand Saraswati, the founder of the Ārya Samāj, and an exponent of a purified and proselytising Hinduism. For this work he expresses unqualified admiration, calling it "the Bible of every Hindu to-day, educated and uneducated," an assertion astounding to the present writer. However, let us grant that the "Rishi's" work is the Bible not only of Ārya Samajists but of all Hindus. What do we find there? The statement, emphatic and repeated, that the woes of India are largely due to early marriage and premature sexual indulgence.

Miss Mayo has, as we have seen, laid herself open to the charge of exaggeration and unsafe generalisation; there are healthy elements in Hindu life, and some at least of the horrors she so vividly depicts, though they have, no doubt, occurred, can hardly be called normal or typical.

Closely connected with the question of child marriage and the position of women is that of the treatment of widows. To the European mind, untouched by Hindu religious conceptions, it seems grotesquely unfair that a child-widow, who has perhaps never lived with her hus-

(1) There were seven famous Rishis in the old Hindu legend, super-ascetics and semi-divine teachers.

band, should be condemned to perpetual widowhood, and should be treated as a creature of ill-omen. To Miss Mayo's strictures Mr. Iyer replies by calling Miss Sorabji's book *Between the Twilights* (which Miss Mayo quotes as evidence) "the vapourings of an unbalanced and uninstructed mind"—a very simple method of disposing of an intelligent and not inexperienced witness. On the next page he makes merry over a supposed statement of Miss Mayo which he has derived from an almost incredible misinterpretation of a plain sentence about child marriage, and he thereupon roundly declares that "Hindu widows are treated with the utmost consideration until they are married"—a somewhat infrequent event, by the way. All that an outsider can say is that he hopes that Mr. Iyer is correct. We must remember that in these and similar matters involving what appears to us (and sometimes, of course, is) an element of cruelty, the standards of India and of the West are different. In India any chance that Hindu society had of emerging from mediæval practice was ruined by the Mahomedan invasions. We displayed a similar "callousness" in the Middle Ages. Anybody who has mixed with the Hindus will admit that they are, on the whole, a kindly people, but the ordeal they have passed through has left its mark upon them. Few of them, therefore, really felt the cruelty of a custom such as that of Sati, and Indian reformers needed the help of a foreign government to put an end to it. Even to-day, if it ceased to be illegal, it might quite possibly be revived.

Let us pass to the problem of the "Untouchables." A good case can be made out in theory for the Hindu caste system, and it has stood the Hindus in good stead in many ways, but the result of it has been that the underdogs (the "depressed classes") have been condemned to a life somewhat less than human. As far as one can see, caste and *karma*¹ would have united to preclude them indefinitely from any sympathy, and to prevent them from even dreaming of the possibility of bettering their status,

(1) The doctrine that one reaps what one has sown, and that a man's low estate in life is due to sins committed in a former incarnation.

had it not been for the impact of humanitarian and Christian ideas from the West. As Mr. Iyer practically admits,¹ any impulse that exists towards "social service" in India to-day is largely due to the missionaries. "The Hindus of India," he concludes "believe in the abolition of the slum, in the education and uplift of the poor to whom education is a luxury, in uplifting them and not degrading themselves." If some Hindus are now engaged in "uplifting" the depressed, the great majority are, naturally enough, much more concerned about "not degrading themselves." The "depressed classes" are just beginning to be resentful of their age-long degradation, and to make an effort to free themselves from serfdom; they do not, of course (as Miss Mayo reminds us) look upon the Brahman with very kindly feelings, and they are not at all enthusiastic about the prospects of *swaraj*.

Miss Mayo, being an intelligent person, and knowing something of Indian history, sees quite clearly that the (comparative) poverty of large masses of ryots is due, not to British rule, but to deep-seated social and economic causes, the roots of which go far back into the centuries. The ryot now enjoys security of life and property, while the percentage that the Government takes as land revenue is a great deal lower than that taken by any previous Government of which we have record; but the pressure of the huge and steadily growing population on the means of subsistence, the uneconomic sub-division of land, the unscientific management of cattle,² the fact that the cultivator is usually dependent on the monsoon, which may be scanty or defective, and that, in spite of his industry and frugality, the force of custom makes him incur debts for marriage ceremonies that are out of all proportion to his income—these are some of the causes that keep the ryot poor.

Much of Indian peasant life may at first sight look

(1) *Father India*, p. 88.

(2) A subject well handled by Miss Mayo.

rather squalid to the Western eye, but economic comparisons between East and West are apt to be fallacious. Sir John Strachey, who, of course, knew India well, was of opinion that "there can be no question that in times of ordinary prosperity there is, in proportion to the population, more want and extreme misery in our own country than in India."¹ Since Sir John Strachey wrote, the economic condition of the English working classes has considerably improved (largely at the expense of the classes above them), but he would be a bold man who would assert that those classes, in spite of having more money and more of the apparatus of civilisation, are happier than the bulk of Indian ryots.

Most of the rules of hygiene and sanitation are, of course, deducible from demonstrable scientific facts, and hardly to be qualified by longitude or point of view. No sane observer doubts that, in India as a whole, the general standard in these matters is a great deal lower than it is in England or America, and that that fact is responsible for a great deal of preventable disease, for the very high death-rate and for generally impaired longevity. Miss Mayo has illustrated this theme in picturesque (if unsavoury) detail, and with the substantial accuracy of her descriptions no one who has lived in India would disagree. The main obstacles to progress are the ignorance of the bulk of a vast population (though that ignorance is slowly diminishing), religious and caste prejudices, and, above all, the inherited and settled apathy of the people as a whole.² As long as the majority of the population continue to believe (as we in Christian mediæval Europe believed) in the evil eye, witchcraft, the ubiquity of demons and evil spirits, and that all epidemics are the work of malign deities, and can be checked only by propitiations, many things that would be considered

(1) The whole passage (which may be commended to those who assume the superiority of Western industrial civilisation) is quoted by Sir T. W. Holderness (*op. cit.*, p. 137).

(2) Any Anglo-Indian who has tried in these matters to introduce improvements in the traditional habits of the servants (low-caste men, of course, when they are Hindus) in his compound knows what a force the combined conservatism and apathy of India can be.

"abuses" in the West will be regarded with equanimity in India. In Western Europe religion has long ceased to have anything to do with food, dress or the routine habits of daily life in any but a few isolated cases. Only the general spread of real education—a very slow process under Indian conditions—can raise the general standard in these matters. As Lockwood Kipling¹ says, apropos of "hustling the East": "Reforms are supposed to be promoted in the West by associations that career through society as a troop of wild asses sweep over the desert, but the movement is not yet foaled that shall stir the Hindu to a faster pace than he is minded to take."

To upbraid the Government of India for the primitive hygienic ideas and practices of the masses is childish. Before the impact of modern European ideas upon such Indians as they could reach, nobody had ever bothered about the condition of the masses, the low standard of living, or unhygienic customs. (In certain castes, of course, ceremonial cleanliness had been developed to a point which the European is apt to regard as comical and pedantic.) Even the religious reformers and prophets—most of whom were men of the people and not Brahmins—who attacked or disregarded caste, and preached something like equality and brotherhood, cared little or nothing about the material conditions of their flock. Such things were part of the natural (or divine) order of the world, like the sunshine or the rain. In pre-British India a Ruskin would have been impossible. He has not yet appeared, but he is not now inconceivable.

With Miss Mayo's opinion (fortified by quotations from some who have the right to speak) most of those who have had any experience of Indian education will be in substantial agreement. College and university education has been pushed on disproportionately to the needs of the country, and the result has been that quality has been sacrificed to quantity in a field where quality is all-important. The Brahmin is by tradition a memoriser and a scholiast, and the system of higher education and examination which we have established might almost have

(1) *Beast and Man in India* (1921), p. 142.

been designed to put a premium on these qualities. It has produced a number of distinguished men, but it has been responsible for far too many failures, for the net was cast too wide at a time when no sufficiently broad and sound foundation existed in the form of school teaching. If those who are now responsible for educational policy can or will do something to raise the standard of matriculation it will be a blessing in disguise, not only to the unfit but to the community at large. But the forces on the other side are very strong, and the Indian peasant has no great yearning for education.

Miss Mayo has combined with her social studies some outspoken opinions and speculations on Indian politics and political possibilities. She has left no reader in doubt of her conviction that the English-speaking educated Indians would be quite incapable of governing that huge collection of peoples which is India if British rule were suddenly removed, and that India would soon pass out of their control. She compares the Indian members of the Legislative Assembly to a parcel of mischievous children who have got hold of a magnificent watch, thrust their fingers into it, and try to pick out the jewels. Such criticism is not altogether fair. Short-sighted as the obstructive tactics of the Swarajists may have been, they were at least as dignified as occasional performances we have witnessed nearer home, and they expressed a consistent policy. Sir Valentine Chirol, who should be an experienced and impartial judge in such matters, gave it as his opinion that in the first session of the Indian Legislature¹ "Its proceedings were not unworthy of a great parliamentary assembly," that "the speeches sometimes rose to a high level of eloquence," and "were as a rule sober and dignified."

Sir Valentine Chirol's testimony does not, of course, meet other considerations urged by critics of the Reforms, which are far more fundamental. It is, they would say,

(1) In which the Swarajists, who had boycotted the elections, were not represented. By demonstrating that the Montagu-Chelmsford watch would not work, they hoped to be allowed to substitute one of their own which would keep Indian (Hindu) time.

(2) *India Old and New*, p. 227.

one of the truest of political maxims (was it Bagehot who first formulated it?) that you cannot have successful parliamentary institutions in a land where men disagree more than they agree. India is such a land. Even Lord Morley—a liberal thinker of generous instincts—did not believe in the possibility of parliamentary institutions in India for many years to come. The whole history and genius of the people are alien to the idea of government by discussion, while the spirit and social institutions of Hinduism are opposed to the spirit of democracy and to all conceptions of equality. The development of India into a loose federation of states governed by native princes on Indian lines is just conceivable; what is not at present conceivable is a united India, with its own military and naval forces, under any central native government, parliamentary or autocratic. If India, therefore, is to remain one, there will be no alternative, for as far ahead as we can profitably look, to a considerable measure of British control. When that control is relaxed, outbreaks such as the Moplah "rebellion," with its attendant horrors, become possible and even probable. Such are still the arguments of the old school.

In spite of these weighty considerations we yielded to the spirit of the time and the logic of our own political evolution to make a beginning of Indian representative institutions in the name of democracy. The Western-educated Indians are our own creation; they have derived their conceptions of political liberty and national unity not only from Burke and Mill, but from the pervading spirit of that English literature which we have taught them in our colleges. We have given them a language in which they can all express their political aspirations and can conduct a united propaganda. For some of the methods of that propaganda, spoken and written, we may feel little admiration, but anyone who has mixed with young Indians must admit that, in spite of much that is crude and wild, there is a spirit of genuine patriotism abroad among them which is something more than a desire for place and power. To the processes of government by discussion the educated Indian takes as a duck takes to water; he is often a lawyer,

fluent in speech and subtle in argument—much more so than the average Englishman—though he is sometimes a little deficient in that political horse-sense which is a common quality even among Englishmen who would cut a poor figure in debate.

Amid the three hundred odd millions of the great sub-continent, the bulk of whom are still illiterate and ignorant, and can be stampeded into excitement and violence by those who know how to work upon their ruling passions, the educated class is still only a comparative handful. But it is upon their intelligence, and still more upon their character, that the future development of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms will largely depend. If Miss Mayo's book, in spite of its misleading perspective and its occasional exaggerations, has shown one thing it is that there is a duty other than that of harrying the Government lying to hand in more than one direction for India's public men. It is work that may not offer any great rewards in the form of high place or popularity, and the labourers in that field are still too few. But in the eyes of the sociologist it is work more vital to human well-being than the development of any purely political programme, and its aim will be to raise the level of general social efficiency in which, for any unbiased observer, India is still below the leading nations of the modern world.

"SAFEGUARDING" FROM THE COMMON-SENSE STANDPOINT

By JOHN B. C. KERSHAW

"SAFEGUARDING" promises to be one of the chief subjects of political controversy during the months preceding the General Election, and no apology is therefore needed for devoting some space in this issue of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW to a discussion of the question. It may be regretted that it has not been approached in recent years by politicians of the opposite parties in the fair-minded spirit which animated them at the close of the War, or when the original Act which legalised the Safeguarding Duties was passed in 1921. The position in which this country is placed is as serious to-day as at the former date, and all party feeling ought to be suppressed when discussing any policy which is likely to improve trade and to provide more work for our industrial population.

A letter written by Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. Bonar Law before the General Election of 1918 may be quoted here, since this has a very direct bearing upon the present stage of the controversy:—

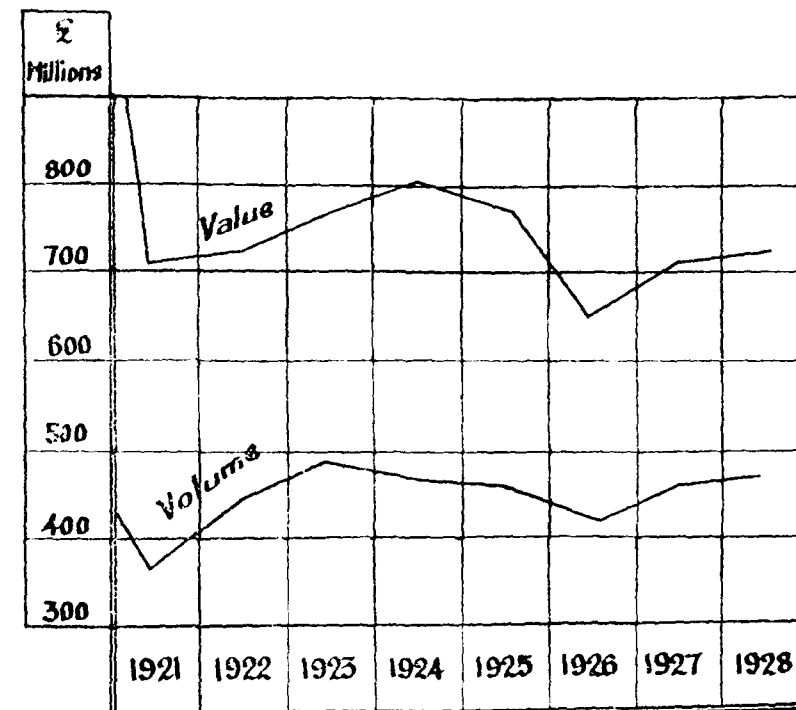
I am prepared to say also, that in order to keep up the present standard of production and to develop it to the utmost extent possible, it is necessary that security should be given against the unfair competition to which our industries have been subjected in the past, by the dumping of goods below the actual cost of production. Beyond this I should say that we must face all these questions with new eyes, without regard to pre-War views or to pre-War speeches. . . . I shall look at every problem simply from the point of view of what is the best method of securing the objects at which we are aiming, without any regard to theoretical opinions about Free Trade or Tariff Reform.

It is true that, four years later, in a speech delivered at Bolton in 1922, Mr. Lloyd George stated that the Safeguarding of Industries Act of 1921 was an inheritance from their predecessors in office, and was to be regarded only as an attempt to interpret and to apply the Resolutions passed at the Paris Economic Conference held in

June, 1916. The provisions of the 1921 Act, he stated, were temporary in character, and were conceived to meet a temporary emergency, and when this passed away the emergency legislation would pass with it.

The trade figures for the past eight years, which have been thrown into a curve in the diagram on this page, show

CHART OF BRITISH EXPORT TRADE IN THE PERIOD 1921-1928.



NOTE.—The upper curve in the above diagram represents the values and the lower curve the volumes of our export trade each year since the post-war slump of 1921. The lowest point in the curve of values was touched in the year 1926, and was a result of the coal-mining strike of that year. It will be observed that the curve has not yet regained the level of the year 1924, and that we are practically stationary at the level attained in 1922.

that the emergency was less temporary than Mr. Lloyd George imagined when he made that speech. Our position to-day, in fact, is worse than it was in 1922, owing to the disastrous effect upon our reviving trade of the six months' stoppage of the coal-mining industry in 1926. It is not the writer's purpose in this article to discuss the question

as to which of the political parties was the most to blame for that stoppage; but there is no doubt that a large share of our present industrial trouble is due to that unfortunate struggle. The necessity for exceptional measures to cope with exceptional conditions is therefore no less urgent in 1929 than in 1919, and in discussing the situation which confronts us to-day, all the old shibboleths and party watch-words ought to be discarded, and the measures which are proposed for dealing with this urgent problem of unemployment ought to be considered and discussed in the spirit which animated Mr. Lloyd George when he penned the letter of November, 1918.

The writer proposes, therefore, in this article to discuss the subject of Safeguarding in the light of the experience which has been gained with the duties already imposed during the lifetime of the present Government. The figures used are official, having been published either in official documents by the Board of Trade or in replies to questions in the House of Commons.

The Lace and Embroidery Industries

A duty of 33½ per cent. was imposed on imported lace and embroidery on July 1st, 1925, and will expire, unless renewed, on July 1st next year. The lace industry is one which depends very largely upon feminine fashions, and whereas in 1907 the industry gave employment to 42,000 workpeople, in 1925 the number had shrunk to fewer than one-half of this total. In addition to the effects of changes of fashion, however, these two industries have been exposed to what the Investigating Committee considered to be unfair competition from countries where the workers are paid lower wages and work longer hours than are customary here. It is satisfactory to note, therefore, that since the duties were imposed, four and a half years ago, the decline in the industry has been arrested, and employment is once again on the up-grade, for whereas in the year 1925, 18.6 per cent. of the workpeople in the lace and embroidery industries were wholly unemployed, this percentage has been falling year by year and month by month,

and in June, 1928, the percentage was only 7.2. If the Labour Party obtains a majority at the coming election the duty will not be renewed, and the position will revert to that of 1925, when one-fifth of the workers were unemployed.

Fabric and Leather Gloves

A duty of 33½ per cent. on fabric and leather gloves was imposed in December, 1925, and, unless renewed, this duty will also expire in December next year. The Committee which reported on the claim for a duty stated that, in 1913, 9,321 workpeople were employed in the leather glove section of the trade, whereas in 1924 the number had fallen to 7,032, and the majority of these were working short time. In the fabric glove industry considerable expansion occurred during the War, and directly after its close 10,948 workpeople were employed, as compared with 2,400 in 1913. By 1925 the numbers had dropped to 1,800, and these were only working on the average thirty hours per week. The Committee ascribed the decline of the industry in each case to the lower wages paid to the workers and to the longer hours customary in Belgium, France, Germany and Italy.

The effects of the glove duties have been delayed and complicated by the great increase in imports which occurred in 1922 and again in 1925, when the duties were reimposed, since huge quantities of gloves were rushed into this country by the importing houses in order to evade the payment of the duty. In the latter year 1,210,000 dozen pairs of leather gloves and 2,050,300 dozen pairs of fabric gloves were imported in anticipation of the duty imposed in December, 1925, and this enormous addition to the stocks of gloves in the wholesalers' warehouses of course required a considerable time for disposal. In spite of these unfavourable conditions, however, the Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade was able to report at the end of 1928 that the British glove industry had been saved by the duties, and that some advance in production and in employment was to be noted. The output of leather gloves had been increased by 31 per cent.,

and of fabric gloves by 150 per cent., between 1925 and the end of 1927. At the end of 1927 there were 10,696 workpeople employed in the two branches of the glove industry, or an increase of nearly 16 per cent., and at the same time there had been a drop of 5 per cent. in British glove manufacturers' prices, thus refuting the Free Traders' stock argument that safeguarding is always followed by an increase of price to the consumer. Should Labour win at the General Election the position of 1925 will be repeated, and the prosperity of the industry once again will be imperilled.

Cutlery

The Safeguarding Duty of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. upon cutlery, knives and razor blades, was imposed in December, 1925, for a period of five years, and it will expire, therefore, at the same time as the duties upon gloves, unless the Conservative Party obtains a majority at the coming General Election. The Committee which considered the application reported that before the War the industry gave employment to between eleven and twelve thousand workpeople, whereas at the end of 1924 the number employed had been reduced to less than seven thousand. This decline of 42 per cent. was due chiefly to the lower wages paid abroad, which in Germany were only $10\frac{3}{4}d.$ per hour for a fifty-four-hour week, whereas in this country $1s. 1\frac{1}{2}d.$ per hour up to $1s. 6d.$ per hour was being paid, for a forty-seven-hour week. The chief effect of the duty so far has been to establish the manufacture of safety-razor blades here upon a firm footing. Before the imposition of the duty, Sheffield manufacturers were supplying special steels to their competitors for the production of these blades, whereas now several Sheffield firms have installed the special plant and are manufacturing these blades in millions. They have not only captured the home market, but have increased their exports of safety razors by over 100 per cent., and the price at which the razors are produced and are sold to the public is *lower than it was when we depended solely upon foreign sources of supply.*

Gas-mantles

The duty of 6s. per gross upon imported gas-mantles was imposed on the same date as that upon gloves and cutlery, and will expire, therefore, in December, 1930, unless renewed for another term of years. It must be noted that this industry is declining in relative importance owing to the increasing use of electricity for lighting purposes, but the Committee which investigated the claim reported that the thorium nitrate industry, which had been established in this country during the War, would be lost again if the gas-mantle industry were not maintained. The effects of the duty are shown by the following figures: In the year 1925, our imports totalled 208,000 gross; in 1926, 47,000 gross; in 1927, 28,000 gross; and in 1928, the total will probably be under 8,000 gross. The home market, therefore, has been won for the British manufacturer, and the industry is now upon a permanent basis. The British manufacturers also, as a result of their stronger position, have been able to come to an agreement with their competitors abroad, for a division of territory in which each will be predominant. As regards the effect of the duty upon prices, it is satisfactory to note that although in 1926 there was an increase of about $1s.$ per gross, due largely to a rise in the price of raw materials; this was followed in 1927 by a reduction, and the wholesale and retail prices of gas-mantles are now once more at the 1925 level.

Packing and Wrapping Papers

A duty of $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. was imposed on imported packing and wrapping papers in May, 1926, and will not come up for renewal, therefore, until 1931. There were three objections which the Committee had to take into consideration, in this particular case, before deciding to impose a duty. The first of these was that packing and wrapping papers were looked upon as raw materials in some subsidiary industries; secondly, that the British manufacturers had very little experience in the production of the very thin wrapping-paper which formed the bulk of the imports; and, thirdly, that the data and figures with regard to the

relationship between the home production and foreign imports were incomplete and unsatisfactory. However, in spite of these objections the Committee decided upon an imposition of a duty, for they found that the home production of wrapping papers had diminished between 1920 and 1924 by no less than 120,000 tons, while the imports had risen in the same period from 194,000 tons to 216,000 tons. The number of persons engaged in the manufacture of these special classes of paper had fallen from 6,200 to 4,350 in the same period; and since the German wages were from 35 per cent. to 40 per cent. below the British standard, they considered the British paper manufacturers were entitled to a Safeguarding Duty, to protect them from this unfair competition. The hope that the British manufacturers would make use of the opportunity to develop a new branch of the wrapping-paper industry, and thus arrest the decline in employment which had occurred, has been realised. Several large firms in this country have already taken up the manufacture of these thin wrapping papers, and others have decided to spend the necessary capital upon the adaptation of their mills for the manufacture of "Kraft" papers, when assured that the policy of Safeguarding will be continued under the newly elected Parliament, and that they will not be exposed once again to unfair competition from abroad.

The Safeguarding Duties upon *Translucent Pottery and Table Ware*, upon *Buttons*, and upon *Enamelled Hollow Ware*, have not been in operation long enough to enable any reliable figures to be obtained; but there is no reason to think that the results will differ from those attained in the manufactures and industries already dealt with, or that they will not check the decline due to unfair competition from abroad, lead to more employment for those already engaged in these industries, and ultimately benefit the home consumer by lower prices as a result of the increased output of the British factories.

Having proved by the official figures that the result of Safeguarding in the industries to which it has been applied so far has been to arrest the decline which was in progress, and to save several thousands of workpeople in these minor industries from being added to the ranks of the unem-

ployed, we can now turn to the consideration of the Government's proposals for an extension of the system to other threatened industries, and for simplifying the procedure under which claims are to be heard. For if the proposed extension of the policy offers any hope at all of arresting their decline, or of increasing employment, it is absolute folly to oppose such extension on the ground that it is contrary to the principles of a policy adopted in the middle of the last century, when industrial conditions and international competition were entirely different from the conditions and competition of the present day.

Disraeli pointed out long ago that Free Trade was not in reality a political or economic principle, but was merely a policy of expediency, which suited British manufacturers eighty years ago, when they had no serious competitors in the world's markets. Cobden and Bright and the other politicians who supported the movement for Free Trade in the middle years of the nineteenth century were convinced that within a few years all the trading nations of the world would accept the policy which they advocated. They would have been disappointed and amazed had they foreseen that, in 1929, the greater number of countries would still be hedged round with tariff barriers, and that a highly protected country and not Free Trade Britain, was occupying the premier position in the industrial world. Free Trade in fact, as Cobden and Bright envisaged it, has never existed during the whole eighty years which have elapsed since they started the campaign in its favour—and it is quite a misnomer to call our present system of free imports one of Free Trade. Since the end of the War, the policy has still further lost ground with the nations of Europe, and according to a recent estimate by one of the leaders of the Liberal Party, fourteen thousand miles of new tariff barrier have been erected since 1919.

One of the chief arguments used by the opponents of Safeguarding is that it is merely a disguised form of Protection—but it may be pointed out that it is much more limited in its field of application, and that an industry can only be safeguarded if it can be proved that under the existing conditions *its prosperity is declining, as a*

result of unfair competition from abroad. It must be shown also that the imposition of a Safeguarding Duty will not affect adversely employment in any subsidiary industry, which may be dependent upon the safeguarded industry for its supplies of raw or semi-manufactured materials. It may be noted here, that a good Free Trader like Lord Derby has asserted in a recent speech that he had no hesitation in supporting the Act legalising the Safeguarding of Industries, since it only protected threatened British industries from unfair attack.

The present procedure by means of which an industry may be safeguarded is considered, however, to be unnecessarily complicated—and the Government, if returned to power, intend to simplify the method by which claims for Safeguarding any industry may be presented and heard. After the General Election, therefore, if they possess the requisite majority, they propose to set up a *permanent tribunal* which will take the place of the Committees selected specially to deal with each case as it arises; for the selection of these Committees has in the past caused great delay. The preliminary application to the Board of Trade for permission to appear before the Tribunal will also be dispensed with—and it is expected that a much more rapid decision with regard to claims for Safeguarding will be attained under this modified procedure. The permanent body for hearing claims will be appointed by the President of the Board of Trade, but the final decision before imposition of a duty will rest with the House of Commons, and no industry or branch of industry can be safeguarded, therefore, without full and adequate discussion in Parliament. The new Tribunal will have to decide the following points:—

1. Whether foreign goods, of the class to which the application relates, are being imported into and retained for consumption in the United Kingdom in quantities substantial in proportion to consumption in this country.
2. Whether by such importation, employment in the United Kingdom is being or is likely to be seriously affected.
3. Whether the foreign goods imported are manufactured in the country of origin, under unfair or inferior conditions of hours or wages.
4. Whether the British industry could materially increase its present output.

5. Whether the industry is being carried on in the United Kingdom with reasonable efficiency and economy.

6. Whether the imposition of a duty would exercise a seriously adverse effect upon employment or cost of production in any other productive industry, including agriculture.

The consumer, therefore, will be protected quite adequately against exploitation under the new proposals, since the safeguarding applies to all who are interested, either as consumers or producers in the safeguarded article, and the speeding up of the procedure under which applications are heard will prevent that overloading of the British market with foreign goods in anticipation of the import duty which has done much to delay the beneficial effects of the safeguarding policy up to the present time.

Reference may be made finally to the assertion which will be made frequently by Liberal and Labour candidates during the coming political campaign that the present stagnant position of our export trade, and the existence of one and a half million of unemployed workers, are the results of four years of Conservative misgovernment and that our industrial troubles will tend to disappear when a Labour Government or a Liberal-Labour Government is in office. This assertion is of course wholly unfounded, for every impartial observer of our present industrial difficulties knows that these are due to our *efforts to maintain wages and conditions of work at an impossible level in an open market, and that if our workers are to have their rates of payment and hours of labour safeguarded it is absolutely essential to safeguard the industries in which they are employed.*

THE JUGOSLAVIAN COUP D'ÉTAT

By H. CHARLES WOODS

THE Royal Dictatorship declared by King Alexander of Yugoslavia on January 5th is the result of events bound up with the amalgamation of the country, of subsequent political developments, and of the gradual growth in the strength of the King's *rôle* and position. If we consider that Serbia and Macedonia had already been united as a result of the Balkan Wars, then present-day Yugoslavia is the outcome of the post-War linking up of independent Montenegro and of several distinct areas which used to form part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. With one exception, each of these enjoyed some kind of autonomy, as a whole or in separate parts, and the new arrangements therefore meant the fusion of people widely different in their history and outlooks. With all their excellent qualities, most of the Serbs of the old kingdom are Byzantine in their training; they belong to the Orthodox Church, and they were subject to absolute Turkish rule for three hundred and fifty years.

The position of the new population, and particularly of the Croats and Slovenes, is entirely different. For the most part members of the Roman Catholic Church, they write with the Latin instead of the Cyrillic characters; they have had the advantage of a civilisation and a culture emanating from Budapest or Vienna, and, although enjoying no recent independence, they have gained considerable political experience through the medium of their individual Diets and as a result of the long-drawn struggle for the maintenance of their local autonomies. On the commercial side the differences were and are almost equally marked. The Serbs had comparatively few requirements, but as they manufactured nothing, or practically nothing, they were compelled to pay relatively high prices for goods imported from abroad. On the other hand, though Austria-Hungary had many political shortcomings, she was a satisfactory economic unit, and the necessities of the

one part were supplied by the products of another. The Southern Slavs of the Dual Monarchy were therefore accustomed to acquire what were to them the necessities of life as home-produced goods, and, of course, upon more reasonable terms than their co-nationals across the Serbian boundary.

Although details would be superfluous here, it is necessary that reference should be made to the outstanding factors connected with the post-War union, and to the spirit and atmosphere in which that union took place. Speaking very generally, the birth of Yugoslavia was the result of a rapid wartime growth in the national feeling and of the Allied victory. The first of these developments was furthered by the attitude of Austria-Hungary towards the Southern Slavs, and by the work of the Yugoslav Committee, which received valuable foreign support, especially from its friends in this country. The defeat of the enemy, leading directly to the rehabilitation of Serbian authority in Serbia itself, increased the prestige of that country and enabled her to take advantage of events which occurred at the time of, and directly after, the break-up of the Dual Monarchy. These events consisted of a Croatian declaration of independence at the end of October, 1918, of a Montenegrin so-called vote in favour of union in the following month, and of a subsequent invitation from Zagreb, which practically represented all the Austro-Hungarian provinces, to the then Regent, Prince Alexander, to proclaim the union, which became effective under him in the following December. There were various negotiations, and unforeseen circumstances arose, but the undisputed facts are that the initiative originated with the new provinces, that they were in no way conquered by the Serbian Army, and that the several parts of the country came together as equals, and not upon terms which made the one superior or inferior to the other.

The above remarks, giving a general outline of the situation before and at the time of the union, are sufficient to suggest that the position was of necessity one of considerable difficulty, and that its handling required the greatest tact on both sides. There may have been no

political liberty under Austria-Hungary, but that country provided its people with far better amenities of life than did Serbia. More than twenty years ago, when I first visited the areas in question, there were roads, railways and public buildings. Moreover Laibach (now Ljubljana), subservient as it was to Austria and Vienna, was a nice provincial town of the smaller order, and Agram (now Zagreb), depending as it did upon Hungary and Budapest, was always a first-class city. It had, and it has, fine boulevards, handsome buildings, and an important university, and it is by far the finest town in all Yugoslavia.

For some time after the Armistice the attitude of the new population may be described as twofold. In some ways the people felt themselves superior to the Serbs, but they recognised that their new fellow-countrymen had kept the flag of independence flying, that their prolonged struggle against Austro-Hungarian influence had given scope for the development of the Yugoslav ideal, and that Serbia's gallant part in the War itself had helped to free the heretofore subject provinces. The Serbs almost immediately began to suffer from a false idea of their own importance; they behaved as if they were conquerors instead of, at most, the chief among equals, and they showed few signs of endeavouring to rise from the position of a small people to that of a nation of considerable importance. With Belgrade itself greatly inferior to Zagreb, the administration was Oriental and corrupt; there were relatively few efficient functionaries, and, owing to the War, Serbia was in a state of widespread devastation. A series of different laws, systems and administrations were running in the various new areas, but instead of adopting what was most desirable from them and of employing the best of the available functionaries, the Belgrade leaders set out to try to Serbise the whole country, and to establish a Serbian hegemony.

In the opinion of the present writer the vast majority of the Croats and of the Slovenes have always desired, and still desire, some form of union, but from the beginning there has been a great deal of rivalry and jealousy. When I was in the country in 1920 ill-feeling ran strong because

of the value allotted to the currency of the new provinces, because Ljubljana, and particularly Zagreb, had lost their previous importance, and because the population was being treated, as it has almost invariably been treated, as a subject race by the Serbs. At that time, and since, the great questions were, and are, whether the new kingdom would, or will, be a real Yugoslavia or merely a Greater Serbia, and whether the Government should, or shall, be centralised or decentralised. There are naturally various degrees of feeling upon these subjects, but, speaking generally, the Croats desired a Yugoslavia with decentralisation and the Serbs a Greater Serbia with centralisation at Belgrade. The former party are again divided, some favouring a loosely knit together union, depending largely upon the person of the sovereign, and others being content with the right merely to manage their local affairs. The events of the last eight years have certainly favoured the policy of the more advanced elements, and the Croats are more extreme than the Slovenes, largely because they enjoyed a wider pre-War autonomy and because Belgrade has interfered more with them than with their Westerly neighbours. But practically all sections of the new community agree that, instead of the thirty-three districts or prefectures created by the "Vidovdan Constitution" adopted in 1921 and now abrogated, something more or less approximating to the pre-War and much larger subdivisions of the country should have been recognised.

With the Serbs and centralisation in the ascendancy, at any rate until the establishment of the Dictatorship, personalities, politics and intrigues have played their all-important parts during the last ten years. Sometimes in office, and sometimes in nominal or real opposition, M. Pashitch, the veteran Radical leader, who saw the country through the Balkan and World Wars, was the outstanding influence until his final retirement and death during 1926. He never really favoured the Yugoslav conception, he was always a strong Nationalist, and he worked for the passage and maintenance of the Centralist Constitution, which has been the real basis of all the trouble. Faced with the difficulties caused by the disappearance of

clear-cut political parties, and by the overlapping of opinions, the late Prime Minister and others of his school held out inducements to secure the support of small groups, and resorted to all sorts of coalitions in order to avoid the real question—namely, the necessity for recognising the power of the Croats, and particularly of the Peasant Croats.

On the other side of the picture was Stefan Raditch, who was mortally wounded in the Belgrade Chamber in June last. Entirely honest and patriotic, he was a man with whom it was practically impossible for anybody to work and for whom any consistency of plan was out of the question. He had a great power of leadership; in spite of his unpleasant appearance one had to like him personally, and his persecution and imprisonment by the Serbs made him a martyr not only with his peasant followers but also throughout the new Provinces. But he was short-sighted politically as well as physically, and he lost great opportunities by refraining from an active and close-up Parliamentary opposition to the passage of the Constitution, and by keeping his party away from Belgrade instead of endeavouring to enforce his opinions by ordinary constitutional means. Even in 1925 and 1926, when prolonged negotiations had led to a working arrangement between the Peasants of Croatia and the Radicals of Serbia and to the entry of Raditch into a Coalition Government, that leader, who never learned the meaning of Ministerial discretion, once more resorted to a series of unwise speeches, which necessitated his exit from the Cabinet about three years ago. Thus, if Raditch was in his own way almost always loyal to some form of union, the fact that nobody could ever ascertain his real programme makes him almost as responsible for what has taken place as was M. Pashitch himself.

On the opposite or welding side of the balance-sheet there was and there is the Crown. King Alexander, who had been Regent since 1914, and who actually succeeded to the throne in August, 1921, has a personality, a career, and an outlook upon life which make his position exceptional. In everyday life he is democratic, he possesses a

great deal of individual charm, and he is a serious student of local and foreign affairs. Essentially a soldier, and primarily at home among military men, he has won widespread popularity because of the above-mentioned characteristics and because of his great courage and bravery in the Balkan and World Wars, during which he was almost invariably in the field. And then His Majesty is his own best subject or ambassador, for since the War he has worked untiringly to obliterate the differences between his people. In the days of the Regency he toured the new Provinces and, as I heard shortly afterwards on the spot, he at once won the hearts of all those with whom he came in touch. Moreover, in spite of the influence, perhaps even the efforts, of M. Pashitch, who may be described as his first political tutor, the King always favoured a compromise between Belgrade and Zagreb, and it is no secret that the already mentioned arrangement, made in the summer of 1925, when I happened again to be in the country, was largely the work of the Sovereign. Finally, notwithstanding the often extreme declarations of that leader, there was a real sympathy and friendship between Alexander and Raditch. Proved by the facts that the Croat Chief had actually asked the King to take matters into his own hands and to appoint General Zhivkovitch (the present Premier) as the Chief of a non-party Cabinet, and that His Majesty paid great attentions to M. Raditch after the wound leading to his death, these efforts towards a Serbo-Croat agreement and this friendship had a material effect, at any rate up to last summer.

In the space and with the information available it is very difficult even to outline the reasons finally leading to the declaration of the Dictatorship, or to suggest the probable outcome of the present situation. Certain things are, however, clear. Before and particularly after the fatal attack upon M. Raditch and his colleagues the relations between the Serbs and the Croats became seriously aggravated. On the one hand, the Peasant leader was once more pursuing obstructionist tactics, and, on the other, most of the new people, whether members of his party or not, were growing more and more disgusted with the attempts to

thrust an Oriental Administration upon a Western population. This disgust was increased and horror and indignation were spread throughout the post-War Provinces by the murderous attack made in the Chamber by M. Paneska Pashitch, who, though a Montenegrin by birth, was a faithful member of the Radical Party. Moreover, whereas the adoption of that course was essential to good relations with Italy, the long-delayed ratification of the Nettuno Conventions in August can hardly be described as a popular measure in areas where anti-Italian feeling runs stronger than elsewhere in Yugoslavia. Finally, the situation, which developed at the end of last year, was handled with extreme want of tact by Belgrade. Celebrations for the tenth anniversary of the union were forced upon Zagreb, loss of life occurred during serious riots, and a military officer was nominated to succeed the former civilian Governor. He was never accepted by the population, and his appointment certainly widened the existing gulf.¹

Developing concurrently with these events was another important factor. For the last two years, that is approximately since the death of M. Pashitch, the possibility of a non-party military Government, if not of an actual Dictatorship, has been under more or less open discussion at Belgrade. For the same time, and probably for much longer, the King has certainly been playing up to the wishes of the Army and of the so-called "White Hand." That party, if it can be described as a party, defeated and succeeded the "Black Hand" at the time of the mysterious Salonica trial in 1917. Obscure in its organisation and composition, it (the "White Hand") consists of a military group, the members of which are believed to take an oath to protect at all costs the Karageorge family, and therefore the person of King Alexander. But in addition to counting among its members many of the most important officers of the Army, the "White Hand" has a large number of civilian supporters, who are not, I believe, members of the actual organisation. General Zhivkovitch, always a strong supporter of the King, is generally credited with being

(1) The King is now reported to have replaced this officer by M. Zorichitch, a Serb from the former Austro-Hungarian provinces, but a man of great charm and culture, and well known in Zagreb.

one of the principal organisers and the actual chief of the movement. In addition he (General Zhivkovitch) was, or is, the Commander of the Royal Guard—a body which under his direction has been brought to a high state of efficiency and which is believed to be absolutely loyal to the dynasty. After years of difficulty, during which there is no doubt whatever that His Majesty had always endeavoured to avoid taking matters into his own hands, it is hardly surprising, therefore, that he turned to a man in whom he could place the utmost personal confidence.

The resignation of the Government, led by the Slovene Father Koroshetz, who had been in power for almost exactly five months with Radical consent, in the closing days of December left the King two practical alternatives. Faced by the impossibility of bringing the Serbs and the Croats into line, and of making the Belgrade politicians accept the demands put forward by the Peasant Democrat Coalition, it was open to him either to appoint a non-party and more or less military Cabinet for the purpose of holding elections, or to establish, as he actually established, the same kind of Government under his entire direction. In theory, and on paper, the adoption of the former course would have been less drastic and unexpected, and, by maintaining a Parliament, however obedient, the King and his advisers would have avoided a certain amount of direct responsibility. But such an expedient would still have entailed the holding of early elections, which could hardly have been decisive; and it would have left the Cabinet either dependent upon a patched-up Coalition or else in open opposition to a powerless Chamber and a moribund Constitution. Once the King felt himself sufficiently strong and compelled to try to solve the question on his own initiative, no doubt, therefore, rests in my mind that he was wiser and more courageous to resort to measures going even farther than those embraced by M. Mussolini, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, or Marshal Pilsudski. By so doing, by the establishment of a complete and far-reaching dictatorship, and by the abolition of the Constitution, he has maintained, at any rate for the moment, the rulership of the whole country

THE FUTURE LOCATION OF INDUSTRY

BY A. H. S. HINCHLIFFE

I. DECLINE OF THE NORTH

THE seven years' depression through the staple industries of the North of England seems likely to be the most enduring, and at the same time the most disrupting, sequel to the War so far as this country is concerned. To say that it is a consequence of the War, as so many do, is probably a fallacy: for the causes which have brought this state of affairs about were in operation prior to 1914. The upheaval of 1914-18 merely accelerated their effect.

The industries which have been affected represent the greatest concentration of capital and labour in the country, and used to form the nucleus of the wealth and power of Victorian Britain. Numerous families have owed their prosperity and devoted their enterprise and capital to one or other of such industries for several generations. Similarly, the operatives have grown to consider them as providing a reliable source of employment for themselves and their offspring. Fortunately, perhaps, capital and labour have suffered equally in the recent depression, and common difficulties have stifled the struggle between the "haves" and the "have nots" which was assuming such serious proportions a few years ago.

Temporary depressions have not been unknown in any of the industries affected, consequently there has been a disposition on the part of some of the more experienced observers to regard the present trouble as merely a passing phase. The excessive prolongation of bad trade is, however, causing the optimistic to think furiously, and the more they think the more they must surely realise that the future of the country's trade depends on the development of new rather than of the old and staple industries.

II. THE GROWTH OF CRAFTSMANSHIP AND INDUSTRY

At the last meeting of the British Association the President, Sir W. Bragg, devoted a portion of his address

to a survey of the parts played by craftsmanship and science in the development of certain industries. He demonstrated how, in the early stages of development, the wealth of a nation depended upon the knowledge of craftsmanship stored in the individual brains of its citizens. In the primitive beginning such craftsmanship would be engaged upon the production of things which were necessary to supply the ordinary bodily desires. Later, however, as communication with the outside world improved, the earlier necessities of life might become imports, and the craftsmanship of the people might be diverted to nobler and more specialised channels. In so much, then, as this craftsmanship becomes of superior quality and excels that of other nations, the demand for the country's products increases, the people have no difficulty in paying for their imports of necessities, and, in addition, they can accumulate wealth.

Any particular craft, however, can be learnt or copied, and this is sure to be the case where it is known to have brought prosperity to its users. When that comes to pass the original craftsman soon finds prosperity diminishing. He is faced with certain alternatives:—

- (a) To continue as before and be content with getting less for his work, trusting to his established reputation to keep up a demand for his products.
- (b) To concentrate on improving his skill and turning out finer specimens of the goods he produces.
- (c) To call science to his assistance and try to produce his wares cheaper than his new competitors.
- (d) To utilise the wealth which has been derived from his craft in developing some new craft.

What is true of individual craftsmen is true also of industries established by the collective efforts of such craftsmen. Our so-called basic industries were established by craftsmen who in originality and skill were ahead of their contemporaries. They produced goods which could not be made elsewhere, or were better value than the products of others. The craftsmen then called science to their aid. Artificial power was produced, and machinery was invented to take the place of manual skill. The duty of the craftsman was to get the best possible results from

the machinery at his disposal. To cheapen production industries became localised as near as possible to the source of artificial power—coal.

III. COMPETITION AND REMEDIES

It is, however, not possible indefinitely to withhold information from others. Foreigners have copied our craftsmen, they have imported the very machinery which our scientists have developed. They have profited by our mistakes. With our pioneer work to help them the establishment of basic industries similar to our own has been well within their capacity. Where our competition has been too strong tariff barriers have been erected. Our old industries are thus in the position of the craftsman who has found that others are copying him successfully and taking his trade. They have to choose between the same alternatives as he has.

The craftsman's alternatives (a), (b) and (c) have already been tried. Profits have been sacrificed in the hope that the reputation of British goods will sustain the demand. Meantime, however, other countries are improving the quality of their productions, and prefer to support their own industries. Some of our manufacturers have concentrated on producing higher class goods which cannot yet be made elsewhere. Yet such goods are necessarily expensive, and the sale for them limited. They do not provide the volume of trade or the amount of employment which the cheaper variety provided. Science has been utilised to cheapen production. But machinery makers are just as willing to sell their latest designs to foreigners as to British manufacturers. Thus our basic industries are only left with alternative (d). Their pre-eminence was made possible because they were first in the field, first in craftsmanship, and first in the collaboration of science with craftsmanship. Moreover they have enjoyed a long period of success, and, most important of all, they have reaped the harvest. This harvest has increased the capital resources of the country to an immeasurable extent. The wealth thus accumulated must, however, now be utilised

with special originality and foresight. To lavish these resources on further expanding the basic industries is tantamount to expressing a belief that the only crafts in which we can excel are the old ones; such a bankruptcy of ideas is surely unthinkable. Must not success in the future depend upon the development of the general assets of craftsmanship and science which exist in the brains of the people?

IV. SITES FOR NEW INDUSTRIES

We are driven, then, to the conclusion that our future must depend upon new industries based upon scientific experiment. Where will these new industries be located? To obtain an economic supply of power it will no longer be necessary to be situated on a coalfield, with all its murky surroundings. Whether coal, oil or water becomes the basis of electricity in this country, the currents will be distributable over wide distances. A more humane interest in the welfare of the workers will cause sites to be selected with regard to health and pleasant surroundings. Easy transport will make it possible for workers to live farther from the factory, and at the same time make it less essential for the factory to be situated at a seaport. Hitherto industries have succeeded in creating a central market for their business transactions in their own neighbourhood, such as at Manchester and Bradford. Lately, however, London has been establishing itself as the centre of all business, offering as it does intercourse between the representatives of such a wide variety of enterprises, both national and international. Consequently it will probably be an important consideration for some at least of the new industrial enterprises to be situated within easy reach of London.

In view of the above considerations it seems that new industries will begin to locate themselves in the South of England. This tendency has already begun to show itself. Artificial silk, electrical engineering, motors and aircraft have raised many factories in the Midlands and the South. Who would have guessed, say twenty years ago, that

Oxford would become the home of the most successful motor factory in Great Britain? The centre of population has already moved southwards. In 1914 a line drawn across England from the Dee to the Wash divided the population of the island into approximately equal halves. To-day that line would probably have to be drawn about forty miles farther south. It seems reasonable to expect that this tendency will increase, and that this country will in the future derive much of its prosperity from factories situated in what is now rural England. One may almost visualise the growth of industrial areas in the South, all using London as their business centre, gradually linking up until the country becomes composed of suburbs of one large city, making London, to the foreign mind, more and more synonymous with England.

STALIN, THE MAN OF MYSTERY

By G. ERWARTON

JOSEPH STALIN, dictator of Russia, is one of the most enigmatical figures that has ever stood at the head of a country's affairs. Holding no regular executive position in the Government, his power can only be compared with that of an uncrowned Tsar. Very few persons, including some of his closest colleagues, understand the combination of circumstances which has brought him to the top. Of the man himself equally little is known, inside or outside Russia. That there should be so much mystery about him is not surprising. Stalin has deliberately kept behind the scenes. He hugs the secret of his power to himself.

Because he has succeeded in making himself dictator Stalin is generally credited with the possession of outstanding characteristics distinguishing him from the ordinary run of men. These include a Machiavellian adroitness in politics, a dominating, inflexible will, a keen, ruthless brain, and a magnetic personality—all directed unswervingly to the execution and fulfilment of certain aims, of a definite personal and political programme.

There may be truth in these assumptions. Yet on those who know him best Stalin produces exactly the opposite impression. In appearance he is not striking. He has neither presence nor personality. He conveys the impression of drab dullness, of stolid plebeianism. His outstanding feature is his eyes. A dull, slaty blue, they nevertheless impart a startling flash of colour to the wooden repose of that tanned and swarthy face. At first glance they express nothing more than a sheer bovine stolidity, until their fixity gives you the clue. Stalin is peeping out at you, not through them, but *from behind them*. Summing you up according to his own primitive standards, laboriously filing you away for future reference, hiding from you at the same time. You become aware of the patient, watchful cunning of the man, his brooding suspicions. The stolid, unwinking stare is ominous, merciless.

Even in moments of conflict Stalin rarely appears roused. He shows no enthusiasm, little initiative. He never raises his voice, is slow and sparing in speech, and lacking in humour. He has none of the volatile expansiveness usually associated with the Caucasian races, none of their excitability, loquacity or vivacity. A slight or an injury he never forgets, and will wait years for his revenge. Even his walk, slow and sedate, seems to reflect the mental sluggishness of the man. Yet he is not devoid of a certain bearish dignity. The dignity of the simple, uneducated man, utterly devoid of nerves, who knows his own power, and is not so terribly impressed with such so-called first-class brains as he has encountered and so easily circumvented or spilt!

From the rest of the recognised Communist leaders Stalin stands out in two marked particulars: his sound constitution, and the rigid austerity, almost asceticism, of his private life. With his wife and son he occupies two small rooms within the walls of the Kremlin, outside which he rarely ventures. He reads very little. He has no hobbies or amusements. He eats simply and sparingly, and does not gamble or drink. Money means nothing to him. He has subordinated all his feelings, all his desires, to his overpowering, consuming lust for power.

Obsessed with the idea of retaining supreme power as dictator at all costs, Stalin constantly sacrifices the prestige and programme of the Communist Party, which he uses, and even jeopardises, for his own purposes. What that power gives him, apart, perhaps, from an occasional thrill, what use it is to him, and to what ultimate purpose—if any—he contemplates turning it are secrets he keeps closely guarded. No man has yet learnt to make Stalin disclose what he wishes to hide. The inscrutable Sultan of Eurasia, he may yet declare a new Holy War—a war against the intelligentsia of the world. He certainly personifies the conflict between the primitive but austere beast and the cultured man.

Even to those who are brought into daily contact with him Stalin is, politically, an unknown quantity. But in the light of the power he wields his ignorance and his limita-

tions are astounding. He has never read seriously; he knows no foreign languages. He is, apparently, totally indifferent not only to questions of general interest but even to those which might be considered to have an important bearing upon home politics and government, and thus upon his own personal status. Called upon to make any sudden decision, he has a hesitating and uncertain manner. Incredible as it may seem, this is because he is completely at sea, not only in the theories and doctrines of the Communist faith but in all the everyday problems which arise. Consequently he mistrusts the circumstances which have made an immediate decision necessary. Mistrusting his own ability to make the right decision he suspects a trap. Whenever possible he passes the onus of responsibility on to his colleagues or subordinates.

With those of the latter who do not stand up for themselves Stalin is a hectoring, domineering bully. With the former, at meetings of the Central Committee or the Political Bureau, he plays the part of a silent, watchful onlooker, save when circumstances compel him to come forward with some transparent political manoeuvre. Yet let his status be questioned, his despotism challenged, and with a crack of the whip he proclaims the real master.

To get at the secret of Stalin's power to-day we must go back to a serious error of judgment committed by Lenin more than six years ago, and subsequently perpetuated by Kameneff and Zinovieff. All these three were mistaken in their estimate of Stalin's character and loyalty.

Before illness compelled him to retire from active affairs, almost the last thing Lenin did was to perfect the internal organisation of the Communist Party. According to his scheme the real power and government in the country was to gravitate more and more, as time went on, from the Congress of Soviets to such higher executive bodies of the Communist Party as the Central Committee and the Political Bureau. This is what has actually happened to-day. But Lenin foresaw that the General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party would hold a strategic position of vital political im-

portance, duplicated by all the other committee secretaries the whole way down the line, in descending scale. As general secretary, Lenin required an obedient figurehead, who would do what he was told. Special qualifications, independence, and intelligence were not required. To Lenin, Stalin seemed to fill the bill, and was given the appointment. It was no compliment to Stalin, whom Lenin regarded as stupid enough to be safe. Stalin as General Secretary appeared to be the finishing touch to Lenin's whole policy towards the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Here, from the beginning, he had selected as routine rank and file members men whom he was pleased to designate "voting cattle." Such "voting cattle" obeyed his orders, gave him the necessary majority. He put Stalin in charge of their stable.

Yet, as he lay fighting with his mortal illness, some inkling, some insight seems to have come at the last to Lenin warning him that he had been mistaken in his estimate of Stalin. Witness his last written instructions to the Communist Party, when he definitely ordered that Stalin should be removed from the post of general secretary. "Otherwise," wrote Lenin, "his cursed pig-headedness and his unbounded egotism and stupidity will cause many splits and much strife later on within the Party. He is no true Communist, and is full of bitter personal hostility towards Trotsky. If he is not dealt with instantly and firmly there will be severe trouble."

In the meantime, during Lenin's illness, Kameneff and Zinovieff had seized and divided the power—as they thought—between them, though, for the sake of appearances, they had co-opted Stalin, still General Secretary, moved thereto by the same considerations as had influenced Lenin. After the latter's death upon this triumvirate, being still at the helm, devolved the duty of carrying out Lenin's last instructions regarding Stalin. To their ultimate sorrow Kameneff and Zinovieff disobeyed their dead leader. On May 27th, 1924, they carried a resolution through the plenary session of the Higher Central Executive Committee—the executive organ of the Congress of Soviets—confirming Stalin in his appointment.

Henceforward, confirmed in his post, freed from Lenin's

control, Stalin went on from strength to strength. Chance and his reputation for stupidity carried him forward until he was in a position to unmask his guns. Considering the treatment he subsequently meted out to his two fellow-consuls in the triumvirate—Kameneff and Zinovieff—it is an ironical coincidence that Stalin stumbled by sheer blind luck upon the control-lever which subsequently brought him to supreme power, at a time when he was honestly trying to consolidate the position of these two. This was early in 1924, after Lenin's death. Kameneff and Zinovieff, challenged for supremacy, devoted their whole attention to fighting their opponents in the political arena. They met them in the field of Marxism, under the banners of Lenin. A halting orator, without either fire, magnetism, or eloquence, Stalin could not co-operate with them in a sphere with which he was, moreover, unfamiliar. Yet he wanted to help the other two, with whom he had identified his career and his fate, the more so as the battle about his own position as General Secretary was impending. Idly, experimentally, he began toying with the party machine that lay ready to his hand. Here a transfer, there a promotion, here a dismissal, there new appointments. Shufflings and changes in the Communist Party personnel, directed against the hostile opposition.

And it worked! Stalin had stumbled on to the secret. He won the fight for Kameneff and Zinovieff. And kept his secret and his discovery to himself. Kameneff and Zinovieff had no idea of what had happened. They ascribed their victory wholly to their own political talents. They would have laughed had they been told they owed it to the silent, wooden-faced General Secretary of the Central Party Committee.

The secret that Stalin had stumbled on is as true to-day as it was then. It is that real power in Russia is entirely independent of politics. Thanks to Lenin's careful planning, it is vested in the party machine of the Communist Party. Combined with his first-hand study of Lenin's methods of packing the Central Committee of the Party with "voting cattle," it is this knowledge that has made Stalin dictator in Russia.

Day and night, at political headquarters or in his home, Stalin walks up and down, perpetually revolving, debating, questioning, absorbed in his own innermost thoughts. Planning each detail for himself, fitting together the pieces of an interminable jig-saw puzzle.

He is plotting out the moves in personnel necessary to keep his hold on the dictatorship. At all costs he has to keep the machinery of the Communist Party in his own hands. Anyone can have the politics. He has to have the necessary cumulative majority in the Central Committee, and, through that Committee, in the Political Bureau. This he gets through making all the vital strategic appointments to the Committees of the Communist Party, district and local, the whole way down the line. These nominations have a snowball effect. The men he appoints are dull tools. Their gratitude and fidelity is assured by a vast improvement in their material status. In return they must bring the whole of their local organisation in line with their master, must give him unquestioning obedience and their votes.

As General Secretary of the Central Committee, Stalin was able to begin putting this system into effect before his colleagues realised what he was doing. When it came to a slow-down it was too late. Sowing his obedient dullards throughout the party organisation, Stalin had assured himself of the needful majority. This brought him promotion from the post of General Secretary of the Central Party Committee to that of General Secretary of the Political Bureau, the final control switchboard of the whole party machine. So long as he can maintain this purely formal majority Stalin's position is impregnable—as far as the Communists are concerned.

Thus of necessity Stalin's sole occupation is an incessant mental review of each link in the chain which keeps him in power. He may cogitate over a decision for a long time. That is his nature. But once the decision is taken the change is effected instantly. The secretary of the local Communist Committee in, say, Sverdlovsk, suddenly learns that he has been superseded. His successor arrives. Stalin has weighed up the position, has made the change

with his own uncanny intuition, entirely unaided, from his two rooms in the far-off Kremlin. The change made, Stalin instantly turns away to some other strategic point where the machine may seem to be creaking. This time perhaps in Central Russia or the South. His absorbed attention is directed elsewhere, until such time as his own observations, or ordinary rotation, bring him round to Sverdlovsk again.

What he ultimately proposes to do with the power he wields remains, like everything else about him, a mystery. He is unlikely to use his influence to lead the country back to a real democratic freedom—unless it later suits his back to throw up the Communists for the peasants. If he sees nothing else, he must see quite clearly that his dictatorship depends for the moment on his clinging to the control-lever of the Communist Party machine, invented and installed by Lenin. To keep his hold over the machine he must retain his pseudo-Communist outlook.

Here is where his single-track mentality has led Stalin to ignore one most important factor. He fails to realise that by utilising the party machine for his own selfish and ambitious ends, for something its creator never intended it to do, he is gradually weakening the position of the Communist Party in Russia as a whole. Hence the violent opposition led by Trotsky. Stalin has forgotten that in Russia the party still occupies a position almost analogous to that of an invading force occupying conquered territory. The subsequent gradual blending of the Communist Party with the masses was laid down by Lenin as a *sine qua non* of Communism's eventual final triumph in Russia. The favourable moment to inaugurate this policy has come and gone, overlooked by Stalin. He has only emphasised the party's isolation. He sees only the party machine.

So far it has answered to his touch. He forgets that for it to work for him it has to be guarded. His policy has weakened the guard. For that reason the Communist Party machine and Stalin, its self-centred operator, are alike more vulnerable to-day than at any date since Lenin died.

TWO "CROMWELLS"

BY C. M. BOWEN

THE year 1827, in which Victor Hugo's *Cromwell* was first published, has been fixed upon by French scholars (affected, no doubt, by the modern passion for keeping centenaries) as the beginning of the Romantic Movement in France. The significance of *Cromwell* in the history of the French drama is due chiefly to its preface, in which Victor Hugo expounds his dramatic theories, but to Englishmen the play has an interest in itself as being a study of one of the most striking and controversial figures in English history. It is surprising that, though much has been written about Cromwell at various times by Englishmen of varying sympathies, it should have been left to a Frenchman to realise the dramatic possibilities of his life and character, and that we should have had to wait nearly a hundred years after Victor Hugo for any English dramatist of repute to make him the subject of a play.

There could hardly be two plays on the same subject more unlike than Victor Hugo's *Cromwell* and Mr. Drinkwater's *Oliver Cromwell*. Certain obvious differences in structure and technique strike the reader at once. (I say "the reader" rather than "the spectator," because I have not myself seen Mr. Drinkwater's play acted, while Victor Hugo's, as he says himself in his preface, was not intended for production on the stage in its present form.) The French play is in verse, the English in prose; the former has over sixty speaking parts, as well as immense crowds of soldiers, citizens, and other supernumeraries; the latter has only twenty-one. Mr. Drinkwater does not divide his play into acts, but represents the events of fifteen years (from 1639 to 1654) in a series of eight scenes, the action passing in several different localities. Victor Hugo's play is in five acts, the scene being in London throughout; the period is 1657, and the action passes in thirty-three hours.

To say all this, however, is hardly to suggest the real difference between the two plays, which is the difference

between the "realistic" drama of the twentieth century and the "romantic" drama of the school of Shakespeare. "*Shakespeare, c'est le Drame*," says Victor Hugo in the preface to *Cromwell*, and, though he disclaims any intention of deliberately imitating him, the influence of Shakespeare can be seen not only in the general character of the play, but sometimes even in particular details, as when, in the scene where Cromwell is offered the crown, the voice of the blind Milton cries from among the crowd:

"*Songe aux Ides de Mars!*"

The play is Elizabethan in the diversity of its elements, in its bold mingling of grotesque humour with serious drama, and in its lavish use of the soliloquy and the "aside." It is conceived on a grand scale, and, whereas the exuberance of Shakespeare's imagination was kept within bounds by the fact that he wrote directly for the theatre, Victor Hugo, deprived by the political censorship of any hope of seeing his play publicly performed, shows a fine disregard for the actualities of stage production. *Cromwell* is nearly twice the length of *Hamlet*, and the number of characters is so great that it would tax the ingenuity of any producer merely to arrange them on the stage. In the scene at Westminster Hall, with which the play ends, a crowd of conspirators, spectators, soldiers, civic dignitaries and Members of Parliament enter in succession and remain on the stage, on which, we must assume, there is still space left for Cromwell and his *cortège* (which includes, as well as various characters specified by name, "a crowd" of military officers in uniform) to make an effective entry. Moreover, many of these characters have lines to speak, and various individuals among them carry on private conversations which are supposed to be unheard by the rest of the crowd.

What a contrast all this is to Mr. Drinkwater's play! Here, it is true, there is one scene—in the House of Commons—for which a large number of characters is required. According to the stage directions, a division takes place, in which a motion is carried by a hundred and fifty-nine votes to a hundred and forty-eight. Probably,

however, it could be staged quite effectively with far fewer actors than this. There are two scenes on the battlefield of Naseby, but these take place in the General's tent, the presence of a large army being indicated merely by cheering "off" when Cromwell arrives; the others are indoor scenes involving a small number of characters. All this is perfectly practicable and requires no elaborate stage setting.

In spite of its length and complexity, however, Victor Hugo's play has that unity of action which, as he declares in his preface, is as essential to a play as the unities of time and place are unnecessary. There is only one episode—the farcical love-affair between Rochester and Dame Guggligoy—which seems an excrescence, and which could be removed without any loss to the play. The characters of the four buffoons, though they are not essential to the plot, serve as a kind of ironic chorus, and their cynical comments on the doings of their superiors provide a continuous variation on the theme so often suggested by Shakespeare: Which is the wise man and which the fool?

They also help to give the historical background. "The drama should be impregnated with the atmosphere of the time," says Victor Hugo in his preface; and the romantic writer has his own method of achieving this, which differs from the method of the realist. Allowance must be made for the fact that in Victor Hugo's time the results of modern historical research were not available, and that he claimed, like most historical dramatists, the liberty of compressing into a short time events which really covered a longer period; but, these provisos being made, it may be said that both he and Mr. Drinkwater are scrupulous in their treatment of history. None of the important characters or events in their plays are fictitious, or deliberately distorted; and any incidents which they invent are quite in keeping with what is known of the time. Neither dramatist attempts to give "local colour" by the use of archaic language. Mr. Drinkwater's English is admirably suited to the whole character of his play—dignified, austere, avoiding anything typically modern on

the one hand or affectedly archaistic on the other. The language of *Cromwell*—unless there are fine shades of difference which escape the notice of a foreign reader—is the French of Victor Hugo's own day.

But if we leave these particular facts, and come to the general impression made by the two plays, the advantage lies undoubtedly with the romantic writer. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who pointed out, in his essay on Victor Hugo's romances, that in the romantic novelist's works we "become suddenly conscious of the background . . . the individual characters begin to occupy a comparatively small proportion of that canvas on which armies manœuvre, and great hills pile themselves upon each other's shoulders." He is speaking of Scott in particular, but we see the same thing in Shakespeare—in the warring forces of nature in *King Lear*, which symbolise and universalise the tempest in the mind of the mad king, and in the shadowy figure of England, moving majestically through the series of historical plays, and dwarfing into insignificance the rivalries of particular kings and nobles.

Mr. Drinkwater makes no attempt to produce this kind of effect. It is true that he makes old Mrs. Cromwell refer—perhaps oftener than is quite natural—to Herrick and other contemporary poets, and there are one or two other allusions to customs of the time, such as the placing of lavender in the rooms; but all such passages could be omitted without making any serious difference to the play. One feels that it would give one no shock to see *Oliver Cromwell* acted in modern dress. What is essential in it—as in *Abraham Lincoln*—is the character of the hero and the cause for which he fights. Since the hero is Cromwell, the plot must necessarily be based on the historical events of the seventeenth century; but he might equally well have been Brutus, or George Washington, or Garibaldi, or any other leader in the cause of justice and liberty. Nothing but the externals would need to be changed; the essential interest of the play would remain the same. To say this is not to disparage it; it is merely to state—what Mr. Drinkwater himself would probably admit—that the interest of *Oliver Cromwell* is not primarily an historical interest.

Victor Hugo, on the other hand, sets out to paint an epoch as well as an individual. To do this a large canvas was necessary; just as the shade of the oak (to use his own simile) is made up of thousands of separate leaves, so the total impression of a period must be conveyed by a multiplicity of details. The ambassadors, the court fools, the Jewish astrologer, the frivolous Cavaliers and fanatical Puritans, all contribute towards the composition of the historical background, just as, from another point of view, they each throw a different light on the character of the hero by their relations with him. And out of this multiplicity of characters and incidents there emerges, dim and confused at first, but overpowering in its imaginative impression, a picture of seventeenth-century England which would carry conviction to the reader's mind however many inaccuracies in historical detail he might discover. There is a truth of fact, and a truth of imagination, as some writer has said; and this second truth may be found in Victor Hugo's play, as in those of Shakespeare. The gloomy postern at Whitehall, where Cromwell, disguised as a sentinel, stands on guard, and admits the conspirators who have come to kill him, is a creation of the dramatist's genius, like the Elsinore of *Hamlet*; whether such places ever existed on the map is, as Shakespeare would say, "no matter."

However important the background may be in a romantic play, the main business of the dramatist must, of course, be with character, and especially with the character of his hero. Out of the historical material at his command he has to choose the events in his hero's life which appear to him most significant, or which contribute towards the view of his character which he wishes to present. Mr. Drinkwater's Cromwell is the champion of political liberty, disinterested, unselfish, and entirely devoted to his cause. From the first scene, in 1639, when the enclosure of the common land near his home brings him into open conflict with the royal power, to the last scene, in 1654, when he may be said to have seen the result of his life's work, this is the only aspect of his char-

acter which is emphasised. For the rest, he is a sincerely religious man, tolerant, generous to his opponents, hospitable, a lover of music and simple country pleasures, and an inspiring leader of troops in the field. In one scene, that in which Ireton proposes for the hand of Bridget, he shows some traces of a sense of humour, but nowhere else. Throughout the play there is nothing ignoble, nothing weak, nothing inconsistent in his character.

Victor Hugo, as we gather from occasional references to his authorities, obtained much of his material from Bishop Burnet and other Royalist sources, and was therefore hardly likely to present Cromwell in so favourable a light. Moreover, as he states in his preface, it was the very complexity and inconsistency of the character which gave it its dramatic value for him, and he has accordingly chosen to base his play on the incident in Cromwell's life which seemed best to illustrate these diverse traits and motives—his refusal of the crown which was offered to him in 1657.

This is the main theme, which gives the play its unity, but in its working out Cromwell is shown in many different aspects; we see him as the autocrat, receiving foreign ambassadors in royal state, and keeping Parliament waiting his pleasure; we see him troubled by superstitious doubts, and unhappy because his family do not sympathise with his ambitions; we see him jesting with his buffoons, or with sardonic humour out-manœuvring the conspirators against his life. At first, indeed, he seems to the reader merely a supremely ambitious man, unscrupulous enough to play the hypocrite when it serves his own ends. But as the play goes on, and various new aspects of his character reveal themselves, we begin to feel a growing sympathy with this strange personality, and follow with vivid interest his struggles with the foes who beset him from without and the fears and scruples which torment him from within. In the last scene of all, when he has refused the crown, pardoned the conspirators, and by this politic action so consolidated his position that his enemies despair of ever shaking him, there is an ironic significance

in the words which he speaks "aside"—the last words of the play:—

"*Quand donc serai-je roi?*"

In their treatment of the other characters the same kind of difference between the two dramatists may be seen. In Mr. Drinkwater's play all the characters, except the king and his agents, who after all appear comparatively little, are devoted admirers and supporters of Cromwell. His mother, who doubts the wisdom of his policy at first, is convinced at the end; and, though we have a reference in one scene to intrigues against him in Parliament, we see nothing of them in the play. All the minor characters have the same simplicity and single-mindedness as the hero. It may, indeed, be said that there appears nothing admirable in any supporter of the Royalist cause, and nothing that is not admirable, or at least likeable, in any of the Parliamentarians.

Victor Hugo gives us, among the Cavaliers, such diverse characters as the austere and upright Ormond, the renegade Willis, and the frivolous but attractive Rochester, whose gay courage and sense of humour make amends for his utter lack of principle. On the Puritan side there is Lambert, an ambitious weakling, Barebone, a mercenary hypocrite, Overton and Syndercomb, bloodthirsty fanatics, and Carr, a fanatic too, but one whose stark sincerity and total disregard of his own safety or interest command our admiration, and give him a dignity which none of the others possess.

This opposition of different types, and of different qualities in the same person, provides the conflict which is of the essence of drama. In Mr. Drinkwater's play this is singularly lacking. The scales are all weighted on one side; everything imperfect in Cromwell, everything admirable in the king, is ignored; and yet in this desire to exalt his hero the dramatist has in some measure defeated his own ends, for we never see Cromwell fighting against odds, and therefore we never see him at his greatest. His opponents are all unworthy of his steel; anything so ignoble as the king in this play would need no Titan to overthrow him. Nor is there any conflict in Cromwell's

own mind, unless a natural regret for the bloodshed which must follow may be called so. His duty is clear, and he never falters in the pursuit of it. No one but a cynic could doubt that such a cause, led by such a man, must eventually triumph.

This is probably why, to my mind, there are only two really moving scenes in the play. One is that in which the arrival of Cromwell and his Ironsides, on the eve of the Battle of Naseby, puts heart and confidence into the Parliamentary forces, discouraged by lack of support from Westminster and by the prospect of meeting superior forces in the field. The other is that in which the mutilated Seth Tanner first appears. Here Cromwell is faced with a tragedy which he is unable to avert or to remedy; the power of the despotism against which he has to fight is clearly revealed, and one's heart goes out to him in sympathy. But for the most part this thrill of uncertainty is lacking, and we feel that the result is a foregone conclusion.

It may be said that this is so in any play based on known historical facts. True, we know that the forces of Parliament triumphed; we know equally well that Cromwell was not assassinated, and that he did not assume the crown. But however well we know these facts with our minds, a dramatist can make us so identify ourselves with his characters that we suffer the illusion of suspense, in sympathy with those to whom the issue is still doubtful. Shakespeare has done this in *Julius Cæsar*, for example, and in *Henry V*; Victor Hugo has in great measure done it in *Cromwell*.

Nevertheless, it is quite possible that the play which appeals to the reader as the more dramatic of the two might be the less effective on the stage. The "atmosphere" which so powerfully affects our imagination might be dissipated in the glare of the footlights; the improbabilities would stand out more flagrantly, and the general cumbrousness of the play might prove an insuperable difficulty in production. It would, however, be an interesting experiment to try.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has a Latin mind, if ever there was one; but, unlike many Latins, he can accept and arrange for the consequences of his logic—and even of other people's logic. Italy has been divided for more than two generations into Blacks and Whites, with a completeness of separation that the Anglo-Saxon temperament finds it hard to credit. Loyalty to the Vatican ran counter to loyalty to the Italian Government. Now, Il Duce has imposed upon Italy a conception of loyalty more stringent and narrower than is even contemplated elsewhere. It is almost treason not to be a Fascist. If, then, the seat of the Papacy is in Italy, the Pope must be a Fascist, or guilty of incivism. Force that logic to its conclusion, and you split Italy worse than ever it was split before. It would never have been easy for the Pope to make an arrangement with any Italian Government since the suppression of the temporal power; but now it would be more difficult than ever, for the Government also claims a right to pronounce *ex cathedra*. How shall there be agreement between two infallibles? Besides, Il Duce is large enough of mind to see that the Papacy's strength lies precisely in its refusal to compromise; and if, as his autobiography suggests, he is in his own person a sincere Catholic, he cannot desire to weaken that strength. There was only one possible solution, and he has adopted it. The seat of the Papacy shall, he has decided, be outside of Italy, politically speaking; and both Il Duce and the Pope can push their logic to the utmost without a collision.

In Ireland people incline to say that the Pope has made great concessions in accepting so restricted an area of sovereignty. This seems an odd misconception. The kernel of the matter is that the Pope is no longer, territorially, a subject. Nobody can ask him to pay rates for

the Vatican, or even profess to exempt him from such payment. For the Catholic world the essential is that the Pope has won; his contention has been maintained to a successful issue, with practical consequences that must tend to increase in importance. For the Papal State will be able to secure representation at Geneva, for instance, even though the conception of the League of Nations must thereby be modified. But it would be absurd to admit Venezuela and keep out this world power.

On the other hand, Signor Mussolini gains. He has partitioned Rome to unite Italy. One of Parnell's sayings has never been forgotten: "We cannot spare a single Irishman." Great classes of Italians have been lost to Italy in the strife of Black and White: Il Duce recovers them for Italy. One may not like this man's methods; but there is no denying that a man is there.

He has also simplified problems for other Governments. It can neither be regarded as friendly nor unfriendly to the Italian Government that France, for instance, should be represented at the Vatican. There have been times when such considerations weighed. For Great Britain the issue will remain as before; yet perhaps it will be easier to decide for representation if the Pope is a temporal sovereign and issues his own postage stamps. There is a marked political advantage to be gained by having such a representative, and Imperial Germany did not neglect this. Some Irish Nationalists have always held that England's scruple in this matter handicapped British interests throughout the whole field of diplomacy.—Ireland will undoubtedly send a representative, and rightly, for in the world of English-speaking Roman Catholics—probably some fifteen to twenty millions—Irish influence preponderates, because the priesthood is mostly supplied from Ireland.

Meantime the other great Latin country which also at present combines constitutional monarchy with a constitutional dictatorship has been threatened with revolt in the army. In Spain the army has had the habit of revolt. It would appear that up to a certain period promotion was

conducted on a system of jobbery. To end this (no doubt under pressure from the army) there was instituted a strict routine of advancement by seniority. Under this nobody could have a grievance, but unfortunately the army, so pacified, proved to be inefficient. Only providence could ordain that the right man should be in command at the right place and moment, and providence, in Morocco, was singularly unkind. Then the present Dictator broke up the instituted arrangement and chose his commanders for efficiency. For a time the army was satisfied by success; but the tradition of strict adherence to seniority lasted, and apparently it was set aside even in peace time. There was discontent, and a plot that miscarried. Rumours spread, and, since communications are difficult in Spain, there was a chance that rumour might be believed when it described the revolt as successful where it had really failed. But dictators up to date have a new resource, and broadcasting was employed to convey to all Spain that a bull fight went on with the usual crowd and enthusiasm where street fighting was supposed to be in progress. It looks also as if General Primo di Rivera felt strong enough to use the formidable weapon of clemency. Readers of Scott will remember how, in *Red Gauntlet*, the Jacobite partisans, drawn together for a desperate attempt, see a Government officer enter with the news that he has two regiments at hand, but that the assembly may disperse unmolested. Among the conspirators, half incredulous of their escape, Red Gauntlet, the soul of the conspiracy, speaks: "Do I understand right—may we—may I—may we *all*" (for the Pretender is present in disguise, but is known to be present) "go from here in safety?" Assurance is repeated. "Then," said Red Gauntlet, "all is lost." Clemency, above all when it is used with courtesy and not with contempt, is fatal to revolutionary movements, provided that it cannot be mistaken for fear.

Mr. de Valera has been putting the Government of Northern Ireland under the necessity of deciding for or against clemency in a small matter, and, as no doubt he foresaw, they were induced to decide against it. He is

one of the named persons prohibited from entering the Six Counties under an order that dates from the period of civil war. At present he has become the constitutional leader of opposition in the Free State's Parliament. He has taken the prescribed oath of allegiance. Also the Northern Government has on at least one previous occasion shut its eyes to his breach of the exclusion order, for he attended the funeral of Cardinal O'Donnell, to which Lord Craigavon's Government sent a representative. One may reasonably assume that no notice would have been taken of his entry on any private errand. But Mr. de Valera was announced to open a bazaar for the Gaelic League in Belfast. Citizens of Northern Ireland issued the invitation with open disregard of the order, and their action was punishable. They would have defended it by saying that the Gaelic League is a non-political body. It was so in theory, and up to 1913 attempts were made to maintain this character. Since then it has been repeatedly claimed, and with justice, that the Sinn Fein movement was fostered by the Gaelic League, if it did not proceed from it. Consequently Mr. de Valera was not only publicly ignoring the order for his exclusion, he was coming to preside over the meeting of a body in Northern Ireland which could not be seriously regarded as outside politics.

It is probable (as has been suggested by the official organ of the Church of Ireland) that Lord Craigavon's Government would do well to rescind or revise their exclusion order. On the other hand, there is a great deal to be said for a Government which insists that until a law is altered it shall be obeyed; nor can the Ulster people be expected to disregard the fact that an illegal armed organisation exists in the Free State, which Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues have so far failed to stamp out, though they have taken, and have used, exceptional powers. Mr. de Valera's action brings such facts into prominence. He has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, and would probably declare that he is in jail for asserting the unity of Ireland. There is just as much truth in asserting that the unity of Ireland exists as there is in declaring that Irish is the national language. When

Mr. de Valera wants to make a good debating point in the Free State's Parliament he speaks English. When he is brought before an Ulster court he refuses to speak anything but Irish. The result is that Ulster Protestants say he is "a play actor"—a type which they detest. They think Mr. Cosgrave a sensible and courageous man; but the very considerable section which hates the idea of union with the Free State will not be sorry to see Mr. Cosgrave embarrassed by Mr. de Valera's escapade. The one man who will have most sympathy for the Free State's President is Lord Craigavon, not because he feels embarrassed himself, but because, though determined to maintain Ulster's *status quo*, he has a genuine desire to be friendly to whatever he respects in the Free State; and most certainly he respects Mr. Cosgrave.

People who have a difficulty in understanding Lord Craigavon's responsibilities will be well advised to study what is happening in Bombay. It is a replica of what Belfast was only seven years ago. The Government is blamed for failure to stop the rioting. But once two mobs, inspired by religious fanaticism, begin murdering each other, no police and no troops administered by an impartial Power can check them, until the paroxysm spends itself. These occurrences will be taken, very naturally, as demonstrating the unfitness of India for self-government, and the necessity of keeping the British Raj present for all time to prevent internecine war. Yet Catholics are safer to-day in a self-governing Ulster than they were when Belfast and Derry were ruled from Westminster; and I believe that not only their safety but their influence in the State will increase as the years go on.

The case of India must be ceaselessly in the mind of those who have to decide a policy for East Africa; and not only the case of India. In West Africa admirable results have been obtained by the system of indirect rule, built up mainly by the statesmanship of Lord Lugard. Yet Lord Lugard did not work unaided; the lady whom he married had distinguished herself, as Miss Flora Shaw, by a knowledge and grasp of African questions which no

other English publicist rivalled. From her marriage onward she ceased to write, but it is generally accepted that Lord Lugard, whom she accompanied to Nigeria, worked in constant consultation with his wife. Her recent death removes one of the most remarkably gifted women who were born in the last century. It closes also a long and beneficent companionship.

Broadly speaking, the system established by Lord Lugard over a great tract of Africa resembled that at work in the Indian native States. Either in the native States or in West Africa it is at least conceivable that the armature of European power may be withdrawn when its work is done. Tutelage is only justifiable as a preparation for some period when tutelage will cease. But in West Africa withdrawal may be more easily contemplated because there is no permanent settlement of white men. In East Africa the problem is different, for apparently there are large regions where the European can perpetuate his race, as at the Cape. From the standpoint of the native population, there is a strong case for maintaining a system of indirect rule—directing, developing and revising native law and custom instead of abolishing them: and there is no likelihood that this will be carried out with full regard for the native interest except under the rule of a bureaucracy like the Indian Civil Service. But the ideas of such rulers clash with those of the white settlers; and "the man on the spot," the African bred, claims to know best. The issue is not hard to foresee if the white race can and will live and thrive there. By all the traditions of the British race, rule will pass to the white community on the spot. Mary Kingsley had more liking for native Africans, and more understanding of them, than any student of modern times, and to her teaching the introduction of indirect rule in West Africa is chiefly due. But she invariably held that the right of conquest was justified, and that the white conqueror must have the land which he needed and could use for his own habitation.

English politics are in a profoundly depressing period. There is nothing surprising in the Labour gain at Batter-

sea; reasonably or unreasonably, the electorate will always visit upon the Government in power its resentment of a long-continued trouble, such as is the mass of unemployment and especially the problem of the coal mines. It has been right and wise that the Prince of Wales should go and see with his own eyes and express the Throne's sympathy by his presence; but just because he has seen and felt, tens of thousands will for the first time translate vague newspaper statements into sharp physical impressions. When the General Election comes, voters will no doubt scrutinise the proposed remedies: but there will be formidable predisposition to a change. If up to the present there are no signs of a sweeping reaction, the reason is that Labour shows no confidence in its own ability to remove these evils. A Labour Premier coming in just now would be most unenviable.

America has ratified the Kellogg Pact, and for more assurance that war is outlawed has passed the Bill providing a fleet of cruisers. Professor Mowat's *Life of Lord Pauncefote*, just published, throws a curious light on the persistence with which American opinion has tried to head a world movement of civilisation towards substituting arbitration for settlement by force and on the persistence with which the Senate has thwarted American opinion. John Hay, Roosevelt's very able Secretary of State, who worked hand-in-glove with Pauncefote, said that five or six pending disputes could be settled by treaty, but that none of these treaties could pass the Senate. No other country is more fertile in progressive ideas for the betterment of international intercourse; but no other country has so lavish a provision of machinery for hampering the adoption of these ideas. Pauncefote was a very clear-headed man, completely trusted by his own Government, and he could negotiate with the assurance that what he thought wise to accept would be accepted by them. Hay, equally clear-headed, equally trusted by Roosevelt, could have no such assurance. The moral is that it would be almost impossible to arrive at an agreement with America on the limitation of naval armament, because the American negotiators would put their terms impossibly high for fear

of being thrown over by the Senate; or, on the other hand, the agreement settled by negotiation would be altered before the Senate would ratify it.

It looks as if ex-Kaiser Wilhelm had decided that there is no possibility of a Hohenzollern restoration, for he has taken action which must mortally wound whatever prestige that dynasty retains. By private contract he sold for £500,000 a selection from the Hohenzollern collection of pictures still housed at Potsdam. Germany did not even get the chance to retain them, and (according to the *Sunday Times*, which first published details of the transaction) Dr. von Bode, curator of the Kaiser Frederick Museum, has protested bitterly, but too late. Watteau's "Embarkation for Cythera" has embarked itself to America, and probably most of the other canvases have the same destination. But Sir Joseph Duveen, with whom this big deal was transacted, has been able to put our National Gallery in possession of a panel (representing Saint Zeno and Saint Jerome) which completes the altarpiece designed by Pesellino and finished by Fra Lippo Lippi—making the fourth of the scattered units which have been successively restored to this work since the central portion was purchased in 1863. Sir Joseph Duveen has had the pleasure of adding by many munificences to London's treasures; but to have been able to give this must have seemed the supreme luxury for a man who has the noble passion of endowment. As for the ex-monarch who made so fine a figure on the throne, nothing in all his reign misbecame him like the leaving of it. So much the better. A picturesque *roi en exil* is dangerous.

London has at present two plays running which an intelligent person can recommend his friends to go and see without fear of their reviling him. This is novel. Indeed, there are three, though it is late now to talk about *A Hundred Years Old* at the Lyric in Hammersmith. That, however, is rather the personal triumph of an actor, Mr. Horace Hodges, in the centre part; and the play is a

translation skilfully made by Mr. and Mrs. Granville Barker from the Spanish. But *The Lady with a Lamp* and *Journey's End* are both of them new plays by English authors, owing their success to the author no less than to the playing. It is true that one can scarcely imagine any other actress doing with the impersonation of Florence Nightingale what Miss Edith Evans does; but Mr. Berkeley has written a part which gives a great chance to an artist; and not only one; there are plenty of chances in the play, which is of the same type as Mr. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, the life of a person dramatically presented by a series of scenes illustrating its development. Here, however, it is not one figure only that holds the scenes together, for Sidney Herbert's wife is present from first to last—as antagonist to the protagonist. One need hardly say that the commercial theatre did not discover this production for itself; it was first produced at the Arts Theatre Club; then a management had the courage to take it over. In the same way *Journey's End* was tried out by the Stage Society—and then it became apparent that a fixed idea must be discarded. Publishers and managers alike have gone on saying that the public “does not want to hear about the War.” That may have been true for a while; but for millions of us recollections of the War are the most vivid part of experience, and presumably not the least interesting. At all events, the Savoy Theatre is crowded now, and, to judge by my own experience there, an unusual type of audience filling the stalls; my neighbour was, I am certain, a quartermaster-sergeant; I could see him issuing rations. That audience, beyond yea or nay, accepted the picture of trench life as faithful. It showed a typical group of company officers as they were when regulars had almost been eliminated, but when many temporary officers had long experience of war. Mr. Sherriff, probably without intention, brings out the amateurishness which existed. It is an extraordinarily intelligent picture, and if it seems to exaggerate the strain on nerves, one should remember that the time is put exactly before the German break through of March, 1918. Some battalions had then been as much as sixty days in

the line or in support trenches. Very skilfully we are shown the effect of war-strain on a group of four; sharp edge is given to the picture by contrast with a newcomer in the first flush of curiosity and adventure. The rest, in a sense, is machinery, though skilful machinery. No woman enters, but a woman is implicit throughout: she appears by her photograph. The acting is so good all round that all appears natural and even usual, except in the scene where the company commander threatens to shoot his subaltern who wants to go sick on the eve of an attack. Probably in such cases of malingering the man was generally let go; amateur discipline is not inexorable. But a dramatist is fully entitled to choose exceptional cases, and this is not incredible. The hardest thing to believe in the play is the story of the raid—not that it was forced on in such conditions, but that in such conditions it succeeded. Nobody in the British command seems to have remembered Vauban's saying about minor enterprises: “In taking such and such a position you will lose such and such a man, who is worth more than half-a-dozen positions.” Here and there a colonel, of Vauban's mind, avoided raids as far as he possibly could and kept his battalion intact till it was really wanted. I knew one such, and he fell as his men were carrying the quarries of Guillemont, six times fruitlessly attacked before. Mr. Sherriff will have opened the gates of memory, and probably let loose a flood of discussion. One thing should be recognised—the skill with which he has used his touches of humour, especially in his mess orderly, Private Mason. Mr. Alexander Field in this part deserves mention even where all are good. But Mr. Colin Clive as the company commander has a whole series of incredibly difficult things to render credible, yet one after another they seemed not only believable but inevitable.

THE MAN WHO MISSED THE 'BUS

BY STELLA BENSON

MR. ROBINSON'S temper was quite sore by the time he reached St. Pierre. The two irritations that most surely found the weak places in his nervous defences were noise and light in his eyes. And, as he told Monsieur Dupont, the proprietor of Les Trois Moineaux, at St. Pierre, "If there is one thing, monsieur, that is offensive—essentially offensive—that is to say, a danger in itself—I mean to say noise doesn't have to have a meaning . . . What I mean is, monsieur, that noise—" "Numero trente," said Monsieur Dupont to the *chasseur*. Mr. Robinson always had to explain things very thoroughly in order to make people really appreciate the force of what he had to say—and even then it was a hard task to get them to acknowledge receipt, so to speak, of his message. But he was a humble man, and he accounted for the atmosphere of unanswered and unfinished remarks in which he lived by admitting that his words were, unfortunately, always inadequate to convey to a fellow-mortal the intense interest to be found in the curiosities of behaviour and sensation. His mind was overstocked with by-products of the business of life. He felt that every moment disclosed a new thing worth thinking of among the phenomena that his senses presented to him. Other people, he saw, let these phenomenal moments slip by unanalysed, but if he had had the words and the courage, he felt, he could have awakened those of his fellow-creatures whom he met from their trance of shallow living. As it was, the relation of his explorations and wonderings sounded, even to his own ears, flat as the telling at breakfast of an ecstatic dream. What he had meant to say about noise, for instance, had been that noise was *in itself* terrifying and horrible—not as a warning of danger but as a physical assault. Vulgar people treat noise only as a language that *means* something, he would have said, but *really* noise could not be translated, any more than rape could be translated. There was no such thing as an ugly, harmless noise. The noise of an express train approaching and shrieking through a quiet station—the noise of heavy rain sweeping towards one through a forest—the noise of loud, concerted laughter at an unheard joke—all benevolent noises if translated into concrete terms, were *in themselves* calamities. All this Mr. Robinson would have thought worth saying to Monsieur Dupont—worth continuing to say until Monsieur Dupont should have confessed to an understanding of his meaning—but as usual the words collapsed as soon as they left Mr. Robinson's lips.

Monsieur Dupont stood in the doorway of les Trois Moineaux with his back to the light. Mr. Robinson could see the shape of his head set on stooping shoulders, with a little frail fluff of hair beaming round a baldness. He could see the rather crumpled ears with outleaning

lobes bulging sharply against the light. But between ear and ear, between bald brow and breast, he could see nothing but a black blank against the glare. Mr. Robinson had extremely acute sight—perhaps too acute, as he often wanted to tell people, since this was perhaps why the light in his eyes affected him so painfully. "If my sight were less acute," he would have said, "I should not mind a glare so much—I mean to say, my eyes are so extremely receptive that they receive too much, or in other words the same cause that makes my eyes so very sensitive is . . ." But nobody ever leaned forward eagerly and said, "I understand you perfectly, Mr. Robinson, and what you say is most interesting. Your sight includes so much that it cannot exclude excessive light, and this very naturally irritates your nerves, though the same peculiarity accounts for your intense powers of observation." Nobody ever said anything like that; but then people are so self-engrossed. Mr. Robinson was not self-engrossed, he was simply extravagantly interested in *things*, not people. For instance, he looked round now, as the *chasseur* sought in the shadows for his suitcase, and saw the terrace striped by long beams of light—broad, flat beams that were strung like yellow sheets from every window and door in the hotel to the trees, tall urns, and tables of the terrace. A murmur of voices enlivened the air, but there were no human creatures in any beam, only blocked, dark figures in the shadows, and, in every patch of light, a sleeping dog or cat or two. Dogs and cats lay extended or curled comfortably on the warm, uneven paving stones, and Mr. Robinson's perfect sight absorbed the shape of every brown, tortoise-shell or black marking on their bodies, as a geographer might accept the continents on a new, unheard-of globe. "It's just like geography—the markings on animals," Mr. Robinson had once said to an American who couldn't get away. "What I mean to say is that the markings on a dog or a rabbit have just as much sense as the markings on this world of ours—or, in other words, the archipelagos of spots on this pointer puppy are just as importantly isolated from one another as they could be in any Adriatic Sea—" But the American had only replied, "Why no, Mr. Robinson, not half so important; I am taking my wife—with the aid of the American Express Co.—to visit the Greek Islands this summer, and we shall be sick on the sea and robbed on the land, whereas nobody but a flea ever visits the spots on that puppy, and the flea don't know and don't care a damn what colour he bites into." Showing that nobody except Mr. Robinson ever really studied things impersonally.

Mr. Robinson, a very ingenious minded and sensitive man, with plenty of money, was always seeking new places to go to, where he might be a success—or rather, where his unaccountable failures elsewhere might not be known. St. Pierre, he thought, was an excellent venture, although the approach to it had been so trying. As soon as he had heard of it—through reading a short, thoughtless sketch by a popular novelist in the *Daily Call*—he had felt hopeful about it. A little Provençal walled town on a hill, looking out over vineyards to the

blue Mediterranean, a perfect little hotel, clean, and with a wonderful cook, frequented by an interesting few . . .

"By the time I get downstairs," thought Mr. Robinson, as he carefully laid his trousers under the mattress in his room and donned another pair, "the lights will be lit on the terrace, and I shall be able to see my future friends. I must tell someone about that curious broken reflection in the River Rhone . . ." He went downstairs and out on to the terrace, where the tinkle of glasses and plates made him feel hungry. He could hear, as he stood in the doorway looking out, one man's voice making a series of jokes in quick succession, each excited pause in his voice being filled by a gust and scrape of general laughter like waves breaking on a beach with a clatter and then recoiling with a thin, hopeful, lonely sound. "Probably all his jokes are personalities," thought Mr. Robinson, "and therefore not essentially funny. No doubt they are slightly pornographic at that. When will people learn how interesting and exciting things are . . ."

A waiter behind him drew out a chair from a table in one of the squares of light thrown from a window. Mr. Robinson, after sitting down abstractedly, was just going to call the waiter back to tell him that his eyes were ultra-sensitive to light, and that he could see nothing in that glare, when a large dog, with the bleached, patched, innocent face of a circus clown, came and laid its head on his knee. Mr. Robinson could never bear to disappoint an animal. He attributed to animals all the hot and cold variations of feeling that he himself habitually experienced, identifying the complacent fur of the brute with his own thin, human skin. So that when the waiter, coming quietly behind him, put the wine list into his hand, Mr. Robinson merely said, "Thank you, *garçon*, but I never touch alcohol in any form—or, for the matter of that, tobacco either. In my opinion—"

and did not call the rapidly escaping waiter back to ask him to move his table. The dog's chin was now so comfortably pressed against his knee, and the dog's paw hooked in a pathetically prehensile way about his ankle.

Mr. Robinson made the best of his position in the dazzle and tried to look about him. The Trois Moineaux was built just outside the encircling wall of the tightly corseted little town of St. Pierre, and, since St. Pierre clung to the apex of a conical hill, it followed that the inn terrace jutted boldly out over a steep, stepped fall of vineyards overhanging the plain. The plain was very dim now, overlaid by starlit darkness, yet at the edge of the terrace there was a sense of *view*, and all the occupied tables stood in a row against the low wall, diluting the food and drink they bore with starlight and space. The men and women sitting at these tables all had their faces to the world and their backs to Mr. Robinson. He could not see a single human face. He had come down too late to secure one of the out-looking tables, and his place was imprisoned in a web of light under an olive tree. In the middle of the table peaches and green grapes were heaped on a one-legged dish. And on the edge of the dish a caterpillar waved five-sixths of its length drearily in the air, unable

to believe that its world could really end at this abrupt, slippery rim. Mr. Robinson, shading his eyes from the light, could see every detail of the caterpillar's figure, and it seemed to him worth many minutes of absorbed attention. Its colour was a pale greenish fawn, and it had two dark bumps on its brow by way of eyes. "How unbearably difficult and lonely its life would seem to us," thought Mr. Robinson, leaning intensely over it. "How frightful if by mistake the merest spark of self-consciousness should get into an insect's body (an accidental short-circuit in the life current, perhaps), and it should know itself absolutely alone—appallingly free." He put his finger in the range of its persistent wavings and watched it crawl with a looping haste down his fingernail, accepting without question a quite fortuitous salvation from its dilemma. He laid his finger against a leaf and the caterpillar disembarked briskly after its journey across alien elements. When it was gone Mr. Robinson looked about him, dazed. "My goodness!" he thought, "that caterpillar's face was the only one I have seen to-night!"

The noise of chatter and laughter went up like a kind of smoke from the flickering creatures at the tables near the edge of the terrace. At each table the heads and shoulders of men and women leaned together—were sucked together like flames in a common upward draught. "My dear, she looked like a . . . oh, well, if you want to . . . He's the kind of man who . . . No, my dear, not in my bedroom . . . A rattling good yarn . . . Stop me if I've told you this one before. . . ." One man, standing up a little unsteadily facing the table nearest to Mr. Robinson, made a speech: ". . . the last time . . . delightful company . . . fair sex . . . happiest hours of my life . . . mustn't waste your time . . . us mere men . . . as the Irishman said to the Scotsman when . . . happiest moments of all my life . . . one minute and I shall be done . . . always remember the happiest days of all my . . . well, I mustn't keep you . . . I heard a little story the other day. . . ." And all the time his audience leaned together round their table, embarrassed, looking away over the dark plain or murmuring together with bent heads. The only woman whose face Mr. Robinson might have seen was shielding her face with her hands and shaking with silent laughter. The speaker was wavering on his feet very much as the caterpillar had wavered on its tail, and his wide gestures, clawing the air in search of the attention of his friends, suggested to Mr. Robinson the caterpillar's wild gropings for foothold where no foothold was. "Yes," thought Mr. Robinson, "the caterpillar was *my* host. No other face is turned to me."

However, as he thought this, a man came from a farther table and stood quite close, under the olive trees, between Mr. Robinson and the lighted doorway, looking down on him. The man stretched out his hand to the tree and leaned upon it. A freak of light caught the broad, short hand, walnut-knuckled and brown, crooked over the bough. Mr. Robinson could not see the man's face at all, but he felt that the visit was friendly. To conciliate this sympathetic stranger

he would even have talked about the weather, or made a joke about pretty girls or beer, but he could not think of anything of that kind to say to a man whose hand, grasping an olive bough, was all that Mr. Robinson knew of him. All that Mr. Robinson could do for the moment was to wonder what could have sent the man here. "It could not have been," thought Mr. Robinson humbly, "that he was attracted by my face, because nobody ever is." And then he began thinking how one man's loss is nearly always another man's gain, if considered broadly enough. For one to be forsaken, really, means that another has a new friend. "This young man," thought Mr. Robinson, gazing at the black outline of the stranger's head, "has probably come here blindly, because of some sudden hurt, some stab, some insult, inflicted by his friends at that table over there—probably by a woman. Perhaps he thinks he has a broken heart (for he has young shoulders); nothing short of a wound that temporarily robbed him of his social balance could make him do so strange a thing as suddenly to leave his friends and come here to stand silent by me in the shade. Yet if he only could—as some day, I am convinced, we all shall—know that the sum remains the same—that some other lover is the happier for this loss of his, and that if he had gained a smile from her the pain he now feels would simply have been shifted to another heart—not dispelled. . . . We only have to think impersonally enough, and even death—well, we are all either nearly dead or just born, more or less, and the balance of birth and death never appreciably alters. Personal thinking is the curse of existence. Why are we all crushed under the weight of this strangling ME—this snake in our garden. . . ?" So he said to the young man, "Isn't it a curious thing, looking round at young people and old people, that it doesn't really matter if they are born or dead? I mean to say, it's all the same whatever happens, if you follow me, and so many people mind when they needn't, if people would only realise—". At this moment there was a burst of clapping from the far table and the young man bounded from Mr. Robinson's side back to his friends, shouting, "Good egg! have you thought of a word already? Animal, vegetable, or mineral—and remember to speak up because I'm rather hard of hearing. . . ."

Mr. Robinson suddenly felt like Herbert Robinson, personally affronted. The sum of happiness (which, of course, remained unaltered by his set-back) for a moment did not matter in the least. He pushed back his chair and walked away, leaving his cheese uneaten and the clown-faced dog without support. He went to his bedroom and sat down opposite his mirror, facing the reflection of his outward ME. There sat the figure in the mirror—smooth, plump, pale, with small, pouched eyes and thick, straight, wet-looking hair. "What is this?" asked Mr. Robinson, studying the reflection of his disappointed face—the only human face he had seen that evening. "Look at me—I *am* alive. I am indeed very acutely alive—more alive, perhaps, than all these men and women half-blind—half-dead in their limitations of greed and sex. . . . It is true I have no personal

claim on life; I am a virgin and I have no friends—yet I live intensely; and there are—there *are*—there *are* other forms of life than personal life. The eagle and the artichoke are equally alive, and perhaps my way of life is nearer to the eagle's than the artichoke's. And must I be alone—must I live behind cold shoulders because I see *out* instead of *in*—the most vivid form of life conceivable, if only it could be lived perfectly?"

He tried to see himself in the mirror, as was his habit, as a mere pliable pillar of life, a turret of flesh with a prisoner called *life* inside it. He stared himself out of countenance, trying, as it were, to dissolve his poor body by understanding it—poor white, sweating, rubbery thing that was called Herbert Robinson and had no friends. But to-night the prisoner called *life* clung to his prison—to-night his body tingled with egotism—to-night the oblivion that he called wisdom would not come, and he could not become conscious, as he longed to, of the live sky above the roof, the long winds streaming about the valleys, the billions of contented, wary or terrified creatures moving about the living dust, weeds and waters of the world. He remained just Herbert Robinson, who had not seen any human face while in the midst of his fellow-men.

He began to feel an immediate craving—an almost revengeful lust—to be alone, far from men, books, mirrors and lights, watching, all his life long, the bodiless, mindless movements of animals—ecstatic living things possessing no ME. "I should scarcely know I was alive, then, and perhaps never even notice when I died. . . ." He decided he would go away next day, and give no group again the chance to excommunicate him.

He remembered that he had seen a notice at the door of the hotel giving the rare times at which an omnibus left and arrived at St. Pierre. "I will leave by the early 'bus before anyone is awake to turn his back on me."

He could not sleep, but lay uneasily on his bed reading the advertisements in a magazine he had brought with him. Advertisements always comforted him a good deal, because advertisers, really, he thought, took a broad view; they wrote of—and to—their fellow-men cynically and subtly, taking advantage of the vulgar passion for personal address, and yet treating humanity as one intricate mass—an instrument to be played upon. This seemed the ideal standpoint to Mr. Robinson, and yet he was insulted by the isolation such an ideal involved.

He dressed himself early, replaced in his suitcase the few clothes he had taken out, put some notes in an envelope addressed to Monsieur Dupont, and leaned out of the window to watch for the 'bus. St. Pierre, a sheaf of white and pink plaster houses, was woven together on a hill, like a haycock. The town, though compact and crowned by a sharp white bell-tower, seemed to have melted a little, like a thick candle; the centuries and the sun had softened its fortress outlines. The other hills, untopped by towns, seemed much more definitely constructed; they were austere built of yellow and

green blocks of vineyard, cemented by the dusty green of olive trees. Glistening white, fluffy clouds peeped over the hills. "Like kittens," thought Mr. Robinson, who had a fancy for trying to make cosmic comparisons between the small and the big. On the terrace of the inn half a dozen dogs sprawled in the early sun. Over the valley a hawk balanced and swung in the air, so hungry after its night's fast that it swooped rashly and at random several times, and was caught up irritably into the air again after each dash, as though dangling on a plucked thread. Mr. Robinson leaned long on his sill looking at it, until his elbows felt sore from his weight, and he began to wonder where the 'bus was that was going to take him away to loneliness. He went down to the terrace, carrying his suitcase, and stood in the archway. There was no sound of a coming 'bus—no sound at all, in fact, except a splashing and a flapping and a murmuring to the left and right of him. A forward step or two showed him that there were two long washing troughs, one on each side of the archway, each trough shaded by a stone gallery and further enclosed in a sort of trellis of leaning, kneading women. Mr. Robinson noticed uneasily that he could not see one woman's face; all were so deeply bent and absorbed. After a moment, however, a woman's voice from the row behind him asked if he was waiting for the 'bus. He turned to reply, hoping to break the spell by finding an ingenuous rustic face lifted to look at him. But all the faces were bent once more, and it was another woman behind him again who told him that the 'bus had left ten minutes before. Once more the speaker bent over her work before Mr. Robinson had time to turn and see her face. "What a curious protracted accident," he thought, and had time to curse his strange isolation before he realised the irritation of being unable to leave St. Pierre for another half-dozen hours. He flung his suitcase into the hall of the inn and walked off up a path that led through the vineyards. As if the whole affair had been prearranged, all the dogs on the terrace rose up and followed him, yawning and stretching surreptitiously, like workers reluctantly leaving their homes at the sound of a factory whistle.

Mr. Robinson, true to his habit, concentrated his attention on—or rather diffused it to embrace—the colours about him. The leaves of the vines especially held his eye; they wore the same frosty bloom that grapes themselves often wear—a sky-blue dew on the green leaf. Two magpies, with a bottle-green sheen on their wings, gave their police-rattle cry as he came near and then flew off, flaunting their long tails clumsily. A hundred feet higher, where the ground became too steep even for vines, Mr. Robinson found a grove of gnarled old olive trees edging a thick wood of Spanish chestnuts. Here he sat down and looked between the tree trunks and over the distorted shadows at the uneven yellow land and the thin blade of matt-blue sea stabbing the farthest hills. The dogs stood round him, expecting him to rise in a minute and lead them on again. Seeing that he still sat where he was, they wagged their tails tolerantly but invitingly.

Finally they resigned themselves to the inevitable, and began philosophically walking about the grove, sniffing gently at various points in search of a makeshift stationary amusement. Mr. Robinson watched them with a growing sense of comfort. "Here," he thought, "are the good, undeliberate beasts again; I knew they would save me. They don't shut themselves away from life in their little individualities, or account uniquely for their lusts on the silly ground of personality. Their bodies aren't prisons—they're just dormitories. . . ." He delighted in watching the dogs busily engrossed in being alive without self-consciousness. After all, he thought, he did not really depend on men. (For he had been doubting his prized detachment most painfully.)

One of the dogs discovered a mouse-hole, and, after thrusting his nose violently into it to verify the immediacy of the smell, began digging, but not very cleverly, because he was too large a dog for such petty sports. The other dogs hurried to the spot and, having verified the smell for themselves, stood restively round the first discoverer, wearing the irritable look we all wear when watching someone else bungle over something we feel (erroneously) that we could do very much better ourselves. Finally they pushed the original dog aside and all began trying to dig in the same spot, but finding this impossible they tapped different veins of the same lode-smell. Soon a space of some ten feet square was filled with a perfect tornado of flying dust, clods, grass, and piston-like forepaws. Hind legs remained rooted while forelegs did all the work, but whenever the accumulation of earth to the rear of each dog became inconveniently deep, hind legs, with a few impatient, strong strokes, would dash the heap away to some distance—even as far as Mr. Robinson's boots. Quite suddenly, all the dogs, with one impulse, admitted themselves beaten; they concluded without rancour that the area was unmistakably mouseless. They signified their contempt for the place in the usual canine manner, and walked away, sniffing, panting, sniffing again for some new excitement. Mr. Robinson, who had been, for the duration of the affair, a dog in spirit, expecting at every second that a horrified mouse would emerge from this cyclone of attack, imitated his leaders and quietened down with an insouciance equal to theirs. But he had escaped from the menace of humanity; he was eased—he was sleepy . . .

He slept for a great many hours, and when he awoke the sunlight was slanting down at the same angle as the hill, throwing immense shadows across the vineyards. The dogs had gone home. And there, on a space of flattened earth between two spreading tree-roots, was a mouse and its family. Mr. Robinson, all mouse now, with no memory of his canine past, lay quite still on his side. The mother mouse moved in spasms, stopping to quiver her nose over invisible interests in the dust. Her brood were like little curled feathers, specks of down blown about by a fitful wind. There seemed to be only one license to move shared by this whole mouse family; when mother stopped, one infant

mouse would puff forward, and as soon as its impulse expired another thistledown brother would glide erratically an inch or two. In this leisurely way the family moved across the space of earth and into the grass, appearing again and again between the green blades. Mr. Robinson lay still, sycophantically reverent.

Between two blades of grass the senior mouse came out on to a little plateau, about eighteen inches away from Mr. Robinson's unwinking eye. At that range Mr. Robinson could see its face as clearly as one sees the face of a wife over the breakfast table. It was a dignified but greedy face; its eyes, in so far as they had any expression at all, expressed a cold heart; its attraction lay in its texture, a delicious velvet—and *that* the mouse would never allow a human finger, however friendly, to enjoy. It would have guarded its person as a classical virgin guarded her honour. As soon as Mr. Robinson saw the mouse's remote expression he felt as a lost sailor on a sinking ship might feel, who throws his last rope—and no saving hands grasp it.

He heard the sound of human footsteps behind him. There was a tiny explosion of flight beside him—and the mouse family was not there. Through the little grove marched a line of men in single file, going home from their work in the vineyards over the hill. Mr. Robinson sat up, and noticed, with a cold heart, that all the men wore the rush hats of the country pulled down against the low, last light of the sun, and that not one face was visible.

Mr. Robinson sat for some time with his face in his hands. He felt his eyes with his finger, and the shape of his nose and cheekbone; he bit his finger with his strong teeth. Here was a face—the only human face in the world. Suddenly craving for the sight of that friend behind the mirror, he got up and walked back to the *Trois Moineaux*. He found himself very hungry, having starved all day, but his isolation gave him a so much deeper sense of lack than did his empty stomach that, although dinner was in progress among the bands of light and shade on the terrace, his first act was to run to his room and stand before the mirror. There was a mistiness in the mirror. He rubbed it with his hand. The mistiness persisted—a compact haze of blankness that exactly covered the reflection of his face. He moved to a different angle—he moved the mirror—he saw clearly the reflection of the room, of his tweed-clad figure, of his tie, of his suitcase in the middle of the floor—but his face remained erased, like an unsatisfactory charcoal sketch. Filled with an extraordinary fear, he stood facing the mirror for some minutes, feeling with tremulous fingers for his eyes, his lips, his forehead. There seemed to him to be the same sensation of haze in his sense of touch as in his eyesight—a nervelessness—a feeling of nauseating contact with a dead thing. It was like touching with an unsuspecting hand one's own limb numbed by cold or by an accident of position.

Mr. Robinson walked downstairs, dazed, and out on to the terrace. As before, the shadowed tables looking out over the edge of the terrace were already surrounded by laughing, chattering parties. Mr.

Robinson took his seat, as before, under the olive tree. "Bring me a bottle of . . . Sauterne," he said to the waiter (for he remembered that his late unmarried sister used to sustain upon this wine a reputation for wit in the boarding house in which she had lived). "And, waiter, isn't there a table free looking out at the view? I can't see anything here." It was not the view he craved, of course, but only a point of vantage from which to see the faces of his mysterious, noisy neighbours. His need for seeing faces was more immediate than ever, now that his one friend had failed him. "There will be tables free there in a moment," said the waiter. "They are all going to dance soon. They're only waiting for the moon." And the waiter nodded his shadowed face towards a distant hill, behind which—looking at this moment like a great far red fire—the moon was coming up. "Look; the moon, the moon, the moon—look . . .," everyone on the terrace was saying. And a few moments later the moon—now completely round, but cut in half by a neat bar of cloud—took flight lightly from the top of the hill.

There was a scraping of chairs, the scraping of a gramophone, and half a dozen couples of young men and women began dancing between the tall Italian urns and the olive trees on the terrace. Mr. Robinson poured himself out a large tumbler of Sauterne. "Waiter, I don't want a table at the edge now—I want one near the dancers—I want to see their faces."

"There are no tables free in the centre of the terrace now. Several are vacant at the edge."

"I can see a table there, near the dancers, with only two chairs occupied. Surely I could sit with them?"

"That table is taken by a large party, but most of them are dancing. They will come back there in a moment."

Mr. Robinson, disregarding the waiter, and clutching his tumbler in one hand and his bottle in the other, strode to the table he had chosen. "I'm *too* lonely—I must sit here."

"So lonely, poo-oo-oor man," said the woman at the table, a stout, middle-aged woman with high shoulders and a high bosom clad in saxe-blue sequins. She turned her face towards him in the pink light of the moon. Mr. Robinson, though desperate, was not surprised. Her face was the same blank—the same terrible disc of nothingness that he had seen in his mirror. Mr. Robinson looked at her companion in dreadful certainty. A twin blank faced him.

"Sh-lonely, eh?" came a thick young voice out of nothingness. "Well, m'lad, you'll be damn sight lonelier yet in a minute 'f'ye come butt'n in on—"

"Ow Ronnie," expostulated his frightful friend—but at that moment the gramophone fell silent and the dancers came back to their table. Mr. Robinson scanned the spaces that should have been their faces one by one; they were like discs of dazzle seen after unwisely meeting the eye of the sun.

"This old feller sayzzz—lonely—pinched your chair, Belle—"

"Never mind, duckie," said Belle—and threw herself across Mr. Robinson's knee. "Plenty of room for little me."

The white emptiness of her face that was no face blocked out Mr. Robinson's view of the world.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, jumping up suddenly. "I know why he's lonely—why—the man's not alive. Look at his face!"

"I am—I am—I am . . ." shouted Mr. Robinson in terror. "I'll show you I am . . ." He lurched after her and dragged her among the dancers as the music began again. He shut his eyes. He could hear her wild, animal shrieks of laughter, and feel her thin, struggling body under his hands.

Mr. Robinson sat quite still, but racked by confusion, excitement and disgust, beside the road on the wall of a vineyard, watching the last stars slip down into the haze that enshrouded the hills. The moon had gone long ago. All Mr. Robinson's heart was set on catching the 'bus this morning; to him the dawn that was even now imperceptibly replacing the starlight was only a herald of the 'bus and of escape. He had no thoughts and no plans beyond catching the 'bus. He knew that he was cold—but flight would warm him; that he was hungry and thirsty—but flight would nourish him; that he was exhausted and broken-hearted—but flight would ease and comfort him.

The 'bus, crackling and crunching, waddled round the bend. Mr. Robinson hailed it with a distraught cry and gesture.

"*Enfin . . . très peu de place, m'sieu n'y a qu'un tout p'tit coin par ici . . .*"

Mr. Robinson sat beside the driver, not looking at that phantom faceless face—so insulting to the comfortable sun—but looking only at the road that was leading him to escape. How far to flee he did not know, but all the hope there was, he felt, lay beyond the farthest turn of the road. After one spellbound look at the sun-blinded face of St. Pierre, hunched on its hive-like hill, he looked forward only at the winding, perilous road.

And his acute eyes saw, in the middle of the way, half a dozen specks of live fur blowing about a shallow rut . . . the 'bus's heavy approach had already caused a certain panic in the mouse family. One atom blew one way, one another; there was a sort of little muddled maze of running mice on the road.

Mr. Robinson's heart seemed to burst. Before he was aware, he had sprung to his feet and seized the wheel of the 'bus from the driver. He had about twenty seconds in which to watch the mice scuttering into the grass—to watch the low, loose wall of the outer edge of the road crumble beneath the plunging weight of the 'bus. He saw, leaning crazily towards him, the face—the face—rolling eyes, tight grinning lips—of the driver, looking down at death. There, far down, was the yellow net of the river, spread to catch them all.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MALTESE MIGRANT IN AUSTRALIA

To the Editor of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

DEAR SIR,—In an article—"Australia and Italian Immigration"—in the December number of THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, Mr. Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S., has bracketed the Maltese with Greeks, Yugoslavs and Levantines. He states that the Maltese are among the stream of immigrants, pouring into Australia from all parts of Europe, who are considered as little likely to mix harmoniously with the Australians. He next proceeds to qualify the Maltese as "undesirables."

Mr. Martin gives no data on which he bases this assertion, and, on Imperial and National grounds, apart from other considerations, strong objection has, naturally, been taken in Malta to the bracketing of Maltese with European aliens. While these may or may not be undesirable elements for settlement in Australia, the Maltese have, certainly, no connection whatever with them, and, in the interests of accuracy and veracity, I hope to prove, conclusively, if briefly, that Mr. Martin has no legitimate ground for holding that official and responsible Australia has ever regarded the Maltese otherwise than as a highly desirable and very welcome accession in every State of the Commonwealth.

Mr. Martin is a well-known author and a traveller of repute. His statements and his opinions carry weight. Hence it follows that his charges, in the present instance, cannot pass unchallenged. His information about the Maltese is evidently derived from very doubtful sources, or he would not have been so inaccurate. He may have based himself merely on the erroneous headings of certain periodical returns which, during 1928, unfortunately found their way out of the Commonwealth Bureau of Census and Statistics. For some unaccountable reason, the Maltese, in those returns, were bracketed with alien Greeks, Italians and others. At the time this gave rise to much misunderstanding abroad, and to justifiable irritation in Malta. But Mr. C. H. Wickens, the distinguished Commonwealth statistician, whose attention was drawn to this anomaly, hastened to explain that the mistake was due to an oversight and he sincerely regretted that the Bureau had been guilty of an apparent discourtesy by failure to make it clear on all occasions that the Maltese were acknowledged by Australians to be of British nationality. The mistake has not recurred since.

In the face of the yellow impact, the paucity of its population and the vastness of its empty spaces, and—in spite of artificial props—of the sluggish pace of British (United Kingdom) migration, it is, of course, Australia's business if it deems it wise to repel the influx of a good class of European aliens while yet available. My interest is confined solely to the Maltese who are British and are not, therefore, and cannot be, included in any embargo.

An immigrant is undesirable (i) if he arrives in such numbers as

to swamp a country or dislocate its labour markets; (ii) if he is not easily assimilable; or (iii) if he is of inferior race. The Maltese migrant falls under none of these three categories. As a matter of fact, the total yearly migration from Malta to all European and trans-oceanic countries hardly ever exceeds 3,000, while its average yearly migration to Australia is about 500.

Unlike his European neighbours, the Maltese is, as I have pointed out, a Britisher; his ideals are British and so is his standard of living. The outstanding feature of the Maltese migrant, and one of his best characteristics, is his great power of assimilation. On the steps of the village church in Malta it is difficult to discover his Maltese origin in the broad-shouldered, deep-chested "Australian," who occasionally comes to his home to take with him his family, or to carry away a young bride to the home he has prepared for her "down under." These men are superb.

Let others—eminent men—speak of their race. Speaking at Clare (Bungaree Station) in 1925, the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, the Federal Prime Minister, pointed out that "many people overlooked the fact that Malta was part of the British Empire, and that the Maltese were Europeans, sprung from a white Caucasian race thousands of years ago." And, in the same year, in the House of Representatives, the Hon. M. Charlton, the leader of the Federal Labour Party, declared that "they had nothing against the Maltese as a race, and that they had proved to be good unionists, in whatever occupation they were employed." To those who speak of the Maltese as "foreigners" in Australia, or as "undesirables," I would repeat that these foreigners are the same Maltese who made of their own firesides a home for every battle-scarred Australian and New Zealander who came to their shores during the great struggle. Let them ask any man of the Australian Expeditionary Forces, the Anzacs that bled at Gallipoli, what *they* know of these foreigners, hundreds of whom paid the supreme sacrifice, not only in Turkey, but in many other fields and on many seas. They were not foreigners—or undesirables—then, but Britishers and brothers, as they continue to be to-day.

HENRY CASOLANI
(Supt. of Emigration, Malta).

4th January, 1929.

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GERMANY AND THE ALLIES

By "AUGUR"

THE initiated know that the work of formulating a proposal for the settlement of German reparations is following a predestined course. Inspired by Mr. Parker Gilbert, the Agent-General for the Dawes Plan, and shepherded by the American experts, the work of the Committee in Paris must in the end produce a practical scheme for the settlement. By the time this article is published we shall know if an agreement in respect of the sum which Germany can voluntarily pay has been reached, or if the difficulties raised by the various parties are such that further negotiations are still necessary. However that may be, the problem of reparations, under the pressure of circumstances over which the public has little control, is moving towards a solution for which we can wait with equanimity, because the satisfactory working of the Dawes Plan precludes the danger of any crisis in the near future. In any case, reparations have ceased to be the source of real trouble between the Allies and Germany. The position is different in respect of the question of the occupation of the Rhineland by British, French and Belgian troops.

The history of the presence of the Allied troops in German territory is of no interest to us at present. Suffice it to say that to-day the occupation is dependent on the settlement of the question of reparations. M. Poincaré said as much to Herr Stresemann in Paris on August 27th, and this view was endorsed by the British Government, as well as by Signor Mussolini. The idea found its expression in the Geneva resolution of September 16th, 1928, when the creditor Powers and Germany agreed that a Committee should be constituted to prepare and submit a

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proposal for a final and complete settlement of the problem of reparation payments. The signatories declared also their desire to discuss the question of an immediate and total evacuation of the occupied territory, subject to the formation of a special Committee of verification and conciliation. Since then, however, the discussion of reparations has been pressed forward, but the negotiations about evacuation have hung fire. The official pretext for this delay has been that it was desirable first to see the way in which the work of the reparation experts would develop. In reality the fault has to be laid at the door of German diplomacy.

Before Herr Stresemann's arrival in Paris, where he went to sign the Kellogg Pact, German representatives in the Allied capitals had officially informed the Governments to which they were accredited of his intention to raise the question of an immediate and total evacuation; the question of reparations was then brought up by the Allies. Here was a chance for Berlin: the readjustment of the Dawes Plan was recognised to be desirable by all parties, and the support of American finance made the success of the step practically certain; occupation of the Rhineland, on the other hand, in view of the wording of the relevant clauses in the Peace Treaty, could in theory be prolonged for a number of years, even if reparations were settled. The linking up of the settlement of reparations with the evacuation of the Rhineland was a concession on the part of the Allies which it was all to the advantage of the German Government to pounce upon and make an indisputable fact. Instead the political parties in Berlin raised a cry against the combination, and the Government of the Reich did all in its power to detach the two questions one from the other. Naturally, on the other side there were elements only too glad to avail themselves of the tactical error. Logic in the end won the day, and reparations and evacuation stand interlinked, the last depending on the way the first question is settled. At Lugano, at the meeting of the Council of the League of Nations in December, M. Briand promised Herr Stresemann that so soon as the work of the experts showed

hopeful results "parallel" conversations in regard to evacuation could be started. Herr Stresemann did not protest, and thereby recognised the interdependence of the two questions. Yet much time had been lost.

It is necessary to find words to express this interdependence, and the formula which in principle found favour in Allied capitals was the following: the occupation of German territory is to cease on the day when the German debt for reparations has been commercialised. But here we enter into the domain of unrealities, because various people attach different meanings to the word "commercialisation." M. Poincaré, for example, probably still connects it with the condition that all the bonds representing the debt of the Reich must have been sold to private individuals before the condition we mention above can be considered as having been complied with. Other statesmen are ready to accept as the touchstone the formal consent of the Reich to the proposals of the Committee of Experts. In the first case commercialisation may have to wait for ten years, whilst in the second it may be deemed to have been carried out a few months hence. Here is the difficulty which it will need all the ingenuity of statesmen to overcome. An American expert has suggested that commercialisation exists when the debt has been transformed so that the Reich cannot stop paying the interest on it without endangering German credit abroad. It has also been suggested that a distinction must be made between commercialisation proper, that is the removal from the debt of its political taint, and "mobilisation," that is the effective distribution of the German bonds in the world's markets. Here is the central point of the problem. But the situation is complicated by the change which has occurred in the mental attitude of influential circles in Berlin.

Until now officials and politicians in Germany have insisted that the British Army of Occupation must not leave the Rhine so long as the French continue to remain there. The presence of the British element was considered as an assurance against the overbearing conduct of other nationals. A careful enquiry has con-

vinced us that the point of view held to-day is opposed to the principle of the joint Allied occupation, of which until now German diplomacy has made a dogma. To-day the Wilhelmstrasse has turned round, and believes that German interests can be served best—unless the evacuation of the Rhineland comes soon—by asking for a separate withdrawal of the troops of each of the occupying Powers. The impression which such a demand will make in Great Britain and the lever which it will supply to the Opposition for embarrassing Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain have been weighed in Berlin. We are certain that, if the question of the evacuation of the Rhineland does not become at least the subject of serious negotiation, the Germans will play their next card, which is a demand for an immediate and *separate* withdrawal of the Allied troops. We do not go so far as to say that the decision to present this demand has been irrevocably taken, but we say that it is being seriously considered and will be taken if affairs do not develop in a sense favourable to Berlin's expectations. It would be wrong to blame the Germans for taking advantage of an opening for a good tactical move. But if Allied statesmen let themselves be taken by surprise they will cut a sorry figure indeed. The good way is not to wait for the obvious to happen, but to start conversations on the subject, if not with Germany, then at least among the Allies themselves.

There is a side to the situation in Germany which may become important. We have in mind the fact that a number of influential people in that country are beginning to fear the consequences of a final settlement in Western Europe. For the inner crisis of the Republic is not solved yet, it is merely suspended, and forces ready to attack each other are only being held in check by the fear of external complications. The Republic has not conquered Germany yet. Any final adjustment of reparations will impose a burden of financial responsibility on the Government of the Reich, and will serve to stimulate the existing movement towards centralisation in the State. The elements which in Germany to-day stand for the con-

servation of the existing hybrid *régime* are also anti-Republican, so we need not be surprised that peace-loving people in Germany view with apprehension the approach of a clash. For this reason, just to delay the inevitable, the Germans, having settled in the West, may concentrate towards the East, and in an increased antagonism with Poland seek to create a bond which for a few years yet may unite Nationalists and Republicans. There is nothing like an external quarrel to make a nation united. In this respect the Poles have been lucky: German animosity, deliberately fostered since the War, has served to make them forget the political squabbling to which they are prone by nature, and the customs war started by Germany has turned out to be a blessing because it has stimulated economic development in Poland. So the fear of taking the irrevocable step towards a final settlement may exercise a retardatory influence on decisions in Berlin, and we may yet see, as happened with Count Brockdorff-Rantzau at Versailles in 1919, the leader of a German delegation throw up his mandate and leave the act of signing to another man.

From the discussions of the Committee of Experts in Paris an interesting proposal emerges: for the creation under one form or another of a central international body to administer the payments obtained from Germany. The Allied Commission for Reparations foreseen by the Peace Treaty is also international, but Germany is not represented on it, and the assets under its care are produced under compulsion. The new body would have German membership, and the idea of a ransom imposed on the vanquished by the conquerors would be eliminated. This, we think, is a step towards that economic unity of Europe without which in the new order of things in the world we cannot hope to maintain our dominating position. For the new body can be formed only if there is co-operation between the central banks of the countries concerned. The intention is, after all, to create an international clearing house to enable the creditor Powers to collect their debts from Germany and to pass a part of these on to their own creditors without upsetting the

economic balance in their own or in any other country. What is this but the united front about which we have heard a great deal since the Genoa Conference in 1920?

So, as we look round, we confess that in spite of all our grumbling things in Europe since the War have improved, and in many directions we see a steady movement towards further improvement. The men who made Locarno have achieved something, and Europe goes on reaping the profit which is coming to it from that courageous act in 1925. To crown their work the authors and supporters of Locarno must now admit that the time has come to cease admiring dry laurels and to pass to constructive activities.

LORD HOUGHTON

BY LORD CREWE

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES was born in the year 1809, distinguished by the entry into this troublesome world of the more famous figures of Gladstone, Tennyson, and Lincoln. He received his first name from a custom which had obtained in his family for several generations of using it alternately with Robert for the eldest son. The second name was that of his mother's family, she being the daughter of the fourth Viscount Galway. The family was prosperous, owning landed properties in Yorkshire and elsewhere, some by direct descent, others through fortunate marriages; and they also enjoyed wealth made in more than one business. So that when Richard Milnes was born, his father, Robert Milnes, might have seemed one of the spoilt children of fortune. He had left Cambridge with a reputation for extraordinary ability, as is clear from the allusions to him in the letters of his younger contemporary, Lord Byron, and from other sources; and, having succeeded his father just as he came of age, he entered Parliament a year later. In 1807 he created a sensation of a moment by his speech in defence of the Portland administration in its struggles with the disastrous events of that spring in the theatre of war. Two years later, Spencer Perceval offered him a seat in the Cabinet, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as Secretary at War. Neither of these offices was then of quite the first rank, but the compliment to a man of twenty-five was no slight one. His wife noted in her journal that he immediately said: "Oh, no, I will not accept either; with my temperament I should be dead in a year!" This prompt refusal remained a puzzle to everybody, and it can only be surmised that he was deterred by the thought of the restrictions of office and by the dread of having to give up country life for the greater part of each year. When he died, just fifty years later, Lord Palmerston wrote to

remind his son that it was Robert Milnes's refusal of office which had first opened the political gateway to himself in the post of Secretary at War.

Accordingly, Richard Milnes grew up as the son of a country gentleman, not of a Minister, though his father remained in Parliament for a number of years. An illness prevented his being educated at Harrow, and he spent his time with a tutor, mainly in the country, but with a little travel to Scotland and elsewhere, until he went to Cambridge in 1827. It is never easy to estimate the importance of intellectual groups as they flourish at different periods, and the Cambridge set of that day grew up into the mid-Victorians whose aims and achievements it is now the fashion to belittle; but to us of the generation that succeeded them it certainly seems that a university at which Whewell and Thirlwall were college tutors, and where Charles Buller, John Sterling, R. C. Trench, Julius Hare, Cavendish (the seventh Duke of Devonshire), and Stafford O'Brien were undergraduates, shortly followed by the three Tennyson brothers, Thackeray, Ralph Bernal Osborne, G. S. Venables, the Lushington brothers, James Spedding, Arthur Hallam, and W. H. Thompson, presents such a constellation of names as it would be difficult to equal. Most of these were at Trinity, and it would be possible to mention a good many others who made their mark in one direction or another. I have heard my father say that Arthur Hallam stood easily first of them all. With one or two exceptions, all those of whom he, in later life, delighted to speak as his "play-fellows" are to be found in this list. He thoroughly enjoyed Cambridge, and he worked hard, though on too wide a field to admit of distinction in a tripos, even if his lifelong aversion from mathematics had not tended to bar that particular door. But he won some prizes, took part in the theatricals which were then becoming popular, spoke at the Union (though expressing doubts whether this might not be in reality damaging to the correct parliamentary manner), and entertained his friends largely. He headed, with Arthur Hallam and that most brilliant of failures, Thomas Sunderland, the famous expedition

to the Oxford Union, in which Cambridge argued the claims of Shelley against Oxford's championship of Byron. In his letter to his mother, describing the Oxford hosts, of whom Manning was one, he said: "The man that *took* me most was the youngest Gladstone of Liverpool; I am sure a most superior person." The last phrase was used, one may be certain, without the ironical suggestion that later attached to it at Oxford.

Richard Milnes was no athlete, and in those days organised games and sports only attracted real devotees; but his nerve was good, and he distinguished himself by the then uncommon feat of a balloon ascent, from which he landed miles off at Castle Ashby. His *exeat* was couched in the form "Ascendat R. Milnes."

It is clear from the correspondence of that period that he had expected to pass straight from the University into Parliament, but, for the time being, these hopes were dashed to the ground by a crisis in the family affairs. His father, though at one time he spent lavishly, was too shrewd to get into difficulties, but his uncle, Rodes Milnes, was of another type. Better endowed than most younger sons, and enjoying a post which was little more than a sinecure, he was an inveterate gambler and a supporter of the famous racing stable of John Scott. After a long course of varying successes and failures, the latter, as usually happens, began to predominate, and brought about a financial crash. The elder Mrs. Milnes, who had been a considerable heiress, was still alive, and she and Robert Milnes came to the rescue. He, for his part, to sustain the honour of the family, paid large sums for which he was in no way responsible. Everything was shut up for a time and the family went to live abroad before 1830, so that the expectation which Richard Milnes had entertained of standing for Pontefract in that year could not be gratified, though possibly less for financial reasons than from his father's doubts at the moment of his aptitude for political life.

For some years, therefore, he spent a great part of his time abroad. His family lived chiefly at Milan and Venice, but he also was in London from time to time, and

visited Ireland and Scotland. In 1832 he made a five months' tour in Greece, which in those days meant roughing it considerably, and the eventual outcome was his first volume of poetry, the *Memorials of a Tour in Greece*, published in 1834.

In 1835 his family resumed life in England, their affairs being tolerably re-established, though on a somewhat reduced scale. And two years later Richard Milnes entered the House of Commons as Member for Pontefract. He sat as a Conservative, though in some ways but loosely attached to the Party. Through the earlier years of the century his father had been in favour of Emancipation, and of a moderate measure of Reform giving representation to the larger towns. But his real devotion was to the landed interest, and conceiving this to be imperilled by the measure of 1832, he described himself as belonging to the Tory Party, and his son, who had always disliked Parliamentary Reform, did the same. The conservatism of each was of a quite different type. The father, though of an age when his powers might have been at their fullest maturity, was in fact a belated survival of the eighteenth century. He had sat in the House of Commons with Pitt and with Fox, and he had seen the statesmen but a decade older than himself, such as Canning, Castlereagh, and Liverpool, rise to eminence and pass away one by one. He and his son were united by real affection and by admiration for each other's gifts, but two more incompatible people could scarcely have been found, and though there was never any breach between them, there was very little genuine understanding.

The son, as it happened, through the circumstances of his life, had never had to undergo any course of discipline. He had not been at a Public School, University life was in the main untrammelled, and during the years spent abroad he had been very much his own master. And criticism, however pointed, does not take the place of discipline. It says much for the inherent sweetness of Richard Milnes's nature that he did not resent the somewhat cynical attitude sometimes taken by his father, but his entry into London life would have been easier, and he

might have avoided some mistakes, if he had had to spend, so to speak, more hours on the drill ground and fewer in the orderly room.

I cannot attempt to sketch, except in the briefest outline, my father's political career up to the 'seventies. He was in the main a follower of Sir Robert Peel, and supported his fiscal policy in 1846. But here for the first time in public he found himself in friendly opposition to his father, who emerged from his retirement in order to head in Yorkshire the Protectionist opposition to Peel. Before this crisis my father had carried on a political flirtation with Young England, though he was never actually a member of that remarkable forerunner of the Fourth Party of later days. After the fall of Sir Robert Peel he did not join the brilliant little band of Peelites, but declared himself a Liberal and left the Carlton Club, though remaining a man of the Centre rather than of the Left. Later he regarded himself as a follower of Lord Palmerston rather than of any other leader, though I remember hearing him say that the statesman with whom he found himself in the fullest sympathy was Lord Aberdeen.

It is necessary to mention the two fields in which he principally exercised himself—that of foreign politics and that of penal reform at home. On the first ground he was extremely well equipped by his knowledge of foreign countries and by the ease with which he penetrated into political circles abroad. He had close personal friends in France, especially Tocqueville, Guizot, and Montalembert; his principal tie with Germany was his close friendship with the family of Baron von Bunsen; curiously enough, with all his knowledge of Italy, he had fewer friends and correspondents in the Italian political world. He wrote frequently in the monthly *Reviews* and elsewhere on foreign affairs, and in 1849 he published, in the form of an open letter to Lord Lansdowne, a remarkable pamphlet on *The Events of 1848*. This created some sensation, which was not diminished by the appearance in the *Morning Chronicle* of an article not merely assailing the opinions expressed in the pamphlet, but filled with

coarse personal abuse of the writer. This was the work of George Smythe, one of the heroes of "Young England" and the original of Coningsby. He had been Peel's Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1845, and was the person my father most disliked, on various grounds. He therefore, rather surprisingly in view of the date, challenged George Smythe to a duel. The affair was patched up, though the parties never spoke again; and my father always said that his second and great friend, Eliot Warburton, could not quite conceal his disappointment at the tame ending of the business - as might have been expected from a loyal son of Co. Galway. Two years later George Smythe had to fight a duel over an election squabble, the last, I believe, that was fought in England. And almost at the same time Eliot Warburton met an heroic death on the deck of the burning ship *Amazon*.

Robert Milnes died in 1858. He had, some years before, refused a peerage offered him through Lord Palmerston, and the honour was conferred on his son in 1863. The latter took kindly to the atmosphere of the House of Lords, and intervened in the debates from time to time. He spoke out stoutly on the Federal side in the American Civil War, partly from holding a real conviction on the rights of the dispute and partly from being more and more closely attracted to those elements in English public life which were conspicuous in sympathy for the Northern cause. But both before and after he went to the House of Lords his interest in foreign affairs was at least equalled by his keen desire to help in reforming the treatment of criminals at home. The great social reforms associated with the name of Lord Shaftesbury had his full sympathy, though he was never specially prominent in advocating them. But he was the first to force through Parliament a measure establishing reformatories for youthful offenders, and he became President of the original institution at Redhill. I can testify from my own recollection that, in the midst of his thousand activities, the question of the treatment of young criminals was the one nearest to his heart. He was also active in the

movement for abolishing public executions. In Thackeray's account of his expedition to watch the crowd at the execution of Courvoisier in 1840, X, the friend who drove him to the scene, was my father.

He was never attached to the Court in any capacity, but received much consideration from the Prince Consort. And his early knowledge of the German character enabled him to discern the fine and sympathetic qualities which underlay the rigid crust of education and caste, below which contemporary British society was quite unable to penetrate. It was, perhaps, more surprising that my father should have been something of a favourite with the Duke of Wellington. The great man, as we know, once wrote that he had "been much exposed to authors," and he regarded them with a terror never inspired by the batteries of the enemy. But he appreciated the good temper, the varied knowledge, and the many-sided humour of the younger man, who should here receive as much credit, though of an entirely different kind, as he does for securing the approbation of Thomas Carlyle. He held in the highest esteem the abilities of his contemporary, the second Duke of Wellington, saying, "He would have been one of the greatest men in England if he had not been so completely overshadowed by his father."

The twenty-six years of Richard Milnes's membership of the House of Commons, and the twenty-two during which he sat in the House of Lords, were crowded with occasions of interest, though it would not be true to regard him as an important figure in either House. It was certainly a disappointment to him that in the 'forties he was never offered office. He considered, surely not without reason, that he was well equipped for the Under-Secretaryship at the Foreign Office in particular. He had at that time a reputation for eccentricity which was a little puzzling to those who only knew him in later life, though it is true that the passage of years sometimes makes mellow personal idiosyncrasies which are startling in a young man. His great friend, Charles Buller, once said to him, "I often think how puzzled your Maker must be to account for your conduct"; and political leaders may

have thought it dangerous to entrust a responsible post to him with the uneasy feeling of never quite knowing what he would do next. His subconscious knowledge of this perhaps reacted unfortunately in one direction. As his friend Venables observed in his affectionate obituary notice, "He failed as a parliamentary orator through the adoption of a formal and almost pompous manner which was wholly foreign to his genius and disposition. One of the most humorous of companions, he reserved for the House of Commons a curiously artificial gravity." In 1855 he was offered a Lordship of the Treasury, but felt that it was too late to make a beginning.

Richard Milnes was closely intimate throughout his life with the two great political rivals who were his contemporaries. He first knew Disraeli well in the cheerful Bohemian atmosphere of Gore House, and was sitting beside him at the moment of the famous maiden speech that ended with the phrase, "The time will come when you will hear me." "Yes, old fellow, it will," said his friend. And the intimacy continued over years, with possibly a slight tinge of jealousy on each side. Later on a breach occurred which has never been completely explained. Milnes criticised most of the novels in the quarterly *Reviews*, not disparagingly, though not always with unmingled admiration. In the Corn Law controversy they took different sides, but never came specially into collision. It was a surprise, therefore, to find in Lord Beaconsfield's *Life* that in the 'sixties, among various memoranda describing his acquaintance, he wrote one about Richard Milnes which can only be described as venomous. I am sure that my father never realised the extent of his former friend's distaste, and, so far as it troubled him at all, accounted for it by the critical tone of his own review of *Lothair*.

With Mr. Gladstone it was quite another story. Here there was real personal attachment, though I do not think that my father as a rule shared Gladstone's political enthusiasms, or sympathised with the vigour with which conviction made him drive home any argument in support of his case at a given moment. "Gladstone's method of

impartiality," he once said, "is being furiously earnest on both sides of a question." But his admiration for that wonderful genius and that lofty character were, in fact, unbounded. He enjoyed from time to time writing critical notes to his friend on some issue of policy, and he always received at once reasoned replies, with the detailed arguments needed in support of the particular case. My father's visits to Hawarden always gave him keen pleasure, which, I believe, his hosts entirely shared.

Such, in brief outline, is the history of my father's activities in public life. Disappointing to himself, as I very well know, but always inspired by a deep humanity, and not altogether unfruitful in themselves.

Though he would have enjoyed success in political life more than anything else, yet it was in the world of letters that he was most thoroughly at home, and his real intimacy was rather with writers and thinkers than with statesmen who might be neither. Certainly the most remarkable of these friendships was that with Carlyle. It was an attraction of opposites, for on the surface two men more utterly unlike could hardly have been found. It was Charles Buller who brought them together in 1836, when the *French Revolution* was being written. A little later Carlyle paid several visits to Fryston, and a frequent though irregular correspondence passed between the two. They often argued, but, in the well-known phrase which Carlyle used in another connection, "except in opinion, not disagreeing," and in the words of Venables, written after my father's death, "His cheerful paradoxes often dissipated the moral indignation of Carlyle." Both must have met frequently at The Grange, and, as the Milnes' notebooks show, he appreciated the charm and wit of Lady Ashburton as highly as did the philosopher himself, though, with his wider experience of *salons*, they may not have seemed to him so absolutely unique as they did to his friend. Altogether his relation with the Carlyles stood on a footing of its own.

Besides those on the Cambridge list who rose to distinction in the world of letters, Alfred Tennyson in particular, he was intimate with Thackeray and Dickens, while the

tale of his friendly acquaintance among men of letters up to 1870 would be little more than an exhaustive catalogue of the workers in that field. Though he never had a specially full purse, even after his father's death, he helped many writers to the utmost of his means. But he did much more than give. He took endless pains to get one man out of a scrape, or to find congenial work for another. In 1860 the young Scottish poet, David Gray—not a Keats or even a Chatterton, but a humble counterpart of either—romantic and consumptive, with a real gift of song, came to London, and was saved from misery, though not from the inevitable death which claimed him within a year, by successive acts of thoughtful kindness. My father earned at last an alarming reputation for benevolence to aspiring writers, and his writing table was littered with appeals from all points of the compass. Such a correspondence produces but few David Grays, but the recipient of the letters showed a patience and humanity in examining the cases, and giving a helping hand whenever possible, to which there cannot be many parallels.

I make no attempt to do more than enumerate my father's writings up to the last quarter of the century. Between 1834 and 1844 he published five volumes of poetry, that entitled *Palm Leaves* appearing in the last of these years. I especially note it because, though single pieces in some of the other volumes may appeal more strongly to a critic of to-day, if there is one who does not regard all Victorian poetry as trash, yet to my mind the fruit of his travels in Egypt and Syria fairly stands the test of time, and shows an insight into the Eastern mind which few later writers have attained. After this he produced but little verse, though one or two single pieces included in the collected edition issued in 1876 ought not to be forgotten. During the succeeding years he wrote a series of articles in the more important Reviews. He plunged into the Tractarian controversy with *One Tract More*, favourably mentioned in Newman's *Apologia*, followed in 1842 by a rather paradoxical brochure styled *Purity of Election*, and later by the *Letter on the Events of 1848*, of which I have already spoken. But he returned

to the region of his earlier affections by the *Life of Keats*, published in 1848, the book which has been his best remembered work. It has, indeed, never been superseded, though it has been supplemented by later discoveries and comments illustrating the good taste of some and the bad taste of others.

I have mentioned a series of figures well known in politics and letters, but, naturally, some of my father's most intimate friends were not of this sort. A lifelong correspondent was Charles MacCarthy, first known as a young theological student at Rome, who abandoned Roman Orders for the British Civil Service, and ended as Governor of Ceylon. Another was William Watkiss Lloyd, a scholar of remarkable attainments in Greek archæology, and also in Shakespearian lore; and a third was Sir James Colville, distinguished as an Indian judge. A somewhat younger friend was Henry Bright, a Liverpool shipowner, one of the torchbearers of a tradition, perhaps peculiar to this country, of combining, like Praed and Bagehot, business capacity with the love of letters. He was a close friend of Hawthorne, a regular contributor to the *Athenæum* and author of that delightful little book *A Year in a Lancashire Garden*. The mass of letters that passed to and from these correspondents tell more of my father's life and personality than anything else. His later letters to his family were usually briefer, because his absences were not prolonged, and gout began to make writing inconvenient to him.

But it will not do to pass over the friendships with women which filled an important place in his life—Florence Nightingale, whom in his younger days he had hoped to marry, but who was reserved for a greater destiny, and who maintained a close friendship with him and his wife; the successive hostesses of Holland House; the two Lady Ashburtons; Mrs. Norton and her sisters; Lady Westmorland; Lady Palmerston, and, not least, the Miss Berrys, in honour of whom he wrote one of the best of his occasional poems. It is safe to say that the society in which these different luminaries shone was that in which he found perhaps his keenest enjoyment.

Such was the course of my father's life up to the age of sixty, though I have necessarily been guilty of some anticipation of dates. He continued to spend most of the winter at his country house at Fryston, where there was a perpetual flow of guests for long or short visits. In the country, as in London, his interest was centred round human beings and the books written by them and about them. I hope some people still read *Piccadilly*, that engaging satire on life in the 'seventies, of which the earlier scenes are set at Fryston, where Laurence Oliphant, I remember, really did meet a distinguished Colonial Bishop, and an eminent Oriental of the highest reputation, of both of whom he presents a most comic travesty. Another visitor of those days was Swinburne, who had been a guest some time before *Atalanta* began to make him famous, his worship of Landor, whose friendship my father had long enjoyed, having brought the two together. I remember how my sisters and I, as children, were sometimes puzzled and sometimes attracted by the young poet, with his half-shy, half-boisterous manners and his moments of inexplicable excitement. I remember, too, the figures of Anthony Trollope, Herbert Spencer (whom I had once heard Carlyle describe as "that never ending ass" when I went with my father to Cheyne Row); Sir William Stirling Maxwell and Julian Fane, two friends to whom my father was deeply attached; Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta, also close friends of my father and mother; Sir Francis Doyle, regarded almost in the light of a relation; Fawcett and Forster, the latter a frequent guest; and John Morley, just coming into notice as a journalist and writer.

The Franco-Prussian War, with which the decade opened, could not but absorb my father's interest. He had countless friends in France, but, though he had been intimate with the Emperor Napoleon III when he was an exile in England, his sense of public right, which, with all his tendency to make allowance for the follies and shortcomings of mankind, could assert itself firmly when a line had to be drawn, was outraged by the *coup d'état*, and he had barely seen its author except on official occa-

sions in Paris. Beyond this, by a vein of sentimentality which ran through his complex character, he was attracted to the German nature, and to one type of German literature, rather than to the cleaner-cut mentality of France. His sympathies, therefore, were drawn to the German side, at any rate in the earlier stages of the war, until he was moved by the privations of Paris and the sufferings of some of his personal friends.

He maintained a fairly regular attendance at the House of Lords during this period, but had no excitement to match that which befell him just before it opened, when his intervention in favour of *Essays and Reviews* brought about the famous duel of words between Lord Westbury and Bishop Wilberforce. All this time he was one of the principal champions of the measure for permitting marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and when, years after his death, the law was changed, his devotion to the cause was not forgotten.

As the years passed he found composition less easy, apart from the physical difficulty of holding a pen, and dictation never came naturally to him. In 1873 he brought out a volume of biographical sketches under the rather cumbrous title of *Personal Monographs*. It was always hoped that he would write a volume of autobiographical reminiscences, but he was content to reshape, mainly from articles appearing in the quarterly *Reviews* many years before, the portraits of some men and women he had known intimately and whose careers he admired. Those who would still like to hear at first hand something of Sydney Smith, and Landor, and Harriet Lady Ashburton, to mention but one or two, might do worse than spend an hour over this volume.

In 1874 his home was broken up by the death of my mother, after twenty-three years of the happiest companionship. Until her marriage, which was not in her first youth, her parents having been dead for many years, she lived with an aunt, partly in London and partly at Madeley, the Crewe family place in Staffordshire. It was an old-fashioned bringing-up, chiefly in what was left of the Whig world (of which Crewe Hall had been one of the minor

pivots early in the century), together with the lettered society attached to that coterie. She was well-read, being in particular a devoted student of Shakespeare, and the few people still living who can remember her would testify to her personal charm. Leigh Hunt said of her that her smile was like a piece of good news, and after the marriage Disraeli wrote to her father-in-law an enthusiastic account of his first meeting with her. For a number of her last years she was the victim of a nervous illness with which modern science might have been able to deal more effectively. Her most devoted husband, while trying every possible cure at foreign watering-places, was unable to conceive that any remedy could be equal to the agreeable society which she adorned when she was in good health, and could not always understand how much happier she would have been left with her children, her garden, and her pony-carriage, than receiving even the most delightful of house-parties. When the end came he felt that he had lost not only a loving wife but the most appreciative and comprehending friend a man could have.

Less than two years later he made an expedition to Canada and the United States. He had many friends in the latter, and his sympathy with the Northern cause ensured a warm welcome from many outside the lettered circle to which most of them belonged. The journey afforded just the tonic which he needed after his trouble at home, and his health, in which recurring attacks of gout had made almost the only breach, stood the long journey well. A year later a fire at Fryston, by which a considerable part of the house was destroyed, and his beloved library received rough usage, though little was actually lost, broke another link in the chain of his existence. He was able to say that he "had always liked keeping open house in one sense, and was now doing it in another." But the shock was severe. Thinking more of the future of others than of his own present, he set to work at once on rebuilding and improvement.

Thus the 'seventies closed for him. When the new decade opened his children soon married, and he spent a great deal of his time with his devoted sister, herself widowed,

whose affection had meant much to him throughout his life. Two of his aunts, who had been more like elder sisters to him, and had always spent some months of the year at Fryston, still survived. So that, though much had been taken from his home, something was still left. Nor did a younger generation neglect him. The Prince of Wales greatly enjoyed his company, and he received much hospitality and kindness from Lord and Lady Rosebery. Lord Rosebery's gifts and tastes were specially congenial to him, and, having been closely intimate with several branches of the Rothschild family, he was happy to continue the friendship with a daughter of the house.

But the end was not very long delayed. In 1882, when at Athens after a visit to his eldest daughter in Egypt, he was prostrated by an attack of angina pectoris, which passed off quickly, but was a warning which could not be ignored. He spent most of his time in London, where Lady Galway and he kept house together, and he was able to carry on many of his usual activities, notably speaking with much charm at celebrations in honour of Coleridge, of Gray, and, last of all, of Wordsworth. His cardiac trouble, as sometimes happens, afflicted him with a certain physical restlessness, which made it difficult for him to remain quietly in any one place, and led him to undertake social and other engagements which made almost painful calls on his strength and vitality. But there was no restlessness or uneasiness in his mind. One day, when still he had a year of life before him, he said, with his usual smile, to Sir Wemyss Reid, who was visiting him at Fryston, "I am going over to the majority, and, you know, I have always preferred the minority." In M. Henri de R gnier's little book of reminiscences and reflections he tells of a man-servant who, speaking of his employer's last illness, said: "Monsieur le Duc a attendu la mort comme savoiture quand il l'avait command e." My father, showing the same placid spirit, had not to wait long before the carriage was announced. He went to Vichy with his sister in August, 1885, and, having gone late to his room after a day of pleasant conversation with French friends, he sank into a chair and never recovered consciousness.

It is not at all easy for those who never knew him, and have not even read some of his familiar letters, to realise the sort of charm he exercised on a vast number of people of the most varying degrees of culture and knowledge. To quote Venables once more: "He was a fanfaron—not of vices, but of paradoxical fallacies which seldom deceived himself. Like other genuine humorists, he had some mannerisms which irritated and misled strangers and dull observers. Dull humours took his offhand utterances for his real opinions, and resented the intellectual vivacity which found it impossible to rest in commonplaces and truisms." His friend Stirling Maxwell called him a "bird of paradox," and it is impossible to delineate him in a few sentences without appearing to be paradoxical. To say that he was superficial, with the great mass of his knowledge of many subjects, would be ridiculous; yet, on the other hand, there was no subject of which his knowledge could be precisely called profound. He was fond of pleasure in various forms, and had no contempt for luxury, but he was quite happy to live very simply for long together if there were compensations to be got in the way of interesting travel or intellectual converse. He had few personal extravagances, but he could never see why anybody should stint himself in the purchase of books—short of collecting Caxtons or Groliers—and he would always have thought it foolish not to travel to any part of the world that a man might wish to see. He had no taste whatever for country sports of any kind, but he could enjoy a modest gamble, and if he had had a larger command of ready money, and had not been haunted by the memory of his spendthrift uncle, he might have liked to have an interest in a racing stable. But on one side of his character there were no contradictions. His tolerance, and his wish to see people happier, and his hatred for cruelty and harshness, never varied except to grow stronger as the years went on. If he had been more methodical and systematic he might have cut a finer figure in the world, and have occupied a larger niche in English history. But he could hardly have enjoyed so many friendships or have left behind him such a gracious memory.

SOCIALISM

By ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.

THE outstanding difference between the Labour Party and the older political parties is its Socialist basis. Conservatism holds to what is; it deliberately resists change; when it moves it does so tentatively and cautiously. It has a real conception of the State and is not opposed to State interference, provided such interference is limited to maintaining the existing order and defending or assisting existing interests. It is, for example, the advocate of State interference in trade by means of protective duties.

Conservatism regards itself in a special degree as the guardian of the British Empire, and it has commandeered the Union Jack as its party emblem. It is the authentic voice of the British lion, and is the first to suspect insults to the British flag.

Conservatism is not in any real sense democratic. Its interests are in the classes rather than the masses. In its heart it still believes in the existence of the lower orders, whom it despises. Given full rein, Conservatism is Imperialist, militarist and anti-democratic, but the mere existence of its political opponents has tempered and modified its attitude.

Whilst Toryism has its roots in the aristocracy, Liberalism has its roots in the middle classes. It was the political expression of the employing class which became the dominant factor after the Industrial Revolution. Since then it has become *petit bourgeois* in its outlook and attitude. Its conception of the State is that it should merely hold the ring. The basis of the Liberal policy was individualism. It upheld the claims of the individual to political and religious liberty, and became the great upholder of Free Trade. But its inherent individualism led it to draw the line at the implications of economic freedom. It has a sentimental attachment to social reform, and is prepared for such changes as will not seriously challenge

commerce should be harmonised with the outlook, purpose and organisation of the wider community.

The only ground on which the application of democratic principles to the economic system can be opposed is that industry and trade are either too important, too technical and too complicated to be entrusted to popular control, or too unimportant and too trifling to call for drastic changes.

As regards the former argument, the only proper solution for the conduct of industry would be government by divine right. No one in his senses believes that the individuals who to-day control the destinies of industry, commerce and finance are supernatural appointments. Nor are they perfectly round pegs in perfectly round holes. Many of them are obvious misfits. Many are there by hereditary influence. Others, again, because of a title, or because they are the inheritors of wealth.

If the mechanism of industry is so delicate, and the results of its operations so far-reaching and so vital, then it is clearly essential that the community, for whose service our industries and banks exist, should be closely concerned with the working of the economic system. If, on the other hand, industry is so negligible a matter, then there seems no reason why anyone should consider it necessary to resist public control.

It is obvious, however, that the wisdom or unwisdom of captains of industry, merchant princes and financial magnates profoundly affects the fortunes and the very lives of millions of people. Yet those who determine policy, and who hold the world's business in their hands, are irresponsible and unknown. There is—though not universally—a nominal responsibility to those who supply the capital of business concerns, but the actual controllers are virtually beyond the control of either the producers whom they employ or the consumers whom they exist to serve.

There is an overwhelming case for a change in the organisation and purpose of the economic system. What, we may ask, is required of our system of production? It must put public interest in the place now occupied by the motive of private profit. It must, that is to say, concern

itself primarily with ensuring justice to the producers, and an efficient and well-conducted service to the consumers. But these objects necessitate a change in both the ownership and control of industry. Those who control industry should not be those whose function is merely the provision of the necessary capital, and who regard an enterprise primarily as an organism which secretes dividends. Capital, as has been said, should be employed by skill and knowledge rather than it should employ them. Capital should be invested with a view to the service of the consumer and not with a desire to enrich the shareholder.

The association of producers and consumers in the "government" of industry, with capital as a servant, may take different forms, and in many cases may require to be achieved by instalments. But the central conception of Socialism is a simple one. It is that private profit should be eliminated, and that the fullest advantages of science, organisation and applied skill should, on the one hand, accrue to the administrative, technical and manipulative workers who produce, and to the public, as consumers, on the other hand.

Critics of the Labour Party almost invariably draw a caricature of Socialism and then enlarge upon its comical absurdities. In order to prejudice it they fall back on the alien bogey. It is, they allege, a foreign product which wicked politicians and agitators are engaged in forcing upon a gullible electorate. Lord Birkenhead during the General Election of 1924 sought to rouse hostility to Labour candidates by declaring that "the Socialists of England were the greatest imitators and plagiarists in the whole of the world. They had never had one idea of their own. They stole all their ideas from a few madmen in Germany, and their real leader was a half-baked German visionary called Karl Marx, who invented the doctrine of class hatred." Mr. Winston Churchill has more than once sung the same hymn of hate of British Labour.

But whether they know it or not, Socialism, like constitutional government, modern industrial legislation, trade unionism and the co-operative movement, is essentially a British product. The chief contribution which Britain has

made to the progress of the world has been in the realm of government and administration, both in the State and in voluntary associations. And it is not without significance that the principles of Socialism should have had their home in Britain.

The fundamental ideas of Socialism, including Marxian Socialism, as Prof. H. S. Foxwell long ago assured us, can be definitely traced to English sources. Godwin, Hall, Thompson, Gray, Hodgskin and Bray—names which apparently carry no meaning to Lord Birkenhead and others who, like him, are ignorant of the history and meaning of Socialism—were the founders of the English school of Socialists, and Karl Marx himself was completely under their influence, and more particularly under the influence of William Thompson. But whilst Marxism has become predominant on the Continent, English Socialism has become less concerned with theoretical ideas and more with questions of practical realisation.

Anti-Socialists complain that Socialists do not always use the same formula to define Socialism, and that Socialism does not mean quite the same to-day to its supporters as it did a generation ago. As regards the first charge, it is perfectly true that all Socialists do not think alike. Neither do all Conservatives and all Liberals. On Protection, for example—a very important tenet of the Unionist creed—the views of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Amery are widely divergent, whilst sincere Liberals hold antagonistic opinions on Mr. Lloyd George's land policy. The Conservatives known to the House of Commons as the "Y.M.C.A." would hardly define Conservatism in the same terms as, say, Colonel Gretton and the "Diehards." Nor would the old style Liberal agree with the new school of "Summer School" Liberals in a definition of Liberalism. It would be surprising if Socialism were regarded from precisely the same angle by every Socialist, and if all Socialist supporters placed similar emphasis on the various aspects of the Socialist programme.

As regards the charge that Socialism is changing in its content and method, I see no reason why that should be deemed to be a ground of criticism. Even Conservatism,

though essentially static, has had to move with the times, and Socialists have been wise enough to adapt their proposals to changing economic and social conditions and to modify them in the light of wider knowledge and greater understanding of the problems involved.

In earlier days the constructive proposals of Socialism were sketchy and crude. They were subsequently developed, largely under the inspiration of the Fabian Society, along collectivist lines. New ideas of workers' control led to the growth of Guild Socialism. A study of the complexities of the modern economic system and of the various experiments which were taking place showed that the approach to Socialism might take different forms. Socialism, as a living creed, learnt much from War and post-War experience. Though holding firmly to its central doctrine of public service, it realised that this was capable of attainment by various paths. As Socialist experiments are tried, knowledge and experience will grow, Labour policy will be enriched, and new and fruitful lines of advance suggested.

Socialism in its practical application as we know it to-day takes many forms. It is customary, now that certain forms of public service are part of our common life, for anti-Socialists to declare that these are not Socialism. But where the motive of private gain is eliminated and public interest and public service are the supreme considerations, there is Socialism, even though it may be called by some other name.

The national post office and telegraph and telephone services, for example, are examples of public enterprise. Even a Tory Government such as the present administration took long strides in the direction of the unified control of electricity supply under public auspices, and socialised the new and important broadcasting service under the management of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The nation to-day owns a good deal of public property and conducts a number of public enterprises, the existence of which does not appear to rouse partisan emotions. As for our local authorities, they are a field where public enterprise is steadily extending. Leaving aside schools,

libraries, museums, hospitals, roads, bridges, fire brigades, etc., municipal and other local bodies own, for example, farms, waterworks, gasworks, electricity undertakings, tramways, markets, harbours and docks. The outstanding loan debt of the local authorities in England and Wales on March 31st, 1926, approached £935,000,000, the bulk of which represents public assets.

The Co-operative Movement, with its ramifications at home and abroad, carries on its productive and distributive activities on a colossal scale as a vast non-profit-making organisation on a voluntary basis.

Considerable inroads have been made by public and co-operative enterprise into the system of private enterprise; and even where private ownership maintains its sway, its freedom of action is in many cases controlled or limited by legislation.

Recent tendencies are towards "rationalisation," which is the capitalist application of the principle of nationalisation. It seeks to secure the consolidation of interests and the efficient co-ordination of the productive, commercial and distributive processes concerned, so as to secure unity of purpose and policy, under private ownership and control.

It is not surprising that there should be a powerful tendency towards the co-ordination of cognate and allied economic activities. There are obviously large advantages to be obtained from it. It represents, on the one hand, a development by means of which Capitalism hopes to maintain itself, and, on the other, a step in the evolution of industry toward Socialism.

The belief that there is some inner force, independent of human agency, which drives industrial organisation and technique into new directions, and that to interfere with it is not in the best interest of industry, is one which cannot be seriously upheld. The difference between the Socialist and the anti-Socialist is that whilst the latter would leave the trend of economic development to those who care to take it in hand, the former holds that economic development should be consciously directed to public

ends. The question is not whether the economic system should be allowed to develop "naturally" without "artificial" interference, or whether it should be deliberately directed by Socialists. The question is as to who should determine the direction of our economic growth; whether it should be left to anybody who cares to undertake it, or be deliberately thought out with a single eye to the public good.

The choice is not between independent competitive producers and a bureaucratic system of public ownership. In the staple industries, and as regards some of the more important commodities, consolidation is in progress. The choice, in a broad and general way, will, in the near future, be between private monopolistic concerns and public monopolies. Rationalisation or Nationalisation? I do not necessarily oppose the former, but it is not the end of economic growth. It is a capitalist conception for adapting the economic system to modern needs. Society will sooner or later be forced to protect its members against the anti-social effects of uncontrolled rationalisation, and in so doing it will be taking a further step in the transition from Capitalism to Socialism.

How rapidly public ownership and control in its various forms will develop will depend primarily upon public opinion. There are large numbers of people who, whilst disavowing the label of "Socialist," support the nationalisation of the land. There are many others who ardently advocate the nationalisation of the railways, though they are not allied with the Labour Party. There are Conservatives who remain unrepentant municipal Socialists, and support such enterprises as the Birmingham Municipal Bank. This volume of support for definitely Socialist proposals shows that Socialism is not to be argued out of existence by mere abuse and misrepresentation. Nor does the reiteration of part of the facts relating to alleged failures of Socialist experiments abroad destroy the case for Socialism. Even if these cases were proved, they can be capped by far more glaring cases of bankruptcy and incompetence on the part of private concerns,

and their failure in no way detracts from the successful Socialist enterprises, which are far more numerous than the alleged failures.

The chief bogey, however, which is brought before the eyes of the public by anti-Socialists is bureaucracy. They endeavour to make the flesh of electors creep by pictures of "hordes of bureaucrats" conducting industries and services, in place of the kindly, benevolent and public-spirited gentlemen who, it is inferred, are now responsible for them. What they mean precisely is not at all clear. The railway system and the large combines are administered by "bureaucrats," that is to say, by paid servants. These servants become specialists at their work, and are essential to the efficient working of any large enterprise. In a Socialist enterprise, administration would be in the hands of trained people; and indeed, of much the same people as are engaged upon administrative work in private enterprises. The question of bureaucracy, therefore, does not arise. The principal change which would take place in the transfer of an enterprise from private to public hands would be that the "bureaucrats," that is to say, the administrative and executive officers, would be subject to an authority ultimately responsible to the public instead of to an authority called a board of directors whose responsibilities are practically unlimited or subject to limitation by a handful of shareholders.

Behind anti-Socialist criticisms there is the view that it is only self-interest which makes the world go round, and that once the motive of private gain is destroyed there will be no driving force at the back of human life. I do not propose to enter into a discussion of this view of human nature except to say that by far the greater part of the responsible work in industry and commerce to-day is carried on by "bureaucrats," that is to say, by salaried people, and not by profit-makers, and that the big figures in the economic world, the men to whom responsibility is life, would do their work at least as well for the community as for their fellow-directors or their shareholders.

The powerful movement towards Socialism will not be undermined by specious arguments and by misrepresentation. Its adherents continue to increase. The seriousness of the economic situation and the growing conviction that the problems of to-day call for courage to apply new measures, deliberately designed and consciously applied, are leading thoughtful men and women to turn their eyes to Socialism.

It is only by a bold policy of conscious reconstruction of society that progress and prosperity can be assured. The Socialist policy is an attempt at such a reconstruction. It will not be carried into effect by bureaucrats in Whitehall, sitting at the centre of a spider's web. It will be carried out, under ultimate public control, by the method and by the people best fitted for it. There is no stock pattern to be applied willy nilly to every case. Just as the forms which private enterprise has taken have varied, so the forms which public enterprise takes will vary, but the governing motive in every enterprise will be public well-being. The Labour Party looks forward to an expanding range of public services, each pointing the way to further developments. It realises that its policy cannot be brought to fruition by the mere act of legislation. It knows that there is much dead wood to be cut away, many a ditch to be filled in, and a good deal of "Red Cross" work put in hand for the succour of those who have fallen by the wayside. And it appreciates that to build the new structure will call for unsparing service and infinite labour. Yet it is pledged to the task and is confident of its ultimate success.

THE ANGLO-IRISH

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

A GOOD many of the Anglo-Irish have left Ireland since the revolution, not at all for Ireland's good. A considerable number have stayed. They may not be altogether contented with things as they are, but most of them, I think, having come to a certain age in Ireland could be happy nowhere else. That is the spell Ireland has laid on the English colonists, as they once were.

Those various colonisations represented various types of men, of class, of civilisation, of creed. First came the Normans. The Normans built splendid abbeys and castles. They were of the same religion as the Irish. They fell in love with the Irish girls and married them despite all the Poyning's Laws that could be passed to penalise these unions. They began the custom of fosterage which gave the children of the conquerors to be suckled by the Irish mothers in the cabins. It ended as might have been expected. The Normans became more Irish than the Irish. They cannot be said to have been absorbed: they were too dominant for that: they absorbed certain qualities of the Irish. The type persisted. It was the most generous of all the colonisations. Sometimes it flung off the knightly armour and put on the Irish saffron kilt. It led Irish rebellions. It flung itself against the dominating power of the parent country for the sake of the country it had fallen in love with. Ireland to the Norman must have been like the Irish wife of his bosom for whom he was prepared to sacrifice all worldly things. The strain is responsible for much that is generous and splendid in the Irish character.

There were plantations—new colonies under Elizabeth, under James and the first Charles—finally under Oliver Cromwell. No, not finally. They went on under William of Orange, and, I think, Queen Anne. After that time Ireland had been pretty well parcelled out among the various colonists. There was nothing left to take.

The original owners, whom the various plantations had

dispossessed, were in Connaught, in the mountains and the bogs, going back to be peasants. Now and again you find traces of them. I visited a West of Ireland convent a few years ago, and the nuns drew my attention to the beautiful feet and hands of the children. They were descendants of the Irish gentry before the last and worst Confiscation.

These later colonists were of quite a different kind from the Normans. They were, under Elizabeth and James, adventurers. Among those who adventured in Ireland as they might on the Spanish Main were Raleigh and Edmund Spenser, soldiers and sailors and adventurers of all sorts, but often rather a splendid sort. Anyone who pleased Gloriana or her Ministers might have a grant of land in Ireland.

In an old Tyrone house I have seen the document by which Lord Burleigh conveyed the property of the Irish to some English adventurer. He was, by the way, French—the family had a French name. And the house and estate are called "Cecil" to this day.

I daresay a great many Normans or their descendants were sent into Connaught by those successive plantations. Not that Connaught was left to the Irish. Elizabeth's soldiers, having followed the Irish into their fastnesses, sometimes took a grant of land and settled down there. Sir Richard Bingham lost all his men in Mayo in the cold and wet of a first winter there: but he persisted. There are Binghamms all over Connaught. Galway became a great commercial town, to a large extent Spanish. The Tribes of Galway came from the neighbouring families who, of Norman and English blood to begin with, made Irish commerce splendid. There were always argosies on the high seas for such as they.

For the Elizabethans Ireland was a jumping-off place for Eldorado. They had first to get rid of the Irish and their allies, the Normans. When O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, and O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, had sailed away into exile, beaten men, when the Desmonds had been wiped out in Munster, Ireland became for these Elizabethans a land of barbarians who had no rights.

James the First conveyed further great tracts of land to the London companies, who own them still. Whatever was left to be destroyed and dispersed went, under the Lord Protector and under William of Orange. So the English were planted in Ireland, and for the time seemed to own it.

The common religion had brought the Irish and the Normans together. The religion was always the gulf between the later colonists and the original Irish. These latter, having lost their natural leaders—as Macaulay called the Irish Catholic gentry who had survived to make their last stand at Limerick for a Catholic King—were in miserable plight, indeed, during the eighteenth century, with its terrible penal code against the Catholics. But the century was not ended before a desire for justice and a hatred of oppression stirred in the hearts of those children of the various colonisations and plantations. More than that, they were up in arms, as were the Americans, against the parent country. They had the jealousy of the colonist. All through those closing years of the eighteenth century a desire for freedom, a passion for freedom, was stirring in the hearts of men. "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.*" It was a brave call, before the French Revolution, having inoculated the nations with the passion for Freedom, passed into a Terror, as revolutions have a way of doing. These gentlemen of the 1782 Volunteer Movement of Grattan's Parliament might not indeed cross over to the Irish side as the Normans had done—religion stood in the way—but at least they could be generously hot and indignant at the treatment of the Catholics, and passionate to right the wrong.

The great movement towards freedom which produced the United Irish Society, of which I dare swear every member was of colonist stock and a Protestant, went down in the Rebellion of 1798, led by Northern Presbyterians and South of Ireland Protestants. I remember John O'Leary, the old Fenian leader, saying that there had been no great Catholic leader of the Irish since Owen Roe O'Neill. Theobald Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald were Protestants; Robert Emmet was a Protestant; Davis and William Smith O'Brien

and John Mitchell were Protestants; Parnell was a Protestant.

To say a Protestant in Ireland is to say a colonist, one of English or Norman blood.

The most alluring country had laid hold on her colonists. They could not stiffen their necks against her. When the native Irish ceased to be dangerous, as they ceased during and after the Penal Night, when education and all the rights of citizenship were denied the Catholics, their conquerors came to love them as the Southern slave-owners of America loved their slaves.

The custom of fosterage still persisted. I don't know if there was still an unwritten Poyning's Law against it, but there ought to have been if England wanted to keep her colonists contented and well-affected. Even during that Penal Century the big houses of the Anglo-Irish gentry had their crowds of humble Catholic retainers, who doubtless were warmed and fed. There was a lavish, a prodigal hospitality. Perhaps it had its origin in the fact that these people were colonists. Are not colonists always helpful to each other? Anyhow, it was hospitality which so far as I know had not its parallel elsewhere. They built their houses on the same lavish scale as the great English houses. A house of fifty bedrooms was by no manner of means uncommon; and there they kept open house, drinking and eating and dicing and duelling, an incredibly swaggering and positive and lusty people. At least, that is the tradition of them.

It was a time when spirituality was at a low ebb in Protestant Ireland as in Protestant England. The coarse squires of Fielding and Smollett, with their parsons who sat below the salt and married their cast-off mistresses, were of the same breed as the Anglo-Irish. One remembers Swift's bitter gibe about the Irish Bishops, that they were appointed to their sees, holy and venerable men, but on the way to Ireland were stopped by highwaymen, who stripped them of their episcopal robes and went in their places. However, Swift's evidence is not altogether to be accepted. He was a disappointed and a bitter man. To the contrary one remembers Bishop Berkeley and Mrs. Delany's dear Dean.

When Goldsmith wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield* he was thinking of a vicarage and a vicar in the co. Westmeath. Doubtless his Tony Lumpkin was well observed from some of the hard-drinking, horsey young gentlemen of the Anglo-Irish.

From those hard-drinking, duelling and somewhat raffish Anglo-Irish gentlemen of the eighteenth century the Irish got their name for wildness. They committed the most absurd extravagances with, I think, a seriousness that would have been foreign to the Celt, who would have been much too self-conscious to emulate him. You must go to Sir Jonah Barrington to read of these Irish Mohocks. Mr. Ram of Gorey, known as the Great Ram of Gorey—he used to have his coach and four preceded by runners shouting “Make way for Mr. Ram!”—when he could not provoke anyone to a duel in the ordinary way went out riding, his face turned to the horse’s crupper and a wad of hay for his saddle, narrowly scrutinising the faces of the passers-by, and if anyone smiled he was immediately challenged to a combat.

However, this was only one side of the Anglo-Irish. There were the cultured, the distinguished people, like Lord Charlemont and Lord Orrery and the Leinster family, and all those high-minded and honourable gentlemen who in Grattan’s Parliament formed the group that would have given freedom to the Catholics, a measure often promised but defeated by political intrigues in England.

These serious-minded Anglo-Irish Protestants very often held in trust for their Catholic friends and neighbours the land and houses which they would not be allowed to keep so long as they were recusants. In Grattan’s Parliament were to be found great orators, statesmen, men of affairs, men loving justice and desiring mercy.

After the Union they too went, and for thirty years after their going the grass grew in the streets of Dublin and there was famine after famine, with typhus and cholera, to ravage the people. But though the Lords and Commons of Ireland no longer sat in Dublin, and their houses were given over to be the tenement houses of the poor, they still

kept their country houses, and there, up to the time of the Encumbered Estates Act, they still lived riotously, surrounded by their ragged retainers, as you shall see it in Miss Edgeworth’s *Castle Rackrent*.

Absentee landlordism was the curse of Ireland in the latter half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries. There were still, however, a good many landlords who never were absentees. A great number of the Anglo-Irish gentry recognised that property had its duties as well as its rights, and there was a warm affection between them and the people, though it did not lead to much amelioration of the condition of the people, nor, indeed, at that time did the people ask for it, I think. The Anglo-Irish gentry were usually in debt in those days. They were often Sunday men, being able to go abroad only on Sundays, when the law did not run. There were some of them who never became Irished at all, even without the English prefix. You are sometimes pointed out in Ireland by the people, or it may be a younger generation of the family, the place where the village stood which interrupted grandpapa’s view, so that he had it razed to the ground and all the wretched people driven out into greater wretchedness.

But, on the whole, or at least to a considerable extent, there was great affection between the Big House and the people. The quality loved the people, while reserving any question of equal dignity and character. They were excused strict truthfulness or honesty because they went to the chapel. If the poor things erred it was the fault of their erroneous religion. The Anglo-Irish fed their people in famine times, nursed them, took the sickness and died with them when the cholera broke out: what they had they shared. There was not much money going, and every gentleman was in debt; it was a time when a creditor or a bailiff was the enemy of mankind.

The people were devoted to them, served them, nursed them in childhood, were even ready to defend them or to go with them to danger or death. In the days of my childhood Protestantism was still synonymous with gentility. The Catholic gentry were too few to count.

In *Irish Memories*, that charming book in which Edith Somerville and Violet Martin (*i.e.*, Martin Ross) collaborated for the last time, there is told the tale of how Violet Martin's father's heart was broken by his tenantry voting for the popular candidate instead of for his nominee. Poor gentleman! He must have felt indeed that the pillars of his house were cracking and the walls falling about him. People like the Martins of Ross had lived always among their people, had loved them and delighted in them, and found room, no matter how many came, for them all in the prodigal living. They felt that the people were being duped, that they never could stand alone; that they were being betrayed into something which must be their destruction.

The Anglo-Irish on the whole were a great race. They had learnt to love the country and the people, while disliking and distrusting the religion of the people and blaming it for all of trouble that befell. In my memory their sons and daughters were loyalists, as they would have called it. They filled the castles and manors of Ireland with a rich and a racy life. Up to the 'seventies or 'eighties they had all the preferment—even later than that, I think. They were the Ascendancy, and they gave to Ireland a type all their own. Before the War—in which so many of them perished, which sent those it did not kill over lands and seas for a place where they could live—you met them in the country towns, in Dublin, especially during Horse Show Week, at races and all sporting events, tall, big young men with a greater vivacity and gaiety than are to be found in English gentlemen. They were great at all manly sports and exercises, fond of horses and hunting, of dogs, or gardens, with a love of order inherited from their English forbears. They went into the English Army and took their foster-brothers with them. Prior to the 'eighties they filled the English Services exclusively till the Catholics began to catch up with them, going from Galway Queen's College and Blackrock College, making their own almost for the time being of the Indian Civil Service.

The Land League must have shaken the Anglo-Irish Ascendancy as it had already been shaken by the Encum-

bered Estates Act and the disestablishment of the Irish Church and Gladstone's land legislation, tentative as that was. But they were trees that stood against even violent gales. They still stood for much of what people meant when they talked of Irish gaiety and generosity and light-heartedness and hospitality. They were a rather splendid race with something Roman in their quality. Some of them might object to that "Roman," for in the mass they still stand for a somewhat narrow Protestantism, which does not, however, limit their friendships.

The thinker who said: "We must keep the Anglo-Irish gentry. They are valuable to us because they have the habit of freedom," said a vital thing. That was just it. They had the habit of freedom. They feared no man. But it seldom reached them—I am speaking of the past—that the people among whom they lived, towards whom they were affectionately tolerant, were not free, had not acquired that precious habit of freedom. Only one of them now and again pitied the people among whom he lived for this loss and set out to redress it.

They are to blame, of course, for their own fall. They had become Irish in time—with a difference. The milk of the foster-mother, the gentle air, the mountains and seas, all the thousand tendernesses of Ireland had won them, yet they held back in the mass. They looked to England without loving England. It is quite possible that some of them, loving Ireland, yet believed that her salvation lay in the tie between her and England. Ireland was strangely undeveloped in her natural resources. She had all sorts of economic disabilities. Her choked rivers, her unmade roads, her unfostered industries, her disproportionate taxation troubled them little. England had too much to do making good in her own country to think much about Ireland. In the untroubled years before the War her rule had become very mild in Ireland. It was the easiest country in the world to live in. Only, to be sure, it was Ireland and not England, and it was up to Irishmen, if they believed in the English connection, to do the best they could for Ireland and help Ireland to do the best she could for herself.

In the mass the Anglo-Irish never thought of that. They lived selfish lives apart though they laughed and jested with the humbler neighbours when they were of the jovial kind. They lived as much apart from the people in their castles and mansions as though they were an alien race. They had their privileges, and it did not occur to them that others had not. They had the habit of freedom, the most precious thing that can belong to a people, and in the mass they never desired it for the people among whom they dwelt, who had it not.

There was a time when they might have led the people, when they might have taken the place of those natural leaders who had flown across the seas with Sarsfield. The people then would have acknowledged their right to lead them. They would have loved them for stepping out of their own class and community to stand by them.

When one of their class stepped down to lead and steady a revolution, as Parnell did, he got no backing from them. They were satisfied with their privileges.

Still, when all is said and done—and in the main their lost opportunities are heart-breaking to consider even from the English point of view—they had great qualities. They produced great lovers of Ireland and the Irish people. After all the mass of them thought only as the English privileged classes thought before the War, that they were there for all time. The drinking, roystering, gaming and duelling Anglo-Irish of the eighteenth century produced that galaxy of talent and patriotism which was Grattan's Parliament. They produced the Volunteers of 1782. They made the Rebellion of 1798 formidable. They were shaken by the wind of Freedom, that was swaying the tallest, the most immovable towers and trees in the days that brought the French Revolution. To them Ireland owed her great leaders. Not a Catholic sat or voted in Grattan's Parliament or took part in the great protestation of 1782 on the liberties of Ireland. It is their own fault that the gulf has widened, that they have been cast aside, that Protestantism, which in the old days never severed them from the love and respect of the people, has come to mean, almost inevitably, an alien element.

They sometimes abused their privileges. For long they controlled in the Grand Jury system the amenities of Ireland. From them came almost to the beginning of this century practically the whole administrative class in Ireland. It was a *laissez-faire* spirit at the best that did so little with its powers and responsibilities.

And yet, when all is said and done, Ireland needs the Anglo-Irish gentry. She needs just the qualities of their English blood. That habit of freedom made the English and the Anglo-Irish great builders, great "makers" to use the old word for a man who made a town or a cathedral, a picture or a poem. We want the qualities they so often gave to England in her services at home and abroad. They have the habit of freedom. Could anything be more essential to a country with all the essentials for freedom but the habit? And freedom without that controlling and experienced habit is apt, at first at least, to take on uncommonly easily the habit of tyranny.

I think the great qualities that exist in the Anglo-Irish, too sparingly given in the past to the land that bore them, were never more exemplified than during the years of the revolution. Perhaps adversity has proved them. The Anglo-Irish gentry who have stood by the Treaty and worked for the Free State, despite personal injuries at the hands of Irishmen, are worthy of all admiration. I abase myself before the blind lady whose house was burnt and her children's houses, whose son's life was in danger, who yet wrote to me out of her quiet darkness: "Come back and work for the country we all love."

Again "in a foreign land in a lonesome city" I meet with men whom the new order of things in Ireland has sent out into the wilderness—officers of the Irish regiments—and only those who know can gauge the lonely desolation for the soldier of losing the regiment and with it home and country and all he holds most dear—ex-R.I.C. men, not Black and Tans, but the old, very Irish D.I.'s and C.I.'s who were as racy of the soil of Ireland as the turf-smoke. I meet these and people whose houses have been burnt and who have suffered many wrongs. Again I abase myself before them. I ask if I—an Irish Catholic Celt—

CHINA AND JAPAN

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

SOON a year will have passed since the internal political situation in China was changed radically, at least in appearance, by the defeat of the North by the South. The North had been in control, more or less, of the greater part of the country for about sixteen years, and the South would not have triumphed if it had not been supported by two important Northern Tuchuns, Feng Yu-hsiang and Yen Hsi-shan, a significant fact which should not be forgotten in any attempt at estimating the present position. The most notable signs of the new state of things were the peaceful occupation of Peking by the victors owing to the withdrawal of Chang Tso-lin, the "Dictator," as he had styled himself; the violent and unexpected death of Chang, which is still shrouded in mystery; and the establishment of a "Nationalist Government," not in Peking, long the city of the Emperors, but in Nanking, the capital centuries before of the Middle Kingdom. In an article entitled "The Chinese Problem," which was published in the July issue last year of this REVIEW, the writer offered a short, connected account of the various battles, intrigues, complications and occurrences which led up to these striking events. Special reference was made to the attitude of Japan to China as a whole, and consideration was given particularly to Japanese policy and action respecting Manchuria and Shantung. Attention was drawn to Japan's firmness in maintaining her rights under the treaties which applied in her case, and a passage was quoted from a speech by Baron Tanaka, then, as now, Japanese Prime Minister, who urged the adoption by Japan of "improved policies for the protection of her interests and prestige." By improved he meant more forthright policies, a stronger initiative, a sterner reckoning.

This speech was delivered in April, 1927, and in the following month had a sequel in the landing of thousands of Japanese troops at Tsingtao, the port of Shantung and the terminus of the railway, some 250 miles in length, from Tsinan, for the protection of the Japanese in that area. These forces were withdrawn in the autumn of that year after the defeat and compulsory retirement of Chiang Kai-shek, the Southern commander, by the North. When, in the spring of 1928, Chiang, in association with Feng and Yen, again marched into Shantung, Tanaka, having shortly before had his policy endorsed at a General Election, immediately despatched larger forces than those previously employed to Tsingtao to protect his nationals and the railway, over which, it may be recalled, Japan holds a mortgage for about four millions sterling. Early in May, 1928, serious fighting took place at Tsinan between the Japanese and the Southerners, the upshot being that Chiang's campaign, which up till then had been prosperous, went awry for a time, though pressure on Peking from Feng, and chiefly from Yen, compelled the evacuation of that city, June 4th to 8th, 1928, and gave victory to the South.

In 1927 both North and South had vigorously protested against the Japanese invasion of Shantung as a violation of the rights of China and a breach of the Washington Treaties, 1921-22. In 1928, prior to the overthrow of the North, these protests were renewed with much vehemence by Peking as well as Nanking, the outcry of the latter being all the more bitter, not only because of the heavy losses that had been suffered, but because of the check to the Southern move on Peking—which was occupied, not by Chiang, as he had expected, but by Yen, whose entry into the capital had, moreover, been facilitated by the successful drive made by Feng, the other dissident Northerner, at the flank in Shantung of Sun Chuan-fang, a supporter of Chang and formerly in possession of five of the seaboard provinces, with his centre at Shanghai. For a short time Chiang, in fact, liked the look of things so little that he left his front, resigned his command, and retired from the field. But Yen and Feng, who had pro-

claimed themselves Nationalists in alliance with Chiang, stood by the bargains they had made with him, though at first there was much doubt respecting their real intentions. At any rate, all three had common ground in their pronounced anti-foreignism. All three heartily subscribed to that part of the manifesto issued in the name of "United China" by the Nanking Nationalist Government on June 11th, 1928, which read: "All foreign Powers must immediately evacuate their troops from Chinese soil." And this, too, at a moment when Japan not only was consolidating her position in Tsinan and on the Shantung railway, but was ready, in case of need, to pour additional forces into Manchuria! Of course there were British, American and other troops at Shanghai, Tientsin and elsewhere. Japan completely disregarded this extremely tall order. However, when, in July, she was satisfied that she had the situation in Shantung well in hand, she called home several thousand reservists, their services being no longer required. She continued to hold Tsinan and the railway to the sea at Tsingtao.

Discussion of the present situation in the Far East must be prefaced by an account of what has taken place in China and in Japan, with respect to their relations to each other, since the Nanking Government, in a triumphant mood, issued that peremptory manifesto. China appeared to be unified; Chiang, Feng and Yen, the three military chiefs, met in Peking in the first weeks of July and agreed on a policy of collaboration based on the principles of Sun Yat-sen and the Kuomintang; even the new ruler of Manchuria, Chang Hsueh-liang, son of the redoubtable Chang Tso-lin, professed that he desired to co-operate with Nanking. The sky was clear—except for some doubt whether a small cloud hanging over Kwangsi would disperse or grow larger. Nanking felt confident enough to draw up a declaration to be presented to the foreign Powers demanding the instant revision of the existing treaties, and assigning to foreigners in China equal rights and treatment with Chinese. The Belgian, Spanish, Danish and Italian treaties had already been denounced. The treaty with Japan was about to expire,

and everybody wondered whether this most important treaty would also go by the board. Baron Tanaka stated that it would remain effective for ten years longer, in consonance with its provisions; China by herself had no power to abrogate it. The Japanese Press almost unanimously expressed the opinion that Nanking lacked elementary common sense. But on July 19th, 1928, Mr. Wang, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, definitely announced the termination of the treaty as from that day, and the whole question of the treaties became acute, for it was plain that if the Nationalist Government tore up this treaty, which covered extra-territoriality and virtually everything else, it would not hesitate to abrogate all other treaties in the same high-handed way. Japan at once intimated that she did not accept the abrogation of the treaty, and she based her refusal on Article XXVI of the instrument in question, which provides that if revision is not requested by either party within six months after the expiry of the first ten years, the treaty remains in force for another ten years. She showed her displeasure in unmistakable fashion by advising Chang Hsueh-liang, of Manchuria, to break off negotiations with Nanking; these had all but been completed for his inclusion in the Nationalist fold; Chang declined for a while to go on with them. At Tokyo Tanaka said that while Japan was not hostile to Chinese Nationalism, she could not permit the treaty to be summarily terminated, though she was prepared to negotiate its revision.

It was at this critical stage of the controversy that the United States sent a Note to Nanking announcing its readiness to conclude a new treaty conceding tariff autonomy to China. There was nothing new or in the least sensational about this proceeding of the American Government. All the interested Powers had agreed at the Peking Conference of 1925 to grant China tariff autonomy in the present year, 1929, and the U.S. Note confirmed that decision. The Note, however, was remarkable for the cordiality of its tone; and from the fact that it indicated the view that the Nationalist *régime* was to be considered as really established in China, it possessed

very considerable political importance, and could not but be gratifying to Nanking. A curious thing was that this American action was taken without any previous consultation with, or even intimation to, the other Powers associated with the United States in the China Treaty signed at Washington in 1922; further, the Note secured for America the benefit of a most-favoured-nation clause. Naturally the Note caused much comment, not always favourable, among the foreign communities in China, and, as was to be expected, it was not received in a particularly friendly spirit in Japan. Following hard on the Note, a Treaty was signed at Peking on July 25th, 1928, between the United States and China; it consisted of two clauses, and was concerned with tariff autonomy alone; Nanking had looked for something more, but it had at least the satisfaction of obtaining *de facto* recognition from one of the greatest of Great Powers. In his message to Congress on December 9th President Coolidge said:—

The situation in China, which a few months ago was so threatening as to call for the dispatch of a large additional force (to Shanghai, where it co-operated with the British Shanghai Defence Force and the troops of other Powers concerned), has been much composed. The National Government has established itself over the country and promulgated a new organic law announcing a programme intended to promote the political and economic welfare of the people. We have recognised this Government, encouraged its progress, and have negotiated a treaty restoring to China complete tariff autonomy and guaranteeing our citizens against discriminations. Our trade in that quarter is increasing, and our Forces are being reduced.

Why the United States broke away from the principle of co-operating with other interested Powers is obscure, but it must be emphasised that it refrained in both Note and Treaty from any mention of issues other than the tariff, and this implied that the American Government scarcely thought that the time had come for complying with the demands of the Nationalists as regards extra-territoriality and other unsettled and unsettling matters. Indeed, in less than a fortnight after the signing of the new Treaty the American Minister in Peking sent a strong Note to Wang, the Nationalist Foreign Minister, drawing attention to the failure of the latter's Government to fulfil

promises frequently given to evacuate all American property forcibly taken and held by Chinese soldiers, and to prevent other similar seizures. The Note added that American property was being treated as if the United States was an enemy country making war against China, whereas full protection for property was the elementary responsibility of the Chinese Government; the United States had throughout displayed the greatest forbearance, and it therefore expected, "in evidence of the good faith and political competence of the Nationalist Government," that no more American properties would be occupied, and that those which had been occupied would be restored to their rightful owners. This was very "straight talk" on the part of the representative of the United States, whose benevolent policy towards the Nationalists had been so conspicuously demonstrated and had met with so poor a return. It was precisely the political competence of the Nationalist Government that was in doubt in the mind of Japan, whose interests, valued at £250,000,000, in China were of far more importance than those of America.

During the week August 8th-15th, 1928, the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party, held its fifth plenary session at Nanking, and gave to the outside world some impression of unity, most of the important Chinese leaders being present—Yen was the one notable absentee. Chiang, who presided, was diplomatic and conciliatory, but factional differences were evident, and difficulty was experienced in reconciling the Kwangsi group with the other members of the committee. A measure of agreement was, or seemed to be, attained, and the unification of China was again proclaimed, both in the Nationalist Press and in many Western papers. The true situation was shown in an article from a special correspondent at Changsha, which must have been written (it had been sent by mail) soon after the meeting at Nanking of the committee, but which was published on September 17th by *The Times*, whose excellent despatches from China have been, and are, of the greatest service to all those interested in the Far East. The headlines of

this article were: "Chaotic China; Impotence of Nanking; Threat of Anarchy." It said, among other things:

From abroad the prospects of peace may look a little better than from here. Nominally the Kuomintang have united the country. The Northerners have been driven outside the Great Wall, foreign diplomatic bodies are recognising the Southern Government, and from Nanking comes a steady stream of ordinances and proposals for reorganisation and reform. In the central provinces it is difficult to believe that China is any more united than she has been for the last eighteen years. The taking of Peking has passed almost unnoticed. . . . Now that the long struggle is over no one seems to care, for no one feels that the exploits of the army in the North have any real bearing on the fate of the rest of the country. Nanking may order—but who obeys? . . .

Each of the inland provinces is under the control of a group of military men, more or less loosely allied together, and even more vaguely connected with the so-called Central Government. Each city and the surrounding country has its own general, who spars with his subordinates for power, recruits new soldiers for his army, levies taxes, issues decrees, and fills all the Government offices with his military favourites. If a larger army marches against him he usually retires, his officials take to flight, and the work of the Civil Service is at a standstill till the arrival of the next "conqueror."

After observing that all pretence of civil government has broken down in many places, this correspondent states that the only concern of officials such as are described above is to line their own pockets during their short stay in power. Taxes of all sorts are extortionate, yet the Government is insolvent, measures for reform being nullified by the greed of their originators. Everywhere the "squeeze" prevails—loot, loot, loot! The arrogance of the soldiery weighs heavily on rich and poor alike. But perhaps the most significant sentence in this highly informative article—particularly noteworthy by the West—is this: "There is a widespread idea in the minds of both officers and privates that the revision of the treaties will mean that all foreign property will immediately revert to the Chinese people." What an opportunity then for spoliation—for loot again! It is this that is behind that widespread idea in the thoughts of greedy soldiers and covetous officials and politicians ill-disguised under the pretext of the restoration of China's sovereignty. Of all nations Japan most thoroughly understands the implications of the ideology now unfortunately prevalent in

China. It was no wonder, therefore, that the Japanese Government declared that it might be obliged to take suitable measures for safeguarding the rights and interests assured by the treaties. As the days went on international diplomacy sought behind the veil to moderate the attitude of Japan, but the 6,000 Japanese troops that still remained in Shantung were provided with winter barracks, an intimation to all concerned that she was not to be cajoled or intimidated.

Chiang Kai-shek, the generalissimo of the South, was elected President of the Government of China on October 9th; he was not styled President of China. He was the choice of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang, to which he is responsible, the Nanking Nationalist Government being nothing other than the creature of the Kuomintang Party. An elaborate system of Councils or Boards and of Ministries called Departments was instituted, and among the chairmen of the Councils was Feng Yu-hsiang, who also figured as Minister of War, while Yen Hsi-shan was made Minister of the Interior, Wang continuing as Foreign Minister. Sun Fo, son of Sun Yat-sen, appeared as Minister of Railways. Despite Japanese opposition, Chang Hsueh-liang, of Manchuria, was included among the members of the Supreme Government Council; on the other hand Kwangsi went unrepresented, for the name of neither Li Chai-sum, of Canton, nor Li Tsung-jen, of Hankow, was given in the list of appointees—which showed their disapproval of what had taken place. The "Organic Law of the National Government" was promulgated; it forms a sort of temporary Constitution, and is, of course, the work of the Kuomintang. It was referred to above in the Message to Congress of President Coolidge, who sent his congratulations to Chiang on his election to the Presidency; some foreign diplomats in China followed suit.

The Kuomintang legislated as if it was All China. Yet it was the case that China was divided then—as she is now. Leaving out Manchuria and the provinces of Szechwan and Yunnan, over which the Kuomintang has

no control whatever, China is shared among four groups or individuals: (1) the Kuomintang under its militarist leader, President Chiang, with four or possibly five provinces behind him; (2) the "Kwangsi clique," in power in Kwantung, Kwangsi, Hunan and Hupeh; (3) Feng, probably the most formidable leader of the lot because of his ability and his comparatively well-trained army, with a firm hold on part of the old North; and (4) Yen, with Shansi and Chihli, including Peking, also part of the old North, in his grasp. And the Kuomintang is itself divided between "moderates" and "extremists," the latter being shot through and through with Communism. It is not too much to say that the sole tie which unites these groups and individuals is their hatred of the foreigner and their determination to despoil him.

The foregoing statement of a divided China does not imply the writer's hostility to the unification of China; it is merely a presentment of facts. Nor does it mean that he thinks the British Government could or should have acted differently when it concluded a treaty with the Nanking Government in December last definitely according tariff autonomy to China; Great Britain was committed to grant it. In her Memorandum communicated to the signatories of the Washington Treaties in December, 1926, she suggested that the Powers should, in a joint declaration, recognise the right of China to tariff autonomy. No joint declaration was made, but the United States led the way; Great Britain went a step farther when her Minister to China ceremoniously recognised at Nanking the Nanking Government as the "National Government of the Republic of China." The treaty itself was as favourable to British interests as could be expected in the circumstances, a settlement having been reached some time before regarding the looting outrage by Southern troops at Nanking in the previous year, other anti-British outrages being virtually condoned, or conveniently forgotten. Like the American Treaty, the British Treaty was concerned with tariff autonomy alone. France also signed a tariff treaty. By the end of 1928 the Nanking Government had concluded treaties with

the United States, Germany, Norway, Belgium, Italy, Denmark, Portugal, Holland, Great Britain, Sweden, France, and Spain, in the order stated. The treaties with Italy, Belgium, Spain, Denmark and Portugal provided for the relinquishment of extra-territoriality by January 1st, 1930, on condition that China made her courts of law satisfactory to foreigners. Japan still stood out.

During December it had been reported that some renewal of Anglo-Japanese co-operation had taken place in the shape of an understanding for support in matters of common interest to Great Britain and Japan. This could not mean repudiation of the Memorandum of 1926, in which the British Government declared its readiness to negotiate on treaty revision as well as tariff revision. What it meant, it must be hoped, was that joint action by Great Britain and Japan, in view of the vastness of their interests in China, was to be taken in order that there should be no sacrifice of these interests to extremist demands. Perhaps it also meant that having come to this understanding Japan was less unwilling to accord tariff autonomy to China. At any rate, an informal agreement was arrived at in January, and Japan undertook to recognise the new tariff which the Nanking Government was to put into force on February 1st; this was tantamount to recognising tariff independence for China. In the Japanese Diet Baron Tanaka delivered a speech, on January 22nd, in which he said that while Japan wished to assist the Chinese people in the unification of their country, she desired to make it perfectly clear that she would maintain her position in Manchuria. Some days later, replying to an interpellation by Baron Shidehara, his predecessor as Foreign Minister, he declined to modify his statement respecting Manchuria, as it represented what was Japan's policy. Meanwhile negotiations had been proceeding at Nanking for a settlement regarding the Tsinan affair and Shantung generally, and success seemed to be in sight when they suddenly failed, not so much because of Japan, but rather from domestic jealousies, Chiang Kai-shek dreading that, on the Japanese evacuation of Shantung, that rich province

would be taken over by Feng, who already held the western part of it, the result being that Feng would be far too powerful for him and Nanking. What a lurid light this throws on the true state of affairs in China! How far from real unification! Further evidence of this is seen, besides, in the growing antagonism between Nanking and Kwangsi, with its threat of the renewal of civil war. It can therefore surprise no one that Japan hesitates and holds off. Further, the situation has a very plain moral for other Governments, particularly for the British Government, in dealing with questions such as extra-territoriality. "Go slow!"

In reply to a question, Sir Austen Chamberlain, in the House of Commons on March 13th, described the situation in China as "nebulous," according to the British Minister at Peking. The foregoing article suggests that murky would perhaps be a rather more appropriate word. Sir Austen expressed the opinion that the position may become clearer after the meeting of the Party Congress of the Kuomintang at Nanking on March 15th. Well, it may, particularly on the surface—to "save face," a procedure which is both an art and a science in China. But to overlook or minimise the real, vital, determining facts will simply not do.

MUSSOLINI AND THE ROMAN QUESTION

BY DUDLEY HEATHCOTE

I DOUBT if there has ever been any period in history which has provided such dramatic developments or witnessed so many revolutions as the present century; even the nineteenth seems tame compared with it, in spite of the industrial revolution. Nineteen hundred and one, the first year of this new age, had opened with a flare of trumpets: there was prosperity and contentment amongst men, and, conditions being not too onerous, most people were content to live much like their fathers before them.

Then came the War and a new era for mankind that spelt ruin and disaster for all those heedless millions who had made such wanton use of life. Four years, during which men fought and bled to defend an ideal that they had inscribed on their banners, when Germany had set expediency over every other claim and thrown her defiant glove in the face of outraged humanity . . . Then, when peace had been imposed by force of arms, the world awoke to find itself as a ship without anchor. Useless were all the old precepts and watchwords that had inspired men's policy. They were faced with economic death, and so desperate were their straits that they proceeded to overthrow all their old idols and to invent new creeds and dogmas in the attempt to better their conditions.

And so for the cruel war-lust, that had immolated ten million men on the altar of national ambition, there was substituted an insensate craving for change, while victors and vanquished alike embraced the most fantastic theories and revelled in upsetting what had hitherto been held inviolate.

And as all things come from the East, whether good or bad, so there now spread over Europe from Russia a religion founded by Lenin, that threatened to overwhelm Western civilisation as completely as the barbarian hordes had submerged it during the Dark Ages. For a time the

disease spread unchecked from east to west—from Bulgaria and Roumania to Hungary; next it moved north through Austria to Germany, and westward through Yugoslavia to Italy, while people wondered if even France and England would be saved from its contagion and lure. Then, after it had infected Italy with its virus, the Bolshevik menace was dissipated, thanks to a counter-movement of which Mussolini was the driving force.

The movement which Mussolini inaugurated was not only the result of the War, but the expression of that feeling of acute discontent which inevitably arises when existing institutions have outlived their day. People realise that parliaments have failed to produce strong, stable government, and that they consequently have no longer any *raison d'être*. It is idle to conceal this fact, since there are no fewer than eight dictators in Europe to-day who have set aside Parliament as an effete and useless institution.

The claim which the Italian dictator has to the gratitude of his countrymen is not, however, confined to the debt which they owe him for having destroyed Bolshevism in Italy and restored their belief in themselves at a moment when the fortunes of the race were at a low ebb.

He has not only revitalised his country and raised its prestige to a position never attained before, but has proved himself a clear-sighted and provident ruler. And his latest master-stroke—the *concordat*, treaty and convention signed only recently between the Holy See and the Italian Government—is a further illustration of his statesmanship.

* * * * *

For sixty years there has been a Roman Question, and if many attempts have been made to solve it they have always proved vain, through the very nature of the dispute existing between the Pope and the Italian Government.

The origins of the Papal State lie in the dim and disputed history of the decline and fall of Rome, when it appeared to many as:

“The ghost of the Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon its grave.”

And, like other small principalities and powers, it lived precariously, its fortunes waxing and waning, until it at one time comprised the greater part of Central Italy. Then, after a long period of prosperity it began again to lose ground, sank to the lowest ebb with the French Revolution and Napoleon, and was restored to much of its pristine glory by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Its position then remained fairly secure until the 'sixties, when its claim to territorial power began most seriously to be menaced.

A Nationalist movement was spreading over Italy that aimed at nothing less than the revival of that old unity of which the Italians had so long been deprived. And once the Austrians had been defeated and Victor Emmanuel II enthroned as King of Italy, people began to look on the “State within the State” as something that was incompatible with these aspirations. Yet for nine years the matter remained in abeyance, as the Italians were too good Catholics lightly to make so drastic an attack on the Holy See, though in 1870 the clash between nationalism and privilege could no longer be averted. In vain Victor Emmanuel attempted to delay the issue by asking the Vatican Council to publish a manifesto that would reconcile religion and science as well as the claims of Church and State. Pio Nono, indomitable die-hard, refused to make any such concession, and most unexpectedly proclaimed instead the dogma of Papal Infallibility, so that ultimately the dispute that had arisen led to open warfare. The Italian Army formally invested the Holy City, and after the King had made one more attempt to come to terms, a breach was made in the walls, and the Papal State came to an abrupt end.

Since then, the Popes have always considered themselves the “Prisoners of the Vatican,” and, following the lead set them by Pio IX, have refused to recognise the *fait accompli*, or to parley with the Government that had deprived them of the patrimony of St. Peter.

To understand the full significance of the treaty which has so signally reconciled the Holy See and the Italian Government, some account should be given of the many

occasions of friction of which the state of suppressed war between the two has been productive.

On the fall of the Holy City the Pope retired to the Vatican with the avowed intention of ignoring the usurping Government, but was obliged to conform to the Law of Guarantees that had been voted by the Italian Chamber with a view to defining the exact position of the Church in the new Italy. This law declared that the Vatican and Lateran, as well as Castel Gandolfo and the other Papal dependencies were to be left for ever at the Pope's disposal. Royal honours were to be paid to him within this territory, and, while his diplomatic representatives abroad were to enjoy the usual immunities and prerogatives, his person was declared to be inviolable, and he himself received an annual grant of over 3,000,000 lire. Pio Nono accepted the situation, under protest, but would have none of the money.

He declared that it was intolerable to be so completely deprived of his temporal power, and objected particularly to the fact that he was given only the use of the palaces and churches which had belonged to the Papacy from time immemorial. How could the Church be independent of the State, he pointed out, when the Pope himself did not even own the church in which he preached? The whole position was untenable, and he certainly showed it, by proving a continual source of embarrassment to the Government then in power. Catholics were forbidden to recognise the new *régime*, and if the claims of patriotism usually proved stronger than the Papal ban with the majority of Italians, it was none the less a fact that a small minority followed the Pope's example in their attitude of passive resistance, this dual allegiance being a source of great perplexity to any man who was both a good Catholic and a good Italian.

It was, however, abroad that the Pope's refusal to abandon all claim to temporal power found most adherents, as non-Italian Catholics were free from the perplexities of this divided allegiance and so could give their whole-hearted support. This accounts for the fervour with which in France more especially—battalions of volunteers (such

as the *Zouaves Pontificaux*) came forward in 1870 to defend the tradition that was nearly as old as the Papacy itself, and also for the fact that a powerful minority of Catholics in Europe have generally refused to acknowledge that the temporal power of the Pope had passed into the realm of idle political chimeras.

No settlement has, therefore, come at a more opportune moment than the one now embodied in the Lateran Treaty, and the fact that it should come to pass only reflects how thoroughly Mussolini was determined to make good his conception of the State. For years he has been endeavouring to weld together Italy into a corporate whole, in which every hierarchy should have its definite part. And, this being the case, it was inevitable that he should find a solution for an *impasse* that was certainly retarding his purpose.

* * * * *

The Treaty of the Lateran is the result of long and arduous negotiations, and reflects the greatest credit on those who were concerned in it, but I doubt if it could ever have materialised with any of Pio IX's successors except the present Pope. True, Leo XIII had nursed the desire of putting an end to the undignified situation in which the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome had placed him. But he did nothing, as he thought it premature to tackle a problem for which he could find no solution. And as Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV, who succeeded him, made reconciliation depend on substituting an international guarantee for the Law of Guarantees which Pius IX had refused, matters remained much as before.¹ Not so Pius XI. And very early in his reign he displayed the evident desire to put an end to a feud that was proving so detrimental to his Church, by definitely breaking away

(1) According to the "Osservatore," the Vatican has never asked for International Guarantees, or at least never declared they were necessary to the security of the Church. Nevertheless, this is not the case. (See Chap. XXIII of the *Practical Dictionary of Religious Knowledge*: article of Father de la Brière on "Temporal Power," who says: "Why have the Popes always opposed the Law of Guarantees? . . . Because it is purely an Italian law. This Italianisation of the guarantees of Pontifical Sovereignty renders illusory the independence of the Holy See, since it has lost its temporal power.")

from the seclusion which his predecessors had adopted ever since 1870.

Immediately after his election in 1922 he ordered the opening of the great historic doorway of St. Peter's, from which it had been customary for the Holy Father to give his blessing, and so gave expression to his desire for an equitable settlement; while the substitution of Fascism for the chaos found in Italy subsequent to the War, much about this time, entrusted her destinies to a man whose very ideal of government was dependent on every force in the country being enlisted in its favour. Mussolini very soon realised that, great as was the appeal which his doctrines made to the Italian imagination, the force of religion, if he could only enlist it in his service, would be an even more strengthening and steadying factor. And consequently informal conversations very soon took place between his emissaries and those of the Pope, in which every avenue was explored to find a *via media*.

The Treaty of the Lateran first originated in a meeting held on August 6th, 1926, between Domenico Barone, Councillor of State and Member of the Disciplinary Council of the Fascist Party, and Francesco Pacelli, a lawyer whose family had served the Vatican for generations, acting on behalf of Mussolini and the Holy See respectively. (Letters of October 4th and 6th, 1926.) And after many unofficial conversations the negotiators reached a tentative agreement. Both parties were so anxious to have complete secrecy that even the two copies of the suggested treaty, that were typed not by a professional typist but by Pacelli's son, were kept safely under lock and key. And when a professional agreement had been made they took up the question of a *concordat*, Mgr. Borgoncini Duca, Papal Secretary for Foreign Affairs, now taking part in the conversations.

The three negotiators worked long and arduously to obtain an agreement, their meeting-place being usually the house of Cardinal Belmonte on Monte Mario, in the neighbourhood of Rome. But though these discussions were so protracted that they rarely finished until late at night, it was only in November, 1928, that they had advanced

sufficiently to justify official recognition. The King now took an active part in the proceedings, while the negotiations entered on a decisive phase—especially after Signor Barone's death on January 4th of this year and the appointment of the Duce and Cardinal Gasparri as the plenipotentiaries of the King and the Pope respectively.¹ Hitherto much time had been lost in drawing up the various clauses of the suggested pact, owing to the exaggerated care with which both lawyers had scrutinised every phrase, even to its punctuation; but, as Sr. Barone's heirs now began spreading all sorts of rumours with regard to the *concordat*, Mussolini, who had taken the matter in hand, thought it advisable to conclude the treaty as expeditiously as possible.

And so, contrary to expectations and almost unsuspected by the world generally, a new landmark was added to the history of this age by the signature of a treaty which enables the Papacy once again to take its place as a European State after fifty-nine years of eclipse. On February 11th, 1929, the Roman Question was definitely buried, when, at twelve o'clock punctually, the Duce and Cardinal Gasparri signed the pact and *concordat* of the Lateran, thus reconciling Holy See and Quirinal. The official Government *communiqué* that was issued after the signing of this *accord* reads as follows:—

"To-day, in the Apostolic Palace, Cardinal Pietro Gasparri, Plenipotentiary of the Supreme Pontiff, and Cavalier Benito Mussolini, Prime Minister and chief Government Plenipotentiary for His Majesty Emmanuel King of Italy, signed the political treaty settling the Roman Question.

"A *concordat* intended to regulate the conditions of religion and the Church in Italy was also signed, and a Convention which systematises definitely the financial relations between the Holy See and Italy, dependent upon the events of 1870.

"There were present at the ceremony of signing, Mgr. Borgoncini Duca, Mgr. Pizzardo, and Professor Pacelli, for the Holy See; and Signor Grandi, Signor Rocca, and Signor Giunta, for Italy.

"Out of respect to the custom of the Holy See not to publish its International Conventions before they are presented for discussion before

(1) At Barone's death, Sr. Grandi was appointed sub-delegate of the Quirinal deputation. After Cardinal Gasparri's appointment as chief plenipotentiary, Sri. Pacelli and Borgoncini Duca became the Papal sub-delegates, acting under his instructions.

the Legislative Assemblies, the text of these Conventions will not be published, but a full and precise *résumé* will be given to-morrow."

Let us now examine the treaty in detail, and see how far it affects the position of the Church and also that of the Italian Government. As stated in the official *communiqué*, the various documents constituting the agreement are three: a political treaty, a concordat, and a financial convention.

The political treaty creates a City of the Vatican, over which the Holy See is to exercise exclusive sovereign power. It is not a big slice of territory, since it only comprises the land that was originally walled in and fortified by Pope Leo IV in the war with the Saracens during the ninth century, and is bounded to the north by the Porta Angelica and to the south by the Porta Cavalleggeri. Outside this domain, however, the sovereignty of the Pope is acknowledged over all apostolic palaces, churches and institutions, such as St. John Lateran, the Palace of the Cardinal Vicar, and the Lateran Palace; while all churches and buildings visited by the Pope will temporarily enjoy diplomatic immunity, and extra-territorial rights will be extended to all Cardinals of the Curia living in Rome, as well as to the residences of diplomats accredited to the Holy See. The treaty also formally recognises the Pope's sovereign jurisdiction over the Vatican and the right of the Holy See to enter into direct diplomatic relationship with other Powers; while, theoretically at least, the Vatican will become eligible for admission to the League of Nations—a privilege which it is not likely to exercise, since the Pope has declared over and over again that he wishes to keep outside the sphere of practical politics.

If we compare it, then, to the Papal States existing in 1860, the City of the Vatican is but a fragment of its old self, and it is significant that, though Mussolini was prepared to give it additional territory (he even offered the Holy Office, as well as the Pamphili and Gabrieli Villas on the Janiculum hill, and incidentally a small pine-wood), the Pope would have none of it. As he said in one of the two speeches in which he has made comment on the treaty:—

"Some people will say that the territories which we have regained are too small, but to this one can answer that the Pope was content with little, for reasons which seemed to him most adequate. In the first place, he wanted to show that he was the father treating with his sons, so tried to make an agreement as easy as possible. In the second place, he wished to disarm all fears and to avoid any recrimination with regard to territorial integrity, and also to prove that alone the consciousness of the sovereignty which he exercises in the name of God had directed him. The Papal City is small, but it is the largest in the world, if one considers all the relics and the treasures of Art and Science that are enshrined in it, while this very quality ensures the Pope having few material preoccupations, when spiritual are his chief concern."

The Concordat, on the other hand, introduces canonical legislation into Italian law, and the *Codex Juris Canonici* now becomes the official code. Thus, marriage by the Church will in future have the same legal significance as marriage by the Civil Authorities, and they will likewise sanction all its decisions relating to religious discipline and morality. Further, the Italian Government agrees to the Pope's collaboration in the arrangement of the religious programme for schools,¹ and the ecclesiastical authority will always be informed of any judgment passed on an ecclesiastic for breach of the law, while congregations will be accorded a privileged position—they and all religious orders will be able to acquire land, subject to the approval of the State.

In return for these privileges certain modifications are made in respect of the legal status of ecclesiastics, and if Curial Cardinals continue to be subjects of the Vatican, this does not apply to priests officiating on Italian territory. Again, every new Bishop appointed will swear to be a party to no agreement, and to take no part in any public meeting, which might prejudice the Italian Government, while clergy are forbidden to join any political party. Lastly, the Pope renounces his right to a dwelling-place,² and agrees to deliver to the Italian authorities all persons

(1) In schools a priest's power only extends, in primary and secondary institutions, to religious teaching.

(2) This privilege had been granted to ecclesiastics by Constantine, and was for a long time possessed by the head of the church of Notre Dame in Paris and the Vicar of Beverley in England.

guilty of having committed acts contrary to the law of the country.

By the *Financial Convention*, lastly, the Italian Government agreed to pay the Holy See an indemnity of one milliard *lire* (nearly £11,000,000) in cash, and a similar amount in Government bonds, this sum being supposed to represent the capitalisation of interest on the annual sum that had been assigned to the Pope under the Law of Guarantees.¹

If the question be now asked as to what is the full effect and significance of the reconciliation which has just taken place between the Quirinal and the Vatican the answer is that both are equally momentous.

After sixty years a problem has been solved, the insolubility of which had brought little advantage to the Church or to the cause of Christianity in general, in that all non-Italian Catholic nations indiscriminately have sought to get preferential treatment at her hands by championing her cause.

In this competition for her good graces it was undeniable that France had succeeded in holding supremacy. Her missions in the East had precedence over any other; the propagation of the Faith was directed from her headquarters, and she could point with pride to the many occasions on which French troops had nobly fought in defence of the Pope's temporal power.²

Accordingly, the solution that has freed the Popes from foreign tutelage has occasioned not a little alarm, especially in those circles which realise the possible waning of French influence with the Holy See. This process has been going on ever since the election of the

(1) The Pope was at first inclined to ask for double the amount, but after a certain amount of discussion accepted the offer that was made to him. I understand the money will be handed over to a religious fund that is independent of both Vatican and Quirinal.

(2) There is no doubt that French soldiers, volunteers and regulars, took a prominent part in the battles that were waged in the 'sixties and 'seventies in defence of the Vatican. It was a French General (Oudinot) who repelled the revolutionaries when in 1849 they attempted to seize Rome and proclaim a Republic, and French troops again formed the nucleus of the army that opposed Victor Emmanuel in 1870.

present Pope, when he transferred the headquarters of the propagation of the Faith from Lyons to Rome, and so withdrew one of the most important branches of missionary activity from the French. Yet they still hoped to retain much of their old ascendancy by virtue of the title which France had proudly borne of "the Eldest Daughter of the Church."

All this has now come to an end, since the Vatican, thanks to this Pact, will be able to act as it thinks fit—"to the greater glory of God, to the honour of the Church, and to the advantage of Italy and the whole world." And if the reconciliation that has taken place must necessarily lead to advantages untold for Mussolini and his Fascist State, that is only as it should be, since it is solely through the Duce that the Vatican has been freed from an intolerable situation.

Doubtless some people will urge that the privileges given to the Pope are in substance *nil*, in that the treaty has done nothing but recognise everything which the Pope had up to now refused to hold from the Italian King under the form of law guarantee, but which he practically enjoyed in reality. But even if this is the case, the position of the Church has been tremendously strengthened by it, since the Pact has not only freed the Holy Father from a futile quarrel but given him such status as will enable his Church to exercise its influence entirely untrammelled.

And if the effect of the Lateran Treaty has been tremendous, its significance is even greater. Fascism is an impossibility unless all elements of national activity co-operate harmoniously together. Now Mussolini has not only made this co-operation possible but stabilised his *régime* most effectively by the moral support which it will receive from the Church. Crispi once said "The man who will re-solve the Roman question will be a great man," and there is no doubt that Mussolini deserves this appellation, since the solution that he has found for it will not only give the Church a signal opportunity of "restoring God to Italy and Italy to God," as the Pope declared in a recent speech, but tremendously enhance Italian prestige generally.

EASTERN AFRICA—OUR OPPORTUNITY¹

BY FRANK MELLAND

"A vision of the full opportunity is necessary, and the policy must be worthy of it." In these words the Report of the Commission on Closer Union of the Dependencies in Eastern and Central Africa shows how the matters dealt with form an Imperial problem of the first magnitude that can no longer be burked.

This Report is a most valuable document, and every reader must endorse the conclusion that a mere policy of *laissez faire* is not adequate to the requirements of the situation, nor a worthy method of discharging the responsibilities of the Imperial Government. It contains recommendations for action instead of drift, and when carefully considered these should evoke a considerable measure of agreement even though details arouse opposition. It is to be hoped that critics, at home and in Africa, will try to consider the Report as a whole and not confuse the main issue by fastening upon conclusions and recommendations here and there which necessarily dissatisfy and antagonise some. All must admit that before the first step towards a unified system for East Africa is taken some idea must be formed of the general direction to be followed, although ample opportunity for local discussion will intervene before irrevocable action is taken. The aim of the Commission has been to devise and suggest some form of Imperial control confined to broad issues which will command the respect and confidence of the local communities instead of their distrust and opposition, and the Report, therefore, should not be hastily condemned even by its opponents. While at first glance the Report may seem to be predominantly concerned with safeguarding the natives, it is really striking a balance, and it states emphatically that if European civilisation gives of its best it is the

one great hope of progress for Africa. It emphasises, too, the constant need of advisory committees and the importance of sharing responsibility. It is recognised that, quite apart from settlement, the mere introduction of good administration into primitive Africa has started the fundamental change which gives rise to the problems that must be solved; and we have now to discover a basis on which white, black, and brown can live together and progress together under conditions of rapid economic change.

After considering alternatives and giving reasons for discarding them, a Central Authority on the spot is advocated, but "it should be the definite and declared policy of the Central Authority to respect and to foster the independence of the local governments, except where Imperial policy, especially on native affairs or any question of justice between races, is involved. The political experience and capacity of the immigrant communities are a great asset of which the largest use should be made." Some critics have ignored this, although it seems sufficiently explicit to satisfy a Convention of European Associations, the native community, and the Indians. Careful consideration, however, needs to be given to the suggested London Advisory Committee. It is quite possible that such a Committee would undermine the authority of the local Central Authority and thus nullify its value, and, moreover, there is great doubt if really suitable members of such a Committee could be found. 69503

A great point in favour of the Commission is its courage, as shown by the candid admission that the present forms of government are unsatisfactory. (A shock possibly to those who consider that any aspersion of British forms of governance or judicial procedure is akin to blasphemy.) "If the white communities are fitted to be outposts of British civilisation they ought to be trusted to the maximum extent, and on their side they should come to have confidence in the Imperial Government. The present relations, so far as they have the character of a struggle for power, are wrong." It is, indeed, time that the present conditions, which tend to an unedifying exhibition of mutual recrimination and distrust, came to an end.

(1) Report of the Hilton Young Commission. (Cmd. 3234: 6s.)

Although the Report advocates a distinct step forward in the evolution of East Africa, it proposes to proceed slowly and with caution, but all the time with a definite goal. It wisely suggests the appointment of a High Commissioner to investigate and recommend, preparatory to the appointment of a Governor-General. Considering the magnitude of the problems to be settled and the many thorny points involved this is no cowardly shelving of responsibility: it is simply wisdom. "The task is a continuous one which no single Commission could complete, and it is for this reason that we propose the creation of a permanent impartial authority, part of whose task will be to watch carefully over the changing situation on behalf of His Majesty's Government and to suggest developments in the form of government at the appropriate times. Imperial control thus exercised can be regarded as providing a shelter under which a different form of government will be slowly evolving."

Pride of place is rightly given to the following postulate: "The chief need in Eastern and Central Africa to-day is that there should be applied throughout the territories as a whole, continuously and without vacillation, a native policy which, while adapted to the varying conditions of different tribes and different localities, is consistent in its main principles." British Governments must not speak, as they now undoubtedly do, with different voices in adjacent territories. "Co-ordination of policy is needed, and in the matter of native policy it is urgently needed," for native policy must necessarily be the foundation of all else in these mixed States.

It is here, however, that one finds a weak link in the chain so ably fashioned by Sir Edward Hilton Young and his colleagues. All advocate the restriction, at first, of the High Commissioner's powers to Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika in spite of the assertion that "the problems which must be considered in all the five mainland territories are essentially similar." The Chairman further advocates putting Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland under a separate High Commissioner, in the person of the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, from which recom-

mendation his colleagues unanimously dissociate themselves, considering that the Eastern African High Commissioner should act in an advisory capacity for the two southern dependencies. Such a division might lead to two native policies instead of one, and so adversely affect "the chief need throughout the territories." Again, in the choice of a High Commissioner, finding the right man is of supreme importance, and it will be no easy matter: to attempt to find two is tempting providence too far. Moreover, it should be remembered that Tanganyika Territory borders on Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia just as much as on Kenya and Uganda, and there is no natural dividing line, as the Chairman recognises in suggesting boundary changes. (Parenthetically no Northern Rhodesian, no matter what his views on other issues, would agree to the proposed ruthless dismemberment of the territory.)

The most controversial section, however, of the Report is undoubtedly that which refers to the revision of the Kenya Constitution, and on this point also the Commissioners are divided; but to both majority and minority reports the elected members of the Kenya Council and the Convention of Associations object strongly. The objections are perfectly natural, but do not appear to be really insuperable—at this stage, at any rate.

First, as Lord Olivier has pointed out in a soberly worded letter to *The Times* (February 7th), these spokesmen of Kenya settlers appeal to the statement of Mr. Churchill

that he did not contemplate any system which would prevent British East Africa from becoming characteristically and distinctively a British colony, looking forward to the fruition of full self-government.

But while this would necessitate considerable tempering of the Commission's suggestions, the spokesmen ignore the fact that Mr. Churchill explained (*vide The Times*, January 28th, 1922) what his statement meant:—

We wish to apply broadly and comprehensively, and so far as is practical, Mr. Rhodes' principle of equal rights for all civilised men. That means that natives and Indians alike who reach and conform to well-marked European standards shall not be denied the fullest exercise and enjoyment of civic and political rights.

If the door is to be left open for the Europeans it must surely be left open for the natives, who will always be in a tremendous numerical majority. To close that door is to invite rebellion ultimately.

East Africa must not proceed from blunder to blunder as South Africa has done. All thinking men in the Union would give anything to have as clear a slate to write upon as East Africa now has. If the East fails to profit by the lessons of the South we will, indeed, stand condemned.

But as regards the actual means of evolution of Government the Commissioners themselves wish that they had been able to revisit the territories for further discussion and consideration, which is not—as some suggest—an admission of weakness, but a sign of honesty; and it is here that the appointment of a Commissioner will supply this primary need of further study of the avenues for political development. The Kenya spokesmen object to the recommendations of the Commission, and suggest a conference under a Special Commissioner. (A “conference” is not quite what is wanted: it must be more than that.) This really differs not very much from the rejected recommendation to appoint a preliminary High Commissioner, but possibly the title Special Commissioner would be more appropriate and less committal for the future. There is an excellent local precedent for the title Special Commissioner, namely, Sir Harry Johnston in Uganda. It is, however, going too far to state that “no progress is possible unless the Imperial Government repudiates the fundamental conceptions of the Report regarding self-government in the future.” Any Special Commissioner must necessarily give as careful consideration to the views of Sir Edward Hilton Young and his colleagues as he will do to those of the colonists. He can view these in the light of discussions upon the Report and of any debates in the Imperial Parliament, and all the cards will be upon the table. In this way he will have a great advantage over the Commissioners, who were precluded from putting their recommendations before the settlers for discussion, as they had necessarily to submit them first to the Secretary of State.

Moreover, it is sincerely to be hoped that the belief expressed by Lord Lugard in his excellent letter to *The Times* (February 6th) is not unjustified:—

It is my sincere belief that further consideration may lead them (the settlers) to doubt whether conclusions which seem desirable for the solution of present-day problems are in the real interests of their children's children.

Let East Africa look at South Africa and think seriously of the future before turning down suggestions that do not agree with their own ideas. Is it not possible that they are too close to be able to focus all aspects correctly?

While referring to Lord Lugard's letter, it seems apposite to refer to one other point in it. After recording the courageous effort made in the Report to break away from the traditional lines of Crown Colony Government and to seek for a solution on new lines of national policy since the issues involved transcend the local controversies of this or that colony or protectorate, he urges full discussion in this or the new House of Commons. But if this is to be of any value it must rise above the ordinary level of African debates in the House. The ordinary Member, like the electorate, knows little and cares little about Africa. (The lack of general interest in this Report has been very notable.) The few who join in debates are generally either pro-native and anti-colonist or pro-colonist, and their speeches add to the spirit of recrimination which is so much to be deplored. If the House can rise to the occasion and be neither pro nor con any section, but view the future—a wonderfully big subject the future—of East Africa as a whole and debate on the main issue, record its opinions without distortion, and agree to the appointment of a Commissioner, coupled perhaps with a joint select committee of both Houses to deal with the problems of future governance (as suggested by Lord Olivier), then something indeed will have been accomplished.

We should avoid taking any rash step, but it is impossible to ignore this Report, and we cannot deny the urgent necessity for a step forward in the evolution of East African government. The appointment of this Com-

mission and its thoughtful Report must not be allowed to end in talk.

But let us return to the main point—a point of which we must never lose sight for an instant. Every critic realises the necessity for adequate consideration and discussion, wherefore the writer again emphasises the need for continuous and unvarying native policy, which is apparent to the Commissioners but may not be so obvious to all readers of this REVIEW. Let a map be produced and be it noted that south of the dependencies concerned lies the Zambezi, across which exists the policy of the colour bar, openly and admittedly in the Union, practically if not theoretically in Southern Rhodesia. On the dependencies' western border, touching Northern Rhodesia, Tanganyika, and Uganda, lies the Belgian Congo, with an equally clear-cut policy aiming at a black State. These two diametrically opposed policies are being pursued "continuously and without vacillation." It is this fact above all which makes it so imperative for the middle States to find a middle policy, one policy for all the dependencies, with continuity enforced by a High Central Authority.

Special emphasis has been laid upon this aspect of the Report because it embodies the *raison d'être* of the Commission and the key-note to the Report. The Report states that it is the chief need of Central Africa to-day, and that it has influenced the whole nature of the recommendations. But, passing over many other points of great interest, brief notice must also be taken of the references to financial aid for development which will be rendered more accessible by closer union to the immediate and lasting benefit of all interests. All acquainted with Eastern Africa will welcome the unqualified statement that in the sphere of private business it would be difficult to find any new undertaking which could be built up on the basis on which we are attempting to build up East Central Africa. Capital for really sound and necessary development is to-day either unprocurable or procurable only under such conditions as hamper enterprise and militate against economic planning. The essential pur-

poses towards which the Commissioners' suggestions are directed are "the maintenance on tap of financial facilities for sound propositions and the provision of the possibility of advances being made for a period in effect free of interest if the circumstances justify it. . . . If it were known that money was always available on reasonable terms for propositions which would stand the test of careful scrutiny it is likely that this would create the necessary encouragement for undertaking adequate and continuous enquiry." The Report adds truly: "However admirably the critical function is performed criticism is not all that is necessary for doing good business, and at present there is no adequate instrument to balance the Treasury on the constructive side." (More *lèse-majesté*: but gubernatorial failure in construction and fear of the Treasury play a larger part in withholding of funds than is generally recognised.) Also the Commissioners stress the point that there is no method analogous to the raising of capital by the issue of ordinary shares, and it should be realised that it is the original holders of ordinary shares in a successful new undertaking who reap the biggest reward. A little vision and a little courage at this stage would bring an appreciable relief to the British taxpayer within a generation, besides giving East Central Africa the assistance she so badly needs now. May East Africans pause before they throw away this chance, and may we have a government with sufficient wisdom to act upon the advice tendered in this Report; which, viewed as a whole, is a record of a difficult task admirably done, of an entirely novel situation boldly faced with a praiseworthy disregard of precedent, of shibboleth, and of platitude, of an even balance between conflicting interests, and a creditable avoidance of dogmatic assertion. In general, it is worthy of consideration as a step forward in the right direction and as ending the days of drift which have continued dangerously long. The Government's action in appointing this Commission, criticised by some as unnecessary or premature, has been fully justified.

THE STYLE OF "OTHELLO"

BY G. WILSON KNIGHT

It is too often assumed that the history of Shakespeare's style presents a continued and uninterrupted development from the early to the latest plays; whereas, though the main direction of such a movement can undoubtedly be traced, there are, in fact, distinct variations. Individual plays sometimes show styles peculiar to themselves. *Othello* is a case in point. Written about 1604 it follows *Hamlet* and the two problem plays, *Troilus* and *Measure for Measure*, and immediately precedes the great succession of tragedies from *Macbeth* to *Coriolanus*; and its style is sharply differentiated from all these. Its peculiarities are simplicity of diction and a unique separateness of image, character, or event.

One of the first points to notice in the matter of Shakespeare's style is the presence or absence of metaphor. *Henry V* (about 1598) almost certainly preceded *Julius Cæsar* (about 1600). And yet, though an increase in metaphor is, on the whole, a distinguishing mark of Shakespeare's growing mastery of language, we find that *Henry V* bristles with vivid metaphor turned out, to use a characteristic line from the play:—

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,

but that *Julius Cæsar* is, for the most part, unusually, almost naïvely, simple in statement. *Hamlet*, *Troilus* and *Cressida*, *Measure for Measure*, all show varying quantity and kind of metaphor. *Othello*, however, throws back to *Julius Cæsar*. Its language is extraordinarily direct. We often meet the forward flowing transparent diction of such a passage as this (II, iii, 228):—

IAGO: . . . Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together,
At blow and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report . . .

Compare with this Edmund's somewhat similar speech in *Lear* (II, i, 47):—

EDMUND: . . . I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm;
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Here we have a far greater richness of language; more compressed and suggestive phraseology; and a grammatical pause system thrown into sharper contrast with the metrical pauses. On the other hand, Iago's speech, though lacking in emotional effect, is a more vivid piece of description. I choose those passages to illustrate a quality in the style of *Othello* different from that of *Lear*. I know Iago's speech is more purely narrative than Edgar's; but so is the whole of *Othello* more purely narrative than *Lear*. Possibly similar short extracts might be adduced to prove the reverse of my statement, though I think that would not be easy. But on the whole these two extracts will be found to be fair samples.

For *Othello* is throughout a drama of narrative and characterisation rather than atmosphere. Poetic images, said Coleridge, should be governed by a predominant passion. If that were true of dramatic events, *Lear* would fulfil the condition more truly than *Othello*. The events and characters in *Lear* are all dominated by the poet's one passionate apprehension; in *Othello* they are given perfect dramatic form, impersonal and classic. Both *Lear* and

Macbeth introduce us to unique worlds where the imaginative atmosphere—of suffering in the one case and evil in the other—seems not only to give point to but even to originate the events of the play. *Othello* does not possess this peculiarity. The events, characters, and poetic images, instead of merging into one general atmosphere and contributing equally to a particular and peculiar view of human existence, are, on the contrary, sharply contrasted with each other, singled out, silhouetted, defined. Images stand out boldly from the even simplicity of language. This peculiar concreteness of imagery can be seen from the above passage:—

... and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath.

This shows an almost photographic reproduction of an actual physical event. One hears the striking of sword on sword, metallic. With it compare:—

But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right . . .

Again, I chose—as in my subsequent extracts—instances to illustrate, not to prove, my argument. And these two admirably illustrate the qualities I am attempting to indicate. The one style is purely direct and narrative; the other imaginative, spiritualised—a merging of fact with fervour, concerned at every phrase with values as well as events. Now throughout *Othello* we have this sense of the concrete individual character, or scene, or image. The three main characters, Othello, Iago, Desdemona, are surely more sharply differentiated than any in *Lear* or *Macbeth*. Othello's physical blackness contrasts visually with the pure alabaster whiteness of Desdemona asleep; Iago's subtlety with Othello's extreme simplicity, his villainy with Desdemona's sweetness. Now Lear, Cordelia, and Edmund are primarily children of one imaginative act: their personalities all merge into the atmosphere of the Lear-universe. In *Othello* the characters enjoy freewill and work out their own fate; in

Lear they are parts of a gigantic whole, lost themselves in the rush of fated suffering things. We blame Iago and Othello, but we dare not blame Edmund and Lear—it is, indeed, most interesting to note with what warmth and humanity the character of Edmund is conceived compared with the icy impenitence and imperturbable villainy of Iago. We pity Desdemona, thinking of what might have been, but do not pity Cordelia, enduring only the vision of what is, and what, in the Lear-universe, we know must be. *Lear* and *Macbeth* both give us a sense of necessity; *Othello* one of beautiful distress.

Othello is a supremely beautiful play. This individual concreteness and differentiation has its own classic, sculptural delight. I will notice a few of its especial and peculiar concrete felicities of phrase and image. I think one could compose a far finer anthology of short passages from *Othello* than from any other of Shakespeare's tragedies; for its beauties are solid gems which lose little by being removed from their context; whereas those in *Macbeth* and *Lear* are like wild flowers that cannot be uprooted if they are to live. For instance:—

Nay, had she been true,
If heaven had made me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

(V, ii, 143.)

or:—

O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

(V, ii, 98.)

The human drama is thrown into sudden contrast and unexpected relation with the tremendous concrete machinery of the universe, which is thought of in terms of individual heavenly bodies: "sun," "moon," or, as in the first passage, "world." The same effect is used again in:

It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

(V, ii, 109.)

The effect is primarily one of contrast: the vastness of the

night sky, though thrown momentarily into a visual relation with the passions of man, remains vast, distant, separate—seen but not apprehended; something against which the dramatic movement may be silhouetted, but with which it cannot be merged. This poetic use of heavenly bodies serves to elevate the theme, to raise issues infinite and unknowable. They are not, however, implicit symbols of man's spirit, as in *Lear*; they remain distinct, isolated phenomena, sublimely decorative to the play. In *Macbeth* and *Lear* man commands the elements and the stars: they are part of him. Compare the above quotations from *Othello* with this from *Lear* (II, iv, 167):

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride.

This is typical: natural images are given a human value. They are insignificant, visually; their value is only that which they bring to the human passion which cries out to them. Their æsthetic grandeur, in and for themselves, is not relevant to the *Lear*-universe. There is an overplus of Coleridge's "predominant passion." So, too, *Macbeth* cries (I, iv, 51):

Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires.

And Lady *Macbeth* (I, v, 51):

Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Here, and in the *Lear* extract, there is no clear visual effect as in *Othello*: tremendous images and suggestions are evoked only to be blurred as images by the more powerful unspatial otherness of the passion which calls them into being. Images in *Macbeth* and *Lear* are thus always vague, mastered by passion. In *Othello* they are concrete, existing in their own right, the equivalent in interest of the tragic characters to which they form a back-

ground. It is this separateness of scenes, characters, and images that causes us to watch *Othello*, ourselves separated spectators; whereas in *Macbeth* and *Lear* we tend to identify ourselves with the protagonists, to lose ourselves in their—or the poet's—passion. We thus always remain outside the world of *Othello*.

My distinction may appear over-subtle and unsubstantial. It is certainly extremely hard to define closely. The terms "subjective" and "objective" stand for concepts so shadowy and evanescent that they are scarcely safe words in literary analysis. Their value is not absolute, but relative; and thus, though the absolute value of the statement that *Lear* is an intensely subjective play is at the best doubtful, one can legitimately say that *Othello* is objective in comparison with *Lear*. Charles Lamb's criticism, "We are *Lear*," would not ring true of *Othello*. It is primarily, I think, a question of the intensity of the passion expressed. And it is, in passing, of interest to notice the curious location in this respect of style of the climax in the tragic succession, *Antony and Cleopatra*, with reference to the poles *Othello* and *Lear*. For in *Antony and Cleopatra* there is something of the *Othello* quality; there are again the separate gems of speech, the exposition of startling riches in phrase and word, the vivid apprehension of material magnificence in varied concrete imagery. And there is, too, a unique view of existence, a predominating characteristic atmosphere, as in *Macbeth* and *Lear*—here a view of life sensuous, gorgeous, magnificent, richly and passionately erotic. There is also in the intellectual style of its poetry something more than the passion-pulse of *Macbeth* and *Lear*: a language expressing in the greatest passages the finest essence of a spiritual and human reality, a style in which at the same time the deepest emotion is crystallised into intellectual symbols, and the most powerful and penetrating things of intellect are melted in the soft fire of passion. It is a metaphysical poetry which lifts the mind into a swift continuum of new and unexplored life, its own and not its own. As we go with *Cleopatra* and *Antony* to their

death we do not know whether or not we identify ourselves with them. They are of us, yet more than us: for, as we read, or watch, we are then very much more than ourselves. The whole problem is a baffling one. The reason may be in the absolute unreality of our original conceptions. For "subjectivity" and "objectivity" cease somehow to have meaning with this play. In *Antony and Cleopatra* it seems that we enjoy most perfectly "the mode in which the subject-object distinction is transcended."¹ Its style is thus the finest of all.

To return to *Othello*. As in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is a grandeur in the use of picturesque proper names, such as Anthropopagi, Ottomites, Arabian trees, the base Indian, Mandragora, the Egyptian sibyl, Palestine, Mauretania, Othello, and Desdemona. This love of proper names is exploited to fine effect in Othello's speech (III, iii, 453):—

Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Notice again the concrete imagery linked by simile rather than metaphor to the main theme. The very words "Propontic" and "Hellespont," with their sharp, clear, consonant sounds, constitute defined aural solids of a piece with the style of the play. And the prayer, with its "marble heaven," is even more typical and illustrative. One watches the figure of Othello silhouetted against a flat and moveless sky: the reality of the lines is a plastic reality. Compare it with a similar prayer in *Lear* (II, iv, 192):—

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway

(1) The words are Mr. Middleton Murry's. They occur in *Spiritual Vision*. The New Adelphi, September, 1927.

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!

We do not watch Lear here: "We are Lear." There is no visual effect, nor any contrast, but an absolute unspatial unity of spirit. The heavens are merged in Lear's prayer: there is an intimate interdependence, not a mere juxtaposition. Lear identifies himself in kind with the heavens. Othello speaks of "yon" marble heaven, using the third person: the "heavens" which Lear addresses directly are a spiritual essence, akin to the thing within crying to the unknown without.

Probably it is ultimately a matter of critical taste as to which style is the finer. But what evidence there is towards an absolute judgment must weigh in favour of *Macbeth* and *Lear*. Not only have the great critics almost invariably placed those on a higher plane than *Othello*, but Shakespeare himself, by leaving the classic beauty of *Othello* for the more organic and wild natural utterance of the succeeding tragedies, suggests that they were in his own judgment the more excellent and satisfying kind of poetry. Certainly the language of *Othello*—capable at times of fine things quite unmatched in their peculiar quality in any other play—nevertheless sinks at times to a studied artificiality, nerveless and without force. For example, Othello thinks of himself as:

. . . one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum.

(V, ii, 348.)

Besides this we might place *Macbeth* (IV, iii, 230):

MACDUFF: O I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue!

This passionate utterance has not time to paint word pictures of "yon marble heaven," or to search for abstruse geographical images of the Hellespont, or Arabia. There is more force in Macduff's first line than in all Othello's strained phraseology of "subdued eyes" and "melting mood." And the simile (notice that Macduff's line gains

its power by metaphor) about the Arabian trees dropping gum seems to me weak. Compare, too, an even finer passage on the same theme from *Lear* (IV, vii, 44):

CORDELIA: How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
 LEAR: You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
 Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
 Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
 Do scald like molten lead.

All one can say is that that last half-line—the one word "scald" shows it—was written out of an experience that knew what it was to weep, and weep bitterly.

In fact, when in *Othello* an effect of extreme mental suffering is aimed at, the result is sometimes an exaggerated and almost false rhetoric. There is a speech in *Othello* that begins in the typical classic and controlled manner but degenerates finally to what might almost be called bombast. It starts (V, ii, 271):

Where should Othello go?
 Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
 Pale as thy smock! When we shall meet at compt,
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
 Even like thy chastity.

Here we have the perfection of the *Othello* style. Concrete, visual, detached. Compare it with Lear's "Thou art a soul in bliss . . ." where the effect, though perhaps more powerful and immediate, is yet vague, intangible, spiritualised. Now, this speech, started in a style that can well challenge Lear, rapidly degenerates as Othello's mind is represented as giving way under the extreme of anguish:

O cursed slave!
 Whip me, ye devils,
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

We have a style which cannot express uncontrolled passion without itself losing control. None of these violent eschatological images convey a quarter of the misery of Lear's:

And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
 Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
 Never, never, never, never, never!
 Pray you, undo this button: thank you, Sir.
 Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
 Look there, look there!

(V, iii, 305.)

Notice by what rough homely images the passion is transmitted—which are as truly an integral part of the *Lear* style as the mosaic and polished phrase, and the abstruse and picturesque allusion is part of *Othello's*. Here the poet does not lose control, though he represents Lear as doing so. Othello's speech does, I know, reflect the extravagant passion of his nature when "wrought." It is a speech in character. But in *Macbeth* and *Lear* we do not, at the most poignant moments, consider characterisation at all. It is irrelevant, since we are in contact with the universal in the human soul transcending all particular differences of characterisation.

The peculiar quality of *Othello's* poetry which I have been attempting to indicate maintains throughout. Solidarity of image or scene, and separation maintain throughout. *Othello* is a tragedy of event, not the imaginative creation of a point of view, such as *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Timon*, *Antony and Cleopatra*. No happy ending could pluck from the memory the rooted agonies of *Macbeth* and *Lear*, but a last moment twist of the plot would still leave *Othello* a grand play. The tragedy is not implicit in *Othello* as in the others. In the Lear-universe people do not get saved, we neither expect nor want them to. In neither is there any logical necessity for a tragic end—that appears to be purely, in both, a matter of chance. In respect of logical necessity *Macbeth* and *Antony and Cleopatra* must be considered supreme: in both the ending is inevitable. We know Macbeth's crime will return on himself, and that Antony cannot break away from Cleopatra. But Cordelia's death is a matter of minutes; so is Desdemona's. In *Othello* this appears to me almost as a fault: but in *Lear*, where imaginative atmosphere is the only causality, we know that another law than that

of chance or logic governs what might appear to be chance and demands the uttermost tragic sacrifice. For in *Othello* the tragic climax depends ultimately on the play of chance or causality and the individual will—especially the will of Iago; not, as in *Lear*, on fate and the human passion which is itself a reflection of fate. Only in so far as Iago is considered utterly inhuman, a devil rather than a man, with almost supernatural powers of controlling events, is any tragic imminency implicit throughout. But we have no reason to attribute such powers to Iago: and thus the plot is one of Machiavellian intrigue rather than the unalterable forge of destiny. There is therefore less tragic necessity in *Othello*, in spite of the concrete beauties of individual image or character, and the balance of its narrative form—a form composed of sequent separate events and contrasts of characters rather than poetic atmosphere.

This separateness extends to the whole plot. The first act is in Venice; the rest in Cyprus. The play is thus in two distinct parts geographically, and these parts may be considered to have their symbolic suggestion. Desdemona leaves the safety and calm of her home for the stormy voyage to Cyprus and the storm of the following tragedy. Iago begins to put his plot in practice only in the second part. Between the two parts is the stormy voyage. And this voyage is important.

Storms in Shakespeare are always the symbol of tragedy. In *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth* and *Lear* they are an integral part of the play. They join in the action, are part of the *dramatis personæ*; they are thus welded into the cohesion of the whole play. Now in *Othello* we are given one scene of magnificent storm-poetry as fine as any in Shakespeare (and it occurs with surprising frequency throughout the plays). But the storms are described, they are not immediate and present events:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view,
On the enchafed flood.

(II, i, 11.)

Such storm descriptions are numerous throughout

Shakespeare, and usually very similar; and yet this one, with its "burning bear" and "ever-fixed pole," is characteristic of the astronomical imagery in *Othello*. There is usually some tremendous anthropomorphic metaphor, as in *The Merchant of Venice*, II, vii, 44:

The watery kingdom whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven. . . .

Most of the storm imagery in *Othello*, II, i, misses this extreme, almost daring, anthropomorphism of metaphor, although it is perhaps suggested in the passage I have quoted. But the most important point to notice here is that this scene of storm imagery separates and joins the two distinct movements of the play: the prologue, Act I, and the swift tragedy of the rest. The storm plays its usual Shakespearian symbolically tragic part, but does so with a difference. It precedes the tragic scenes but does not harmonise with them. It is, too, not quite of a piece, imaginatively, with the rest of the play; does not merge into it. Its effect is slight: one tends, in fact, to forget all about it. One does not forget the storm in *Lear*.

This separateness of scene from scene and character from character certainly gives them an individuality and definition, and so a certain impact of outstanding human realism lacking in *Macbeth* and *Lear*. Though the style of *Othello* may be frequently no more than picturesque and sometimes exotic, yet Othello and Desdemona are each as persons poetically conceived and most concretely alive: whereas the more unstudied and violently forceful poetry of *Macbeth* and *Lear* so dominates the protagonists that individual and outstanding characterisation tends to become levelled under the poet's one passionate apprehension of the whole. For this reason Desdemona remains the most lovable of all Shakespeare's tragic heroines, and Othello is himself more individually human than either Macbeth or Lear: 'he is formed of flesh and blood, we can visualise him, we know and love his personality. But

(1) The inhumanity of Macbeth and Lear is of a quite different kind from that of Iago: the one springs from extreme intensity of passionate energy, the other from a complete lack of passion and a corresponding cold incisiveness of uninspired intellect. For this reason Edmund within the Lear-universe is, as I have observed, more natural and human than Iago within the plot of Othello.

who can say that he knows the "personality" of Lear? Who but his terrible Queen dare love Macbeth? Macbeth and Lear are not individual personalities: they are rather energetic principles of being, essences of that rush of life of which we know ourselves to be part, rather than separate and confined human entities. Their personalities are not limited: they lack something of the moulding and shaping in flesh and blood of the poet's controlling and confining art. They are thus nearer to the bodiless and wayward spirits of passion which are the great figures of Dostoevsky's "novels" than to the realistic idealism of a Tolstoy. But we do know Othello with something of the same knowledge and personal love which we have for Tolstoy's characters. And here again, in respect of realism and personal intimacy, it is seen that Shakespeare follows Lear with a perfect merging of the Othello and Lear styles. First Timon, which I feel certain came next, shows us a character whose passion and universal significance develops from and succeeds a personality concretely lovable as Othello's. And then the same is still more exquisitely true of Cleopatra and Antony, whose transcendent and visionary reality does not develop from, but is one with, the intense humanity of their conception. And yet, if one must judge between the two extremes as seen in Othello and Lear or Macbeth, one must admit, I think, that the peculiar differentiating excellence of Othello is ultimately an excellence of technique, whereas the unearthly power of Macbeth and Lear, itself directly derivative from the central creative instinct in the poet,¹ mirrors likewise in representation the deepest essence of human reality. As Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth*, says Mr. Masfield, "he was at the heart of life."²

I do not wish to disparage the style of *Othello*. Until recently it was my favourite of all the tragedies. No speech

(1) It is, of course, the measure of Shakespeare's by this time seemingly instinctive technical skill that in *Macbeth* and *Lear* he can so allow technique to look after itself and give free play to the daringly audacious effects of passion which these plays illustrate without our immediate sense of reality being seriously impaired.

(2) *Shakespeare and the Spiritual Life*. The Romanes Lecture, 1924, p. 25.

in Shakespeare can parallel in its peculiar excellence Othello's

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood:
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.

This illustrates all the characteristics of the play: the visual or tactile suggestion—"whiter skin of hers than snow," "smooth as monumental alabaster"; the slightly over-decorative phrase, "flaming minister"; the momentary juxtaposition in the mind's eye of humanity and the vast spaces of the night, the "chaste stars"; the concrete imagery of "thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature," and of the comparison of life with the light—"once put out thy light"; the predominance of simple, forward-flowing clarity of statement and of simile over the fiery super-logical welding of thought with molten thought as in the metaphoric style of *Lear* and *Macbeth* and, most especially, *Antony and Cleopatra*; and the fine outstanding single word "Promethean."

The quality of *Othello* is, indeed, nearer in these respects to the style of the post-Renaissance aftermath in English literature—the settled lava of the Elizabethan eruption which gave us the solid image of Marvell and the "marmoreal phrase" of Browne. For *Othello* is the most Miltonic thing in Shakespeare.

SLOVAKIA TO-DAY

BY HENRY BAERLEIN

Now that the Republic of Czechoslovakia has been in existence for more than ten years it is opportune if we regard it rather closely. Ten years, of course, is not a very long period in the life of a State, and Czechoslovakia is only one of Europe's new countries which are all of the same vintage. But, on the other hand, this Central European State has achieved remarkable solidity, while her first ten years have probably been more packed with obstacles and difficult problems than the coming years, so far as we can see, will have in store. To prophesy is the most gratuitous of follies; and yet when a vessel has safely been steered across a tempestuous bar we are justified in feeling more confident as she heads for the open sea.

That part of the country which used to be under the Austrian ægis enjoyed a much more liberal *régime* than was the lot of Slovakia, whose overlord was Hungarian. Unlike the Czechs, the Slovaks had no university; in fact, they had nothing save a number, an inadequate number, of elementary schools, all of which were maintained by the Catholic or the Lutheran Church. The result was that if a young Slovak visited a secondary school or a university he, nearly always, was turned into an Hungarian. One example will suffice—there is in Slovakia to-day a very prominent politician, Professor Tuka. This gentleman is the son of Slovak parents, his father having been a schoolmaster in a village. As the future professor showed a good deal of promise he was sent to a higher school in Budapest, and on returning for his holidays at the age of sixteen he declined to speak anything but the Hungarian language; he looked upon himself as a thorough Hungarian. In this attitude he continued until 1921 or 1922, and then he woke up one morning and, behold, he was a Slovak. We need not speculate as to why he, in

common with many other Slovaks, re-arranged his mind, although in 1921 and 1922 it was becoming more obvious that the cat had made her final jump. But in the first years of the Republic, with so many Slovaks who had not yet found themselves, the patriotic Slovak *intelligentsia* had to avail themselves of the help of their Czech kinsmen. They have to do so still; but an ever-increasing stream of competent Slovaks is being formed. One criticism very commonly levelled at the Czechs is that they have been reluctant to permit the Slovaks to fill all kinds of offices in that province. One of their most persistent critics in this respect has been Monsignor Hlinka, the well-known priest who is the leader of the Hlinka political party. This picturesque and passionate personage is more of a demagogue than a statesman.

No doubt there are minor posts now held by Czechs, for which there are suitable Slovaks; but in the early period this was not the case, and one naturally thinks twice before dispensing with the services of a man who came to this province in the difficult days. When we consider the more lofty posts we find over and over again that the Czechs do their utmost to have them filled by Slovaks. One or two examples will suffice—the maternity hospital at Kosice needed a medical director; it was announced that no application would be entertained except from candidates born in Slovakia, and of the fifty who applied forty-seven were Hungarians and three were Slovaks. One of these Slovaks was chosen, less perhaps on account of his professional eminence than because his father had been a celebrated patriot. The present chief of the State Commercial School at Kežmarok is Dr. Devecka, a Slovak—he used to be a Lutheran clergyman—who is universally respected, even if some of his fellow-Slovaks deplore that he is conscious of their failings. Next year it is likely that Dr. Devecka will go to Bratislava, the Slovak capital, and the authorities would like to have as his successor a young Slovak who is at Bratislava now. Despite the fact that he has very moderate scholastic qualifications he is—because he is a Slovak—put on the

same level as his Czech colleagues on the staff of the school of which he is a master. A hint has been given him that if he will pass another and not at all impossible examination he will in due course be transferred to Kežmarok, where, in addition to a good salary—to say nothing of the influence he would wield—a very desirable residence would also be at his disposal. But the young man prefers to spend his time in the Bratislava cafés and in the pursuit of politics. Unfortunately, as the Roman Catholic bishop of Košice said to me, the average Slovak has become even as the fatalist Russian, whose favourite word is “Nichevo” —“it matters not.” This frame of mind is largely due to Hungarian influence; in Hungary an oligarchy ruled—and rules to-day—and the others were expected to do as they were told. Yet, as I mentioned before, the Slovak generation which is now growing up, set free from the Hungarian miasma, will have very different attributes.

A few years ago the air of Slovakia was thick with complaints; the Czechs were accused of riding rough-shod over Slovak religious sentiments, and it is not surprising that among the numerous Czechs who flocked to the eastern province there were some whose liberal outlook got the better of their discretion. They should have remembered that 85 per cent. of the Slovaks were Roman Catholics, and that many of them were extremely devoted to the Church. In Bohemia a Catholic could reserve a place, a large place, in his heart for John Hus, the reforming priest whom the Church committed to the flames. But a Slovak Catholic would, to put it mildly, turn away from Hus.

A good deal was also heard in Slovakia about the economic difficulties of that province. After the War there came a period of trade depression, and ill-informed or mischievous persons roundly accused the Czechs of having ruined the industries of Slovakia. But there was much more in it than that. The Hungarians, in order to prevent the excessive emigration, had taken steps to favour industries in Slovakia. One could point to textile factories that were subsidised by the State even when satisfactory dividends were being paid. Maybe the

Czechs would have been well advised to continue for a while this policy, despite its economic unsoundness. The iron industry in Slovakia has become impaired through no one's fault but the Poles'—the principal field for export was Galicia, and a frontier with a high tariff has now come into being. Then we must recollect that the industries of Slovakia, such as they were, could find customers in the wide realm of the Habsburgs, whereas now in the narrower Czechoslovakia they have to compete with those of the Czechs, which were in the van of all the Austrian industries. A grievous handicap to Slovak economic progress has been the existence of many small railway lines. Although these lines are administered by the State they are in private hands, and the shares are so high that the owners, who are mostly Hungarians, are not very ready to sell. The Czechoslovak Ministry of Communications is doing what it can to purchase these lines, but Parliament does not want to be harsh. As an example of how these lines are an obstacle to Slovakian progress one can take a distance of fifty-four miles which has to be done over three systems, these being private, then State, and then again private. Every time that the goods go from one system to another the scale of charges begins again. I found one line that came to within a couple of miles of Bratislava, after which the State line began, and the result is that transport charges are tremendous.

I have alluded to the gentle manner in which the authorities treat the Hungarians. But the Hungarians are not very easy to please. In Ruthenia, the province that is adjacent to Slovakia, there are now 120 Hungarian schools—and when I mentioned this fact to an Hungarian lawyer at Košice he retorted that he was sure they were insufficient. “How many schools had you for the Ruthenes,” I asked, “before the War?” He was uncertain, and I informed him that in one school, at Užhorod, a few Ruthenian lessons were given. At a place called Velka Beresna, between Užhorod, the capital, and Užok on the frontier, where terrific battles took place against the Russians, at Velka Beresna there used to be ten or

twelve Hungarian children and about 100 Ruthenian ones, but the school language was Hungarian. This kind of policy is not followed nowadays; I found two villages in the neighbourhood of Užhorod where the population is chiefly Hungarian. The schools are Hungarian and the Czech children of the officials and of an innkeeper have to get up at 5 a.m. in order to go by train to Užhorod, where is the nearest Czech school. To me it seemed that the Czechs are almost morbid in their anxiety to provide adequate education—in Ruthenia, for instance, with a total population of 600,000, they support schools in seven languages. The total revenue in Ruthenia amounts to sixty million crowns, and fifty millions of it are spent on the schools!

Some of the Hungarians are more reasonable than others. The Calvinist Bishop at Bratislava, a dear old gentleman who has lived in America, acknowledges that the position of the Hungarian to-day is better than was the position of the Slovaks in the old days. What he laments is the absence of an Hungarian university. And yet, with her eight million population, Hungary has now got four universities; how can her 700,000 population in Czechoslovakia feel that they are entitled to such an institution? Nevertheless, it is now being arranged to have Hungarian lectures at the University of Bratislava. . . . When one thinks how it was before the War! At the Evangelical Lyceum of Bratislava the curriculum stated that Slovak would be taught for two hours every week; an acquaintance of mine, Dr. Semyan, was there for eight years, and not one single lesson did he have in his native language. But the Hungarian delinquencies with regard to schools were so flagrant that they appear to belong to the Middle Ages. Now, under the new dispensation, they have their own high schools, teachers' college, and so forth—and those of them who are dissatisfied are recommended to consider the large number of wretched Slovaks in Hungary who have no schools of their own and not a single deputy in Parliament. The Hungarians in Czechoslovakia have about fourteen deputies in the Parliament at Prague. They can, if they wish, make speeches in their own tongue.

One hears in Slovakia a great deal on the subject of land reform. It is alleged that while the land has been taken from the large owners, who were nearly all Hungarians, it has not been allocated to the Hungarian peasants, but only to the Slovaks. Those who are well disposed towards the Republic have pointed out that if the Hungarian peasant can be satisfied in this respect he will become an excellent subject of the new State, for he is quite aware that Hungary is the most feudal country in Europe, where an extremely limited system of land reform has been introduced. It appears that up to the present day 36,000 hectares of land have been allocated to Hungarian peasants in Slovakia—that is to say, 24,000 families have each received $1\frac{1}{2}$ hectares in addition to what they already possessed. The authorities are unable to satisfy all the Hungarian demand for land, the simple reason being that there is not sufficient land that is fertile; and, seeing that the Slovaks were handicapped for centuries and have been obliged to divide and divide their poor land in the mountainous regions, it is only natural that the Land Office should take this into account. Slovak colonists have been settled here and there among their Hungarian fellow-subjects on land which the magnate used to possess, and which was very sparsely populated. Certain critics have declared that such measures are foredoomed, and they have pointed, as an example, to the failure of the Prussian colonists in what is now the western province of Poland. But between Slovak colonists and Hungarian peasants there seems to be very little hostility. For example, at the Slovak colony of Maczhaza, near Komarno, there was, a few months ago, a cattle show, to which the neighbouring Hungarian farmers were invited; some of them were placed on the juries. When the prizes were being awarded the Slovaks showed a preference for cash, whereas the Hungarians requested that, instead of cash, they might be given diplomas. These were entirely printed in the Slovak language, but the farmers intended to hang them up as decorations in their houses. Naturally the Hungarian landowners have been very inimical to the system of land reform; they have told the world that the compensation they have received for their confiscated land (no one may now have more than a

fixed amount) is far too small. But they sometimes omit to mention that, while pre-War prices no longer prevail, they are likewise liberated from settling their indebtedness on that basis; and practically all of them were indebted to the banks. The Hungarian landowners opposed the subdivision of their estates, even if those who were to have the benefit were Hungarians. Near the village of Karva, for example, the land was owned by four persons, and the landless peasants went across the Danube to earn their living in the various industries, cement or tiles or iron works. When the drawing of the new frontier made this difficult or even impossible, the peasants began to join the Communist Party. And when the officials of the Czechoslovak Land Office told the four landowners that their fields, like those of other people, would be subject to land reform, one of these owners, Julius Szöke by name, expostulated. "Those to whom you want to give it," he said, "are Communists." He was reminded that they were his own compatriots.

Throughout the Republic the demand for land is so great that it is impossible to satisfy all the applicants; even in Bohemia forty-two per cent. have to be rejected. The Land Office does its best, with the result in Slovakia that instead of enormous estates the land is coming into the possession of a contented peasantry, Slovak and Hungarian. It is not surprising that the feudal Government in Hungary looks askance at the democratic atmosphere in the neighbouring country.

More and more, however, it is being recognised by the Hungarians that the Slovaks are not disposed to break up their partnership, which is a most natural one, with the Czechs. The national self-consciousness that was lacking in all but four or five hundred educated Slovaks at the end of the War, owing to the methods practised for years by Budapest, is now in evidence. There are also other reasons that have made the Slovaks very determined to remain where they are, one of them being their own economic position as compared with that of Hungary. Despite the vigilance of the frontier-guards a great many articles are smuggled out of Slovakia

into Hungary, where almost everything is more expensive. A favourite plan is for a person to cross the frontier wearing a new suit, which in this way escapes the duty; and he repeats the operation day after day, for nothing is easier than to enter this part of Hungary where in many places there are neither mountains nor rivers. As for smuggling from Hungary into Slovakia, it is only articles of bulk, such as flour, that are more expensive in Slovakia, and the difference is so small that no smuggling takes place. Of course, one can find Slovaks who criticise the Czechs, despite all the help that the Czechs have given them. And the neutral observer is apt to become a little impatient with such criticism. When one compares the lot of the Slovaks before and after the War the difference is even as that between night and day. If one had to live through days and days of uninterrupted sunlight one would come to detest the monotony, and this the wiser of the Slovaks understand. Such wisdom is more general than might have been supposed, since at the recent elections to the four provincial assemblies—Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia and Ruthenia—the cause of Slovak autonomy was ill-supported. It had been one of the main planks in the platform of the Hlinka Party, and that party lost a good deal more than 100,000 votes. The devout Catholic peasants who had hitherto been glad to fall in behind Hlinka have come to see that one can get on very well with the Czechs, although they may every one of them be, as Hlinka in his impassioned moments is fond of declaring, Hussites and atheists. When the excessive land of the Catholic Church was, like that of the Hungarian aristocrats, made subject to agrarian reform and could be obtained, on due payment, by the peasants, these latter were warned by some of their clergy of what would happen to them if they availed themselves of this offer. But the peasants for the most part replied that for the present what interested them was a means of getting their bread in this life; the affairs of the hereafter would occupy them at a subsequent date. The waning of the Hlinka Party augurs well for Czechoslovakia, and that although it chances to be one of the Government Coalition parties. There is in its programme

far too much of Slovak separatism. The future lies with those parties, such as the Agrarian, which do not confine themselves to one part of the Republic. And, unfortunately, Monsignor Hlinka does not keep his religion and his politics in watertight compartments. If he knows that the priest in a certain village does not belong to the Hlinka Party, but perhaps to the Christian Socialist Party, he is wont to denounce him to the priest's own parishioners. Thus it has come about that 136 priests in the neighbouring diocese, that of Košice, have petitioned the bishop that he should forbid in that diocese any activity on the part of Hlinka, not even allowing him to preach, since his sermons and his political speeches are often indistinguishable. The bishop made no immediate reply.

The Czechs and the Slovaks are coming together. The first rapturous days of the honeymoon at the end of 1918 had necessarily to be followed by a period not so agreeable—their traditions, their mentality were so dissimilar. The Hungarians had always done their utmost to keep these kindred Slavs apart. And another thing that separated them was the difference between their languages. The literary language of both Czechs and Slovaks used to be Czech, and the Lutheran Slovaks to this day use the old Czech translation of the Bible. That is one of the reasons why the Lutheran Slovaks found it more simple than did the Catholics to become fellow-citizens of the Czechs. Various dialects were spoken by the people, and Louis Stúr (1815-1856) chose one of the Slovak dialects to be the language of Slovakia, thus endowing not only the peasants but also the Slovak *intelligentsia* with their own separate language. On behalf of the Slovak language it is said that as it is the central so it is the purest of all Slav tongues, whereas the spirit of Czech is tinted with German, which is not to be wondered at when one remembers how for centuries the Czech- and the German-speaking population of Bohemia have been associated with each other. But even if Slovak is the more purely Slav, yet as the spring is followed by summer it will give way to Czech, for if a learned book were to be published in Slovak the sale would be far too small to bring any profit. Out of the

seven million Czechs 15 per cent. want to have scientific books, while out of the two million Slovaks this demand is only made by $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. It follows that books dealing with medical, legal, and other mundane studies will be printed in Czech, and that the Slovak language will be used for more domestic purposes by the *intelligentsia* of that province. Gradually—the process may occupy some twenty years—there will cease to be a separate Slovak language, although this and that dialect will remain in the isolated, mountainous districts. There will also cease to be a separate Czech language, its place being taken by Czechoslovak, to which the people of Slovakia will furnish a contribution. To-day one already finds a number of people who speak Czechoslovak: for example, most of the Czech officials and their children whose destiny has placed them in Slovakia, while others are to be found—though they may themselves deny it—among the most nationalist Slovak deputies who spend a good deal of their time in Prague. There are, as a matter of fact, more differences between some of the Slovak dialects than there is between the Czech and the Slovak literary language. But nevertheless the two literary languages *are* different, and the ultimate possession of a common language will be to the benefit of everyone.

BRITISH FILM PRODUCTION

By R. D. CHARQUES

PERHAPS the chief difficulty in connection with both the production and the discussion of films is to distinguish between their commercial and artistic aspects, and the failure to distinguish between them constitutes, I believe, half of the trouble about films in this country. Nobody denies the trouble. A *questionnaire* recently issued by one of our more enterprising exhibitors asked the recipient to put in order of preference—not of merit—German, French, American, and British films. It then went on to ask him whether he thought it essential that British ideals and “British business ethics” should be adequately illustrated on the world’s cinematographic screens. That is certainly one way of calling attention to the quality of British films and to the condition of the British film industry. It does not seem to be at all useful to say to those in authority in the industry that what the public want is good, rather than peculiarly national, films. Film producers and exhibitors, after all, are necessarily concerned with profits, and from their point of view it is no doubt fitting that patriotic instincts should be at the service of industry. The trouble, however, is that the British public, like any other, are inclined to expect value for their money.

Let us put it in this way. The average film-goer in this country, who until a year or so ago rarely saw other than American films, would willingly exchange an enforced interest in the American scene for further acquaintance with English conditions. There is, in fact, nothing he would support more readily than good British films. Let us assume that the Quota, no doubt legitimate enough as an industrial expedient, is also the most helpful thing in the circumstances. It is a big assumption, contradicted, it is to be feared, by the facts at the moment, but let us make it as hopefully as we can. It is still necessary to

bear in mind the fact that the film market is an international one. The American film industry is the third largest in America largely because of its export trade. There is no reason why the British film industry should not become the third largest industry in this country, but it will not do so merely by pleading for the support of the British public. In the end, of course, prosperity for the industry depends almost entirely on the popular merit of its products. If the Quota ever justifies itself, it must be fairly soon, and only by giving us better—much better—British films. If, as is the case to-day, it results merely in increased production and an unimproved artistic standard, its temporary economic advantage is likely to be a great nuisance in the end.

Perhaps it is too early to examine in detail the effect the Quota has already had upon the general character of British films. As for what the effect may be in the near future, the plain truth is that the greatest danger lies in the slow but growing artificial prosperity of the industry at this period of transition. At the present day the economic outlook is certainly more promising than that of two or three years ago. A fair amount of money has been put into the industry, many more films are being produced, reciprocal agreements have been made with foreign producers and renters, and one or two of the older companies seem to be making handsome profits on some of their films. But the present economic situation as a whole is still considerably less satisfactory than is commonly supposed, and even so it is not the most significant part of the story. The artistic outlook, to be quite frank, remains extremely depressing. Whatever the causes may be, the very large majority of British films are still extraordinarily crude and wanting in popular appeal. I will try to summarise their general failings in a moment, but meanwhile there is this important fact to be noted: there seems to be something of a conspiracy in the Press to lull the British film industry into a false and highly dangerous complacency. It is not merely that its worst faults are tolerated, but that its very mistakes are hailed as virtues in newspaper reports and criticisms. It is easy to understand the

film-making is an activity peculiarly in keeping with the American mind and American conditions.

Not that Hollywood produces the best films—far from it; it produces only the most saleable. Practically all genuine film art has originated among the Germans, who alone have recognised the place of fantasy in film technique, and whose achievement in the fine arts, as a very thoughtful critic recently pointed out, would seem to suggest a natural genius for the methods of the screen. But a more important factor in financially successful film-making than the methods of the screen is the psychology of film audiences, and this the Americans have appreciated from the beginning. (Those of us with any enthusiasm for purely cinematographic art deplore their present concentration on the talking-picture, a hybrid mechanical thing that destroys the main artistic convention of the screen. The fact remains that it seems to be wholly in accord with popular taste.) The point is, therefore, not that films of the type of *Dr. Caligari*, *The Last Laugh*, *Vaudeville*, etc., were made in Germany, but that Hollywood, whilst retaining its peculiarly “filmish” psychology—its energetic showmanship and “cowboy” mentality—has borrowed from the technique of these films whatever it can conveniently assimilate for its own naïve ends. What has actually happened is that directors, camera men, actors, and studio apparatus have all passed at different times from Germany to Hollywood, which has used them to further artistically its native emphasis on popular romanticism, popular materialistic sentiment, popular visual excitement, and so on. The purpose of the Hollywood magnate, that is, has been frankly commercial, but his method has been in some degree or other artistic. That is a truth that cannot be too strongly emphasised. In the long run films make money because of their popular artistic qualities, not because they are designed to make money. And therein, it seems to me, lies the main weakness of British film production at the present time: it begins entirely at the wrong end. Its purpose is nominally artistic, its method is commercial; and its salvation lies in its ability to reverse this state of affairs. The films, after all, are

actually an art, and British film producers must face the fact and rely on learning their job, not on legislation or cant patriotism or industrial agreements.

To particularise, the failure of British films is due to two things: most of them are either made too cheaply or are too subservient in technique to the conventions of the theatre. There is not the least difficulty in substantiating either criticism. As regards the insufficient expenditure on British films, those in the industry would be the first to admit it. Lacking enterprise, we have also lacked capital; there is more money in the industry to-day than was the case two years ago, but we are hardly so wealthy as the Americans. Very few good films can be made cheaply; parts of a film may cost less than other parts, but it is roughly true that for a popular balance of film characteristics spectacular effect is required, and this is often a costly business. There is an alternative to the spectacular in a film, as I shall endeavour to suggest at the end, but this demands intelligence. As for the lamentable domination of stage convention in the actual choice and direction of British films, that is an even more serious matter. It is because film direction in England seems to be hopelessly tied to the technique of the stage that one is inclined to despair of the industry unless drastic changes are made in its directing *personnel*. It is not merely that directors are crassly set to film stage successes like the plays of Mr. Noel Coward, regardless of their appropriateness to the screen, but that they themselves seem to delight in approaching their job from the angle of the theatre, interpreting the scenario by a dramatic, not a visual, technique, and favouring everything that the theatre offers in the way of stage situation, stage acting, stage humour, and even stage make-up. That the only appeal of sense is to the eye, that a story is best told in language, that miming, not acting, is required for the film—all this is invariably ignored by most British directors, who cannot escape, it would appear, from the conviction that the films are an offshoot of the theatre. The necessity for cheapness tells, of course; it is a help to have as few changes of scene as possible, and to confine the sets to a few relatively simple

stage interiors. But even this does not dispose of the need for intelligence and for an understanding of the appeal of the screen.

Artistically, film production in this country is in a curiously amateurish condition. The last thing it needs is an excessive critical generosity. Even the trade journals protested, it is true, against the ineptitudes of a recently trade-shown film called *For Valour*, which professed to tell the story of the Victoria Cross. Such protests, however, are rare. Against them must be set the chorus of praise which greeted, for example, *Underground*, hailed for its novel and daring technique. Mr. Anthony Asquith, as yet without a great deal of experience, had an admirable idea for this film, and was rightly convinced that the important thing was his treatment of the story, not the story itself. The result was worthy of high encouragement, but nothing could have been less appropriate than the chorus of approval on technical grounds. The film was immature and experimental; many of the important "shots" were taken from arbitrarily fantastic angles, a dozen little incidents had no apparent significance, dramatic or visual, and the photography of the Lots Road Power Station and of the tube escalators was extremely disappointing. Without question the film was a step in the right direction, but it was hardly a masterpiece of technique. I have considered this film at a little length chiefly in order to suggest that intemperate enthusiasm has had the result of prejudicing intelligent people, not merely at home but in America, against British films. And we frankly cannot afford that luxury. Experiment is desirable and indeed essential, but it is folly to salute it as achievement.

One looks in vain, it is true, for a sign of experiment in the work of other directors. There is no point in dilating upon the work of the less gifted among them, but the unfortunate thing is that there have been rather unexpected disappointments in some quarters. Mr. E. A. Dupont, who had made the celebrated Ufa film *Vaudeville*, was got over a year ago to make *Moulin Rouge*, an

exasperatingly poor thing designed for the Continental market. Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, having done some brilliantly effective work in *The Ring* (perhaps the most efficient and satisfying British film yet made), has since applied his talent to quite undistinguished stuff. For the rest, there remain films of the type of *Huntingtower*, which deals with the manner in which a little party of Bolsheviks in a Scottish castle were outwitted by a troop of Boy Scouts headed by Sir Harry Lauder. The kindness this film received in the Press was a particularly ill service.

The position, it seems to me, is this. The Quota will defeat its own ends soon enough if the standard of British films does not make rapid improvement; the American position will become more impregnable than ever, and, as regards our own products, the public will inevitably stay away from them and the British producer's gain will be the British exhibitor's loss. On the one hand, although it is essential to risk spending more money on our films, we cannot and should not compete with America in the matter of lavish spectacular shows. We cannot afford that, and in any case the destruction of ten-storey buildings and prodigious cabaret entertainments are less vital to the films than the Americans suppose; it is visual fantasy rather than the spectacular which provides what is best in film art, and the alternative to costly spectacular effect is, therefore, imaginative pictorial composition. (One of the most hopeful things in this connection is the attempt to come to working arrangements with the Ufa studios.) On the other hand, our film producers should forget that such a thing as the theatre exists, and should concentrate more on mechanical efficiency in their own medium.

There is no further simple remedy, but it is necessary to realise in addition that films and film-making are founded upon an idea. America is full of ideas. There is not the slightest need to imitate them. We cannot hope to be as naïve as Hollywood; we are more sophisticated, and perhaps we are less sentimental. But we must certainly find room for intelligence, and, whether or not we

get rid of the greater number of our managers, producers, directors, stars, scenarists, and "art" editors, it is certain that almost our best hope at the moment lies in choosing more suitable themes for British films. It is the scenario of our films that does most of the initial damage, and it is intelligence in the choice of scenarios that is most necessary to immediate artistic progress. It is not a bit of good hunting in newspapers and magazines and the West-End theatre for likely "stories." A scenario should be conceived in terms of the cinema, should translate drama into purely pictorial invention, and should preserve, I think, a measure of fidelity to the facts of English life. The economic aim, after all, is not only to supply the home market, but to sell in America. To this end we already possess the very great advantage that America is keenly interested in most things English. It is a trite conclusion, but the whole thing is surely a case, not for "British business ethics" or further legislation, but for the exercise of a little intelligence.

UNJUST WILLS

BY EVA M. HUBBACK

THERE is a curious gap in that part of our legal system which determines the relations between husbands and wives and parents and children. Although considerable care is taken that husbands shall support wives (and, under certain conditions, wives their husbands), and that parents shall support dependent children in their lifetime, no provision exists that when a husband, wife or parent dies possessed of some fortune, he or she shall leave any portion of this by will to the surviving spouse or children, however necessitous.

England stands almost alone in this anomalous state of affairs, with the result that cases frequently come to light of widows, widowers or children who, having been maintained satisfactorily by their husbands, wives or parents during the lifetime of these, have to depend after their deaths on the charity of friends or on the Poor Law.

For some time past a demand has arisen in many quarters that the laws of inheritance should be altered in this respect. Last year Lord Astor brought the matter before Parliament, and this year is returning to the attack by introducing the Wills and Intestacies (Family Maintenance) Bill into the House of Lords.

It is interesting in this respect to note not only that under the old common law a man could not give away any part of his estate without the consent of his children, but also that our present code protects the widow and orphans in other connections. Thus, in the case of intestacy the law recognises the right of the surviving husband or wife to a fixed share in the estate of the other (amounting to £1,000 and a life interest in half the remainder), while children (whether dependent or not) are entitled to share equally in what is left. Since the passing of the Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act, also, the insured population are bound to contribute towards the support of their widows and orphans. The law, moreover,

protects wives, husbands and children if any of them fail in their duties with regard to maintenance of one another. Thus, during his lifetime a husband is bound to support his wife according to his position in life and his means, and she has authority to pledge his credit if he does not provide properly for her (unless she has left him for no cause or has been unfaithful to him). A wife also, if she has money of her own, is liable for the maintenance of her husband if he becomes chargeable to the Poor Law. With regard to dependent children, both parents are criminally liable if they fail to support them, and have to refund the Guardians if the children are in the latter's care.

The need for a change in the law is seen in the fact that each year a certain number of cases come to light in which no provision has been made for a wife (or husband) and children, although the testator has been perfectly able to make it. These cases seem mainly to be found in that section of the population not sufficiently wealthy for marriage settlements to be made at the time of marriage, but too well off to come within the limits of the Widows', Orphans' and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act. It must be remembered that the number of cases which do not come to light is certainly many times larger than those which do. As there is no legal remedy for an evil, and as its exposure involves the washing of family dirty linen in public, there is no doubt at all but that a large number of hard cases remain unknown.

That the present law works out often unjustly is so obvious as scarcely to need stressing. Marriage is a partnership, and a husband both pledges himself in his marriage vows and is legally bound to maintain his wife; she usually gives the best part of her life in rendering services in the home as wife and mother, thus seriously injuring and frequently destroying her value in the labour market. If he dies and, out of perversity or ill-will, is able to leave all his money away from her, the tacit understanding under which, on marriage, she, in the vast majority of cases, gave up her economic independence is ruptured. *There can be no reason whatever for denying her after her husband's death what the law admits is her*

due during his lifetime. In addition, moreover, to the number of cases which do arise, it is obvious that the power to disinherit gives an unscrupulous husband a very powerful weapon of intimidation.

Similarly, a husband who has been accustomed, perhaps on account of old age or of physical disability, to depend on his wife's property when she is alive, should not be deprived of at least a share of this by reason only of her having predeceased him.

It would, again, be generally agreed that where parents die possessed of money their dependent children, at any rate, should not have to be supported by charity or by the community.

The following are summaries of typical hard cases which have occurred recently. The writer can give to any enquirer chapter and verse, and also a long list of similar stories which have come to her knowledge:—

A fairly rich man (a public-house manager) left his wife to live with another woman. During his life he was forced to make her a reasonable allowance, but on his death he left all his money to the woman he preferred, and the wife had to come to the Guardians for Poor Law Relief.

An Army officer left a widow and three young children, who had been struggling to exist on a very small pittance remitted to them out of his pay. He bequeathed £20 to each of his three lawful children and £50 to his wife, but added that she was not even to receive this if the authorities paid her any pension. The remainder of his property was left to a woman with whom he had been living in Egypt and to his son by her. His wife was of absolutely irreproachable character, and had never seen or heard of the other woman.

A husband was killed while riding a motor cycle, leaving his widow and a son of fourteen and a half. By his will all his property passed to an elder sister. His son is to receive £50 on reaching the age of twenty-one. Husband and wife had always lived together, and she is a good mother. She had had no reason to believe that she would be left without means.

A woman was left penniless on the death of her husband after being married to him for twenty years. The whole of his estate, valued at £3,000, and even the furniture, was left to his two sons by his first wife. She has now to apply for relief.

A wife left all her property to her son—an only child—who is a certified lunatic, and, of course, his property is in the hands of trustees. The husband is now senile but non-certifiable, entirely without friends, and incapable of managing his affairs.

A wife who had been living with her husband on perfectly friendly terms left her savings to her nephews and nieces to the exclusion of her husband, who was then an elderly man and getting past work.

The familiar argument that hard cases make bad law was, as might have been expected, put forward last year during the debate in the House of Lords on Lord Astor's resolution. But, as the *Law Quarterly Review*, commenting on the debate, remarked: "If hard cases make bad law, it is equally true that hard cases are often evidence that the law is bad." Most of the laws dealing with violence, robbery, the protection of children, and safeguarding of the maintenance of wives are all based on nothing but hard cases. While, therefore, the rooted conviction in favour of testamentary freedom in English law must be recognised and respected, and while the admission must readily be made that in the great majority of cases this principle works well, and the average testator has both an innate sense of justice and a greater knowledge than has any outsider of the requirements and failings of each member of his family, still the case appears established for some modification of the present law which would reduce hard cases to a minimum. The proposals which follow later will not, however, in any way hamper the average testator any more than the provisions of our laws against theft are needed to prevent any of the readers of this magazine from stealing, or the provisions of the Children Act are required to protect the average child from parental neglect or brutality. In the same way in which the community must be protected from its few rogues, or the ill-treated child from its unnatural parents, so must a widower, widow or orphan be protected from the vagaries of an inconsiderate or vindictive testator.

It will be useful, before coming to the proposals themselves, to look beyond this country, and to see how the problem has been solved elsewhere.

In Scotland a husband or wife is entitled on the death of one or the other to one-half of the estate if there are no children, and to one-third if there are children. The children are entitled to one-third of the estate of the first parent who dies, and to one-half if there is no surviving parent.

In New Zealand if a testator fails to make adequate provision for his or her wife, husband or children, the court may order that a portion of the estate be handed

over to them, account being taken of the character and conduct of the claimant. In most of the States of Australia and in parts of Canada very similar legislation obtains, and in Saskatchewan and Alberta a widow may claim up to what she is entitled to receive had her husband died intestate.

In the United States provision is made in nearly every State that the widow shall have either a fixed portion of her husband's property, or that she shall have an allowance for herself and her family fixed at the discretion of the court. In France, Germany, Austria, Holland, Italy, Sweden, and Switzerland there are laws which reserve a certain proportion of a testator's property to the surviving spouse and children. There is evidence to show that the very existence of these Acts removes the likelihood of hard cases, so that few cases are brought before the court each year. Few testators consciously frame their wills in such a way that appeals against them could legally be made.

Having surveyed the existing law both in our own country and abroad, let us consider quite shortly what proposals are being put forward to effect the necessary reforms. Lord Astor's Bill, which applies equally to both husband and wife, aims at securing that both the testator's family (husband, wife or dependent children) and his dependants (people whom the testator supported in his lifetime) shall be properly provided for by will, unless this has been effected in some other way. At the same time his powers of disposition are interfered with only to a very slight extent. This is achieved by adopting in part the Dominion method of authorising the court to interfere—though in this case *only* when the will does not comply with the requirements it lays down.

By making these requirements the Bill adopts the Scottish precedent, though these are far less than in Scotland. It demands that a share of not less than one-third of the income shall be left to the surviving spouse, and that if the income of the estate is sufficient he or she should have not less than £3 per week. Dependent children must be left at least one-third of what would have been due to them in the case of intestacy with an upward limit of £10,000 capital. The claims of dependants (which can

only be put forward when the family has been provided for) are limited to £3 a week.

Where these provisions have not been complied with, applications may be made to the Chancery or County Court, according to the sum involved. The court has complete discretion to allow what portion of the estate it thinks fit to the applicants. It can take into account their character and conduct, their means, whether husband and wife were living together at the time of the testator's decease, and anything relevant to the issue. Before coming to court at all the executors of the deceased person's estate must first be approached to see if an arrangement can be effected. This will generally make it unnecessary to apply to the court, except to deal with some particularly difficult point. Altogether it is expected that, as in the Dominions, the effect of the Bill will not be to increase litigation, but to prevent the making of capricious wills knowing that this would lead either to a compromise by the executors or in the last resort to rectification by the court.

So much for the Bill. It is certain that this first attempt at drafting legislation in an intricate and, in this country in modern times at least, a new subject invites criticism. There is a danger, for instance, that it may be shot at both by those who dislike any fixed provision on the Scottish plan, and by those who dislike too much being left to the discretion of the court. A little reflection may show, however, that the ingenious compromise already described of laying down a minimum provision which, if adhered to, renders the will inviolate, combined at the same time with the court's complete discretion where this has been disregarded, makes the best of both worlds.

The castle of complete testamentary freedom is a very strong one, and this is the first attempt in recent times to tilt against it. It may take a considerable time, but the welcome given to the spirit which animates Lord Astor's proposals not only by the lay but also by the legal Press was very encouraging; success will in all probability come at last on account of their inherent justice.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

By STEPHEN GWYNN

THINGS that happen and, as the phrase goes, call for comment, are generally things that had better not have happened; so one may consider this month of February to March fortunate, for there is not much to chronicle. Rebellion in Mexico can hardly be regarded as a remarkable event; it is the custom of the country, and becomes less surprising than ever when an imperfectly established Government has chosen to challenge a dominant Church. No doubt when a Church is assailed it has given strong provocation, for Governments do not go looking for trouble, and such a quarrel is always dangerous for the assailant. But the anti-clerical party in Mexico offers no convincing guarantees that its motives in this interference with an established religious authority have been those of a higher civilisation.

The matter has an interest for European observers chiefly because they wish to see what the United States will do. Nobody else can intervene in Mexico, and, directly or indirectly, the United States must. Hitherto it appears that they have supported the existing Government by denying supply of munitions to the insurgents—if not also by providing these to the persons officially charged with maintaining order. *A priori* this is natural and right. Governments have a common interest in preventing the success of rebellion, and apparently the administration in which ex-President Calles, acting as Minister for War, rather overshadows the existing President Portes Gil is a diplomatically recognised administration. It will save President Hoover and his newly formed Cabinet much trouble if the recognised administration in Mexico can maintain itself. President Wilson from 1913 onwards, and throughout the whole period of the European War, was in the awkward position of not knowing clearly which claimant

to authority in Mexico should be backed. At one point he was driven to military intervention after United States territory had been violated and American lives destroyed. But the difficulty which then confronted him was that if United States troops entered Mexico, it must be to support one of the two (or three) contending factions; yet when they entered, it immediately became probable that all Mexican forces would combine against the invaders. This was the more embarrassing because at that time the United States had very few troops to send. President Wilson could command unlimited money but very little else, and although the interest of his citizens was suffering seriously and Americans in Mexico were urging intervention, he had to face the fact that the democracy of which he was the head did not show any zeal to vindicate the rights of American property-owners.

Matters are different now. President Hoover presides over a fully armed Power. If affairs in Mexico fell back to the condition in which they were fifteen years ago—and the fall would not be very long or very steep—he would have more difficulty in avoiding military action, because he possesses the means to carry it out. Such action could be justified by innumerable examples from the old order of things; yet however disinterested it might claim, or prove itself, to be, armed intervention would be held to sin against the new light, unless the United States acted as the mandatory of some court.

The possession of immense military power by the United States may be, and many of us believe is, without the least menace to civilised mankind; yet from the moment that any possibility of using this power comes in sight, a glaring inconsistency between American theory and American practice manifests itself. The American theory is that all disputes between nations should be justiciable: the nations should appoint their own court of judges and carry out its decrees by a combined police. In some tentative manner this scheme has been adopted. We have the League of Nations linked to the Hague Tribunal. America says to the nations: "Admirable, we are proud of you; but do not ask us to do your police work. We for

our part shall never be aggressive, and therefore shall never give trouble to the police. If we use our armament it will only be for disciplinary purposes."

It is only fair to say that the conviction of their own special integrity which we notice in the people of the United States is part of their inheritance from the English stock. That makes it the harder for Englishmen to put up with. Still, it is worth while to consider the relevant passage in Mr. Hoover's inaugural:—

American statesmen were among the first to propose, and they have constantly urged upon the world, the establishment of a tribunal for the settlement of controversies of a judiciable character. The way should, and I believe will, be found by which we may take our proper place in a movement so fundamental to the progress of peace.

In so far as this is an admission that America has not yet taken her proper place, we may note it with a discreet assent. But Mr. Hoover continues:—

Our people have determined that we should make no political engagement, such as membership of the League of Nations, which may commit us in advance as a nation to become involved in the settlements of controversies between other countries. They adhere to the belief that the independence of America from such obligations increases its ability and availability for service in all human fields of human progress.

There is here a significant assertion and a significant implication. The assertion is that the United States will not take a hand in international police work. If there are disorders between other countries, the United States desires to remain free to regard these (like President Wilson in 1915), as "a brawl in a tavern," from which the decent man sheers away in disgust. Other States, on whom the semi-menial task devolves, may be under the duty of stopping the fight. America, though free from any such obligation, may, of course, step in as a volunteer assistant. Apparently Mr. Hoover would argue that the moral effect of such interference would be more potent because it was not obligatory, and that such help would be the more available because it would be given without the necessity to take thought whether other similar obligations might arise at the same time. But probably most people would hold that the physical value of intervention greatly out-

weighs the moral, and that a conscript rifleman is no less valuable than a volunteer. They would also conclude from the precedent of the last War that assistance would not come from the United States till its people felt themselves attacked—and attacked in a manner which no nation could be too proud to resent.

If, as is quite probable, military intervention were ruled out of the question, the position is this. Strife breaks out between two countries, members of the League of Nations. The League decides that one is in the wrong. Members of the League are bound to withhold finance and supplies from the wrongdoer. The United States, being outside the League, will have retained the right to nullify the League's action in this respect by supplying the sinews of war to the boycotted. They may have a strong material interest in doing so. Even though (as between 1914 and 1916) they should have an inexhaustible market for their products in the camp of one belligerent, they would probably be able to get even higher prices if both belligerents were bidding. Mr. Hoover's contention is that if they decided to endorse the League's boycott and help only the cause which an international court had justified, the moral effect of this self-denial would be a greater contribution to the League's strength than the mere covenanted support of its ordinary members. Thus the United States would treat its child, the League of Nations, as does the prudent father who will support his son when the son deserves it. On the other hand, the League would certainly gain even more, morally, if the United States ("whose influence and high purposes are respected among the peoples of the world," as Mr. Hoover tells us) saw its way to undertake the obligations of membership. But here comes in the implication of Mr. Hoover's statement, which is even more important than the assertion. No international policeman shall ever have the right to touch the United States on the shoulder and summon it before a court of its peers. Still less shall any conceivable force of international policemen have the right to execute the sentence of any international court upon the United States. "Nations not so blest as we" (English patriotic literature provides the exact expression) may do

wisely and well to undertake these duties and obligations; but not the people of the United States. They have no need of a court either to protect or to restrain. That is, in brief, the implication.

Meantime in England the shadow of a General Election begins to be felt. It must fall heavy on some fifteen to twenty gentlemen (or ladies) who in the next few weeks have to contest seats, with the sure knowledge that after a couple of months the ordeal must be renewed—and paid for over again. Sympathy should go out in particular to the fortunate unhappy who win, because for them—and for their bank balances—no escape is possible; nor can they have assurance of a second victory, since a new register will be in force, and shoals of voters, male and female, added. But each candidate will have assisted in the service of giving electoral experts more data on which to base forecasts. Recent phenomena are held to point to at least the probability of a Labour Government, and it is said that those who have money to lend become in consequence very unaccommodating. Literary men, as a rule, have few of those encumbrances which might prevent them from whistling when Mr. Snowden is in earshot; but for my own part I cannot see the grounds for believing that Mr. Baldwin's following will lose such a portentous number of seats as would give anybody else a clear majority; Labour commands more enthusiastic support than the Tories, for it is easier to be enthusiastic in attack. But, on the other hand, Mr. Baldwin's personality is a great asset to his party, and Mr. MacDonald's is not. Few who have been in contact with the Labour Leader can help admiring and liking him, but neither he nor any of his colleagues has the peculiar magnetism which can stir masses so profoundly as to take every possible voter to the poll. Mr. Baldwin does not possess this quality, but he has a great hold on popular liking. If he made a personal matter of it, the appeal would be worth very many thousands of votes to his side. But unluckily he is subject to inhibitions which would prevent him from doing anything so flamboyant—and perhaps that is why he is

liked. Yet I doubt if any man can be an effective leader of democracy without a good deal of flamboyancy. Mr. Lloyd George has this: but he has to fight a scepticism concerning him that is deeply ingrained in the public mind. Joseph Chamberlain, another flamboyant, created enthusiasm, first on one side and then, with equal success, on the other. His name can still move memory; the hates which he engendered have died down, the passionate admiration survives. Yet however high one may rate his achievement, it is a small thing compared with what lies behind Mr. Lloyd George. The English have not the name of being a fickle people, but somehow a sponge has been drawn very effectively over the slate where the score of Mr. Lloyd George's war period is recorded, and those who follow him with zeal are veterans from his earlier days. Still the man survives; and when I read in cold print his much-derided speech of March 1st I found myself thinking of what was said by some who were near him in war time—old opponents, become supporters—that he not only gave conviction that the War must be won, but that he could win it. Power to create such confidence is an inestimable gift; and it was felt in his speech. Nobody need be impressed by his affirmation of a singular unity existing in the Liberal Party simply because four leading members of that select few sat at the same table. But it was impressive to find Sir Herbert Samuel affirming his conviction that the surprising pledge which Mr. Lloyd George had given was capable of fulfilment: for that very able man does not speak without clear understanding of what he says, or without intellectual conviction.

It is easy to say that Liberals make these speeches because there is no chance of their being asked to fulfil their promises. But if the Tory attitude is to be that for an indefinite future Great Britain must patiently and submissively carry the present mass of unemployment, then a period of violent reaction is certain. The Labour Party propose a very drastic series of changes, which taken together they call Socialism. Mr. Lloyd George apparently proposes no more, and no less, than to treat unemployment as a life and death emergency, and use the

national credit to meet it as it would be used in time of war. Many people would rather vote for Mr. Lloyd George than for Socialism, and they will probably say to themselves that votes will not be wasted on him, because even with a following of seventy or eighty members he will be effectively in power.

On the other hand, there are a great many people who sincerely desire the extinction of the Liberals—some because it would make an end of Mr. Lloyd George, whom they detest, and some because it would re-establish politics on a basis of two parties. Undoubtedly Parliament worked more smoothly when there were only two parties; but, just as surely, in the widespread democracy of modern times no electorate can group itself so simply. Even leaving out the Irish Nationalists, there have been three parties in the British Parliament for a generation; if proportional representation were introduced there would probably be more. Some change in the present system of voting, which loads the scales in favour of Toryism, will certainly be made as soon as Liberals and Labour together are strong enough to effect it. Assume that change, and the multiplication of groups as its consequence, there will be this further result. Outstanding individuals will count for more and parties for less. M. Poincaré's position in France would be impossible under the two-party system.

It is instructive to note that Lord Craigavon's Government in Northern Ireland is about to abolish P.R. The one essential matter in his view is that Ulster shall keep clear of the Free State. Under the group system there is a chance that some alliance between Labour and Nationalists may gain power, with a pact to vote for union. On the other hand, if each seat is separately contested the issue can be brought down (owing to the Ulster temperament) to one of Protestant *versus* Catholic, and so long as this is the issue Protestants will remain in power. But there is no subject on which the English electorate could be divided, nor is it desired that there should be. English politics would be brutally simplified if a general election became a straight vote for or against Socialism.

One may put it thus. If proportional representation

were in force in Great Britain Mr. Lloyd George would almost certainly some day be Prime Minister again, supported (like M. Poincaré) by a coalition of groups. If the two-party system is successfully maintained, it is certain that he can never again be in office. A very good argument for the two-party system, many will say. But do they really desire that there shall be only one possible alternative to Socialism? "England does not love coalitions." People go on repeating these maxims which were formed in the day when "England" meant a few hundred thousand privileged persons. They are about as applicable to existing facts as are the rules of discipline which prevailed when troops advancing against musketry were taught not to duck their heads.

Another of the personages whose career will be (and has been) affected by adherence to the two-party system is Mr. Churchill. He holds, it is true, the second post in the Government, and, moreover, a post which, in spite of its importance, does not (like the Foreign Secretary's) make crushing demands on a Minister's time. Signs by, everybody is now reading the last and perhaps the most brilliant of War volumes in which he has recounted the "world crisis." One cannot read it without feeling how much during the period of the Coalition he found himself hampered by prejudices of the Tory Party which he did not share. Now, by the evolution of events, he is bound to act with that element in the Coalition which must give least free play to his genius. For my own part, as a spectator of the drama, I shall go to my grave disappointed if I have not seen Mr. Churchill Prime Minister. He has vision and he has courage, and he is that rarest of combinations, an orator who can write. His last volume had the curious interest that one large section of it dealt with matters extremely familiar to me—the Irish part—while two others concerned events of which I had only the most shadowy knowledge. Where I could check the narrative I found, naturally, points on which I dissented; but substantially the account of affairs, as seen from an English statesman's standpoint, was both generous and just. When

I must read from the standpoint of ignorance, I found facts marshalled in large masses so that one could understand without difficulty, and follow even with delight—especially the long and intricate story of Turkey's recovery and the Greek defeat. Perhaps the most significant fact in that tragic story for any lover of Greece is that Greece has been able to utilise in Europe what was flung out from Asia, and has made her million of refugees into a new element of strength.

The public, however, in these days is much less concerned with Mr. Churchill's literature than with his administration, and he is like to have the whole motoring public on his back. Mr. Baldwin shrewdly senses danger and promises enquiry into the facts. The price of petrol has been raised at a time when the world supply is specially abundant, and Government, as a controlling shareholder in the Anglo-Persian oilfield, is going to pocket a large part of the increase. Since a great deal of money is raised by way of taxation from this article, the users naturally feel that they should be protected against a rise in price which follows on a combine of the supplying companies. Probably Mr. Baldwin sees that if commercial interests can combine to create a monopoly, and the consumer suffers, those who advocate nationalisation of supplies will get a formidable deal of support. This incident comes at an unlucky moment for the Tory Party.

Another flood of criticism has been launched against the Home Secretary for his extension of the campaign against literature that is classed as obscene. The enforced withdrawal of a couple of novels led to comment; but it was a shock to hear that a manuscript of poems by Mr. D. H. Lawrence had been confiscated on its way to the printer. The explanation is that the post refuses to transmit indecent literature, and that these poems were indecent. The inference is that officials were ordered to keep a special watch on parcels transmitted by this author, for assuredly the ordinary parcel sent to an editor or publisher is not examined. Nobody who writes, or reads

seriously, likes this kind of interference; but it is not certain that Sir William Joynson-Hicks (whom the public calls so much more conveniently) may not be an asset to his party. English people do not like the idea of interference with their letters; but a proposal to make restraint more drastic than it is would find a great deal of public support.

The tranquillity of Europe was disturbed by discovery of a mare's nest. In a minor Dutch paper was published the abstract of an alleged military arrangement between France and Belgium. Within a few days it was ascertained that the whole set of documents was due to the ingenuity of a gentleman alleged to be the grandson of Heinrich Heine. According to his statements his design was to perpetrate a hoax. The result must have surpassed his most hopeful anticipations. But the comments on the "revelation," when it was supposed to be a revelation, lead one to speculate whether, if two Powers are in military alliance, it is a crime against international comity for their staffs to discuss the possibilities of joint action if either should be attacked or threatened. We have evidently come far. In a predominantly Tory House of Commons the spokesmen of Army, Navy and Air told their tale of reduced expenditure, and the main purport of debate was to ask why reductions were not greater.

Yet meanwhile England receives one of those tributes which are more eloquent than many speeches. The Nanking Government in China has chosen Sir Frederick Whyte to be their national adviser; and Sir Frederick Whyte has chosen that the post should be unpaid. He knows the East, and probably has reason to believe that advice given under such conditions will be the more respected; but he has also probably realised that no stronger way could be found of indicating that the post thus devised for a foreigner is, and should be, essentially temporary. Unless within a brief space of years the Government of China can advise itself, it cannot stand.

THE DWARF BOOKCASE

A PARIS MEMORY OF W. L. COURTNEY

BY JOHN BELL

IF the Sixth Arrondissement of Paris, which includes the Rue Bonaparte and the Rue des Saints Pères, has more antiquity shops than any other ward in the city, it is in the populous Seventeenth that we find the largest number of *brocanteurs*, those dealers who do not confine their activities to the buying and selling of old things alone, but of everything that possesses a market value.

It was in the Rue de Lévis, which intersects that part of the Rue Legendre where it ceases to be aristocratic (you can see the Place Malesherbes wherein stand the statues of Alexandre Dumas, father and son, and of Sarah Bernhardt, and a little farther away the gates of the Parc Monceau), that we discovered the shop in which the dwarf bookcase, filled with yellow-backed volumes, was exposed.

Certainly it was an article of furniture calculated to tempt the passer-by. Its chief appeal to us was that it was just the thing we wanted. It supplied a want, and would therefore fulfil a special purpose. The warm burnish of its mahogany was sufficient to allure. And it was well made. The line of the back of the top shelf was cut with artistry. The grain was so beautiful that it seemed a shame to hide it. For us this shelf had not to be filled with books. It was surely intended for a vase—a delicate little vase of blue and white Delft—to contrast with the rich mahogany back, and at the same time to serve as a crown to the books on the four shelves below.

After we had examined the *casier des livres* surrounded by a heterogeneous mass of other articles, with most of which notes of pathos and tragedy were no doubt associated, for their transference to this second-hand dealer's shop meant, in many instances, human misfortunes, we decided that it should change hands. And it came into our possession without any bargaining on our part.

was paid on that occasion, thanks to the interesting matter furnished by the chairman and the actor.

There was a rather piquant side to this reporting engagement. Sitting next to us at the Press table was the representative of a paper which, as everybody knows, pays much attention to the theatre and to music. Evidently Mr. Courtney was impressed from the point of view of newspaper interest in the actor's lecture, for he secured the manuscript and handed it to this reporter. We had to rely on our shorthand notes. There must have been a big press of matter that night in the office of our neighbour, for next morning the big gathering of theatrical celebrities was disposed of in a few lines.

Our letter to Mr. Courtney evidently impressed him by the number of ideas it contained. The intention was to deal with all these ideas in one article, a big and, as the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY, with his ripe experience, thought, though he did not say so, an impracticable task. He selected one of the ideas and invited us to concentrate upon it. The result was an article of eleven pages in the January number of 1921, in which year we happened to be President of the Anglo-American Press Association of Paris. The reception given to this article on "The New France" might have turned our heads if we had not been accustomed to those disillusionments, disappointments and ups and downs which are inseparable from an active journalistic career.

The *Temps* gave it a very complimentary notice, and other Paris papers quoted extensively from it. M. Millerand, then President of the Republic, addressed to us an encouraging note. But what was calculated to please was this quotation, with the title "La France jugé par un Anglais," reproduced on the screens of the Paris cinema theatres:—

The aspiration of the new France is to repair her ruins, to return to her normal ways, and to enable her people to regain their former prosperity, the just reward for so much patience borne after sacrifice and suffering. The War and the years following it have changed many things in France, as elsewhere, but they have not changed many of her people. While labouring to remove the effects of the awful wreckage and carnage of war, to make sweet again their countrysides

ravaged by the polluted foot of the invader, they are at the same time showing evidence of that versatile, intellectual spirit which left its eloquent and beneficent impress on civilisation in the past, and which, in its various manifestations, in art and letters, science and invention, is destined still further to enrich the world and add to the beauty of life.

This article was followed by forty-nine others in the ensuing years. Not a single idea suggested to Mr. Courtney was ever turned down by him. Occasionally he improved upon the ideas by suggesting special points that should be brought out. He must have been a voluminous newspaper reader, for he seemed to have his finger on the pulse of the world. Only once did he ask us to furnish an article. It had seemed to him that the great work in Morocco of Marshal Lyautey, recently honoured in London, was not sufficiently known in England. He compared the French marshal to Marshal Allenby. His letter reached us in Brussels, where we were recording at Mons the trial, which lasted nearly three weeks, of Armand Jeannes, the greatest civil spy in the War, who was supposed to have had a hand in the denunciation of Nurse Cavell. Except for the seven months we remained in the Ruhr during the occupation of this industrial region by the French and Belgian troops, this was one of the most important of the many assignments that the *Daily Telegraph* entrusted to us. Over a column had to be telegraphed daily of this trial, which was fruitful of dramatic incidents, and at its close the Queen of the Belgians had to be interviewed on the heroic attitude of the French and Belgian women during the German occupation.

It was a busy time, but opportunity was found for writing for THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW the article on Marshal Lyautey desired by Mr. Courtney. It made sixteen pages, and was the longest article contributed to the REVIEW. It was widely noticed in France, and *L'Homme Libre*, M. Clemenceau's old paper, printed two columns of extracts from it. Subsequent articles connected with the Peace settlement were largely the results of conversations with M. Poincaré, M. Briand, M. Millerand, and other French statesmen. They brought us letters which were not all complimentary. A letter from M. Poincaré

was very flattering, as was another from General Degoutte, the Commander-in-Chief in the Ruhr, who had read with interest the history of the occupation narrated in three articles for *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*. Of the letters received from America one of our correspondents took pains to inform us, though his letter did not carry conviction, that Bolshevism was the realisation of Biblical prophecy; another American correspondent, a professor with a German name, bombarded us with Greek and Latin quotations which he interpreted as signifying that we were entirely wrong in what we had written about Germany, and that in spite of what had happened the German people were destined to become the ultimate masters of the world.

Although our association with Mr. Courtney lasted seven years, only once were we privileged to have a lengthy conversation with him. For an hour we talked in his office in Henrietta Street. We found that the many letters we had received from him bore the impress of his mind. There was a courtliness about the Editor of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, shown in the quiet tones of his voice and in his general bearing, which greatly impressed us. At first we had the idea, a mistaken one, that we were in the presence of a man somewhat shrinking and timid. But a few minutes' conversation served to correct this notion. What we mistook for timidity was that quiet manner which, while it marks the thinker, also reveals the student, the *littérateur* and the critic. He was one of those personalities whom once met are never forgotten. The quiet gestures, the voice, the phrases, and the reflective eyes form an abiding memory.

It is our proud boast that we have another memory, equally perennial, of W. L. Courtney. Our memorial of him is the dwarf bookcase filled with fifty numbers of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* which he edited with so much care and insight at the same time as he revealed to the English-speaking world the best things in literature.

VILLANELLE OF ORCHARD SNOWS

By E. B. W. CHAPPELOW

'Mid tall green grasses under petalled snows,
Singing her heart out like a happy bird,
A vision of delight my lady goes.

No bird-throat could such carollings compose,
When at the hush of dawn her voice is heard
'Mid tall green grasses under petalled snows.

The West Wind listens, listens too the rose;
Tranced Nature hangs on every bright sweet word:
A vision of delight my lady goes.

Maidenly, lovely, loving, she bestows
Blest quiet, scarcely by a wind's breath stirred.
'Mid tall green grasses under petalled snows.

The cold dew knows, the fair fresh morning knows
How innocent, unspotted, undeterred,
A vision of delight my lady goes.

And held in love, and held in awe, husht, close,
I watch where, like a dream of hope deferred,
'Mid tall green grasses under petalled snows,
A vision of delight my lady goes.

WILD WEATHER AND MOUNTAIN SHEEP

BY W. T. PALMER

THE advent of lambs on our Northern sheep-farms is usually timed for the middle of April, and the season often continues to the end of the following month. Thus it stretches across Whitsun, the half-yearly term of shepherd service when an unsatisfactory man may have to be changed and a stranger introduced to the flock at the most critical time of the year. It must be added, however, that on our great sheep estates changes are infrequent, the men marrying and settling down on the place for years, and son often succeeding father for generations. The shrinkage of farm workers, however, has caused the smaller flockmasters to employ single men, who often change their situations. When such men desire to marry they find it necessary to move, often into other industries where wages are high and conditions of service more fitting the married man.

By April the snow has ceased to lie on the sheep-walks, and the young grass is springing everywhere; it is the time of larks singing from dawn to eventide. There may be relics of old frozen snow and ice in the coves of the highest rocks, but that is all that remains of winter. Down in the dale there is white foam of blackthorn on the hedges; the wheatear has arrived on the dry limestone pastures, and the ring ousel is expected in its haunts by the broken water-courses. The season may be idyllic in its weather—or it may not. Violent changes are common among the mountains. A stormy lambing time makes a thoughtful flockmaster and a weary shepherd.

The real skilled work of preparing the flock for the birth of many lambs began long ago—ere the end of winter, when the grass in the lowland fields revived its virtues of nutrition. The in-lamb ewes need the greatest care; at this season a fox or dog marauder can gallop a flock and in half an hour do irreparable injury to dams and unborn lambs. Our mountain sheep are hardy in the ordinary way; in February the ewes may be "blown over" in a snowdrift and buried a day or two without sustaining more than damage to the appetite, but they are not proof against the yapping, snarling brutes which pursue them when they are heavy. The shepherds will sometimes tell one weird stories of these ewes frightened by owls or hares, chased by curs or foxes, driven hard by drovers and wicked lads, which have brought forth premature and dead, strange beaked and furry lambs; of the collies which suddenly bark, cowering in alarm at the lowering sky; of flocks rushing panic-stricken when they hear the witch hounds in full cry overhead. The stories anent dogs are interesting, but the details about the danger to ewes is regarded as of the utmost importance. By increased vigilance the shepherd aspires to safeguard his flock, and there is short shrift for marauders. Gun, trap, and poison are brought into use.

Often there is evil weather at the end of March. Sir Walter Scott had much of the old Border lore at his fingers' ends, and he declared that "the three last days of the month (old style) are called the borrowing days, for as they are remarked to be unusually stormy it is feigned that March had borrowed them from April, to extend the sphere of his rougher sway." There is also an old Border rhyme of the flocks which says:—

March said to April,
 "I see three hogs on yonder hill,
 And if you'll lend me days three,
 I'll find a way to gar them dee."
 The first day it was wind and weat;
 The second day it was snaw and sleet;
 The third day it was sic a freeze
 It froze the birds' nebs to the trees.
 When the three days were past and gone,
 The silly puir hogs cam hirpling hame.

Surely that rhymester had shepherd craft in him, for any sheep which has the delicate skin round its hooves jarred and cracked on the hard, frozen ground is in evil case. Unable to move far enough to obtain sufficient of the scattered grass, it loses condition and weight.

In ordinary circumstances hill sheep have an instinctive dread of a coming storm. When a moorland shepherd meets his flock on a winter's night crowding down from the higher ground where they prefer to sleep he knows that wild weather is brewing. Bleating lowly, as if uttering a warning to the younger members of the flock, they seek the shelter below. Often one has heard the shepherd's wife exclaim to her wee bairns: "It's going to be a wild night; I can hear the sheep coming down." The older stock are said to eat hungrily before a storm, almost fighting for the best stretches of grass.

Even under the most favourable weather conditions lambing-time is a period of real strain, for the ewes have to be closely watched. As a rule little help is needed at the hour of birth, but complications may set in, and then it takes all the shepherd's skill to save a death in the flock. He has night and day work—and for some unexplored reason more than an average number of lambs arrive on Sunday, breaking up all idea of a day of rest. "Nay, that's not right, for Sunday never comes up-dale further than the church" avers the old shepherd. "However, I sends the lads down to Sunday service, and they make an afternoon of it, good or bad." Then he breaks into a yarn about a lad at Wood End who had cow's duty during the week and was sent to tend sheep every Sunday, though the sons of the house had every Saturday for market and the Sabbath for church. Wylie was the lad's dog, and he released him as the party entered their trap to drive to church to the cry,

Ee, Wylie, here; ee, Wylie, here;
 Some to church and some to fell.
 Some to heaven and some to hell,
 Ee, Wylie, here; ee, Wylie, here.

weak ewe, after giving birth to its lamb, may collapse and die, as more than one did during that bitter night. The orphan has to be put into the care of the farm women for the time being. Later, there will be further efforts to "mother" the orphan. The skin of a dead lamb is stripped from the carcase and roughly tied on to a living orphan. The ewe, smelling her own offspring, may be induced, by careful handling, to allow the stranger to take milk from her distended udder. And after she feels the relief given by the drawing little mouth, the ewe generally accepts the lamb and brings it up. The dead fleece may remain in position for several days, and she always snuffs it before meeting the advances of the growing hungry youngster.

Midnight passed, and the long hours to daylight, without any remission of the punishing storm. Old Johan, the shepherd, sat in the ingle-neuk and told us stories of weird beliefs which he had heard at his grandmother's knee. One of the lads coming in from the hourly visit said, "There's light o' day up the pass." The old man looked uneasy. "That'll be the false dawn, for I guess there's another hour of dark to come. It's only now and again, and that in stormy winter-time that one sees it, yellow and green, instead of grey and red. It's a bad sign for man and beast." Then he told us that women in childbirth and the old people on the edge of death were in terror of this wavering light. "It's a call from the evil to souls as are coming and going. If a bairn was born in that light, no good was expected of it—and there used to be twins at Blake Howe, one born at false dawn who was always going bankrupt and swindling folk, while his brother born an hour later in true light was honest as the day's long, though he was the varra spit and image o' the other. At false dawn souls have a poor grip of this world, and the bedchamber women used to see to it that no one slipped away until the true light shone and guided them to a better world. Why, there was my own great-grandfather! He was lying on his last bed, and the storm-light glittered outside the window. He shap'd his lips and began to whistle—whew-w, ever so faint—for his old dog, and he wanted to set off for the fell. But my grannie she pacified him that the collie wasn't near, but when true light come the old man whistled hard, and call'd 'Hey, Hemp, git awa' by,' and away his soul soughed, reet up to Heaven."

It doesn't serve much to contradict or cross-question such men as these. It is rare that they break out into stories. The setting fitted the yarn—a flagged floor, a white-washed room with low, ribbed timber ceiling, deep set windows beyond which the storm roared and rattled, and there was a whirl of sleet. The furniture was hard deal, unpainted, worn smooth with use. Cushions were not required, nor a rug for the hearth, for over this fire gurgled several kettles and pans with drink and food for the night-workers. Two or three collies lay on rough mats, woven of reeds from the swamp, each beneath the chair of its master, occasionally coming out into the firelight to stretch, yawn, and then return to their sleep. "Bide doon" was the usual brief order to his dog as each man stepped out to his work. Dogs are useless on such jobs as the tending of lambing ewes. It was the

absence of his dog that allowed young Jake to lose himself in the storm as thoroughly and dangerously as though he were out on the open moors instead of in a field three hundred yards wide, just away from home. Young Jake was missed, and after a while the old shepherd declared "I can bide it no longer." There was a rush for lanterns, the collies were whistled to the alert, and out into the snow two or three of us went. Of course, this yarn should properly end in a tragedy, with some details of broken limbs or frozen corpse, but it didn't. Out in the storm a feeble flicker of light was soon noted, and the dogs made a bee-line toward it. Jake was headed in a queer direction, but stopped when the collies came up. He admitted that he had been at least three times round that bunch of rocks near the pasture gate without recognising it as a familiar landmark. In a day-storm one has known a wanderer to spend hours wandering in circles in the storm, and it's far easier to do the same thing on a tempestuous night.

When true dawn came and lanterns were no longer needed, there was a strict search round the lambing pastures. It was found that one more ewe had perished, and three or four lambs. Twins are rare among mountain sheep, and there were just enough extra to give each a dam of its own. It was laughable to watch the lamb's attempted raid on the mother's udder, and the shepherd's steady and skilled efforts to obtain an understanding between them. When a young ewe drops her first lamb she is sometimes temperamental enough to refuse to recognise its claims. "This queer stiff-legged stranger is surely no offspring of a respectable sheep." And the ewe strolls off, with her innocent stumbling querulously and uncertainly after her. Sometimes the shepherd is summary: catching the ewe by the fleece, he holds her until the lamb comes up and then enables the youngster to drain a little sustenance. As a rule, that bridges the gap between mother and child: she accepts the claim, and in a short time will butt her way through a throng of other mothers if her offspring complains from the other side.

That lamb-storm continued without a real break for seventy hours, and during that time the farm was never at rest. Men were out and about; men were feeding the ewes and lambs in the orchard, in the barn, in the cartshed where a few hurdles had been thrown together to make a shelter. There was work in kitchen as well, and—mighty little sleep for anybody but the collies. These had more than the usual lambing-time leisure, for in ordinary circumstances they are allowed to trot, during daylight hours at any rate, at a little distance behind their masters. There is a danger for collies during such lambing-times, for when shepherds are busy the carcases of dead ewes and lambs are often left unburied for days. The foxes and ravens and carrion crows make feasts, and the wandering collie is tempted to take a taste of illicit mutton. Far too often this taste becomes a ruling passion, and raids are made on living flocks. Such an outbreak may come right at the end of lambing time, and the trial to a dale is terrible.

So cute are these mutton-eaters that they outwit their owners—and

sometimes a shepherd is called upon to admit the identity of a dead collie at a time when he believed that it was safe at home. It is not the custom among the fells to lock up collies at any time; they have the run of farm, house, and fell. Sometimes one meets a grey or blue dog on the high pass, probably taking an afternoon off to visit some friend miles away from home. The shepherds are aware of this propensity and laugh, but the havoc caused by a sheep-worrier or two is terrific in ewes and lambs. There is no chance of trapping or poisoning a criminal; it is far too sharp, and the only method is that of a line of beaters and guns. A charge of duck-shot is enough to cripple a dog, and after that it is court-martialled and executed on the spot.

The mania for living meat may attack any dog, old or young, and the saddest thing one has known was the bringing home of this unspeakable crime to the dog which for a dozen years had been the companion of a half-blind old master. Still, there is no mercy for the sheep-worrier; every man's hand is against it, and only exile to some distant town or city is considered as an alternative to instant death. "Well, if it has to be," sighed the blind old man by the fireside, "I'd rayther do it myself. Tom, bring down my gun." No, not one of us stirred from the kitchen until we heard the shots fired; and then we went home. I doubt whether even the old man had a sadder heart than some of the lads who faced the pass and then broke up in silence to march some weary miles home.

But let us go back to our lamb-storm among the fells; I have just been to the old farm again, and it looks just as gaunt and lonely against the storm-light. I have asked Jack, the flockmaster (and I imagine calling a flockmaster by his Christian name—in proper places this is never done), what he thinks of the weather prospects. "Stormy again, most like, but what can one expect? 'Tisn't as though we had as many ewes as there used to be in my grandfather's time. There's a few more acres to the sheep now. And we keep best part of the ewes down the dale at a lower farm until lambing time is well forrard. We haven't the men to tackle a big lamb-storm up in this bleak place."

But what of the loss by a lamb-storm? It used to be serious, and one has known scores of sheep to perish. But the worst was not direct ruin as it used to be in the old times on the Border. Eskdale-muir was more than once swept clear of field-stock by great storms. On one occasion it is recorded that one sturdy fellow, when told that the last parcel of ewes had gone, reached for his broadsword Bess and cried "Ohone! Ohone! An ill beginning has a weary ending. I doubt me and thee, Bess, will have to stock the farm again." But nowadays it is not permitted to balance a personal loss by taking toll of the flocks of one's neighbours.

THE DREAM LIFE OF MARY MOODY

BY EDWARD DAHLBERG

THE fire in the wood stove was burning low. Mrs. Moody, the wife of the man who was lying in the coffin, stared mutely at the glowing embers. She felt cold, mentally numb, and indifferent. Two junk peddlers were glancing furtively at one another, while a Catholic priest intoned a funereal hymn. His fat fingers, which he used as an indicator, moved haltingly from one word to the other. The undertaker, an intimate friend of the deceased one, looked speculatively at the long, thin head of the dead man and then at his child-like body. His carefully brushed suit seemed to lie about him like swaddling clothes. The peculiar light cast over his waxen face by the flickering candle gave one the impression of a grotesque Chinese mask. While Willie, the undertaker's assistant, officiously retouched a crease in the still man's trousers, the two junk peddlers, with caps in their hands, were gingerly moving towards the door.

Mrs. Moody went towards the window. There she stood and contemplated the rows of bottles which were piled pyramidally upon one another. Patches of January snow had gathered about and between them, and the wintry sunlight sportively played through their coloured glass. As she gazed at the elongated necks of these bottles she suddenly thought of her husband, and then she realised that she had not been thinking of him. She had been musing upon bottles all morning and all the week, and since the day that she had married Mr. Moody. She stared at the wood stove and wondered why he had not built a kiln and been a bottle manufacturer instead of a bottle picker.

As she stood at the window and took inventory of the rows of bottles that lay in the backyard she spoke to him as she had always spoken to him: she carried on long soliloquies which were always addressed to him; she would remonstrate with him, rebuke him, irk him; but when he would come home late in the evenings for his supper she could say nothing. His voice, become hoarse and cracked through his calling, stifled her. He was always weary, absolutely fatigued; it oppressed her, crushed her completely. Silently he would eat his meal and then rekindle the fire in the stove with newspapers and the wood of orange boxes. Following this he would light his pipe and sprawl his aching feet upon the stove.

Always at nine she heard his heavy shuffle creaking against the boards of the floor. She would call to him: "Jim, how many bottles to-day?" When she heard his sullen muttering she would pass her greasy fingers through her thin, nondescript hair, feel herself deteriorating, and lament the futile, passing years. Then she would throw herself into a violent temper, swear, and scatter pans and utensils about which she knew would never break. As he would slip out of

his suspenders and seat himself on the edge of the iron bed, he would answer: "Oh, let me alone. Where's Mary?"

At this point Mrs. Moody frowned and covertly glanced about the room. The hymns were done. Mary Moody was sitting on a box in the corner quite still. Her immobility fretted her mother. Mrs. Moody turned away and looked again at the bottles. There were four hundred of them, the entire estate that Mr. Moody had left her. The cleric offered his condolences, while the two junk peddlers hurriedly stammered out some terse speech and said they would be missing Bottler Moody. The undertaker quietly went out through the door, while Willie dexterously relit a candle that had become extinguished. Then he left. Mary, who was still huddled together on the box, stared blankly before her. Her mother, with set determination, went out into the backyard to recount the bottles.

Mary was alone with the dead man. She stirred and moved towards the wood stove, where she warmed herself. She looked at her father for one long minute and wept in a muffled voice. Then she sat down on the floor and opened the door of the stove. The flames crackled and illumined her delicate face and created a curious halo about her pale flaxen hair. She was so tired and weak and wanted to sleep, but could not. She felt hungry and wanted to munch on a crust of dry bread that was lying on the kitchen table, but when she saw the wooden box in the middle of the room and looked at the sickly yellow flame which came from the waxen tapers she felt ill and faint.

Suddenly she heard in the distance the discordant rumbling of the elevated train. She trembled. She ran towards the window and pressed her dumpy nose against the pane. She blew her breath against it and peered through the clear space. It came nearer. Its maddening rhythm evoked other rhythms, other sounds and movements. Her whole body quivered with motion. Bits of pictures, ephemeral images, fragments of her own sensuous and visual experiences came back to her: a lumber yard, a thin drizzle, the odours of wet wood, the dank earth, dead autumnal leaves, the silken petticoat and carmine lips of Margaret O'Rourke, a strip of Belgian lace in a shop window, the street lamp at night, the gas-lit office of the undertaker where Mr. Moody was wont to spend his Saturday evenings. She could hear her father sharply cutting the cards with his long, bony fingers. Mary remembered how nicely and quietly he did it, and with what nervous expectancy she awaited his turn to cut and shuffle the pack. She would watch Willie, whose intentness hypnotised her. The dull light from the gas jet hurt her eyes. He would become blurred and assume the shapes, faces of the king of hearts and jack of diamonds. She also recalled that when the playing cards had become thumb-marked and had lost their original stiffness Willie would become inattentive and doze off for awhile. Afterwards he would slowly rise from his chair, lazily stretch his arms, and, addressing his employer, the undertaker, would say: "Shall I be washin' the new gent upstairs now." This casual remark, always

oppressed Mary and made her think of such lurid thoughts. She would promise herself faithfully and with tears in her eyes that she would never go to the undertaker's office again. She would want to run home, but she was afraid to go into the dark streets alone. She feared the stillness of the night, the intermittent rumbling of the elevated train. She would begin to timidly tug at her father's coat and implore him to come home. At night she would wrap herself closely in her blanket. She would turn her back to the window, as she was afraid to look into the backyard. Sometimes big tom cats from the alley would slink over the green and blue bottles and cast eerie shadows on the ground, which appeared like corpses to her.

Mary, too, would lose interest in the old cards, which no longer gave off the sharp, rhythmic sound that so delighted her ear. She would no longer accompany her father on Saturday evenings until Willie would meet and tell her: "Well, Mary, we're havin' a brand new deck this even'. Ye mustn't miss it." Mary also liked to contemplate with naïve speculation the cigarette whorls that rose to the grey ceiling of the undertaker's office. She thought at times that the players' faces and eyes became so unreal and imaginary when they were veiled underneath circles of smoke. On days when she was walking through the park in the Battery her eyes would curiously wander after the smoke that issued from the boats which plied up and down the Hudson. She tried to detect its flight, and believed that the stars received their milky body from the smoke and their light from the sparks which the horse-shoes gave off as they struck against the cobblestones. At times, when she could find no way of amusing herself, she would draw in the air invisible spirals and bizarre figures with her white, bloodless fingers.

At school she was stupid and dazed. Her teacher thought she was slow, lazy, and lethargic. She had no friends: the children looked askance at her, because she seemed dull and eccentric; they did not play with her, although she often watched them with longing. She was too timid to ask them to let her play. Her peculiarities, her coarse underwear, which could be seen below her thin, cotton dress, and through her torn stockings, embarrassed them and made them titter. They behaved towards her like grown-ups who have been surprised by a certain candid turn of speech from a vaudeville actor in a theatre.

Jim Moody, the bottle picker, was buried. His widow no longer found it necessary to think either evil or good of him; his existence in her mind, which had always been rather vague and blurred, had no further reason for being; since he did not come to the house any more, nor mutter, "Where's Mary?" nor throw his heavy, muddy boots in the corner before falling into bed. Mary scarcely ever saw her mother, who now spent her days and nights in the alleys and streets picking bottles. The widow secretly hid her savings in the ground in the backyard underneath a pile of broken bottles. She knew Mary would never play there. She hoped in a few months to leave—to leave the moist ashes, coffins, mist, and glass of the city and till her own earth, see grass, farm fences, smell alfalfa, clover.

take in her dry hands the rich, crude earth, and live in a sunny valley in Southern California. Meanwhile she plied her trade indefatigably; she picked them in order that she might run away from them. She hated bottles, because they were taciturn and immobile like her late husband.

In the morning, when Mary awoke, she either found on the kitchen table food for the day or ten cents for rolls and coffee. Mary ate little: her pallid face became more ethereal. Sometimes she wept: she did not know why; she never blamed anyone for her misery. She felt in a sort of vague way that it was as it should be. Mournfully she would gaze at the cold stars and attribute to them the cause of her father's death.

One night she was hurrying home. It was bitterly cold and desolate, and she was anxious to creep into her little bed. The stars looked like the icy points of stalactites, and the snowy clouds seemed to be huddled together like bleating lambs. As she was about to turn the corner into a side street she heard a familiar voice calling after her. Mary looked back and saw the face of the undertaker. Willie, with a long cob pipe in his mouth, was at her side. "Mary, we're not seein' ye any more these here days," said the undertaker quietly. Mary turned away, gazed vacantly at the fragile streak of light which the gas lamp stained on the sidewalk, and shivered with cold. "No," she finally said, in almost a whisper. "Yes," said Willie, taking his pipe out of his mouth with deliberation, "the cards don't cut so well, Mary, since yer away." The undertaker laid his long, thin hand gently on her head and said cautiously to the child: "I've been thinkin' much of ye—thinkin', perhaps, maybe I could be adoptin' ye fer my own little girl." Mary's eyes appeared troubled. She looked uneasy, and stammered, as she went into the by-street: "But I have a mother!" The undertaker gazed sadly after the little figure, which had already become enveloped in cheerless darkness. Willie put his cob pipe back into his mouth, and he and the undertaker silently walked along the street.

As she neared the wooden frame house she saw a light in the kitchen. The oil lamp was lit. She saw her mother, as she opened the back door. Mrs. Moody was in excellent spirits. She fried an egg for Mary, gave her a letter, and placed in her little palm a fifty-cent piece. She told Mary that she was going away for a while, but that Mary would get the right care while she was gone. Mary put the letter and the half-dollar in her overcoat pocket and mechanically moved towards her bed. "How about yer egg?" asked her mother kindly. Mary sat down at the table and nibbled at the egg without appetite. She rose again and started to untie her shoe laces. "Aren't ye washin' yer dirty face?" of hysteria. Mary sprinkled a little of the ice-cold water that came from the faucet on her face, dried herself, and crept into bed. She felt feverish and depressed by a fitful cough. Her mother came near off; she stood there and lightly stroked her hair. Mrs. Moody felt sad

and uncomfortable. She studied Mary's face, as if through this she hoped to quiet her own thoughts. She looked critically into Mary's glassy eyes, which accentuated the transparent texture of her skin. They seemed to start from her head and to dance in space like hollow eyes of two steel pistols directed at her. "His eyes!" she thought, recovering herself. There before her she saw the same small, taciturn mouth—his mouth, the same careless, almost indifferent pout about the lips, which delicately parted. She turned away and suddenly glanced at the alarm clock. It was nine. She expected to hear his monotonous muttering from the bedroom and to feel pounding against her thin temples the thud of his muddy boots falling one after the other.

That night Mary could not sleep. She coughed, and turned from one side to the other. Through the window pane she saw a weird and familiar figure bent over the earth. As she gazed at the bottles near by, upon which the moon cast its icy gleams, she saw its shadow, twisted like a dipper, heaping up dirt. Fascinated by what frightened her, she glanced at it out of the corners of her eyes. She then closed her eyes tightly and tried to sleep.

The morning was clear. Cold currents of air crept through the crannies and cracks of the windows. Mary rose. She felt strangely calm and light of body. She drank her coffee hurriedly and hastily bit into a piece of roll. She could hardly wait to feel her little feet against the grey pavement. The sun rose and warmed the city. Mary walked with rapid steps, and thought of all the things she would do. With fifty cents in her pocket she experienced the buoyant security of one accustomed to penury. She wanted to ride in the elevated train, see everything in passing—rows and rows of red-brick tenement houses moving before her like one motion picture scene after another, throngs of people like dots below her, vendors' carts piled with oranges, apples, deep yellow bananas.

The noonday was blessed. The sun was soft and limpid and streaked the cobblestones and bare, grey trees with its golden gleam. Everything was astir. The surface cars struck their own rhythms against the steel tracks, mixing them with the staccato cries of the peddlers in the streets. The elevated train, with its intermittent noise—a noise whose nervous, jerky, rapid movement was like that of a jazz orchestra—completed the metropolitan chorus. Mary halted before a fruit stand and contemplated with sensuous pleasure the round, red and yellow tangerines which were piled upon one another like an Egyptian pyramid. She tremblingly touched one with her fingers, the skin of which was delicately tinted with the blood that ran through them like that of the red juice of the tangerine, which seemed to give colour to its own thin peel. The man in the white apron gave her a shopkeeper's glance. She felt in her pocket for her money, courageously picking up the tangerine in her hand. Behind her she heard the loud rumbling of a wagon and the startled cries of a few passers-by. As she started to turn around she was struck and fell on the sunny sidewalk. An automobile had collided with a milk wagon and sent it through the window.

The milk flowed over the pavement and mingled with the blood that trickled from her head. Someone picked her up. The tangerine was still in her hand. A policeman came and searched in her pockets and took from them the half-dollar and a letter addressed to the undertaker. Crowds pressed about and sought with a hungry look the automobile driver, who had escaped.

Before they reached the undertaker's establishment, which was a few blocks distant, Mary Moody was dead. They entered the undertaker's office. It was empty. The policeman looked about. The room was desolately vacant. On the dull, wood table lay a cob pipe and a deck of cards. The officer called. The undertaker appeared at the head of the stairway and came down. "Will ya take her?" asked the officer, handing him the letter. "Otherwise they'll have to lay her away in Potter's Field." He took the child, removed the pipe and the cards, and laid her gently on the cold table. Then he read a note which was scrawled on a piece of paper: "I'm leavin' Mary with you. She's his'n, not mine, and he was always yer friend. Yu and Mary are suited, and both so quite like."

"Shall I be washin' Mary?" asked Willie that evening. "No," answered the undertaker, "I'll do it. But I wish you'd go to that notion store and ask them to give you the silk dress and the ribbons I ordered."

**** The Editor of this Review does not undertake to return any manuscripts; nor in any case can he do so unless either stamps or a stamped envelope be sent to cover the cost of postage. It is advisable that articles sent to the Editor should be typewritten.*

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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OUR THREE POLITICAL LEADERS

BY ADAM GOWANS WHYTE

IN Cabell's most popular fantasy, Jurgen's adventures lead him at last to the seat of omnipotence itself. There, in spite of the fact that he has always regarded himself as a "monstrous clever fellow," he finds himself altogether at a loss:—

"And what will you do now?" says Jurgen, aloud. "Oh, fretful little Jurgen, you that have complained because you had not your desire, you are omnipotent over Earth and all the affairs of men! What now is your desire?" And sitting thus terribly enthroned, the heart of Jurgen was as lead within him, and he felt old and very tired.

To one at least of the three political leaders of to-day a similar adventure would bring hardly a moment's embarrassment. With a slight pause to enable him to savour the full content of his position, he would rise; and immediately, with a gesture embracing the Milky Way and summoning the cohorts of nebulae to attention, Mr. Lloyd George would begin his greatest speech.

If he hesitated at all in such a supreme moment it would be only to summon from the uttermost depths a group of demons with a high feudal quality to provide him with the essential background of resistance and tumult.

It is, indeed, comparatively easy to predict Mr. Lloyd George's reaction to any given set of circumstances. He is, in a psychological sense, the simplest of the three leaders—the most readily and comprehensively reduced to a formula. While people exercise themselves over the enigma of Mr. Baldwin and abandon, almost at the beginning, all effort to discover the real man who exists behind the stage appearances of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, they feel no difficulty over Mr. Lloyd George. They are familiar with his prototypes in the crusader, in the knight-

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errant, in the slayer of dragons, in the David who prevailed over the Philistines with a sling and with a stone.

Right through his career Mr. Lloyd George has run true to form. He was not long in Parliament before he distinguished himself with a characteristic protest against the "equipage money" of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, contrasting the outlay on "a man in buttons who wears silk stockings and has a coat-of-arms on his carriage" with the conditions revealed in the report of a Committee on Sweating. Both in the language and in the argument we have the essential Lloyd George.

Thereafter, in his contests with Mr. Gladstone over the Clergy Discipline Bill, in the struggle on behalf of Welsh Nationalism, in his violent opposition to the Agricultural Rates Bill, in his long warfare on the education question, in his extreme attitude during the South African War, in his policy as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and especially in his Budget of 1909 and the consequent onslaught upon the House of Lords, he showed the same passion for challenging authority and privilege, for seizing upon some unpopular cause and striving to make it popular by the leaping fire of his enthusiasm and the cajoling charm of his eloquence. At all times the cause with him was supreme. If his normal leader or his party colleagues stood in the way, so much the worse for party loyalty and political allegiance. In the true spirit of the revivalist he was ready to forsake kindred and friends and follow the gleam. Difficulties were merely a stimulus to his energy and initiative; objections, whether on the score of political principle or on behalf of the elementary assertions of arithmetic, simply provided opportunities for the transmutations and vanishings of an expert illusionist. To Mr. Lloyd George is—or at least was—given not only the faith which moves mountains, but the capacity for persuading multitudes that the most formidable ranges are negligible corrugations on a surface he has smoothed away in the interests of human progress.

This quality of seeing things as he wants to see them, and communicating his vision to the crowd, stood him and the country in good stead during the War. Here he con-

fronted a supreme challenge, yet one not, to his mind, different in character from those which had made him the most turbulent spirit in politics. Just as he had championed the tenant against the landlord, the Nonconformist against the Established Churchman, and the little nation against the great, so he stood for the Empire against its implacable enemies.

No one—least of all a political opponent—measures in any niggardly spirit his services to the country during the darkest days between the declaration of war and the Armistice. His vigour, his eloquence, his scorn of obstacles, his concentration upon the one great end in view, were precisely what the nation needed to nerve it for the colossal sacrifices by which alone victory could be achieved. Then it was that Mr. Lloyd George realised his personality to the full. He had a task to perform before the eyes of the whole world; he had the entire resources of the Commonwealth of British Nations in men and material at his command; and he was free from the trammels of finance, the soulless necessities of ways and means, which had so often before limited the flights to which his sanguine spirit had aspired. Above all, he was provided with the essential and the ideal counterpoise in the cool, clear, analytical mind of Mr. Bonar Law.

Many people have wondered, and still wonder, why Mr. Lloyd George was not content to retire upon a triumph which made even his bitterest enemies forget the past. But those who wonder are measuring him by their own temperament, not by that of Mr. Lloyd George. On the day before he delivered his typical speech about "the man in buttons" Mr. Lloyd George made the following entry in his diary: "My audience is the country." This was a precise and comprehensive item of self-revelation. In peace and in war Mr. Lloyd George has been before that audience; and so long as he is alive he will continue to seek it.

Whether he will succeed in his latest crusade depends partly on how far he can attach to himself the old enthusiasm once so ready to rise under the banner of Liberalism, and partly on how far his personal influence

can be made to extend over the crowd. There was a time when Mr. Lloyd George could sway any audience and make them feel and believe, for the time being at least, almost anything he pleased. But of late there has been more than a suspicion that we are witnessing the effort of a once invincible actor to repeat his early triumphs. The voice, the smile, the gestures; everything seems to be still there, but the response which once brought reluctant thousands to their feet in a sustained roar of cheering is no longer inevitable.

On a smaller scale, where there is more intimate contact, we may well believe that the magnetism of his personality remains unimpaired. That may suffice in the inner counsels of the party. To-day, however, his task is to radiate his bewitching impulse undiminished over twenty-eight million people. Let him utilise to the utmost the resources of modern science; they themselves interpose a barrier between the orator and his tens of thousands. These, in turn, are perhaps a trifle more sophisticated, more suspicious of men who come bearing gifts clothed in gorgeous metaphors, than the thousands once so swiftly spellbound. Add to these disabilities the haunting sense of waning powers, and the shadow over the future becomes so heavy that even the most youthful glow of the greatest of political optimists could hardly dispel it.

In the past, nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd George has usually contrived to give a sense of achievement even to his failures. Here he presents a direct contrast to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who conveys a sense of frustration even in his achievements.

The Socialist leader's rise was in many ways more remarkable than that of the Liberal leader, for although the boy David was reared in humble surroundings he never endured the rigours of poverty, and he was trained for a profession which was a stepping-stone to politics. Mr. MacDonald had a hard childhood, and in some ways a harder youth; and when his successive experiments as pupil-teacher, clerk, journalist, and chemical analyst led him at last to political work as secretary to a Parliamentary candidate, he attached himself to an unpopular party

which offered a very barren prospect of either gear or glory. Yet he was destined to gather a reasonable degree of the one and to receive the highest measure of the other. The evolution of the barefoot "Lossie loon" into Prime Minister was surely romantic enough to make the driest nature burgeon with the joy of life; but Mr. MacDonald gave no sign of any such happy blossoming. Lord Haldane tells us that he was closely attached to the pomps and glories of the Prime Minister's position; if that were so, his pleasure must have been of the dour sort that one might conceive a Calvinist taking in the gold and jewels of Paradise. In his days of triumph Mr. MacDonald remained the same remote, refractory and sombre figure as in his days of adversity.

There are at least two unresolved elements in this rather baffling character. One is the precise means by which he has retained the undisputed leadership of a heterogeneous and rebellious Party. We may discover it partly in the fact that, with so many Elishas waiting for the mantle of Elijah, the old chief is retained as the best guarantee against a hopeless disruption among the restless tribes. Something is due also to the skill with which he keeps faction simmering without permitting it to boil over; something—and perhaps most of all—to the broader culture Mr. MacDonald acquired and his long experience in the practical work of political organisation. But when all is said there remains something mysterious in the allegiance of a turbulent crowd to a leader who holds himself rigidly aloof from them, making no apparent effort to win them, treating their pet ideals with contemptuous references to "flashy futilities," and generally dealing with them according to the rigid and hostile methods of the traditional stepmother.

The other puzzling element is associated with his aloofness. Nobody has ever learned exactly what Mr. MacDonald thinks upon the issues about which he writes and speaks so copiously. His followers themselves complain that he leads them to the brink of revelation and then departs in a cloud of words, leaving them still guessing.

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Superficially the most likely solution is that Mr. MacDonald believes it to be politic for a political leader not to commit himself. But probably there is a deeper cause. Mr. MacDonald's first mentor was Hugh Miller, and as a young man he read deeply in the works of Spencer, Huxley, and other evolutionists. His native bent was unquestionably scientific, and in following it he must have learned that our complex social structure, the patient growth of ages, can be changed only step by step. At the same time, his bitter experience of hardship filled him with resentment against the inequalities of life and with a desire to sweep them away in a single gesture. Thus he found himself a believer in the ideals of Socialism, but sceptical of every form, and especially every impatient form, which Socialism assumed in practice.

Here is a possible key to a series of contradictions and instabilities. It explains Mr. MacDonald's reticence even with his closest colleagues, and his apparently outspoken but always vaguely general declarations of policy on the platform and in the Press. It accounts for his assertion of moderate views and his association with extremists. It helps us to understand how, when an unexpected turn of fortune sent him to Downing Street, he began on the quiet reassuring lines which astuteness dictated, and within a few months let himself become hopelessly entangled with the most violent exponents of revolutionary Socialism. Similarly in the case of the General Strike, his sceptical mind must have revealed that conspiracy as the flashiest of futilities, but his emotional nature set him posing with his hand on the hilt of a sword.

The same inner conflict enables us to understand why he rants on the platform and indulges in over-elaborate and forcible-feeble metaphors when writing for the Press; a man who is engaged upon persuading himself against his better judgment tends inevitably to loud battering arguments. We are, in short, dealing with a nature not at one with itself; and during times of crisis, such as a General Election, this discord leads to an irritability which exhausts itself in extravagances of protest and denunciation.

When Mr. MacDonald first espoused the cause of Socialism the mating was a perfect union in an ideal world where there were no practical responsibilities. But since then the Socialists in more than one country have found themselves in power, and in only one have they dared to put their principles into anything approaching full operation. Both the hesitations and the plunge have had their effect on Mr. MacDonald's conception of what is feasible for Socialism under British conditions. At this moment, when the Socialist Party is ostensibly hoping for a return to office, he is sketching a shadowy Socialism haunted with a thousand and one reservations. And he almost openly envies Mr. Lloyd George, who is troubled by no secret doubts or importunate extremists, and who, having conceived or borrowed the vision which may charm the electorate, boldly and with wholehearted (though not quite simple) faith declares it to be the one true and saving reality in the political universe.

The alternative to the crusading opportunist and the distracted sceptic is Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who is neither.

Only a few years ago it was the fashion to regard Mr. Baldwin as an enigma. His selection as leader of the Conservative Party was considered to be a fantastic anomaly, comparable with the choice of a mollusc to govern the higher vertebrates. The most sympathetic explanation was that in a party with several brilliant men, no one of whom commanded the general allegiance, the only hope of unity lay in promoting a sound, reliable, but relatively undistinguished individual who would arouse no sectarian antagonisms. Mr. Baldwin—this quiet, amiable country gentleman—might supply the neutral tint with which all the livelier figures in the party would comfortably blend.

Curiously enough, this negative conception of Mr. Baldwin persisted, although he was a leader in the break-up of the Coalition, and although, in 1923, he plunged his party into a critical election. The prevailing theory was, of course, that he was pushed into that unlucky appeal to the country. Later events have indicated that Mr. Baldwin is the last man to be pushed into anything against his will.

misgiving; yet the composition remains substantially the same after four-and-a-half years of hard work and stress. The internal harmony of the Cabinet has been unbroken, and the genuine loyalty of each Minister is beyond question. If we search for the reason of this success we find it not only in the judicious choice of the best men available for each Department, we find it also in the fact that Mr. Baldwin has practised one of the most difficult but most essential principles of sound leadership. Having chosen his men he has given them full responsibility, subject only to the broad limitations of general policy. He has, in fact, given them enough freedom to make mistakes; and on occasion, as comparatively recent events showed, they have made mistakes. Yet these mistakes were not vital; they were easily corrected, and they represented only a trifling price to pay for the conspicuous benefits of a system under which each Minister was encouraged to give his utmost and his best. The system clearly implies a certain degree of self-effacement on the part of the leader. It is not congenial to the traditional type of leader who lives by dominating his colleagues and reducing them to satellites. Nevertheless, it does represent, by its results in unity of purpose and efficiency in service, the highest type of true leadership.

In his attitude towards the party and the public in general Mr. Baldwin follows the same principle of at once inviting and giving confidence. His often-expressed contempt for the art of rhetoric is an expression of his faith in the ultimate good sense of the British democracy. This is a faith which all politicians do not share, but in Mr. Baldwin's case it is strong enough to survive the occasional waywardness of mass opinion. It leads him to make his appeal, on a moderate note, more to the men and women of no party than to the adherents of any party. It leads him also to favour those policies which carry a broadly national character rather than those which are cleverly calculated to lead to an immediate party triumph. In short, the only party he has any desire to lead is one which is the consistent vehicle of national and Imperial statesmanship.

GERMANY UNDER VON HINDENBURG

BY MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG has just celebrated the fourth anniversary of his accession to the Presidency of the German Reich, and it is impossible to look back on these last four years, and the events that preceded them, without realising that this veteran soldier-statesman has been quietly guiding Germany through a most difficult period of her political life, and by so doing has been making an invaluable contribution to the general stabilisation of Europe. Although at heart a Monarchist and a soldier brought up in the most conservative of military *régimes*, he has shown wisdom in accepting changed conditions, and he is now doing everything in his power to help his country, often under conditions that must inwardly be most distasteful to him. In doing so he has never failed to consider the dynasty of his former allegiance, yet everything he does is in the interests of the Germany he loves; and he works, as far as his advanced years will permit, to keep his country steady in a period of uncertainty and perplexity. Hindenburg's personality and prestige form a pillar of strength in Germany to-day, and his calm, unassuming control of affairs, together with a certain continuity of authority, inspires that confidence that is so necessary to a nation in times of disappointment and despondency. It is too soon to attempt to put a value on the achievements of the *Reichspräsident*, but there is little doubt that, with posterity as judge, his high character and outstanding qualities will be fully appreciated as an example for future generations. The difficulties which he has had to face, and the conditions, personal and otherwise, in which he has had to overcome them, are for the most part still to be disclosed; but there is every reason to believe that his influence on the new German Republic, and his self-sacrificing devotion to duty, have saved the country from many dangerous situations, and that Germany of the future

will owe a heavy debt of gratitude to this old soldier of the Prussian Army and new President of the German Reich.

Hindenburg's record is a remarkable one, and there are few indeed who have spent such a life of turmoil and contrast, of success and disappointment, and remain, at the advanced age of eighty-two, capable of discharging with wisdom and judgment the duties of *chef d'état* of a first class Power. The President's memory carries him back to the field of Königgrätz, to the assault of the Guards at St. Privat, and to the French *débâcle* at Sedan. He took part in the siege of Paris, and he witnessed the proclamation of Emperor William I in the "Hall of Mirrors" at Versailles. He played a prominent part in the work of the German General Staff during the period of preparation that preceded the catastrophe of 1914, although the call to arms found him living in retirement at Hanover. Back in uniform once more, Hindenburg proceeded to make history on the Eastern front, where his victories of Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes raised him to the position of a national hero; and later, as Chief of the General Staff, he became the great figurehead of Germany's fighting forces and the idol of the German people. In the West Hindenburg tried every device to "shoot his bolt," and when he had failed he still hoped by a strategic defensive to secure a peace compatible with the dignity of his country. Germany was beaten, but not so the spirit of Hindenburg. He saw the German Empire crumble before his very eyes; he saw his Kaiser pack up and leave the country; and he realised that Bolshevism was an imminent danger to Germany, if not, indeed, to the whole of Europe. Seeing the inward struggle with which his officers and men were faced, he performed the invidious task of leading back to Germany the defeated remnants of that mighty military machine which had been the pride of Prussia and of the whole German Empire. By this action alone Hindenburg performed a most important service to Europe, and it may almost be said that he saved Europe from Bolshevism. As a soldier his work was done, but there was still before him a formidable task, which he has

undertaken out of sheer sense of duty. After obtaining release from his vows of allegiance to his former Kaiser, he placed his services at the disposal of his fellow-countrymen in their time of crisis, and by his masterly handling of the situation has already gained for himself an almost unique position in the annals of national politics.

During these eventful years Germany has undergone a transformation as remarkable as it is complete. The old order of things has vanished, leaving only a few traces here and there, and has been replaced by an entirely new atmosphere showing a very different side of the German character. A bust of the former Kaiser in one hotel, a picture of him with his military commanders in another, and a collection of old Prussian "Army Lists" in a third are amongst the few reminders of pre-War Germany that meet the eye of the casual stranger in Berlin. That the sweeping changes of the past decade are for the better there can be no possible doubt, and no one realises this more than the great body of the German people, who are now free from the bondage of military and official despotism, and are in a position to work out their destiny to their own advantage instead of for the benefit of those who exploited the nation for their own personal glorification.

Formerly Berlin was a great military *Kaserne*, of which the Kaiser was Commandant, and every department of life was conducted as part of this vast military organisation. Visitors to the capital could not help being impressed by the glittering splendour of the Prussian Guards, the soldierly bearing and smart turn-out of the officers in the Unter den Linden, and the outward signs of imperial power that almost dazzled the eyes of the foreigner. The military spirit of Imperial Germany permeated into every corner of Berlin, and the visitor had it firmly impressed upon him that the German officer was lord of all, and belonged to a sphere a great deal higher than that of his fellow-men. The officer was received almost royally wherever he went; he had the best seats in the theatres and the best tables in the restaurants; and every civilian, German and foreigner alike, was made to feel that these exponents of the art of war were fundamentally of much

greater importance than those who practised the professions and occupations of peace.

Germany of these days had, indeed, the appearance of a mighty Power destined to achieve great things in the world, and her army system was in itself the object of world-wide admiration, but the German people were deprived of their individual personality in order to play their part in this vast organisation that crippled all individual endeavour. At that time I had many friends both in the army and in the diplomatic service, and I was received with the greatest kindness on all occasions, but the profession of arms seemed completely to eclipse all other departments of State activity. The conditions of peace were regarded as secondary to those of war. At a luncheon which I attended, given by one of the heads of departments at the *Auswärtiges Amt* in honour of the German Delegation to the Hague Peace Conference of 1907, the officers present were regarded as more important guests than the delegates for whom the luncheon was given, and I could quote numerous other instances showing how Germany was at that time completely hypnotised by the glamour of military prowess. But it was not only the immense prestige of the army that impressed the foreigner. The same system existed in a minor degree in all departments of the Imperial Government service. Any uniformed Government official, whether he was a railway guard, a policeman or postman, demanded a considerable amount of respect, and he saw that he always got it. Germany was completely dominated by uniforms and brass buttons. The question was how long the German people were doomed to submit to this form of despotism, which was preventing them from giving expression to their true national characteristics and their beneficial influence in the world.

Through adversity, in which Germans have the full sympathy of the English people, the old *régime* has gone and has given place to what we believe to be the true Germany. Although their difficulties are great and their future is at the moment perhaps a little obscure, the German people have now a greater chance than they ever had before;

and, thanks to their national energy, remarkable industry and business capacity, they need have no misgivings as to their future position in the new Europe. To-day the foreign visitor to Berlin finds conditions which he never knew before. Courtesy is characteristic of every German official from the highest to the lowest; the German officer accepts his position as an ordinary member of the community; and railway guards, policemen and Customs officials are more polite and helpful to the traveller than almost any other similar officials in Europe. The whole spirit of Berlin has changed to the benefit of the Berliners and in the interests of trade and commerce with other countries. The foreign business man no longer has obstacles put in his way by a host of officials whose exercise of authority was their most cherished possession. The officials of to-day go about their business in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, and they are none the less efficient. There is a sense of equality now and everyone is well received, whether he be an ex-ally or an ex-enemy. During my recent visit to Berlin I had discussions with officials of the *Auswärtiges Amt* and with prominent members of most of the political parties in the Reichstag on subjects that might be the cause of bad feeling, but on all occasions these conversations were conducted with the greatest frankness and in the most friendly spirit.

Among the outstanding features of Germany to-day is a state of political uncertainty, arising out of the difficulty of reconciling party differences and the delicate position in which Germany finds herself in formulating her lines of foreign policy. Both these burdens fall to a great extent on the shoulders of Herr Stresemann, who, in spite of his very indifferent health, is courageously working to hold things together. So difficult, indeed, is the political position that a large number of Germans, especially in the country districts, are becoming opposed to the parliamentary system—a serious state of affairs when viewed side by side with Germany's economic obligations. Moreover, Reichstag members of the Right and Centre have nothing substantial to offer their electors, which creates an excellent opportunity for the Socialists to preach their

doctrines to ready listeners. In foreign affairs Locarno has been a deep disappointment to all parties, who contend that, although the Pact looks well on paper, Germany has in reality been left out. Similar uncertainty prevails on the economic side. With the Reparations question still in the balance, and the people still in the dark as to the amount of the debt which they will be called upon to pay, uneasiness and reluctance to embark on new undertakings is noticeable in most departments of commercial activity.

Both politically and economically there seems to be a great want of hope in Germany, and the people seem to be imbued with the idea that they have nothing to look forward to. The heavy burden of taxation is always a spectre before their eyes, and they cannot see the day when German enterprise will be free to develop to the material advantage of the German people. It has been said that Germany is recovering with great rapidity, that industry is forging ahead, and that Berlin reflects a considerable degree of national wealth. That there is some measure of truth in this statement there is little doubt. It is difficult to say at the present stage exactly how far this can be regarded as accurate, but I think I am right in saying that such signs of luxury and spending as may be noticeable in the German capital do not represent the true financial state of the country. The average German is undoubtedly counting his pfennigs, and personal economies, which are less noticeable than personal luxuries, are obvious to any foreigner who takes the trouble to look.

In estimating the financial condition of Germany most foreign observers are inclined either to think that the country is recovering by leaps and bounds, and therefore that her capacity to pay Reparations is greater than it is in actual fact, or they contend that the progress of the last few years is purely artificial, that everything is based on false values, and that the country is really on the verge of a serious crisis. While there are elements of truth in both these views, it seems to me that Germany, thanks to the capacity for work of her people, and their desire to participate to the fullest extent in what the new Europe has to offer, has succeeded in recovering quicker than

most countries would have done in similar circumstances; but that the state of German finance, industry and agriculture, combined with the uncertainty of the political situation, have given rise to a state of affairs that cannot stand any serious shocks. But, although this may be the case, it is clearly in the interests of Germany to face her war debts with a genuine determination to meet her obligations, thereby inspiring political confidence abroad and making her own path less difficult in years to come. It is only natural that the German people should feel a certain want of enthusiasm at the present stage, but there are no reasons to suppose that they will be slow in regaining that position which was theirs before the War.

Germany has come through an unsuccessful war and a revolution which, although almost bloodless, was none the less drastic in its effects, and there are certain remarkable features in the new order of things that throw important sidelights on the character of the people. Perhaps one of the most noticeable is the manner in which the Republic has been accepted by those who were formerly the strongest supporters of the imperial régime. Former high officials of the Kaiser are now equally high servants of the Republic, which tends to show that in Germany there is a very strong love of country, stronger, indeed, than any bonds that bind subjects to crowned heads or ruling dynasties; and nowhere is this more apparent than in the case of the *Reichspräsident* himself. "Germany" is far more to the average German than any other idea of allegiance, and the word *Vaterland* means to him much more than is imagined by the average foreigner. It was this *Vaterland* spirit that drove the German legions time after time against the shattering fire of the fortress of Verdun; it was this idea that sent rank after rank of Prussian students, little more than boys, to certain death in Flanders, singing as they went; and it was this that inspired Hindenburg to remain at his post and to lead the broken army back to Germany. This same spirit will be an important factor in helping Germany to advance to that position in Europe to which she naturally aspires.

With all their tribulations and misgivings as to the future, the Germans are fortunate to possess that characteristic mass patriotism which gives them strength to overcome difficulties as long as they are united, and the Republic has certainly strengthened the unity of the German nation. It is difficult to take German pessimism at its face value. The *Ausstellung* is popular in Germany just now, most sections of national energy having exhibitions of some kind, and it looks as if this idea is infecting the manner in which national conditions are represented to those who come from abroad. But the Germans are too methodical to excel at this art, and their pessimism, although to some extent justified, does not deceive the careful observer.

To-day there are few regrets at the passing of the old *régime*, as most sections of the community realise the benefits of the Republic. The ex-Kaiser's seventieth birthday passed almost unnoticed. The ex-Crown Prince, who has a house in the outer suburbs of Berlin, is a familiar figure on the golf links when his time is not otherwise occupied with indoor sports. The ex-Princes of the smaller German States live quietly on their estates as private individuals, and the ex-King of Saxony when recently cheered at the railway station told the people that they were "nice republicans!" The Foreign Ministry and diplomatic service have probably undergone less change than any other Department of State, the old aristocracy still being well represented, and this is often a subject of comment in foreign circles. But when it is realised that the personnel of the *Auswärtiges Amt* was before the War inwardly inclined to disapprove of the policies emanating from the *Kaiserliche Schloss*, that their loyalty to Germany is such as I have described, and that it is in the personal interests of this particular class to retain its position in the State, it is not surprising that its members should serve the Republic in the meantime, hoping for a changed order of things in days to come. In spite of all the changes, real and apparent, that have taken place in Germany, the fundamental driving forces of the country remain the same, although their activities are at

present subordinated to the changed outlook of the *bourgeoisie* and workers, who form the republican majority.

Germany to-day is a strange mixture of political and economic forces working in an atmosphere of uncertainty. She is like a weather-beaten ship in a heavy sea under the command of an aged but experienced captain. The crew, tired out by their struggle, have come to have little faith in the ship, but they inwardly believe that their captain will see them through. And so it is with Hindenburg, who from his armchair far in the background uses his strong and moderating influence to keep the political scales balanced. On the one side, the right wing of the Nationalist Party and the *Stahlhelm* organisation have to be guided in the way they should go. To them Hindenburg is still the military commander, and as President of the *Stahlhelm* he is in a strong position. On the other side, the left wing Socialists and Communists have to be restrained. To them his personality as head of a democratic State has the effect of steadying their wilder schemes and activities. The President seldom shows his authority, and for several reasons prefers to avoid the limelight. His advanced age does not permit of his undertaking anything approaching arduous duties, and he is only allowed by his medical advisers to devote a certain number of hours in the day to work. For this reason he only sees the highest State officials, and only them when there is the most urgent business to be considered. Further, there is nothing more distasteful to Hindenburg than any idea of pushing himself forward. He occupies his position as President as a duty to his country, and he shrinks from anything that might conceivably create the impression that he wishes to occupy the position of his former master. In his old age he needs care and a good deal of rest, but from his modest palace in the Wilhelmstrasse he wields a power which is none the less effective. The President lives in the simplest possible way. A policeman at the gate, two sentries in the small courtyard, and the Republican flag at the masthead are the only outward signs that distinguish the palace from

any other building in the street. Little or no ceremony attends his coming or his going.

Fortunate are those few who have been admitted to the presence of this grey-haired soldier and statesman. None have been disappointed. The popular conception of a fire-eating Prussian general with a stern countenance and a domineering demeanour fade away in the company of this charming and benevolent old gentleman, who shows a keen interest in everybody and everything. With his intellect as quick as ever it was, Hindenburg has been known to follow closely on the map every move in an explorer's journey, and to ask questions showing that the President himself understood the difficulties almost as well as the explorer who was describing his adventures. While his kindly disposition is sympathetic to the human side of life, he has a strong sense of humour and loves a good joke. He will sit listening to something that amuses him for a considerable time without giving any indication of his emotions; then gradually his face will light up and his eyes will twinkle with merriment. But when he hears a really good joke he literally rocks from side to side with laughter.

The name of von Hindenburg will go down to history as one of the greatest men of our time. He embodies to the fullest extent that spirit of German patriotism to which I have already referred. Loyal to the Empire and then to the Republic, he is serving the true interests of Germany by sinking all personal feelings and by placing the *Vaterland* before all other considerations. When his term of office expires, the question of a successor will be one of the most serious problems that the German Republic has yet had to face.

DEMOCRACY AND THE MINORITIES

By J. H. HARLEY

THE March meeting of the Council of the League of Nations was dealing with a thorny question, not unimportant for the future of democracy, when, on the invitation of Dr. Stresemann and Senator Dandurand, it considered its relations to the guaranteed European Minorities. Not that a casual reader would have imagined this was the case from the light-hearted way in which a possible action of the Council was forecast by some public opinion in our own country. Such a one would rather have deduced, from their confident and frequently ill-informed utterances, that Great Britain was the great policeman of the world, and that all she had to do was to bring down her feet with a sufficiently loud reverberation to cause all these Philistinish nations who browbeat their minorities to retreat hopelessly intimidated into their dens. But both M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain, who were brought, by the necessities of their official positions, more nearly and comprehensively in contact with the realities of the situation, knew much better than this. One has only to read their speeches to realise that dangerous and fateful possibilities were lurking in the background of apparently innocent proposals. Even Dr. Stresemann, stung to a momentary exhibition of resentment by some comment which Sir Austen had made on the veiled backgrounds of his speech, ended by assenting to a suggestion made by the Polish Foreign Minister that the discussion should be confined to consideration of the League procedure in dealing with the minorities, and that a report on the subject should be made to the next meeting of the Council.

This was undoubtedly the right action to take, and if there are still some misguided spirits who would urge the Council to go farther until it is faced by a dangerous situation these are no friends to the League, or even

genuine well-wishers for the peace of Europe. They think they are, no doubt; and it would be an unpleasant shock to them to be supposed otherwise; but the tragedy of the present European embroilment is that peace is oftenest imperilled in the house of its friends. It is easy, for example, to show that the encouragement given to European minorities by their foolish and mistaken partisans to constitute themselves permanent centres of political agitation has a direct repercussion on the present crisis in European democracy. For that democracy is, in some sort, in a period of crisis, is plain to anyone who has sufficiently long-sighted eyes to see into the present circumstances of contemporary states. Italy has elected a new Chamber of legislators, but the people are only brought in at the last resort to ratify or reject a previous selection by the friends of the reigning power. Poland is considering how best to strengthen the hands of her executive. Spain and Yugoslavia are continuing the rule of their dictators, Germany fails to stabilise her Reichstag by the formation of a government based on an effective parliamentary majority. Even France, in her occasional moods, conveys the unpleasant but unmistakable impression of being on the verge of a parliamentary precipice. What does it all mean?

At first it may seem far-fetched to connect such a large and comprehensive question as the future of European democracy with such an apparently restricted question as that of the relation of the League of Nations to its guaranteed minorities. Was it not Tocqueville who taught our Victorian fathers that democracy is an omnipotent and all-encroaching power which overruns all bounds, and which no human force is competent to arrest? Did not the respectable Victorian Sir Thomas Erskine May write a history of Democracy in Europe, beginning with its emergence from primeval slime, and only ending when it found a comfortable resting-place among the easy tolerances of the British constitution? This is all very true, yet subsequent appraisements of historical facts and phenomena have not confirmed the assumption that history goes from more to more, and that the way of democracy

is a straight and uniform path under succeeding arches of triumph. The sea ebbs and flows. Nations have their epochs of progress and reaction. History is more like a spiral than a spear. And as a small object on the line may arrest the thundering locomotive so it may be a cause only faintly suspected which produces a seasonal setback in the fortunes of democracy.

Let it be remembered that the democracy with which we are specially concerned to-day was developed in the course of progress of the unitary sovereign state of the Reformation era to the more complex national and sometimes federal state of the nineteenth century. As this unitary state more intricately grew and developed it became more and more evident that its autonomous power of self-regulation and self-expression was to be manifested in three main activities of its institutional life, the legal, the executive or administrative, and the legislative. Of these the legal and the executive are the more primitive, and the legislative the more developed product of historical evolution. Even amid the sophisticated modernity of the years since 1914 we have seen war rouse the manes of ruder passions, so that the first institutions that suffered were the new parliamentary habits of government, that tolerance of contrary opinion which alone had made legislative enactment effective or even possible. What, then, was meant in these developing modern societies by the continuous progress of democracy?

Evidently, in its more restricted and yet in a supremely important sense, it meant the growing supremacy of the legislative over the legal and administrative functions of the new national state. Of course that is not the aspect of affairs which, since the days of the American and French revolutions, has most directly caught the popular eye. What the popular mind means by democracy may be summed up in the well-known but hardly watertight definition of Abraham Lincoln: "Government of the people by the people and for the people." This definition presupposed a certain developed theory and practice of the legislature. It had its heroes like Thomas Jefferson and the Abbé Sieyès, and it directed its technique on all

legislature, but takes drastic steps to prevent the appearance of organised opposition which might paralyse its energies. Turkey grants its franchise to its boys of eighteen, but in Mustafa Kemal the Turks have a President who exercises an influence far beyond his Constitutional powers, and who takes care that parliamentary difficulties shall not be suffered to wreck a new experiment. Primo de Rivera dispenses with the services of his legislators, and drives the quondam Conservative leader to organised and armed revolt. King Alexander of Yugoslavia proclaims himself dictator, and at once determines to appoint an executive which must be freed from facing the turmoil of an often unworkable Parliament. Germany has a suffrage based on the widest democratic representation of men and women, but its Reichstag, when it receives from the President the names of a Cabinet of Notables, is unable to give that notable Cabinet an effective parliamentary majority. Lenin, ere he died, made it pretty plain to his heirs and political executors that he did not think it consistent with sound proletarian policy that Mensheviks should have the opportunity of organising effective opposition in those Soviets which he deemed the legislative assemblies of the future.

Now what is the cause of all this? How is it that Parliament in so many countries in Europe is gradually ceasing to have any claims to sovereignty? Many causes, no doubt, have tended to make up this total result. History is always infinitely complex, and the historian is never provided with a master key which will open every lock. But the apparent encouragement given to minorities to hold themselves apart and indulge in political agitation has undoubtedly exerted an appreciable influence in preventing the formation, in certain countries with minorities, of an effective Parliamentary majority. Parliamentary democracy has never functioned really satisfactorily except where the parties have connected themselves up into two groups—the Government and the Opposition—and where the Government, when it has the majority, has a majority sufficiently strong to give it a fair chance of realising its political programme. The United States may be cited as a

nation which has worked democratic institutions with conspicuous success, and the late Theodore Roosevelt found that even his great influence was impotent to change the electoral habits which sustained the two-party system in America.

It is certainly not because the U.S.A. is unblessed by the possession of minorities that it is able to keep free from the dangers of any serious parliamentary stalemate. Before the War there were no restrictions on the number of its immigrants, and people from the very countries where the minorities problem is now most acute came trooping to the shores of the New World. But the U.S.A. were in the unique position of being able to require of these minorities, as the indispensable condition of receiving them within a land of promise, that they should become assimilated to the fellow-citizens of their adopted place of abode. There was no question of teaching their language in American schools. They might gravitate to their own particular quarters in the big American cities, but they received no encouragement from the State to hold themselves apart or to constitute a State within a State. Racial differences, where they are obstinately realised and cherished, are the most difficult to overcome and reconcile. When Parliament is split into a variety of groups, and any number of them are racial, you have in the latter to deal with prejudices and antipathies which the tactful "give and take" of parliamentary negotiation finds it difficult to reconcile.

Now the effect of the action of the Minorities Treaties of the League of Nations hitherto has been to encourage the racial groups to constitute themselves permanent and irreconcilable political parties, and to take action not simply to maintain Treaty rights, but to agitate for subversive political change. In M. Clemenceau's letter to M. Paderewski, when transmitting to him the draft of the first minority treaty, an effort was made to show that the Allied Powers were only following established procedure. To enforce this plea an appeal was made to the pledges that were exacted as regards religious liberty from Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania, when their sovereignty and

independence were recognised by the Congress of Berlin in 1878. However, as the letter goes on, another note is struck, and it is admitted that "it is indeed true that the new treaty differs in form from earlier Conventions dealing with similar matters." The fact was that these new treaties were going to create a totally different situation. This was mainly due to two of their main features. They were said to be applicable to *all* nations "newly created," or "who had received large accessions of territory," whereas they were really made applicable only to *some* of the nations who came within these categories. And in the second place the newly created League of Nations had the onerous task assigned to it of supervising the practical application of these treaties to the existing world of affairs.

It is now clear, after several years of significant experience, that these characteristic features of the new Minorities Treaties have fostered separatist intrigue, and have certainly not tended to make the task of democratic government easier in certain of the countries to which they will eventually apply. The very fact that they were only limited to certain countries was sure in itself to have a distinctly disturbing effect. Countries so marked out were bound to be regarded as particularly suspect in their treatment of their subject races, and they were closely watched by interested propagandists in case they might violate the letter of their bond. Furthermore, the League of Nations tended to be regarded not as a committee of conciliation, which might bring the parties together in friendly negotiation, but rather as a sounding-board from which discontented racial groups might megaphone their grievances to the whole people of Europe. Where there were existing parliamentary deadlocks in such countries, these deadlocks were made, by the action of these officially organised minorities, very much more serious. No wonder that at the March meeting of the League where the was made pretty plain that, in view of these groups—the unfortunate results, the nations subject to the Government—would obstinately resist any change

them the altered provisions must be made applicable to all the European nations without exception.

These difficulties are not merely theoretic, as may be seen from the case of Poland, which was the first nation after the War to have presented to it a Minorities Treaty. No one who knows the facts can doubt that, in this country at least, Poland has been the special subject of interested propaganda, and that the attacks made upon her have been specially inspired in the interests of ambitious minorities. By the Geneva Convention of 1922 the German minorities in Upper Silesia were given the opportunity of using the Council of the League of Nations as a sounding-board, and small wonder it was that they and other Polish minority groups formed themselves into hard and fast political parties. In March, 1926, it was calculated that there were fifty-nine different Polish party groups working to get representatives on the Sejm, and that no less than thirty-three were racial groups representing Ukrainians, White Ruthenians, Germans and Jews. Not all of these, of course, actually obtained such representatives. In 1922 they had eighty-nine representatives out of 444. In 1928 that number had increased to ninety-four.¹ The Polish parliamentary outlook was already very difficult. Poland formed part before the War of three different empires, and Proportional Representation, which had been adopted as a method of election, increased the tendency to multiply political groups. In order to get anything like stable parliamentary government, it is necessary, as has been already pointed out, to have an administration resting on an assured parliamentary majority. How intolerable when, in addition to the difficulties of bringing together the normally existing groups, you have also a series of racial groups, ostentatiously resisting assimilation, standing firm against all talk of compromise, and strongly tempted to hold up the country of their adoption in the Council of the League before the public reprobation of Europe.

(1) It is necessary, however, to point out that of these, eleven are now members of the Government Bloc.

Let us be quite clear, however, as to the exact scope of this discussion. It has not been suggested, and it has not been intended to suggest, that the parliamentary action of discontented minorities is the cause of all the difficulties in present-day democracy. These, as has already been made manifest, mainly result from attacks of parliamentary paralysis, and other causes besides the action of racial minorities have contributed to the one common result. Proportional Representation meant a representation of many different kinds of groups, economic as well as religious and racial, and the more groups there were to combine into the two indispensable parties the more difficult it was to get a really stable government, which alone could impart a real driving power to the executive and administrative authority of the State. Occasionally, too, in countries like Czechoslovakia, which is subject to the treaties, and which also possesses sufficiently vociferous minorities, there is a fairly stable parliamentary majority, consisting of five groups, to which quite recently the German group has been added. In Jugoslavia, on the contrary, the Croats made parliamentary government impossible and latterly retired to Zagreb to form a Parliament of their own. The real truth is that, of all groups that could possibly be imagined, racial groups are the most obstinate and difficult. In Czechoslovakia itself, where, after much arduous experience, some progress was made towards democratic stability and efficiency, it was always evident that the racial groups were the weakest links in the completed parliamentary chain.

Have such speculations regarding the influence of minorities on the stability of parliamentary democracy any application to the circumstances of our own particular land? It might be thought on the first appearance that they had absolutely none whatever. We are accustomed to plume ourselves on our equitable treatment of the so-called subject races, and some of the British commentators on the Minorities Treaties have spoken of them as if they only contained the "irreducible minimum" of the demands which might justly be made. But are the demands of these treaties so very much an irreducible

minimum? Let us examine, for example, what would result in England if the provisions of the Geneva Convention relating to Upper Silesia were made applicable to our own educational conditions. The parents of forty children, according to this Convention, can ask for a school at the public expense, where their language shall be used, and where instruction shall be given in the tenets of their distinctive faith. What would the Nonconformist and Liberal supporters of these Upper Silesian minorities say if the Irish Catholics of the Scotland division of Liverpool were to ask that schools should be opened at public expense throughout the division where instruction should be given in Erse, and where there should be no Cowper-Temple clause to bar the teaching of a creed? Assuredly most of them would pull a very long face, and their contention would be that circumstances alter cases in a very material sense.

In reality our own experience with the Irish question is perfectly fitted to teach us how difficult a racial group can make the working of even the best-oiled parliamentary machine. Who that passed through the memorable days of 1885 can forget the sudden perplexity and even consternation which invaded the minds of some of his most loyal adherents when it was rumoured abroad that Gladstone was weakening on the subject of Irish Home Rule? What denials and counter-denials! How difficult it was to account for such an unexpected change of position! And the reason the explanation was difficult was that, in reality, it was very simple. Gladstone was ready to reverse all his previously expressed opinions, not because he had been seized with any sudden zeal for the Irish cause, nor that, as in the case of Bulgaria, he had been persuaded, in an access of his characteristic emotional fervour, that Ireland was a nation. The great opportunist statesman really pushed forward Home Rule because he feared that the continuing presence and greater number of the Irish members in Parliament would make the old stable party government impossible for the British democracy. As an old parliamentary hand he was apprehensive for the future of the much-loved parliamentary machine. He had asked

INTERNATIONALISM

BY ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.

THE international policy and outlook of the Labour Movement, like its Socialist policy and outlook, are a matter of common sense, and seek their justification even more in practical experience than in theory. The Labour Party's internationalism is not a manifestation of anti-national sentiment. It is not a mere reaction from the excessive patriotism which finds expression in the phrase "My country, right or wrong!" As a policy its antecedents are at least as respectable as those of the flag-wagging imperialism to which it is often, but erroneously, considered to be an alternative; and its ethical sanctions are superior. Yet Labour's internationalism is perversely misrepresented by both the Conservative and the Liberal Parties as inimical to national interests. Why those who cherish the international spirit and seek to promote international co-operation should be denounced as the friends of every country but their own can be explained only as an example of muddle-headedness or of deliberate misrepresentation. It is surely obvious that if the general interests of mankind are served by international co-operation on questions of scientific research, on questions affecting public health and industrial legislation, and on the problems of peace and disarmament, the interests of individual nations are also served and the benefits are shared by all. Where there is true co-operation no country gains at the expense of the rest. Where national policy aims at securing some material advantage over other countries, or seeks to exploit other countries for selfish ends, it is natural to regard with disapproval the advocates of international co-operation in that country; but it should not require much argument to prove, even to the most thorough-going nationalist, that self-interest itself dictates, in some matters at least, the adoption of an international policy.

Health is one such question. Bacteria do not respect

frontiers. The fight against disease is international in its scope. International co-operation is essential, too, in matters of scientific research. To the making of so commonplace a thing as the almanac, with its mass of data involving astronomical observations and calculations, there goes an immense amount of co-operative work among scientists of all the civilised countries. There must be international agreement as to the use of the ether in broadcasting and in the wavelengths assigned to different stations. Postal arrangements between the various countries have for long been the subject of international regulation. The white slave traffic and the trade in indecent literature can only be effectively dealt with internationally. The laws regulating copyright, patent rights and certain other forms of property are no longer purely national in their scope. There is, in short, a vast amount of international regulation and control, as well as of voluntary international co-operation, which the most rabid and self-centred of nationalists would be constrained to defend, if only for the reason that they serve national interests.

More controversial, but assuredly not less easy to justify on grounds of both principle and expediency, are the developments of international co-operation in the sphere of industrial legislation. The Labour Movement whole-heartedly supports the International Labour Organisation which was brought into existence under the Versailles Treaty, as an integral part of the machinery of the League of Nations. Labour, indeed, can claim to have had a considerable share in the making of this section of the Peace Treaty, not only in the framing of the Labour Charter, but in the setting up of the International Labour Office at Geneva. It will not be disputed by those who know the facts that the workers' representatives in the succession of International Labour Conferences, from the first assembly in 1919 at Washington onwards, have played an important part in the drafting of the various Conventions; and it is a matter of history that the organised Labour Movement has never ceased to exert pressure upon Governments for ratification of these Conventions. It has yet to be shown that the capitalist

parties, in so crucial a matter as legislation for an international forty-eight-hour week, accept without disabling reservations the underlying principles of the International Labour Organisation.

No such hesitancy or indifference marks the attitude of organised labour. It accepts as almost axiomatic the idea that international action is necessary to establish comparable standards of working-class life and conditions of employment as between one country and another. It uses the machinery of the International Labour Organisation with this as its fundamental aim. The organised workers have learned by bitter experience how conditions in one country affect the position of the wage-earners in other countries. Employers everywhere are prone to invoke the argument that competition from countries with a lower standard of life and inferior conditions of employment make it impossible for them, with the best will in the world, to raise wages, shorten working hours, or improve conditions for their own workers. Upon this argument the Conservative Party founds its defence of the Safeguarding policy. The Labour Party, on the other hand, holds strongly to the view that "safeguarding" as a means of protecting industry against unfair competition from countries with inferior social and economic standards of life is an illusory and fallacious policy. It is in no sense an effective alternative to the policy of establishing, as far as practicable, common standards for the workers in all countries by means of international labour legislation. It is only through the gradual development and effective enforcement of an international code of labour legislation that labour conditions can be removed from the arena of competition. Competition, so long as it exists, should be based on science and organisation, and not on the power of one group of employers to exploit more successfully the labour which they employ than another group of employers. International labour legislation is the counterpart to national labour legislation, which was necessary in order to impose on all employers similar minimum standards of employment. The development of the industrial system in many parts of the world has rendered

necessary some machinery for establishing and enforcing comparable minimum standards in all countries.

In the sphere of international industrial legislation the policy of organised labour is demonstrably a policy which makes for social progress. It is governed by considerations of general well-being and not of special advantage to any class or a single nation. It is a policy that aims at the good of all nations, and is not inimical to any national interest which it is desirable or necessary to conserve. The only "right" it assails is the right to exploit, to "sweat" labour; or to use the existence of sweated and exploited labour as a lever to enforce a lower standard of life and employment in countries where the social crime of sweating has been or is being legislated away. Those who oppose international regulation of labour conditions may not recognise themselves to be morally and culturally upon the same level as those who profit by free trade in obscene literature; but plainly, when hostility to international regulation serves to perpetuate low standards whose existence provides an excuse for lowering standards everywhere, the foes of internationalism are stopping social progress. They become not only enemies of every country but their own, but do a great disservice to their own country by encouraging a policy which must lead to stabilising existing conditions, and may even lead to a progressive degradation of life for their own countrymen.

But it is not only in the sphere of labour legislation that international action is necessary. The world is becoming an economic unit. The markets for the staple commodities are world markets. Large industrial, trading and financial enterprises nowadays overstep national frontiers. They are international in their scope and their operations.

When business enterprises fell for the most part within the boundaries of single states, the State was able to exercise some degree of supervision and regulation, and in most countries where industry and commerce have developed, there are more or less effective codes of law governing at least some aspects of economic life. But under modern conditions vast enterprises have arisen

It is desirable to promote international organisation on a voluntary basis, but valuable as such voluntary co-operation amongst men and women with common interests may be, governmental action is essential.

In matters of international relations, therefore, the League of Nations is the pivot of Labour policy. Labour statesmen would have endowed the League at its birth with wider powers and larger responsibilities than those conferred upon it by the Peace Conference. It has been argued by the Conservatives that the League must for long be but an embryonic organisation, which if it were overtaxed, would be crushed beneath the weight of its responsibilities. But there are times when the bold course is the safest. The post-War period was one, and the greatest defect of the Peace Conference was its timidity, its failure to take the courageous line. Europe and the world have suffered because those who negotiated the Peace Treaty failed to take full advantage of the unparalleled opportunity which offered itself in the days immediately after the War to establish a permanent Temple of Peace.

Labour Governments will undoubtedly use the League machinery more resolutely and consistently than it has yet been used, not merely for the discussion of the problems of international intercourse, but for the deliberate organisation of world peace. The League, though not a perfect instrument, can be developed into an effective organisation for securing peace and disarmament. It is, indeed, the prime purpose of the League of Nations to organise the world for peace, to find a method of settling international differences without recourse to war, and to lift from the nations the oppressive burden of competitive expenditure on armaments. Here, if anywhere, internationalism will find its supreme justification as a political principle. The real task of the League, the real test of the statesmanship which finds expression through its instrumentalities, will be, and must be, its success in organising the world on a peace basis.

The Labour Government of 1924 bent its energies towards this end. At the London Conference it secured the settlement of the Reparations problem and the applica-

tion of arbitration to future disputes regarding reparations. It abandoned the provocative and scandalously wasteful plan for a naval base at Singapore. It took steps to bring the Government of Russia into normal relations with other nations. It pledged itself not to undertake any international obligations, whether by treaty or otherwise, without the previous consent of the House of Commons. It proved its faith in internationalism by steadfastly pursuing its policy of peace and co-operation. Its greatest contribution was its plan for the settlement of all international disputes by arbitration, and, had not its policy been destroyed by the Conservative Government which succeeded it, a world conference for making a treaty of international disarmament would have met in 1925.

The organisation of the world for peace means more than the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. It means more than the signing of a pact for the outlawry of war. It involves even more than the acceptance of the principle of arbitration in international disputes, with its corollary of concerted and progressive disarmament. These are factors of the highest importance—but they do not exhaust the possibilities of international co-operation for the advancement of civilisation. Labour regards as of great potential value in world organisation the principle of the mandate as applied to indigenous races and the undeveloped or backward areas of the earth, and is pledged to co-operate with the Mandates Commission of the League and to strengthen and extend its authority, because it embodies in a practical form the conception of trusteeship for civilisation. It is part of the task of the League to assist native races towards self-government and to safeguard their economic interests.

The British Labour Movement makes no apology for its internationalism. It is implacably opposed to military megalomania and aggressive nationalism, both of which are the embodiment of individualism in the world of nations. Against this it advances the view that the vital interests of the world, whether economic or political, are the common interests of all peoples. This is the application of the Socialist principle to international affairs.

NICHOLAS BRETON, GENTLEMAN

A TERCENTENARY

BY MARY BRADFORD WHITING

SINCE Breton's death is generally assumed to have taken place about the year 1629, 1929 may be looked upon as his tercentenary, and some consideration of his works may therefore be of interest.

Had Bishop Percy not included one or two of his lyrics in the *Reliques* his name might almost have passed out of memory, and though Dr. Grosart in 1879 reprinted all the works of which he could obtain a sight, the edition—limited to a hundred copies—was only issued for private circulation and is not easily accessible to readers. That he is not a more conspicuous figure is partly due to the illustrious age in which he lived; the mighty genius of such poets as Spenser, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare put him in the shade, and his books for the most part went into so few editions that copies of them are of the utmost rarity—a fact that has lately been exemplified at the sale of the Britwell Court Library. His output was a large one—so large and so varied that it seems strange that except for the one lyric, *Phyllis and Coridon*,

On a hill there growes a flowre,
Faire befalle the daintie swete;

etc.,

his name scarcely appears in our Anthologies.

Yet Nicholas Breton, Gentleman, as he styles himself on almost all of his title-pages, was a writer of very great mental power and of rare felicity of diction, and had there not been so many nightingales in the Elizabethan nest of singing-birds he must have won widespread recognition.

Our knowledge of his family is chiefly derived from the long and minutely worded will made by his father, who died in the year 1558. William Breton had two sons, and though no record of their birth has been found, Nicholas

must have been less than twenty-four years of age when his father died, for his share of the property was to be employed by his mother "for his mayntenance & fynding," until he attained that age. The name is spelt variously—Breton, Brytton, Brytten, Brittain, etc.; but that it had its origin in Laver Breton, a village near Colchester, is an established fact. The family was probably one of considerable consequence, for Nicholas was careful to style himself "gentleman," a title of much stricter significance at that time than in the present day, and that his father made a handsome fortune as a London merchant is shown by the contents of his will.

The share of his estate which William Breton left to his wife was to be forfeited if she remarried, but this penalty did not prevent her union with George Gascoigne, the poet, in the year 1568. Since Nicholas was installed in a lodging of his own at this time he had no doubt attained his majority under the will; the date of his birth, in this case, would be 1544 or 1545, and it is interesting to notice that the span of his life overlaps that of most of his principal contemporaries: Breton, 1544-45-1629; Spenser, 1552-1599; Lyly, 1544-1601; Sir Philip Sidney, 1544-1586; Peele, 1558-1598; Greene, 1560-1592; Nash, 1564-1600; Bacon, 1561-1626; Marlowe, 1564-1593; Shakespeare, 1564-1616. Ben Jonson, born ten years after him in 1554, died eight years after him in 1637.

Two interesting statements with regard to Breton are contained in an account of one of the voyages made by the Rev. Richard Madox, a naval chaplain, in the year 1582. "I dyned," he says, "with Mr. Carlil at his brother Hodson's who is governour of Antwerp. Ther was Mr. Brytton, once of Oriel College, wch made Wyt's Will. He spekethe the Italian wel."

No record of Breton's residence at Oriel has been traced, but the internal evidence of his work tends to prove that the statement is correct, for he makes several allusions to University life in terms which indicate that he spoke from personal knowledge, and in *A Flourishe vpon Fancy, or The Toyes of an Idle Head*, he speaks of himself as "a yong gentleman who had spent some years at Oxford."

He was approached, he says, by a gentleman who was anxious to have his three sons educated at a University, and who, knowing that he had been so educated, asked him to recommend a tutor for them. The book was first published in the year 1577, and a second edition appeared in 1582, the same year in which Madox met him at Antwerp. It is dedicated "To all younge Gentlemen that delight in travaile to Foreine Countries," and he advises his "younge Mates" not to be like those that "sit at home as a Chicke vnder a broode hen, esteeming warmthe the cheefest wisdome, as many, the more pittie, by too much dandling of their Dads & making of their Mams, do now a dayes."

Of Madox' second statement, that Breton was an Italian scholar, there is also considerable internal evidence, for not only does he introduce occasional Italian words and phrases, but at least two of his longer poems show traces of the influence of Dante. *The Toyes of an Idle Head* is planned something after the fashion of the *Vita Nuova*, that is to say, it consists of love poems with explanatory interludes in which he speaks of his Mistress's beauty and virtues and his own unworthiness of her. As Dante followed the relation of his dreams and visions with their interpretation, so Breton follows his *Pretty Discourse of a Hunted Hart*, with *The Meaning of the Tale*. The "selly Hart" is his heart, and "Discountenance and Discurtisie" are the "cruell cures" that the Lady sent to chase him. There is one great difference, however, between this book and the *Vita Nuova*, for Dante's sole theme is the glorification of Beatrice, while Breton is concerned with the varying manifestations of love in varying natures.

It would be tempting to turn the Ann Sutton whom Breton married at St. Giles, Cripplegate, in January, 1592, into a prosaic Gemma, and to make of the incomparable Countess of Pembroke, another Beatrice, but with such meagre information as we possess it would be manifestly unfair. Of his married life nothing is recorded except that three children were born of it between the years 1603 and 1607; and though "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," accepted his dedications and allowed him to be a

frequent visitor at her house, the same may be said of Ben Jonson and many other of his contemporaries.

The book that he published in 1592, the year of his marriage—*The Pilgrimage to Parnassus*—is dedicated to "The Object of Honour, by the Abject of Fortune," and consists of an elaborate analogy between her virtues and those of "the renowned Duchess of Vrbinia."

Who hath the redde of the Duchesse of Vrbinia may saie the Italians wrote wel, but who knowes the Countesse of Penbrooke [so he frequently spells the name] I thinke hath cause to write better, & if shee had many followers hath not you mo seruants? & if they wer soe mindfull of their fauours shal wee be forgetful of our duties? No—I am assured that some are not ignorant of your worth, which shal not be idle in your seruice: that will make a title but a tittle, where a line shal put downe a letter & if shee hath receiued her right in remembrance you must not haue wrong in being forgotten; if shee were the honour of witte, you are the comfort of discretion, if shee were the faviourer of learning, you are the maintainer of Arte, if shee had the beauty of Nature you beautifie Nature with the blessing of the Sprite: & in summe, if shee had any true perfection to be spoken of, you haue many mo truely to be written of, which among all, the least worthy to write of, your poore vnworthy named poet, who by the indiscretion of his youth & the malice of envy had utterly perished (had not the hand of Honour reuiued the hart of humility) will not so bury in oblivion but that your deserued fame shal so sound in the eares of honourable heartes that if I spake, more than I maie, the Judgment of the wise & the tongues of the learned, I knowe will no less cleere me of flattery, than wish a mind of more perfection to be employed in your seruice. To conclude, I beseech you so to fauour my labour & to looke on the worke; thinke not on the ruins of Troie, but help to build vp the walles of Jerusalem: which figure, if it seem obscure, let the poore pilgrim that seeketh Paradise, finde heauen the better by your fauour; to the comfort of which, committing vnder heauen the hope of my heartes' happinesse, with humble prayer for your eternall prosperitie, I rest in no lesse bounden duety than humble seruice,
your ladyship's vnworthy named Poet,

NICHOLAS BRETON.

But the real interest of the book lies not in the dedication, but in its points of resemblance to the *Divina Commedia*. The poems of Dante—well known to Chaucer—had become classics in Shakespeare's day, and since Breton was an Italian scholar he was no doubt familiar with them. The pilgrim of his poem is styled "The Master"; accompanied by his five servants—the Sente, the Tast, the Eie, the Eare and the Feeling, he sets out to find the Way, and discovers, like Dante, that it lies through a forest "Ful of wild and cruell beastes." Along

Wil's Trenchmore (1597), in which the "court-like house" is described. The old English dance, the Trenchmore, is here used to signify the dance or play of wits; the book is a dialogue between an angler and a scholar, and the scholar speaks of the happiness he has experienced in the society of the noble Lady of the house. He says that she was compacted of every perfection and that there God was served, the truth preached, and the poor relieved. Into this Paradise came a gentleman ruined in fortune, whom "an imagined friend" exposed to the mockery of the Lady, "who no sooner sounded the substance of his wit, but with the deep eie of her rare judgment piercing into the humble nature of his spirit, pittying his fortune and perceiuing his want, made use of his seruice in a better sense." In the light of her favour he basked, he says, for a while, but then envy and misrepresentation arose. A curious passage follows: "Passing over an vnknowne plaine, hee fell deepe downe into a saw-pitte that hee shal repent the falle while hee liues; for neuer since daring to presume, but in prayers to thinke on his faire Princesse, hee hath gone vp & downe like a shadowe without substance, a purse without money, a body without spirit."

Dr. Grosart, commenting on this passage, says that the probable interpretation of the "saw-pit," is that Breton disgraced himself at Wilton by falling into drunkenness, but why a saw-pit should be a symbol of drunkenness he does not explain. A clearer light is thrown upon the passage by the use made of the same expression in a pamphlet entitled *The Blind Guide*, by William Jenkyn (1649), a copy of which is preserved in the Bodleian Library. Jenkyn, who was the incumbent of a London church, was engaged in a sharp controversy with a certain John Goodwin, and he speaks of "an old saw that cuts well—

The Prince himself of the black Stygian lake
Dares not attempt what priests will undertake,

but a saw such as this cuts two ways, & it was the Prince of Styx who taught him how to make it; in Satan's saw-pit schooled he was."

With Jenkyn's use of the word in mind there can be little doubt that Breton's offence was some speech that the Countess resented, but that there was no permanent breach is shown by the fact that she accepted the dedication of several of his subsequent books. Thus the dedication of *Auspicante Iehoua* is signed—"your sometime vnworthy poet & euer poore Beadman, Nicholas Breton"; and in that of *The Rauisht Soule* (1601) he speaks of his humble thankfulness for her "bountifull vnderdeserued goodnesse." Nor need we think that it was only the restoration of material favours that evoked his gratitude: the friendship of one of the most charming and accomplished women of that or any other age was a true joy of the spirit, and it is easy to understand the despair that must have seized him at the withdrawal of such a privilege.

That Breton was no copyist is clear from a study of his works, but at Wilton he must have associated with many of the keenest minds of the day, and he was evidently conversant with their writings. "My mind to me a kingdom is," he says in one place, quoting from Sir Edward Dyer, and in the lines in *The Arbor of Amorous Devices* (1597):

The chattering Pie, the Jay & eke the Quaile,
The throstle-cock that was so blacke of hewe,

there is surely an echo of Bottom's song—

The onsel-cock so black of hue
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.

The sage advice in *No Whippinge nor Trippinge*—

Knowe you a villaine? let him finde his matche
And shoue not you a matche a villaine's skill;
A foolish dogge at euery curre doth snatche,
Words haue no grace in eloquence of ill;
There is no wrestling with a wicked will,
Let passe the villaine with his villaineie
Make thou thy match with better company.

is but another rendering of Dogberry's advice: "Let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together & thank God you are rid of a knave." While the following passage from his last work, *Fantasticks*, is reminiscent of

distinctly dull, while the Pasquil series of Satires seem to fall a little flat; but there is no doubt that he was a delightful essayist. It is not in his *Characters upon Essays* that we find him at his best, though it is interesting to compare his reflections upon Truth, Honour, etc., with those of Lord Bacon, to whom he dedicates the book, saying that he feels he is but an ape, playing at being a man. He shines less, however, as the successor of Bacon than as the predecessor of Addison and Steele, while his keen and sympathetic observation of natural objects links him with White of Selborne.

Many of the epistles in *A Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters* (1603), with their kindly humour and their delicate phrasing, might have come out of the *Tatler* or the *Spectator*. Thus Robert writes to Margerie, his Sweetheart:

Margerie, I haue received your snappish letter, wherby I see that you are more angry than I thought you would haue been for a misword or two; but I hope to mend what is amisse, for I see I was to blame. For now I finde the knauery of the world I will looke a little better to my selfe, for it was your Cousin's doing to deuise lies to set you & me out, but if you will be ruled by mee, wee will meet with them wel enough: vpon Friday I will meet you at the Market, wher wee will haue a cake & a pot at the Pickerill & Spurre, ther wee will strike vp a bargaine that will not be broken in hast. And so, sorry with alle my hart that I haue done as I haue done; sending thee twenty kisses by my sister Parnell & this bowed groat for a love-token, I rest yours from alle the world.—R. O.

That "a cake & a pot" were as acceptable a peace-offering as a box of chocolates or cigarettes might be in the present day is shown by Margerie's reply:

Oh! Robert, the world is wel amended; I thought you were misused to write to me as you did, but friends are nere so farre out as thay may be farre in againe, & therefore since it was against your will I forgiue you with alle my hart & let my cousin doe his worst. He not goe from my word. On Friday He meet you at ten of the clock & bring a piece of bacon in my pocket to relish a cup of ale, when it shal goe hard if alle hit right, but somebody shal wipe their nose for their knauery, & so, hoping that you will no more abuse me as you haue done to beleue lies & tales of mee till you know the truth, treading alle vnkindnesse vnder foot, I rest, with alle my hart, as I was & will bee for euer yours as you know.—M. R.

Traces of autobiography are to be found here and there among the letters, and in one of them he speaks of his residence at Oxford:—

HONEST WILL,

I heare by your mother that you are going to the Vniuersitie, wher noe doubt but with good care & diligence you may doe your selfe much good. But for that I haue passed the place you are going to & haue tried the nature of those studies & the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine opinion of them & which I thinke best for thee to follow for thy good. First, for the better blessing of whatsoever thou follow, bestow some labour in reading of the Diuine Loue; that done, note what I shal tell thee for the increase of thy stocke when thou shalt come to haue any dealings in the world: For Grammar, it is euerie vsher of pettie scholes common Flaile; Logicke is but for the Vniuersitie; for Musicke, it brings more crochets than crownes; for Astronomie, it goes too high aboue the clouds to doe any good on the earth. Cosmography is good for a trauelier & Astrologie for a seaman; but for him that meanes to gather wealth & grow rich, let him be perfect in arithmetick, to be sure of his numbers, it will be a meane to grow rich in many ways.

Whether Breton was careless with his money, or whether he suffered from the carelessness or fraud of others, there is nothing to show; but it is clear from allusions, both in his dedications to the Countess of Pembroke and in his books, that he suffered reverses of fortune. It may be that he tried to support himself and his family by teaching, for he evidently thought the lot of an usher or master of a school but a poor one—the "proud peacocks" among parents will patronise him, he says, and "the churl will grutch at his groat for a shilling's worth of labour in beating quicke sense into a dull wit."

Some of the letters are signed, not with fictitious but with his own initials, and in one of these he speaks of the adversities that have befallen him:—

Hath one man been wealthie & become poore? so am I. Hath another suffered wrong? so haue I. Another trauelled farre in hope of gaine & returned with losse? so haue I. Another beene wounded in the warres, fared harde, lain in a cold bedde many a bitter storme? so haue I. Beene at many a hard banquet? so haue I. another beene imprisoned? so haue I. another plagued with an vnquiet wife? so am I. Another indebted to his hart's griefe & faine would pay & cannot? so am I. in sum, any of these crosses are able to kill the hart of a kinde spirit & alle these lie at once soe heaue vpon my hart as nothing but the hande of God can remoue.

In spite of his troubles, however, he could still find constant charm and refreshment in the beauty of Nature, for his love of country life is never so strongly emphasised as in the writings of his later years. In the *Court and the*

Country (1618) the Courtier talks of the pleasures of great feasts and splendid shows, and the Countryman replies:

For the delight of our eyes we have the May-painting of the earth, the diuers flowers of dainty colours & delicate sweets; we have the berryes, the cherries, the pease & the beanes, the plums & the codlings in the month of June. In July, the peares & the Apples, the wheat, the rye, the barley & the oats, the beauty of the wide fields & the labours with delight & mirth & merry cheer at the coming home of the harvest cart.

The Courtier retorts that pleasures such as these are only fit for the rude and uncultured; in the city they delight in the display of wit and eloquence, and their brains are sharpened and their manners refined by intercourse with Princes and Councillors. The Countryman replies: "I will say as one Dante, an Italian poet, once said in an obscure book of his—Vnderstand me that can, I understand myself. (This is probably a reference to Dante's comment on the seventh Sonnet in the *Vita Nuova*, in which he says that there are in it *dubiose parole*, which he does not propose to explain, since those who can understand them will do so without explanation, and to those who cannot, explanation would be useless—*sarebbe indarno*). Truly, Cousin, you are quite out, for good words & good deeds are the best tryalls of good mindes & make the best passages among the best people. As for greatnesse, 'My minde to me a kingdom is,' soe that the quiet of the minde is perhaps a greater matter than many men possess."

It is, however, in his last published work, *Fantasticks* (1626), that he shows most clearly his love of country life. The changing Seasons are chronicled with a pen as graphic as it is accurate:—

It is now February & the Sunne is gotten vp a cockstride of his climbing; the valleys now are painted white & the brooks are full of water; the trees a little beginne to bud & the sap beginnes to rise vp out of the root.

The leaues of the tree are in whisper & talke of the blessing of the aire.

He says of summer:

Flora now brings out her wardrop & richely embroidereth her greene apron.

The picture of the cony is as clear-cut as an etching:—

The little black-haired Cony,
On a banke in sunny place,
With her forefeet washe her face.

And who could better this portrait of the "subtill fox"?

After feeding on his prey
How he closely sneakes away,
Thro' the hedge & downe the furrow
Till hee gets into his burrow.

"Oh! to see," he cries, "on a faire morning, or a sunny evening, the Lambes & Rabbits runne at bace, the birds billing, the fishes playing & the flowres budding; who would not leaue the drinking in the alehouse, the wrangling in a dicing-house, the lying in a market & the cheating in a faire, & think that the brightnes of a faire sky doth put downe alle the beauties of the world."

Breton was far indeed from a cynic, but in his *I Would and I Would Not* (1614) he gives his opinion of wealth and pleasure in sparkling verse:—

I would I had as much as might bee had
Of wealthy wishes to the World's content;
That I might liue alle like a lusty Ladde,
And scorn the world & care not how it went;
And eate & drinke & sleepe & sing & play,
And soe in pleasure passe my time away.
And yet I would not; for too wealthy then
I should bee troubled with a world of toyes;
Kindred, companions, troops of seruing men,
Fashion-devisers, Fooles & Girles & Boyes;
Fiddlers & Jesters, Monkeys, Apes, Babounes,
Drunkards & Swaggerers & such Trouble-townes.

Merchant, soldier, statesman, priest—he goes through all the professions in turn, their advantages and disadvantages; there is no hint of sour grapes in the poem, for his verdict is that every lot has its crosses, and that that man is happy who contentedly accepts what is appointed for him.

For Nicholas Breton, Gentleman, had the best of all claims to the title that he so highly esteemed; he was as manly in character as he was gentle in spirit, and the more his writings are studied the more plainly it appears

that in an age when the only love that most poets recognised was the love between man and woman, he was possessed by that far rarer passion, the love of humanity:

Oh! Loue, sweete Loue, oh! high & heavenly Loue,
The only Loue that leads to happie life;
Oh! Loue that lives for louing hearts' behoue
And makes an end of euery hateful strife:
How happie hee that kindly can attaine it
And how accurst that dare for to disclaime it

Loue was the cause that first wee wer created,
Loue is the life that wee were giuen to lead;
Loue is the cause wee neuer can bee hated,
Loue is our life when other life is dead;
Loue is the grace that highest good doth giue,
Lerne but to loue & tis enough to liue.

First loue thy God that taught thee how to loue,
Then loue the Loue that Hee in loue hath taught thee;
That Loue so fixed as nothing can remoue,
The hope of life that highest Loue hath wrought thee:
Thus if thou loue thy Loue will bee a friend,
To gaine the life wher Loue shal neuer end.

THE NEW RADICAL PARTY

BY JAMES CORBETT

SOME of us are depressed with the situation at Westminster. Many would prefer the emergence of a National Government—national in the sense of being a vital force—and perhaps we are on the eve of securing such a Government. We have no love for Dictators or dictatorship, but now and then a vision comes to us of a National Government, and the vision passes like a burst of sunlight. Seemingly we are tied hand and foot to partisanship, and the existing conditions have to be tolerated. But we know in our hearts that a National Government is imperative.

Now what is meant by a National Government? One does not mean a Centre Party, which, after all, is merely a buffer between groups. Nor is a Coalition of all Parties implied, for we are sickened to death of coalitions. Nor does one mean a working arrangement between three groups. A National Government would mean a strange spectacle in the Division Lobby. It would witness every politician voting according to judgment, untrammelled by the threat of any political Whip, unfettered by the disapproval of any caucus. Some critics will maintain that this freedom is still maintained. Perhaps it is in principle, but one has to meet the politician who can ignore the Whip. Others argue there must be a Left Wing and Right Wing, and that logically this leads to partisanship, but I dissent from the logicity of that plea. A caucus is like a barnacle on a ship's bottom—something unnecessary. To be perfectly honest, party politics will be ancient history in a few years. We shall evolve into independence as we grow older, and no man will imperil his intellectual judgment by the dominance of a political Whip. The caucus will be a thing of the past.

Where does the General Election find us? It finds us confronting a new Radical Party, and it is the strangest

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Where does the General Election find us? It finds us confronting a new Radical Party, and it is the strangest

Party I have ever encountered. It baffles us at every phase. We do not know whether it is homogeneous, heterogeneous, or just complex. I doubt if Lloyd George knows himself. He has brought something into life that defies analysis, but that may be the prerogative of a wizard, and I have never met a wizard. I know just one thing, that with the passing of Lord Oxford the last great Whig crossed the Border, and Liberalism entered a new phase with his death. A Radical Party has now sprung into existence, so one must examine the Lloyd George claim to present the nation with a Radical Government. Has he even a reasonable chance, one asks, to secure a turnover of votes? I doubt it very much. I cannot imagine his Unemployment Policy to be the red herring that will catch voters, and should be astounded if he was under any such delusion. Like that Dickensian character of old, he will hope for the best till the last chapter, and then he may wake up when the British electorate has pronounced judgment. At the very outside Lloyd George can only expect to do exceedingly well, but not well enough to secure him political predominance. He may, it is true, achieve his immediate purpose, and thrust himself into the Parnellite position, with a determination to turn the new Government out in a year, and doubtless that is the strategical point at which he is aiming. He cannot hypnotise millions of voters in a night, and we do not all possess a wireless set, or copies of the Liberal Prayer Book. We are an exceedingly ignorant lot of people, in the imagination of the Wizard at least, and we hate being gulled by a gasometer. There is nothing picturesque about a gasometer. It is an ugly blot on the landscape — and on a political platform it is an anachronism, something that should be gently removed.

Apart from the Unemployment Policy of Lloyd George — a policy that may be entirely enmeshed by the Conservatives — what has the Radical Party to offer? Has anyone been impressed with the Industrial Report? East Toxteth Policy. Liberal by-election victories are mercurial feats, tricks of wizardry that could not be accomplished twice, and

what else could you expect when a demagogue produces a rabbit from a hat? Lloyd George would promise the moon if he could dislodge it, or if there was a reasonable chance of its transference to the earth, and his unemployment medicine has been swallowed in large doses. It is doubtful, in some cases, if the patient will recover, and if the patient escapes death he will certainly select another doctor. That American President was quite right. We cannot fool the people all the time, and Lloyd George is foolish not to see it. Besides, Conservatives are rather slow on the up-take. How many of them will vote for a candidate two months prior to a General Election? They refuse to be enthused over such a project, and they do not take that journey to the polling-booth. They prefer to sit at home and laugh at Mr. Lloyd George's Unemployment scheme. Labour voters belong to quite a different category, and many of the Radicals are almost as enthusiastic, because there is very little divergence between them — except that temporary barrier of Nationalisation. Labour electors go positively wild over every by-election. If they can score a point in favour of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald they will do so if it was their last moment on earth. Radicals are pretty much in the same boat. But no statesman of any magnitude is ever affected by a by-election. The result may denote a tendency of thought in a certain direction, but there is no evidence to assume that the tendency is widespread. A by-election has never energised a Prime Minister to alter his national policy, but, of course, it may endanger the seat of one of his future Cabinet Ministers. One is therefore not disturbed by the miniature General Election we have witnessed. The results have been startling in some cases, but the political leaders knew they would be sky-rockets.

Apart from his Unemployment bomb — a firework that may prove nothing but a damp squib — Mr. Lloyd George has not impressed me this time as a wizard. His Reports have left me strangely apathetic. They have not caused a single thrill down my spine, and in an age of perpetual motion like the present one remains peculiarly unmoved by the Radical nostrums. Mr. Lloyd George was much

better in his old Limehouse days. Then, at least, we recognised him as an ambitious young fool, but it is hard these times to regard him as a constructive statesman. Give him munitions to make and he will organise a thousand factories, call him War-Lord and he will sign any number of Peace Treaties, but give him the reins of government in peace time and he fizzles out into a hopeless bureaucrat, for Radicalism, believe me, means nothing but the very worst type of bureaucracy. The Socialist bureaucrat we can understand, but the Radical Government official defies interpretation, and according to the Reports that Mr. Lloyd George has launched, we are destined to have an overwhelming army of Whitehall "nosy-parkers." Could anything be worse in a nation struggling for reconstruction?

Take that Industrial Report, for instance. It is chock-full of mental agility, of compromise and counterthrust, of parry and point, but is it going to provide a trump card at the Election? No one can ignore it as a really amazing document—the intellectual voter will arrive at that conclusion—but how depressing it is as a general survey! It makes one ask, not for the first time, if Lloyd George is in earnest or just playing a game. Does he expect anyone to take him seriously? Does he really anticipate that voters will study his Report? A friend, who wishes to remain both anonymous and generous, suggests to me that the Report was a sequel to the Land Policy, but then he made me laugh by stating he had not read it. I doubt if he will ever read it—not until we communicate with Mars at least—and one begins to ask how many of the electorate will read it? The Reports are far too academic for the man-in-the-street, or for the girl behind the counter (and perhaps the girl is more important), and time on this earth is too limited, for these Reports cannot be digested in seventy years. Perhaps a man will be found in the next century who does understand them, but the Radicals will then be extinct.

Yet this mighty David is leaving no stone unturned. Lloyd George is still in control of the Goliath money-box, and Treasury notes are being distributed like quack pills. Thousands of leaflets are floating on the breeze,

all bearing the Radical rubber stamp and embossed with the portrait of a man performing miracles twice nightly. But human nature will not be transformed in a few months, and electors can only obtain an artificial glimmer of the truth, the mighty truth that Lloyd George is not what he seems. To give the devil his due, Lloyd George has furnished the nation with valuable text-books, which can all be used by a Radical Government, for a definite programme can be based on technical advice, and an argument can be made out for action of some kind. But will Radicals return to power on this flood-tide of propaganda?

That is just the point—a point that will be determined inside the next few weeks. Can Lloyd George win power with his Reports, and, failing his Reports, can he jump into ascendancy with the Unemployment Policy he has just produced? Voters have been considerably impressed with the Radical Land Policy, and a way out of the industrial morass has been demonstrated. There have been a trinity of moves, but can three or four moves win eighty counters? Five hundred seats are being fought to attain a single objective—a mighty contest, dear Brutus, and every Radical in dead earnest, and the Wizard holds the keys of life and death. What an epic struggle for the political historian! Nay, the issue is pregnant with fate. It is a supreme venture, a great gamble, a last tremendous throw of the Radical dice, and the dice-box itself may be thrown at the last moment! Lord Oxford may have had one or two regrets at his death, and this must have been one of them—the inability to "wait and see" what happened when the Wizard produced the rabbit. Possibly Lord Oxford knows more about it than we do—I make the statement in the greatest respect—for I do not agree that Asquith went out into the darkness. Asquith was a man who concerned himself with first principles, principles to which he adhered throughout life, and we are a poorer nation since his death. I am glad a great memorial tablet is being erected to his memory, for Lord Oxford carried the banner of Liberalism in the highest sense, and he never jeopardised a single principle of his Liberal faith. He did not live in vain.

Radicalism has left us gasping. It is a strange element

of advanced Liberalism that seeks a new chart, and many of its constructive proposals must be carefully examined. I am just wondering if these Reports will be pronounced moribund. Notably the Report on Industry, for it contains many worn-out shibboleths, and reminds us of the old Liberalism. It abuses Safeguarding and curses Protection. "Our policy," says the Report, "must be to return as rapidly as possible to Free Trade." Yes, but is the world ready to follow that advice? Can Lloyd George be our mentor in this respect? Then Imperial Preference is thought "impracticable" and "likely to do more harm than good," yet Preference has benefited this country and the Dominions. Radicals are like the Bourbons. They forget nothing. They will cling to the old fiscal rut, and when they talk about saving forty millions on National Defence they recall the Liberal ghost with a vengeance. If their reduction does not include the element of national safety, why not scrap the lot and build two Channel Tunnels with the proceeds? We can escape by one tunnel when the invaders are entering by the other. No one seems to have thought of this plan!

Well, let us pass to the constructive proposals of the Radicals. They leave the political student in a veritable maze of doubt. They tell us that the lease of British industry has expired, and that the Radicals are going to create a new world. Nay, it will be a new heaven and earth, and we shall all "listen-in" to a Welsh orchestra of sound and harmony. Sir Herbert Samuel will take his turn as musical director, and Dr. Macnamara will be requisitioned from the shades! To be perfectly frank, that Industrial Report is reminiscent of the Reconstruction Ministry in the last stage of the War, when Dr. Addison used the midnight oil transferring us from war to peace. Then followed that mysterious onrush of events which undermined the citadel of Reconstruction in a night. But the Report, although an academic treatise, has a creed attached to it, and it must be quoted. In pontifical tones it says: "We believe with a passionate faith that the end of all political and economic action is not the perfecting of this or that piece of mechanism or organisation, but that

individual men and women may have life and have it more abundantly." The Bishop of Birmingham could have said nothing finer in a Welsh pulpit, but the accents are those of Lloyd George, and his surplice is not exactly white.

The spring weather may have found me abnormally obtuse, and perhaps my sense of genius is blunted, but I find that Industrial Report as mystical as the Wizard himself. It does not define "nationalisation," and seemingly that is a half-way house that must not be entered—for the present at least. The Liberals have refused to enter it, but will the Radicals show the same disfavour? Not merely may they enter, but possibly they will invite MacDonald to sup with them, and those who do not sup can stay away.

I prefer to remain an individualist, and my gravest charge against the Radicals is their incurable love for red tape and officialdom. Their Industrial Report, if read aright, means nothing but a network of public boards, and these Civil Service extensions cannot possibly mean salvation. What do we want with a great new Road Board "with wider jurisdiction and larger resources"? Why should we be favoured with a Committee of National Development, whose duty it will be to "redress the balance of our national economic life"? Such Committee to be under the control of a Committee of the Privy Council, which will be responsible to the Prime Minister, and which will draw up great schemes of roads and housing, electricity, waterways and docks, agriculture, forestry and reclamation. (I surmise it will be a kind of "penny-in-the-slot" arrangement, but supposing the penny jams!) This expert Committee will utilise the unemployed—it is nearly time they were utilised—for the purpose of reconditioning the nation's capital equipment," and listen to this, Martha: "When trouble arises as to the problem of financing schemes, it will apply to a new Board of National Investment, which shall pool all capital resources accruing in the hands of Government Departments." Dear me, that vision leaves one breathless. Nothing but Boards, Boards, Boards—and then more

Boards, with no end to Government Departments either. There is the Radical vista. What a prospect! What a glittering landscape! And what fine roads we shall have with such a magnificent Road Board! . . . But here is the funny touch. We are asked to believe that not the least suggestion of Socialism is advocated. Oh, dear no, perish the thought! . . . But there will be another Board, one called the Economic General Staff (presumably one that will settle the future salaries of Prime Ministers), who will remain in permanent session to advise Mr. Lloyd George and Government Departments as to what events are taking place in the universe, a series of happenings that will not affect the Radical Party. (Is it any wonder, gentlemen, that Einstein embarked on a new theory of Relativity?) This Economic General Staff will suggest to the Government "measures for stabilising trade conditions, avoiding unemployment, and developing national resources." But where do we look for the Wise Men of the East? Are they all at Abingdon Street, or 25, Old Queen Street, or perambulating the Welsh mountains? Apparently each Wise Man has furnished the Radical Party with a single report, Lloyd George to be the guiding star leading to all earthly power, and when these three reports arrive at Westminster we may look forward to a first-class political sensation. I do not wonder at Lord Birkenhead hiding his emotion with a pen! It is enough to make Methuselah—a most advanced Radical—turn in his grave.

Here is more of it. Believing that "secrecy in business is one of the greatest factors of inefficiency in British economic life," these bloodthirsty Radicals recommend "uncompromising measures against the withholding of facts, and, in particular, a far-reaching extension and development of the Government Statistical Service." (Damp cloth, please.) Why is a Government telephone not suggested for every household? But seemingly we are to be impressed with the academic touch, although how statistics of unemployment will contribute to amelioration has not been explained. Neither do we see the business world enlightened or encouraged by a new Minister of Industry,

with "a bigger conception of his duties," and a greater stimulative power, including drastic interference with joint-stock companies, trusts and trade associations, and the establishment of a Trust Tribunal.

Liberals are always afflicted with an over-burdened programme, and their Radical offspring have generated the same fatal appetite. They have too many ideas. They are far too clever. They are really super-mortals not consistent with earth. If we are going to add to bureaucratic governance, spreading a plethora of officials over the land, interfering with industry at every corner of the road, how can Radicals deny the adoption of a Socialist policy? We call a rose by any name we like, but that will not disturb the horticulturist, for he knows the correct name, and he is a Conservative. But the divergence between Radical and Socialist grows less than ever, and so, I fear, do the chances of the new Radical group.

I tuned in to the Albert Hall speech, and, much to my regret, heard every word. Mr. Lloyd George was *in excelsis*, yet he spoke with little conviction, and although his address reached fifty thousand people I doubt if they were much impressed. The speech was an electioneering one in the strictest sense, and the promise it conveyed had an air of unreality. The words did not ring true. Mr. Lloyd George is beginning to be understood, and if it was not for the huge fund he controls he would be an absolutely dead letter. His Unemployment Scheme is not sound, although the Liberal experts have declared it sound. As Mr. Baldwin declares, it is really a plan of digging and filling in holes, and at the utmost it can only be regarded as a temporary measure, leaving the unemployed in the same workless state, not at the end of five, but at the termination of two years. Had Mr. Lloyd George been in earnest about his scheme he would have launched it when he was in power as a Coalition Prime Minister. That was his signal opportunity for the scheme, because Mr. Lloyd George held the reins immediately after the Armistice, and a really big statesman would have foreseen the present vista of unemployment. When he was in power, when he was practically Dictator of the

peace period, Mr. Lloyd George made no effort to deal with the workless, leaving it all on the shoulders of his Labour Minister, and simply tinkering with the problem as a child plays with the sand. This explains why the Albert Hall speech fell flat. Mr. Lloyd George put into it all the virility of which he was capable, but throughout it all one was conscious of the electioneering strategy, and there was no guarantee behind it that the promise would be kept. A lot of the criticism remained unanswered.

We know the greatest assault on Mr. Baldwin will be the drama of unemployment. Hundreds of schemes have been submitted to his consideration, and although the unemployed figures have not decreased, although the plight of the miners grew acute, Mr. Baldwin made no effort to cope with an extraordinary situation. For that lack of initiative, that want of forethought, that paralysis of judgment, the Baldwin Cabinet will come in for the sternest censure. Unless Mr. Baldwin can explain why he stood with folded arms, why he smoked his pipe so placidly during all that destitution and suffering, why he remained inactive when every moment called for action, then he must suffer a humiliating defeat at the election. What can Mr. Baldwin say to the electorate? Can he only plead that Conservatives do nothing, that his policy has been to conserve, that he could not venture on some huge expenditure at this moment? But has his policy been one of conservation? Can he justify his attitude of gross inaction in allowing thousands of people to remain on the dole? What about the deterioration in physical well-being? What about the loss of furniture, home, everything that goes to make a home, the humiliation of idleness, the shame of getting relief from the Guardians? Why were the miners allowed to seek national relief? Why were they allowed to starve? Why had the Prince to place himself at the head of a great national charity scheme to prevent the starvation of South Wales miners? Those are the questions Mr. Baldwin will have to answer. There can be no solution but the downright truth, and that truth is simply this: we dare not disturb the parity of the pound by indulging in speculative finance, or by an expenditure

that would not help industry itself, or get us out of the present morass. The return to the Gold Standard may or may not have been precipitate, but the fact remains that we did return to it, and we must preserve equipoise. State aid is no solution for unemployment, and Mr. Baldwin has been right in that contention from the outset. We can only return to normality by increased exports, holding our own against fierce foreign competition, maintaining a wise cost of living standard. Politics will not solve the industrial trouble, and the keenest politician will fail in the attempt. We can help British trade by safeguarding in a wise sense, by a normal reduction of armaments consistent with national security, by the sternest economy at home and abroad. There is no other path out of the jungle.

With regard to the Labourites, one realises that the Socialist vote will increase. Labour will poll heavily in industrial centres, and no prediction could be more correct after a world-war, when real financial issues are often confused under a flow of rhetoric. The pendulum may swing either Right or Left, but there is no indication that the flappers will fail in equipoise. They will at least remain sane, and they may be more intelligent than we think. Mr. MacDonald has made no big effort to set up an opposition programme. He still remains a member of the Gradualist school, and, like most other Labour moderates, he thinks that the Socialistic panacea is inevitable. Yet I think Lord Melchett has disturbed him in his philosophy, and the political economists have sadly discountenanced the surtax. The Labour digest is not convincing. It is ponderous and dull. It aims at being a treatise on all human ills, but, like the academic effort of the Radicals, it is burdened with bureaucratic platitudes. It leads nowhere—unless to the cliff edge itself, and that is a most perilous position for Great Britain. We cannot afford complete negation, and we shall never trust the men behind Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. If a dictatorship is necessary, then let it be a sane one. A real National Government may evolve inside the next few years, and Lloyd George may still play a decisive hand.

AUSTRIA AFTER TEN YEARS

By H. CHARLES WOODS

THE situation in present-day Austria seems to a visitor quite different to that prevailing in almost any of the countries which fought the War upon the losing side, and a steady development of internal strife was the direct cause of the resignation of the Coalition Government of Monsignor Seipel on April 3rd. With two important exceptions the people appear to have few international aspirations or grievances, and, although suffering heavily from their losses, they have now settled down with relative contentment to the disruption of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire with its population of fifty-two million souls and to the creation of their new Republic with only about six and a half million inhabitants.

But if ordinary external matters play a secondary rôle in the life of the people, the new condition of the country itself, the greatly increased desire for union with Germany, the position of and in Vienna, and the far-reaching political struggle between the elements of the Right and Socialism, are questions of fundamental interest. In the earlier days after the War the Republic was in a state of practical bankruptcy, the Allies were called upon to provide foodstuffs and monetary credits and Vienna was in a desperate and ruined condition. The Budget failed to balance, the printing press was kept going, and, in August, 1922, 15,000 paper crowns went to one gold crown, or about 360,000 paper crowns equalled the pound sterling. Finally there came the suspension of reparations for twenty years, the stabilisation at 14,000 paper crowns to the gold crown, and the loan and reconstruction scheme carried out under the auspices of the League. There were three or four critical years, but the situation gradually improved, a new currency, making one Austrian schilling¹ equal to 10,000

(1) Roughly, thirty-four and a half Austrian schillings are equal to the English pound.

paper crowns, was introduced in 1924, and the control of the League came to an end in June, 1926.

There is now a heavy excess of imports over exports, unemployment, which mounts to 250,000 or even 300,000 at the worst time of the year, is still a serious though, I believe, a decreasing anxiety, and Austria is naturally suffering from the fact that, owing to her reduction in size, she has to endeavour to export very much more of her goods than heretofore. Almost no coal nor raw materials are available; no sea coast exists, and wages are relatively low. Nevertheless the adverse trade balance need give no cause for real alarm because the Austrians perform wide services for the outside world, thereby receiving foreign money, and because the tourist trade has greatly improved. Moreover, the economic situation is better, the savings of the people have grown, and there is an excess of revenue over expenditure. The value of the exports has improved by 50 per cent. since 1923, private cars have increased by 40 per cent. during the last year, and the great majority of the population are in far more favourable circumstances than at one time. Lastly, agriculture has advanced by leaps and bounds; the present position is 100 per cent. better than that of ten years ago, and Austria can now supply about two-thirds of her own foodstuffs.

The relations between Austria and Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia and Hungary may be dismissed by saying that those with the first two countries are excellent, and that the strain between Vienna and Budapest, as a result of the change in ownership of the Burgenland, is not serious or important. The question of the Southern Tyrol is of far greater weight, and here the Austrians greatly resent the treatment (particularly as regards schools and education) of their German co-nationals now under Italian domination. But the problem of by far the greatest significance is the *Anschluss* or union with Germany. Everybody speaks of it, in a tighter or looser form almost everybody is in favour of it, and, whatever may be his personal ideas upon the subject, no political leader of any shade of opinion would dare to declare himself openly and permanently opposed to a development, probably advocated

by from 80 per cent. to 90 per cent. of the entire population. With the Pan-Germans and the Socialists as its strongest supporters the wish has increased in the public mind and imagination for a variety of reasons. There are the national sentiment and the ties of blood and race, and there is a feeling that, whilst Germany is now once more upon her moral and practical legs, Austria is still mentally broken and lacks the talent and the driving force alone to re-establish herself. Again, although in some ways competition would be increased, in others there would be better markets and wider openings for the youth, and particularly the professional youth of the Republic. Finally, whereas I think such theories are only held by extremists and pessimists, it is argued that, since the country is likely to be ruined in any case, union cannot make things worse.

But, in spite of all one hears, I believe that, for the moment at any rate, the *Anschluss* is not considered a practical question in responsible quarters. Nobody thinks that the terms of Article 88 of the Treaty of St. Germain or the protocol signed in October, 1922, regarding the continued independence of Austria, can be abrogated by force, and everybody realises that France and Italy, and certainly Czechoslovakia, would refuse to consent to the modification of these arrangements. Moreover, whilst it is easy to talk and to produce arguments in favour of fusion, many Austrians resent the condescending attitude of Germany and recognise that a change of national status would mean immediate reparations instead of postponed payments. Furthermore, nobody with whom I discussed the subject in Vienna was prepared to define the system and the details of an amalgamation. Some people think that Austria should join Germany as a single entity with one autonomy or as a federated whole. Others consider that certain neighbouring parts of the Republic ought to be incorporated in Bavaria, leaving the remainder to make its own arrangements with the German Republic. There are, too, those who believe that a commercial union would be sufficient to meet the situation. In short, whereas the very aspiration seems to have received stimulation from its hostile reception in the Allied Press, it appeared to the

present writer that the *Anschluss* in Austria plays much the same rôle as the return of a Hapsburg in Hungary, and that each of these questions forms a useful grievance rather than an actuality in present-day politics.

In a general way Austria is an agricultural and Roman Catholic country with a commercial and industrial capital which has a population of almost 1,900,000—a population equal to nearly a third of that of the entire Republic. In any case this would be important as entailing an acute division between the rural and urban classes. But the significance of the situation is increased by the fact that in 1920, and after a considerable political struggle, Vienna was separated from Lower Austria and became the ninth distinct province in the Federated Republic. The results are that the city and provincial boundaries coincide, that the powers and rights of the province are much wider than those of a mere municipality, and that the authorities of Vienna are able to play a bigger part in the affairs of the entire State than would otherwise be the case. In the present instance this means intense political rivalry and a fierce and continuous struggle, for, whereas the Conservative Parties have a small majority in the Federal Chamber, the Socialists, who gained control in 1919, now enjoy the support of 60 per cent. of the local electorate.

A fair and just summary of the situation in Vienna (I believe the only city in the world of its size with a Socialist administration) must embrace two aspects of the question, namely, what is being done and the way the money has been raised for those doings. The Administration is honest and efficient, the health and social needs of the people are thoroughly cared for, and housing schemes for the working classes are being carried out to perfection. No praise can be too high for these things, and, with certain exceptions, those who benefit are called upon to pay sums calculated to cover the cost of the upkeep of the institutions from which they derive advantage. But no claim is made that the original and capital expenditure is being met, and the money required is provided out of income derived from the taxation, mainly of the non-artisan classes. Thus, whilst all sections of the com-

munity contribute towards the entertainment tax, the Socialists take advantage of the Rent Restrictions Act (the maintenance of which they favour) by placing a very heavy duty upon tenants—a duty which rises enormously in the case of so-called luxury dwellings. Again, the tax upon servants, the welfare tax, levied upon wages and salaries, and the advertisement tax not only place an undue burden upon the more prosperous elements of the community, but they react against employment and the development of industry. Thus, if such a system gains and retains votes, it immobilises capital in buildings, which now have almost no value, it entails an expenditure which even richer peoples cannot afford, and it is so unsound as to lead to inevitable future disaster.

We now come to the great struggle between the rival elements in the Republic, namely, between the Conservative Parties on the one side and the Socialists on the other—a struggle which, coupled with the relations between the Federal Government and the Vienna Authorities, led up to, and was directly responsible for, the resignation of Monsignor Seipel, the Chancellor, and his Ministry early in April. Generally speaking, the elements of the Right represent and belong to the rural districts and the smaller towns. This is their fundamental and ultimate strength, because the peasant is usually a better fighter than the mechanic, and because, in case of real trouble, the agriculturist would be able to hold up food supplies and to bring Vienna and some of the larger cities to their knees within a few days. As a result of elections held in April, 1927, they (the Conservatives) have 94 out of 165 Members in the Chamber, and they thus control the national administration by a small majority. But the late Cabinet has not been in a position to introduce any far-reaching or really controversial measures, because any change in the Constitution requires a two-thirds majority, because the Socialist opposition (71 deputies) is solid, and because the Government was made up of a loosely knit together Coalition. By far its strongest political group was the Christian Socialist Party, led by Monsignor Seipel, and, failing a fresh resort to the electorate or some

exceptional development, this Party must inevitably remain an outstanding factor in the situation. Most of its members are definitely and whole-heartedly clerical and anti-Semitic, but as a bulwark against Socialism it enjoys Jewish financial support. The remainder of the Coalition was made up of the small middle-class Pan-German Party, who are far less clerical, and of the Peasants' Alliance, who are also Conservative.

Monsignor Seipel, who had been Chancellor on this occasion since October, 1926, and who has been the real Conservative leader from the time of the Armistice, lives the life of a priest; he spends most of his spare time in ecclesiastical surroundings, and in many ways he is a person of mystery. Born in Vienna just over fifty-two years ago, he comes of humble parentage; he took no part in politics till the end of the War, and he was a member of the Cabinet appointed by the Emperor Charles, in October, 1918, with the object of endeavouring to secure peace. He has almost no magnetism, he is incapable of delivering a speech in a popular strain, he seems to have little creative spirit, and he appears unable to arouse enthusiasm. On the other hand, he is a serious student, he works hard, and his will is law with his own Party. Again, he is always fresh, he has great authority, and he is calm to a point which prevents him from becoming angry with or hating anybody, or at any rate from showing such hatred. Furthermore, whilst at heart he may be extreme in religious and political matters, the energy and strength of Monsignor Seipel were largely responsible for the successful reconstruction of the country, and his enormous *savoir-faire* and astuteness have enabled him to overcome many difficulties. For instance, whilst he is believed to be opposed to the idea of the *Anschluss*, nobody knows whether he has made up his mind upon that question or, if so, what his real attitude is.

The Socialists are largely made up of idealists (many of whom are Jews), clerks, workmen and poor Jews. Their policy does not go anything like as far as that of the Third International, they are hated by the Bolsheviki, and most of them are perfectly sincere and entirely Western

people. The primary idea of the Party is to remain united, and its general attitude is more moderate than at one time, but, in order to avoid the development of Communism, the leaders are sometimes obliged to go farther than they would otherwise desire. The Artisans are ninety per cent. Socialist, either by conviction or for practical reasons, nearly every working man belongs to a union of some kind, and it is probable that, owing to efficient organisation, the Party could call out 200,000 workmen in case of need. As elsewhere, there are political subdivisions, and in Austria the principal line is drawn between the workers and the political leaders. The former are the less extreme.

It is very difficult to give a correct and impartial impression of those responsible for present-day Austrian Socialism, or to define who is its most important leader. Dr. Renner, once Librarian of the Reichsrat and a former Chancellor, who signed the Treaty of St. Germain, may be described as the official Chief of the Moderate Section. He is the son of a peasant and a Member of Parliament, and he was largely responsible for the departure of the Emperor Charles. M. Seitz, the Burgomaster of Vienna, and, of course, the Governor of that Province, comes of humble parents, and he was originally a schoolmaster. Of middle age, he is an able, rather conceited and somewhat pompous man, but, when he appears to be extreme in politics, this is the result of necessity rather than of his own free will. Dr. Otto Bauer and Dr. Breitner are, however, perhaps the real and most important personalities. The first is a rich or formerly rich man; he is now forty-eight, and, though he belongs to the Left wing of the Austrian Socialists and studied Bolshevism during his War imprisonment in Russia, he has no sympathies in that direction. Dr. Breitner, a banker and the Director of Finance in the City of Vienna, is about fifty-five. Obviously serious and sincere, he has his heart and soul in what he feels to be a work for the betterment of mankind.

Such conditions and such subdivisions create a very complicated situation. They mean that, although a Seipel Coalition has carried on the administration since October, 1926, it has not been able to do anything unpopular with

the three groups upon which it has depended since the last election, it has had to avoid serious provocation to the Socialists, who might always try, as they in fact tried, though without success, to hold up the country after the burning of the Palace of Justice in July, 1927, and, as already stated, it has been powerless to change the Constitution. This is the key to what happened last December, when the then Chancellor and his supporters desired to secure the election of Dr. Hainisch for a third, even if a reduced, Presidential Period, and to increase the powers of that office. The Socialists had no objection to the personality of that distinguished gentleman, who has done more for Austrian agriculture than anybody else, but they were opposed to an addition to his strength, and they desired to secure concessions in exchange for their support. After two indecisive ballots, the result was the election of President Miklas, a Christian Socialist and a Clerical, the annoyance of the Pan-Germans, and a prolongation of a position in which the President's duties are practically confined to those of ceremonial and representation.

As among the Conservatives, the Municipality and Province of Vienna and the Socialists in general, there is a sense of strain in many other respects.

An ever-recurring dispute is at the moment, I believe, temporarily settled, about the division of the taxes between the Federal and the Provincial Authorities. A Government, dominated by a very clerically minded priest, naturally could not hear of any changes in the laws governing divorce and other subjects—changes strongly pressed by the Socialists. Again, Monsignor Seipel and his colleagues obviously looked with disfavour upon the Vienna Crematorium, which is widely patronised by those over whom he has no religious or political control. Furthermore, whereas centralisation naturally reacts to the advantage of the Party in power, and whereas the Republican Government appoints the Chief of the Police and to a certain extent controls that body in Vienna and some of the larger cities, this creates a permanent controversy in regard to the capital. Herr Schober, actually nominated President of the Police by the Emperor during

the War, remains the mouthpiece and employee of the Federal Administration in the city and province of Vienna. But constitutionally and practically it is almost essential for him to work with the Burgomaster and Governor of the Province, formerly appointed by the Emperor and now elected by the people. When I was in Vienna these two authorities had not spoken for at least a year, and the Socialists were trying to establish their own police.

The situation is rendered more acute by the fact that each of the great political groups has what amounts to its own unofficial army. The Heimwehr (Home Defence) contingent, more or less supported by the "Frontkämpfer" (Frontfighters), represents the Conservative elements of the population, and it has its headquarters at Innsbruck. Originally formed at the time of, or soon after, the Armistice, largely in order to protect the interests of the rural population and for the defence of the Southern Provinces against the Yugoslavs and the Italians, the organisation has now become an entirely political if not actually a Fascist one, this change being particularly marked since the disturbances of July, 1927, when the Heimwehr and its adherents were largely instrumental in breaking the strike ordered by the Socialists as a protest against the policy pursued by the Government. Composed principally of Nationalists and students, the Heimwehr is officered almost entirely by men formerly in the Austrian Army, and no secret exists that Major Pabst, a Bavarian or ex-Bavarian officer, who was, I believe, connected with the Kapp Putsch in Berlin in May, 1920, is, or was, an active organiser if not a sort of adjutant of the force. Financed largely by industrial concerns, by certain classes of Jews, and by the Pan-Germans and well-wishers from Germany, the force is anti-Semitic, and it is intended as a bulwark against Socialism. Supposed, at any rate at one time, to be less clerical and more national than the late Coalition, sometimes it has stood for the interests of Monsignor Seipel and sometimes it has created a policy of which that statesman appears gradually to have become a more and more willing disciple.

The Republicanische Schutzbund (Alliance for the pro-

tection of the Republic) under the leadership and control of Dr. Deutsch, a former Minister of War, is made up of Socialists. Composed of townsmen and obviously organised on the basis of the unions, this force was formed about the same time as the Heimwehr, and its original objects were to defend the country against Hungary and against Communism, and to ensure the safety of the new régime. Like the Heimwehr, too, it has grown to be a purely political organisation, and, since the outbreak of July, 1927, the relations between the two parties and the two contingents have become daily more strained. There have been parades and counter-parades, each force, particularly the Heimwehr, has endeavoured to make good in places where the other was already established, and, whereas, so far there have been no heavy casualties, particularly since the exit of the Government the two forces have been in almost daily competition. There is but little trustworthy evidence about the sizes of the "armies," and the partisans of each claim that, whilst theirs has become the stronger, it is intended merely as an offset to its opponents. Nevertheless, comparing the information and numerous opinions available in Vienna, it is certain that both contingents number many thousands of men, and have sufficient weapons to be unpleasant. Furthermore, if the Heimwehr are the better drilled and equipped, the Schutzbund are probably the more disciplined.

For some time matters have been developing, and considerably before the resignation of Monsignor Seipel it was clear that a crisis could not be indefinitely postponed. The Conservatives had grown gradually stronger and stronger, because they were believed to have secured control of the Army, formerly largely in Socialist hands, and because a considerable section of the moderate public had veered towards the Right on account of a fear of untoward events and of the success of the Heimwehr in putting an end to the strike of two summers ago. On the other hand, having regard to the power of the Socialists, no doubt could rest in the mind of an impartial observer on the spot that they were not prepared to make sacrifices without at least a struggle. Within the Government itself

there were diversities of opinion, upon the Clericalism of the Christian Socialists, upon Nationalism and union with Germany, voiced by the Pan-Germans and upon high protection for agricultural products, always favoured by the Peasants' Party. Between the Government and the Opposition friction was on the daily increase, among other questions about the arrangement of some form of Parliamentary procedure, destined to prevent ever-recurring deadlocks, about the alteration of the Rents Restriction Acts and about the future of the unofficial armies.

During recent months there has been a prolonged bargaining concerning these and other matters, and a re-arrangement of the Government, a Coalition between the Parties of the Right and of the Left, and a suspension of the Parliamentary *régime* were among the possibilities of the future. The Socialists have advocated the prohibition of the rival parades and the abolition of the *Schutzbund* and the *Heimwehr*, which abolition was and is essential to the general peace. But Monsignor Seipel and some of his colleagues, though at first prevaricating upon this all-important matter, have lately made it clear that, whilst interfering with the activities of their organised opponents, they were unwilling to take the necessary measures against their Fascist or semi-Fascist supporters unless the Socialists were prepared to give way upon all or some of the differences between the two parties. Dr. Renner, a former Chancellor and a prominent Socialist, made a severe and final attack upon the person of his opponent, whom he openly blamed for refusal to disarm the *Heimwehr*, and Monsignor Seipel brought matters to a head by his resignation. At the time of writing (April 16th), when the ex-Chancellor is undoubtedly still by far the strongest man on the Conservative side, it is too soon to say whether his disappearance from power is merely temporary, whether it will entail far-reaching modifications towards matters under dispute, or whether a more serious crisis has yet to develop before the achievement of a settlement.

THREE VICTORIANS AND THE THEATRE'

BY HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER

THE 'seventies saw Tennyson's first play acted and Swinburne's *Bothwell* published, and they heard Meredith lecture—a selected gathering at the London Institution heard him—upon Comedy and the Comic Spirit. Drama is a strong lure to creative minds; the theatre—outlandish little world that it must seem, perverse, self-conscious!—as often finally repels them, and is, for its own part, content with easier company. Throughout the nineteenth century such alliance as there was between the English theatre and English letters was spasmodic, uneasy, unprofitable. Neither, it seemed, had much to bring the other. Keats tried his juvenile hand at a play; Shelley completed one, but he could hardly have looked for its acting. Byron wrote tremendous dramas, sublimated blood-and-thunder; his name's magic rather than their own gave some of them a short, galvanic life. Scott's influence bore dramatic fruit abroad, but our Victor Hugos were Bulwer Lytton and Sheridan Knowles. There were faults on both sides. Macready's diaries are instructive reading. He was passionate for the credit of his calling. Shakespeare was his stand-by, but he received new authors gladly and wrestled with them for their salvation—a painful process, for both parties, it would seem to have been. Nor did he need a reputation to set him on the track of talent; he saluted Browning as a poet of great account upon a first reading of *Paracelsus*. But (his own touchy temper apart) we see his theatre as a poor school for a renascent drama, too set in its methods, uninspiring, the actor and his egoisms in firm possession; he himself, poor man, plagued on all sides, and self-plagued. The main fault, however, may have been in the national disposition of the time towards a certain moral contentment, new-found creature comforts and the fireside. Great drama, with its emotional stirrings, and the irony of

(1) To be included in a forthcoming volume, *The Eighteen-Seventies* (Cambridge University Press, 1929).

comedy, are enemies to content; and it is not the theatre's business to be at odds with its public, as its public will soon make plain.

Not till Meredith was dead did anyone know—though, knowing him, it might have guessed—that the *Essay on Comedy* was but the critical shadow of a creative impulse, not till the fragments of three or four plays were found among other work laid aside. He had liked in his old age to talk of plays that he might have written, might still write (though he was then writing no more), had liked to scheme them at length; elaborate fantastic comedies. But he never fetched out these fragments. Well, he had done enough not to be troubled by the thought of what he might have done. It is for us to sigh over them a little—more than a little.

Swinburne kept his earlier plays within the theatre's compass, whether with an eye to their acting or no. *The Queen Mother*, *Rosamund* and *Chastelard* are physically actable at least, but *Bothwell* must be about fifteen thousand lines long, and would outlast a winter's night.¹ What there is to be said in favour of closet-drama—of a work of art done in deliberate neglect of its proper medium—I really do not know. The exchange of freedom of narrative for the constraint of dialogue is in itself, surely, most unprofitable. There is a gain in actuality, perhaps, and in directness of attack, but a play's life lies in its amenity to acting. It may be suited to one sort of stage or another; but it must be committed to human expression, and the possibilities of its artistry, however various, are yet dependent upon this, even as a human body's beauty dwells in its common uses.

Tennyson's case was quite other. He was sixty-five when he wrote *Queen Mary*, and people thought—to quote his son's biography—that to begin publishing plays at his age was a hazardous experiment. But, encouraged by Spedding, George Eliot and Lewes, he persevered. He had always liked the theatre, had been a constant player in early and middle life, and “regarded the drama

(1) For the benefit of those to whom such measurements mean nothing, Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* is a little over three thousand lines long.

as one of the most humanising of influences . . . always hoped that the State, or the Municipalities . . . would produce our great English historical plays, so that they might form part of the Englishman's ordinary educational curriculum.” (For how much longer is that hope to be deferred?) “For himself,” we are further told, “he was aware that he wanted intimate knowledge of the mechanical details necessary for the modern stage. . . . His dramas were written with the intention that actors should edit them for the stage, keeping them at the high poetic level.”

A great man's simplicities are endearing. *Queen Mary*, produced at the Lyceum on April 16th, 1876, was edited indeed. Twenty-seven characters were cut out altogether. Still, the Poet Laureate had but to write his first play and London's best theatre would stage it; London's best actor, fresh from the glories of Hamlet and Othello, content himself with the shadowy Philip of Spain. Irving made Philip, however—he could hardly help it—the most notable thing in the play, and Whistler has made the figure of him memorable. The portrait is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Will an English National Theatre ever buy it back again?

There were obvious flaws in Tennyson's modest approach to playwriting; even, perhaps, in its modesty. He speaks—or his son speaks for him—of drama and the theatre as a sort of House of Lords and House of Commons with the play as a Bill sent down to be pulled about a bit, rewritten a little and at last turned out as an effective Act. Such practical politics make for poor art. He thinks of the theatre, apparently, as a place of mechanical craftsmanship, more or less, in which an absolute art of drama is adulterated and turned to account. This is just true enough to be dangerously misleading; but one sees where the error is bred. What mangling and botching has not the absolute drama of Shakespeare survived? Tennyson went to school to Shakespeare; no English poet turning playwright but by instinct does that! The trouble was that he never quite grasped what he had to learn, nor the significance of what he did learn there. There is much that is fine in *Queen Mary*. Tennyson is

a poet, and he can frame character and see history in terms of drama. There is even, at moments, something of the absolute dramatist in him, for he can project a scene that is fully significant only in its action, and has been conceived so, evidently, not plotted out on paper. Had he trusted to his native dramatic instinct, whatever its worth, it would finally have been better for his play. There is, of course, no such arbitrary division between drama and the theatre as it suited him to assume. Why do English men of letters find it so hard to approach the theatre unself-consciously? Some native dramatic instinct we all have. Acting, singing and dancing are, fundamentally, as nearly instinctive as art can be. All that need be learnt of the laws of the theatre is soon learnt, and then the sooner it is forgotten the better, even as we cease to use an alphabet when we know how to read. The truly great dramatists, who have made old things new in drama, gained this unconscious mastery betimes. Shakespeare did, so did Molière and Ibsen. Then they made laws and broke them, remade them and broke them again, and probably gave not much thought to the matter in the abstract at all. Drama was their language; they spoke it and did not hesitate. But two centuries and a half of vain repetition (such as the heathen use) have, not unnaturally, turned Shakespeare's dramatic dialect largely to gibberish.

Blank verse is still the chief pillar of the superstructure, the accepted vestment for all serious drama. Poets inevitably turn to it; and, with no pretensions to being a poet, one can string out ten syllable lines by the yard—declaimed with an air, they pass for poetry. Tennyson is Tennyson, of course; he may be dull, but he will never be despicable, and he can always rise in some sort to an occasion. But open the play at random. Mary is rating Gardiner:

I come for counsel and ye give me feuds,
Like dogs that, set to watch their master's gate,
Fall, when the thief is ev'n within the walls,
To worrying one another. My Lord Chancellor,
You have an old trick of offending us;
And but that you are art and part with us
In purging heresy, well we might, for this
Your violence and much roughness to the Legate
Have shut you from our counsels. . . .

Now she is excusing herself to Philip:—

Alas, the Council will not hear of war.
They say your wars are not the wars of England.
They will not lay more taxes on a land
So hunger-nipt and wretched; and you know
The crown is poor. We have given the church-lands back;
The nobles would not; nay, they clapt their hands
Upon their swords when ask'd; and therefore God
Is hard upon the people. What is to be done?
Sir, I will move them in your cause again,
And we will raise us loans and subsidies
Among the merchants: and Sir Thomas Gresham
Will aid us. There is Antwerp and the Jews.

And so on and so forth.

Why blank verse, or any sort of verse at all, for the stage? Dryden raised the question; but after that it was generally assumed to be the right sort of thing. All æsthetic merit apart, the Elizabethan dramatists had sound practical reasons for clinging to it. It is easy to write, as we have said; and they had no time to waste. It is easy to learn too; and the actors had less. But the grand dramatic merit of verse, of course, is that it is in itself an emotional thing; and the appeal of drama will be first or last—first and last, very often—to the emotions. Verse is hypnotic; the mere rhythm of it can fascinate and hold the hearer. It can often be too hypnotic so spoken; one has seen audiences saved from sleep only by the extreme discomfort of the stalls they were wedged in—not always saved, moreover.

What is wrong, from a dramatic point of view, with this verse of Tennyson's? It is not, presumably, bad verse in itself (I do not pretend to know what good verse in the abstract is, or if there be any such thing; but I do know better than to depreciate Tennyson lightly), and if it were, it could certainly be matched by passages from Shakespeare himself, who could, on occasion, write as crudely, flatly, consciencelessly, as you please. But Shakespeare, at his worst, could not be more than momentarily undramatic, for he writes as by instinct, to be spoken, not to be read. His verse is naturally rhetorical, and it is always more or less charged with emotion. It has, therefore, carrying power. This was the point from which Shakespeare and his followers started. They had to cap-

ture and hold an unruly audience, and their chief means was rhetorical, emotional verse. Shakespeare's own progress as an artist can well be studied (and should be, by any poet anxious to turn dramatist) by tracing the development of his verse-making, from its early lyric fervour—which is sometimes monotonous and dramatically ineffective—and from the commanding but unyielding rhetoric of the Histories to the masterly breadth and delicacy and variety, to the subtle suggestiveness of character and mood to be found in the later plays. But we are too apt to admire these mature elaborations (one suspects that they chiefly influenced Tennyson) and forget the fundamental strength of simple emotional rhetoric still underlying them.

Tennyson's verse was, almost inevitably, of another cast. He had written all his life to be read rather than spoken. He wrote reflectively, analytically. (This might not have mattered—it never mattered with Shakespeare—had there been the primary emotion beneath, but there so seldom is.) His verse does not vibrate. He wrote pathetically, fancifully, and with never-failing dignity.

Take Cranmer's confession of faith:—

Good people, every man at time of death
Would fain set forth some saying that may live
After his death and better humankind;
For death gives life's last word the power to live.
And, like the stone cut epitaph, remain
After the vanished voice, and speak to man. . . .

(One remembers Buckingham's farewell. Fletcher's work is it?—which is also apt to lack underlying passion. Tennyson suffers not at all by comparison here.)

Take the tale of his burning:—

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
And crying in his deep voice more than once,
"This hath offended—this unworthy hand!"
So held it till it all was burned, before
The flame had reached his body; I stood near—
Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain;
He never stirr'd or writhed, but, like a statue
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
Gave up the ghost. . . .

(1) This is one good reason for supposing that such plays as *Love's Labour's Lost* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* may have been written rather for special audiences than for the public theatre.

How fine! But it is narrative, and not immediately dramatic. All through the play he outruns his due allowance of narrative. A temptation, this, to most practised writers turning dramatist!

Then there is the pretty fancy—as she hears the milkmaid singing—of Elizabeth's

I would I were a milkmaid,
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake and die.
Then have my simple headstone by the church,
And all things lived and ended honestly
I could not if I would. I am Harry's daughter. . . .

This is authentic Tennyson, and holds its own for a due moment.

Philip is written somewhat flatly—his main business is to be bored and yet more bored by England and his queen—but with true economy and admirable irony. And who that ever heard him cannot hear Irving saying

By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.
Simon, is supper ready?

Mary herself has, as she should have, the best of the play; and Tennyson is, at the crucial moments, spontaneously at his best in the writing of her. The calculated effectiveness of the second act's ending with its echoed

My foes are at my feet and I am Queen,

could be carpentered up by anyone, and the slashing of Philip's picture is commonplace. But her lonely thrilling to the hope of the unborn child:—

He hath awaked! He hath awaked!
He stirs within the darkness! . . .
The second Prince of Peace—
The great unborn defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of mine enemies—
He comes, and my star rises.
The stormy Wyatts and Northumberlands,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fiercest partisans—are pale
Before my star!
The light of this new learning wanes and dies:
The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star!

THREE VICTORIANS

This is the real thing; and its feeling, as if spontaneously, moulds its form. The miserable, forsaken figure of the last act is in itself well pictured. The acclaimed gesture of

ALICE. Your Grace hath a low voice.

MARY. How dare you say it?

Even for that he hates me. A low voice

Lost in a wilderness where none can hear!

A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!

A low voice from the dust and from the grave.

(Sitting on the ground) There, am I low enough now?

is legitimate and fine. But, as we see, these good moments are reflective, analytic moments. And the action as a whole is too often irrelevant, loose-knit and slack. Its pulse beats feebly. Incidental virtues will not make a play. Characters, incidents, pretty effects by the dozen may be significant and interesting in themselves, and yet not cohere into drama.

* * * * *

Swinburne, rejecting the theatre, is fundamentally far more the dramatist. He is, to begin with, the natural rhetorician; he speaks and sings, rather than writes, and whatever else he may lack it will not be emotion. His determination in *Bothwell* to leave nothing unsaid cannot result in a play, that most selective of literary forms; but it is amazing how much emotional pressure he can sustain behind the hundred-line, two hundred, three hundred-line speeches from which he pours passionate history. When the work was in the doing he would visit his friends, Sir Edmund Gosse tells us, an act or two under his arm, and amaze them by "shrieking, thundering, whispering, fluting" through scene after scene of it, far into the night.

Again, open the book almost at random :—

Tell him, night and day

And fear and hope are grown one thing to me

Save for his sake: and say mine hours and thoughts

Are as one fire devouring grain by grain

This pile of tares and drift of crumbling brands

That shrivels up in the slow breath of time

The part of life that keeps me far from him.

The heap of dusty days that sunder us

I would I could burn all at once away

And our lips meet across the wild red flame

Thence unconsumed, being made a keener fire
Than any burns on earth. Say that mine eyes
Ache with my heart and thirst with all my veins,
Requiring him they have not. Say my life
Is but as sleep and my sleep very life
That dreams upon him . . .

and so on for a hundred and ninety lines more. It is Mary's message to Bothwell. Such charged monotony soon becomes intolerable. Nevertheless, if not drama, it is the true stuff of drama. It has authentic impulse, it is not the mere filling out of an Elizabethan pattern. The play is not made for acting, there is no give-and-take about it, Swinburne is its only actor. He is the audience, too, the hypnotiser and the hypnotised. It has its story, but hardly a plan, and no complexity of structure at all. It has no preparation, or intrigue, variety, surprise, relief—neither the arts nor the artifices of the dramatist are called on. It is at a constant climax: as unhealthy a condition in a play as fever in a human being, for when climax is due there will be no strength left. Yet Swinburne, too, can rise to an occasion. Time and again great moments occur. If they rested upon ample foundation we should have great drama.

The scene of Rizzio's murder is a fine thing. Its ending :—

QUEEN. What have ye made my servant?

RUTHVEN. A dead dog.

His turn is done of service.

DARNLEY. Yea, stark dead?

RUTHVEN. They stabbed him through and through with edge on edge

Till all their points met in him; there he lies

Cast forth in the outer lodge, a piteous knave

And poor enough to look on.

QUEEN. I am content.

Now must I study how to be revenged.

DARNLEY. Nay, think not that way; make it not so much:

Be warned, and wiser.

QUEEN. Must I not, my lord?

You have taught me worthier wisdom than of words;

And I will lay it up against my heart.

—pregnant, sure and tuned like a bell. The compassing of Darnley's death at Kirk O' Field is true drama, if too long drawn out. Mary with Bothwell and Jane Gordon at

Dunbar; when he leaves her; at Lochleven; at Langside—there is enough dramatic passion in these scenes alone to furnish half-a-dozen plays. The last scene of all is the finest. It starts subduedly. Herries is pleading with the Queen, even now, when she stands on the shore at Solway, even at this last moment, to stay:—

... Go not hence:
You shall find no man's faith or love on earth
Like theirs that here cleave to you.

So he ends, and she answers:

I have found
And think to find no hate of men on earth
Like theirs that here beats on me.

Quotation is unfair: the scene is an entity, and the very simple form of it helps give it beauty and power. Mary's sombre wrath rolls up like a wave, sentence crowning sentence, to its first height. Then it subsides to the softness of:

Come, friends,
I think the fisher's boat hath hoised up sail
That is to bear none but one friend and me;
Here must my true men and their queen take leave,
And each keep thought of other. My fair page,
Before the man's change darken on your chin
I may come back to ride with you at rein
To a more fortunate field: howe'er that be,
Ride you right on with better hap, and live
As true to one of merrier days than mine
As on that night to Mary once your queen.
Douglas, I have not won a word of you;
What would you do to have me tarry?

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

Die.

Douglas speaks no other word throughout the scene. The still figure standing there, passionate in silence, made eloquent by one word! Who shall say that Swinburne had not the stuff of the dramatist in him? And the final apostrophe is magnificent.

This last scene is true drama; it will answer to any test. If it seems not to fit the workaday theatre, a theatre can be moulded for it. Authentic art has never failed of interpretation yet. Could Swinburne but have disciplined himself, not to the mechanics of a given stage, but to the inevitable rigour of dramatic form; could he have relaxed and lost himself a little in its amenities (Had he not been Swin-

burne. Yes, it always comes to that.) his plays would have won their theatre in the end, and this none too opulent theatre of ours would have won a dramatist and poet as well.

* * * * *

What of Meredith's place in the story? It would seem, by virtue of but a few scattered scraps of dialogue, to be one of no consequence at all. He was that thing least regarded in England, a conscious literary artist; he was self-regardful, too, perhaps in excess. He set out to please himself by what he wrote; happy enough, no doubt, if he pleased other people as well, but incapable of swerving an inch from his path to make matters easier for them, apt, indeed, to lead them defiantly a little bit more of a dance. It was not mere wilfulness, rather a sort of religion with him to show the barbarian that art in its making or liking must be a spiritually athletic thing.

He was fifty when he wrote the *Essay on Comedy*. It sums up much of his literary faith, and lets us see, incidentally, how far he was—and he knew it—from anything like popularity.

There are plain reasons (he says) why the Comic poet is not a frequent apparition; and why the great Comic poet remains without a fellow. A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience. The semi-barbarism of merely giddy communities, and feverish emotional periods, repel him; and also a state of marked social inequality of the sexes; nor can he whose business is to address the mind be understood where there is not a moderate degree of intellectual activity. . . .

Moreover, to touch and kindle the mind through laughter demands more than sprightliness, a most subtle delicacy. That must be a natal gift in the Comic poet. . . . People are ready to surrender themselves to witty thumps on the back, breast and sides; all except the head: and it is there that he aims. He must be subtle to penetrate. A corresponding acuteness must exist to welcome him.

That is not the attitude, those are not the demands of the popular writer. He talks ostensibly of the theatre only, of Molière, Congreve, Wycherley, admits that since the time when "our second Charles" set up as patron of a *Comedy of Manners*:—

Our tenacity of national impressions has caused the word theatre . . . to prod the Puritan nervous system like a satanic instrument . . .

and with some cause! He praises Congreve reservedly, Molière without reserve, and puts *Le Misanthrope* on a pedestal. He goes farther afield, rounds in Menander, Aristophanes, Goldoni and the Spaniards; it is a feast of sound criticism, brilliantly served. And the conclusion of the matter is that

Our traditions are unfortunate. The public taste is with the idle laughers, and still inclines to follow them. . . .

Our bad traditions of comedy affect us not only on the stage, but in our literature, and may be tracked into our social life. They are the ground of the heavy moralisings by which we are outwearied. . . .

What would such a public make of a Molière, or of such a play as *Le Misanthrope*?

The fable is thin. Our pungent contrivers of plots would see no indication of life in the outlines. The life of the comedy is in the idea. As with the singing of the skylark out of sight, you must love the bird to be attentive to the song; so in this highest flight of Comic Muse you must love pure Comedy warmly to understand *The Misanthrope*; you must be receptive of the idea of Comedy. And to love Comedy you must know the real world, and know men and women well enough not to expect too much of them, though you still may hope for good.

If the essay is a window into Meredith's mind, it is also something of a key to his own artistic development, for this may be held to have reached its maturity in *The Egoist*. Now *The Egoist* is pure comedy in conception and execution; moreover it is even constructed as a play should be. Certain superfluities allowed for, it falls perfectly into acts and scenes. It is hard to believe that, at some time or other, he did not think of it as a play. And now, or a little later, the fragments of *The Sentimentalists* must have begun to accumulate in his desk. Handwriting does something to date them, but the kinship of the subject to passages in the essay does more. There they are, at any rate, his sketches for such a comedy as Molière might have put a hand to. They were found after his death, and (again by the evidence of the handwriting) he had worked over them from time to time in his later years. They are parts, evidently, of a full-length play; they come from the first two acts of it, and the plot of the whole can be guessed at—as slight a plot as is *Le Misanthrope's*; the comedy in the idea. Some scraps are in

prose, some in verse, sometimes the verse had been rewritten into prose. J. M. Barrie took them in hand, put them in sequence, taking little away, adding nothing of his own but a stage direction here and there, and they were staged at the Duke of York's Theatre in 1910.

"*The Sentimentalists*, an unfinished play by George Meredith"—there was, for the few, a thrill in the very sight of the placard. But public taste had not changed greatly in those thirty years; nor has another twenty changed it, except, in the theatre, somewhat for the worse. It was, and is, still dominated by the "idle laughers." *The Sentimentalists*, it may be owned, is not a full or a fully flavoured meal of entertainment; the civil "Thank you" it gained was perhaps all that could be expected. And yet, and yet, one asked—and is still asking!—is there no intelligent interest in the art of the theatre for its own sake? Had two movements of a Mozart quartet been snatched from oblivion how amateurs and critics would have descanted on them, studying every page, every bar! Yet here was the one piece of dramatic work done by a great man just dead, a master of character and wit, of prose and verse, and it was casually appraised at its mere entertainment value. Did Meredith's ghost sit sardonically chuckling in the author's box, asking what the devil one had taken all the trouble for? Not displeased, though, to see these figures of his fancy brought to life, and in the glamour of the footlights! But he had said his say upon the matter long before (we turn back to the essay).

In all countries the middle class presents the public which, fighting the world, and with a good footing in the fight, knows the world best. . . .

Of this class in England a large body, neither Puritan nor Bacchanalian, have a sentimental objection to face the study of the actual world. They take up disdain of it, when its truths appear humiliating; when the facts are not immediately forced on them, they take up the pride of incredulity. They live in a hazy atmosphere that they suppose an ideal one. . . . Philosopher and Comic poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life; and they are equally unpopular with our wilful English of the hazy region and the ideal that is not to be disturbed. . . .

Thus, for want of instruction in the Comic idea, we lose a large audience among our cultivated middle class that we should expect to support Comedy; the sentimentalist is as averse as the Puritan and as the Bacchanalian.

There was the very theme of the comedy he began to write, there was the reason that he never troubled to finish it; there, in the theatre for a few nights, thirty years or so later, sat the cultivated middle class—respectfully bored, most of them, doubtless.

Our traditions are unfortunate indeed if we cannot bring some imagination to the making of this morsel of genius (for it is nothing less) complete enough for enjoyment. Have we not humour enough to see the humour and an ear for the symphonic prose of the chorus of Sentimentalists crooning in ecstasy over the eloquence of Professor Spiral? Or read the scene between Lyra and Astræa, between the wife pursued by her husband—

May no woman of my acquaintance marry a man of twenty years her senior. She marries a gigantic limpet. At that period of his life a man becomes too voraciously constant.

—and the widow, the “dedicated widow,” pursued by suitor after suitor, boldly, timidly, slyly, most slyly of all, we surmise, by the great Professor Spiral himself, even while he pledges her to “sovereign disengagement.” This promises to be the play’s plot, and he to hold a candle (and a bright one, possibly) to Tartufe himself. Read the scene, read it aloud. It has one parallel at least in English dramatic literature, the counsellings of Rosalind and Celia in Arden; and it suffers not at all by the comparison:

LYRA. Oh! Pluriel, ask me of him! I wish I were less sure he would not be at the next corner I turn.

ASTRÆA. You speak of your husband strangely, Lyra.

LYRA. My head is out of a sack. I managed my escape from him this morning by renouncing bath and breakfast; and what a relief to be in the railway carriage alone!—that is, when the engine snorted. And if I set eyes on him within a week, he will hear some truths. His idea of marriage is, the taking of the woman into custody. My hat is on, and on goes Pluriel’s. My foot is on the stairs; I hear his foot behind me. In my boudoir I am alone one minute, and then the door opens to the inevitable. I pay a visit, he is passing the house as I leave it. He will not even affect surprise. I belong to him—I am cat’s mouse. And he will look dotting on me in public. And when I speak to anybody, he is that fearful picture of all smirks. Fling off a kid glove after a round of calls; feel your hand—there you have me now that I am out of him for my half a day, if for as long.

ASTRÆA. This is one of the world’s happy marriages!

LYRA. This is one of the world’s choice dishes! and I have it planted

under my nostrils eternally. . . . And you are the cunningest of fencers, tongue or foils. You lead me to talk of myself, and I hate the subject. By the way, you have practised with Mr. Arden.

ASTRÆA. A tiresome instructor, who lets you pass his guard to compliment you on a hit.

LYRA. He rather wins me.

ASTRÆA. He does at first.

LYRA. Begins Plurielising, without the law to back him, does he?

ASTRÆA. The fencing lessons are at an end.

LYRA. The duets with Mr. Swithin’s violoncello continue?

ASTRÆA. He broke through the melody.

LYRA. There were readings in poetry with Mr. Osier, I recollect.

ASTRÆA. His own compositions become obtrusive.

LYRA. No fencing, no music, no poetry! No West Coast of Africa either, I suppose.

ASTRÆA. Very well! I am on my defence. You at least shall not misunderstand me, Lyra. One intense regret I have: that I did not live in the time of the Amazons. They were free from this question of marriage, this babble of love. Why am I so persecuted? He will not take a refusal. There are sacred reasons. I am supported by every woman having the sense of her dignity. I am perverted, burlesqued by the fury of wrath I feel at their incessant pursuit. . . . Laugh at me; half my time I am laughing at myself. I should regain my pride if I could be resolved on a step. I am strong to resist; I have not strength to move.

LYRA. I see the sphinx of Egypt!

ASTRÆA. And all the while I am a manufactory of gunpowder in this quiet old-world Sabbath circle of dear good souls, with their stereotyped interjections and orchestra of enthusiasms; their tapering delicacies; the rejoicing they have in their common agreement on all created things. To them it is restful. It spurs me to fly from rooms and chairs and beds and houses. I sleep hardly a couple of hours. Then into the early morning air, out with the birds; I know no other pleasure. . . .

LYRA. What does the Dame say?

ASTRÆA. Sighs over me! Just a little maddening to hear.

LYRA. When we feel we have the strength of giants, and are bidden to sit and smile! You should rap out some of our old sweet-innocent garden oaths with her. “Carnation! Dame!” That used to make her dance on her seat. “But, dearest Dame, it is as natural an impulse for women to have that relief as for men; and natural will out, begonia! it will!” We ran through the book of botany for devilish objurgations. I do believe our misconduct caused us to be handed to the good man at the altar, as the right corrective. And you were the worst offender.

ASTRÆA. Was I? I could be now, though I am so changed a creature.

LYRA. You enjoy the studies with your Spiral, come!

ASTRÆA. Professor Spiral is the one honest gentleman here. He does homage to my principles. I have never been troubled by him; no silly hints or side-looks—you know, the dog at the forbidden bone.

LYRA. A grand orator.

ASTRÆA. He is. You fix on the smallest of his gifts. He is intellectually and morally superior.

LYRA. Praise of that kind makes me rather incline to prefer his inferiors.

He fed gobble-gobble on your puffs of incense. I coughed and scraped the gravel; quite in vain; he tapped for more and more.

ASTRÆA. Professor Spiral is a thinker; he is a sage. He gives women their due.

LYRA. And he is a bachelor, too—or consequently.

ASTRÆA. If you like you may be as playful with me as the Lyra of our maiden days used to be. My dear, my dear, how glad I am to have you here! You remind me that I once had a heart. It will beat again with you beside me, and I shall look to you for protection. A novel request from me. From annoyance, I mean. It has entirely altered my character. Sometimes I am afraid to think of what I was, lest I should suddenly romp, and perform pirouettes and cry "Carnation!" There is the bell. We must not be late when the professor condescends to sit for meals.

LYRA. That rings healthily in the professor.

ASTRÆA. Arm in arm, my Lyra.

LYRA. No PlurIEL yet! (*They enter the house.*)

This is less than a third of it; and, for all its discursive air, it is, as dramatic dialogue should be, so closely knit as to make extract difficult. It is "artificial" comedy, of course. Not that the epithet is more than the label of a method as little artificial and as much as any good writing meant to make a particular effect must be. So is Mozart's music artificial. Whatever its method, this is true dramatic dialogue, lucid, dynamic, and as full of melody as Mozart is.

Another scene survives, a night scene in the garden between Astræa and young Arden, her suitor, who, we may be sure, is destined to win her. It is in verse, and probably from an earlier draft of the play.¹ And for it Meredith has forged a verse all his own, all his play's own, too; light and swift and sparkling, a vehicle for wit as well as emotion, eloquent but never orotund, having artifice enough to keep it in key with the rest of the play, with the Sentimentalists and their preciosities, yet never so much as to rob it of romance.

What Meredith lost in losing this medium of the theatre is very obvious. He speaks of Molière writing purely, in the simplest language, the simplest of French verse, of his wit as

like a running brook, with innumerable fresh lights on it at every turn of the wood, through which its business is to find a way. It does not run

(1) If my memory serves, it had at later time been partly redrafted into prose.

in search of obstructions, to be noisy over them: but where dead leaves and viler substances are heaped along the course, its natural song is heightened. Without effort, and with no dazzling flashes of achievement, it is full of healing; the wit of good breeding, the wit of wisdom.

Strange qualities (are they?) for the author of *One of Our Conquerors* and *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* to admire! There is the point: he did admire them (who does not?), and strove after them (again, who does not?) as best he could. The notion that such men as Meredith are wilfully, mischievously obscure is an impertinence. They have much to express, and, with only themselves for an audience, the plain thing seems hardly worth saying; they know it already. But in the theatre the plain thing must be said. There is the audience of average men and women, and you must make your meaning clear to them as you go along. The virtues of lucidity, of simplicity, of economy are forced upon the practical playwright.

And in losing Meredith what did the theatre lose? No great influence upon its course, perhaps. By the 'seventies the play of artifice had had its day; the ground was fallow and ready for Ibsen and the "naturalists" when they came. He would have stood in drama as in fiction—brilliantly alone! Very much, probably, as in French drama Rostand stands to-day; and, in artistic force, Rostand is a baby beside him. He would have owned, perhaps, to kinship with Congreve; but not cordially. He allows Sheridan one slighting sentence in the essay, will have none of Wycherley, labels Goldsmith (justly) as farce-writer, and mentions practically no other English dramatist at all. He turns, as to the sun, to Molière; and here is a certain weakness in his position which might have been reflected in his work. Drama is inevitably the most national of the arts; for, its writing apart, it must command native interpretation. And if, as Meredith complains, the English have not risen to appreciation of the Comedy of Idea, it may be because ideas, as such, do not much interest them. A reproach to them, doubtless; but a vain reproach for the would-be dramatist to make, who must not only write for them, but enshrine them as they are in his writing. To poetry and humour the

English will respond: ideas they find inhuman. But the creator ousts the critic, and, as this one fragment of a play shows, Meredith would have found his feet in the theatre, could have made a place of his own there and given us in drama as in fiction a few splendidly refracted pictures of his time. And we might have had to-day half a dozen of his plays, the product of his maturity, of that humorous, sane mind, as abiding refreshment to our own.

Tennyson, Swinburne, Meredith, would-be dramatists; and a theatre that could not profit them, nor profit by them. Something was very wrong, surely; and, for that matter, still is, perhaps.

THE TREND OF GERMAN FOREIGN POLICY

By C. F. MELVILLE

THE trend of German foreign policy is one of the most vital factors in the future of inter-European relations. Upon it may depend the issues of War and Peace in Europe. This being the case it is not surprising that two definitely opposed schools of political thought exist to-day in England as to what should be Britain's orientation towards the problem of Germany's future. One school, which is very vocal at the moment, and certainly includes a number of influential voices, believes that British foreign policy should definitely align itself with Germany. The other school, which is less vocal, but equally influential, believes that London should definitely confine itself to the Entente with France.

In between these two points of view is a third point of view, held by the more far-seeing diplomatic observers, which favours an Anglo-French-German understanding. This school of thought believes it to be essential to maintain intact the Anglo-French Entente between London and Paris, with the eventual aim of converting this *mariage de convenance* into a *ménage à trois* which would include Berlin.

The setting up of the European triangle—London, Paris and Berlin—in this way would, it is argued, create a lasting peace in Europe; for not only would it reinforce the security of the Rhine, which is already guaranteed by the Locarno Treaties, but it would also prevent any possibility of conflict on such issues as the Polish Corridor, the Anschluss (Austro-German Fusion), and the problem of Soviet Russia. This school of thought has notable adherents both in London and in Paris, and, to a lesser extent, in Berlin. Far-sighted diplomatic observers find little difficulty in agreeing upon this point. The problem which remains is the choice of means for arriving at this highly desirable end. Stated briefly, this problem resolves itself into the following question: How can the policy of France be reconciled with that of Germany *through* the policy of Britain?

The answer to this question lies with the future. It will depend upon many things, but principally upon the future trend of British, French and German foreign policies. The most important is that of Germany, for upon the direction that country will take in European affairs will depend to a great extent the future orientation of British and French foreign policy in Europe.

Many democratically minded persons in England hold the view that pre-War Germany and post-War Germany are totally unlike. The wish being father to the thought, it is easy for people with this outlook to persuade themselves of its truth. They hold the mirror of British Liberal traditions up to the Continent and see a reflection, not of the political realities as they actually are, but as they would like them to be. Their view—which does not take into account the element of continuity remaining in spite of the element of change—appears to be that while before the War the Germany of the Hohenzollerns suffered from the malady of militarist-imperialism, there emerged from the War a Republican Germany imbued solely with pacifist ideals.

It is true, of course, that in many ways the new Republican Germany is different from the old Imperial Germany. The realistic and practical German people has outgrown its taste for shining armour. But it would be doing the German virility and sense of continuity less than justice to suggest that Germany has now no ambition to achieve some form of rehabilitation. It is only that for some time to come the sword will be superseded by diplomacy. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*. Germany to-day is devoting her energies towards reobtaining by the more subtle art of diplomacy something of what she lost yesterday by the cruder expedient of militarism. Her innate qualities of hard work and discipline, wedded to her natural genius, have even now enabled her to achieve an admirable recovery in the fields both of politics and economics—and this in spite of the political stranglehold of the Rhineland Occupation and the economic throttle of Reparations. The reason is that Germany still believes in her destiny. Therefore she does not accept the decision of

the War as final. She is aiming, not unnaturally, at complete rehabilitation within the limits imposed by circumstances. The aim is fixed. It is as follows: (1) Settlement of the Reparations and Rhineland Evacuation questions, (2) Revision of the Eastern Frontier (Upper Silesia), and (3) the Anschluss.

One hears a good deal of Germany's "alternative" policies to-day—the forward policy of the Nationalists and the conciliatory policy of Herr Stresemann. When things are going well for Germany the latter is popular with the German people. When, on the other hand, this policy meets with disappointments the former raises its head and enjoys popularity. The exponents of the alternative policy are generally most vocal when Berlin appears to receive a rebuff from London or Paris, and then one hears a good deal in Germany of the failure of the Stresemann policy of accommodation, and the necessity that Germany should pursue an independent policy. (An "autonomous" policy and a "dynamic" policy were recently phrases current in the political journalism of Berlin.)

Official Berlin has before now given this school of thought its head in the Press—inspired and otherwise—when, disappointed with the attitude of London and Paris, it has desired to demonstrate to those capitals that if Germany's patience be tried too severely she may abandon the "policy of accommodation" in favour of the "dynamic policy." I happened to be in Berlin recently on an occasion of this sort. The Press had been allowed its head and the dynamic school was very vocal. At the same time I was assured by high authorities at the Wilhelmstrasse that the Stresemann policy of accommodation—the "realistic policy" it was called—would remain intact. The words used to me were something on the lines of the following: "We will pursue the policy of realism to the bitter end." Afterwards it was added that the attitude of London and Paris would make that policy "somewhat colder"; that there would be a hardening of the German heart against further "concessions" to the Allied point of view; that Germany would not "purchase" Rhineland evacuation by a Reparations bargain. Indeed, rather than

do this she would wait patiently for the expiration of the legal Rhineland occupation period, knowing that the value of this occupation as a bargaining card to France would diminish with the passing of each year. In conclusion, however, a return was made to the first point: That there would be no change in German foreign policy, no new departure from the line laid down and pursued by Herr Stresemann. "For you see," it was said to me, "we are above all a realistic people."

To the lay mind there may appear to be a contradiction between the tenor of the direct official utterances and that of the indirect official inspiration of the Press. On the face of things the former suggests a policy of accommodation with London and Paris. The latter suggests the demanding of Rhineland evacuation immediately, by moral right and no other consideration, collaboration with Soviet Russia as a counter-move to Anglo-French collaboration, the active pursuance of the policy of Austro-German union and the commencement of aggressive political action for the revision of the Eastern Frontier. In actual fact, however, there is no contradiction—at least there is no contradiction in eventual aims, but only in immediate methods. It is true that Germany will pursue the "realistic policy" "to the bitter end." It is also true that there exists the possibility of the "alternative policy." The former or the latter will be pursued as circumstances dictate. That is the essence of "realism."

The present circumstances are such that the "realistic," the "Stresemann," policy is the more practical policy. Therefore it is the official policy of Berlin to-day, and will doubtless continue to be so to-morrow. It is a policy which has brought Germany into the League of Nations; it made possible the setting up of a workable plan for Reparations payments, and bids fair, in the near future, to bring about a revision of Reparations payments in the better interests of Germany; it brought about Locarno, and it will bring about the evacuation of the Rhineland before the legal date. The Stresemann policy of "appeasement and understanding" is therefore the realistic policy of the moment.

The two alternative policies—the "realistic" and the "dynamic"—represent, as I have said, not so much

opposed schools of political thought in Germany to-day as different methods. The aims envisaged by both are identical. Rehabilitation is the word which sums everything up. Germany to-day feels herself to be strong; and for this she has good reason. She is strong. When some of the bigger disabilities inflicted by the Peace Treaties are removed she will be stronger still, and we may yet hear more of the "alternative policy"—that is to say, unless in the meantime the existing *mariage de convenance* between London and Paris is developed into the *ménage à trois* to include Berlin, to which I referred in the beginning of this article.

Rehabilitation, in the modern German sense, does not mean merely economic and financial recovery and the realisation of that primary and legitimate political objective of Germany being treated as an equal amongst equals in the European family of Great Powers. It also means treaty revisionism—in the long run. This is the eventual aim of German foreign policy—whether the method be "realistic" or "dynamic." Treaty revisionism does not allude to the Western Frontier. That situation is covered by Germany's adherence to the Locarno Treaty. What it does mean is revision of the *status quo* concerning the Anschluss and the Eastern Frontier. That is to be pressed for, once the evacuation of the Rhineland is a *fait accompli* and the Reparations problem has been finally regulated in a satisfactory manner. Germany will then be in a position to pursue an active revisionist policy, whether by means of the "realistic" or the "dynamic" policy does not matter very much. For Herr Stresemann himself intimated some time back to his own public that, once granted a success on the Rhineland, Germany would be in a position to work for changes both in regard to the Anschluss and the Eastern Frontier.

The Anschluss is not likely to be a question of practical politics for some time yet. Berlin and Vienna indulge from time to time in publicity for the Anschluss as a political card with which to bargain with the Allies on questions of more immediate moment. But both for economic and political reasons, Berlin is by no means impatient for the union of Austria with the Reich, and

Austria herself is more divided and uncertain on this question than her official spokesmen find it politic to admit in public. One day the Anschluss will loom large on the European political horizon, but that day is neither to-day nor to-morrow.

Of much more immediate moment is the German-Polish Question. Although, at the time of the Locarno Treaties, Germany promised not to adopt aggressive action towards Poland, she is nevertheless determined upon the revision in her favour of her Eastern Frontier with Poland. A German military attack on Poland may be ruled out of consideration. But Germany hopes, by means of diplomatic strategy, to bring about a revision of the Polish Corridor, and, like Hungary *vis-à-vis* the Little Entente States, is conducting an intensive propaganda to this end.

The German propaganda regarding Polish Upper Silesia is conducted on parallel counts, one based on a clever appeal to the Liberal, pacific and democratic elements in Europe, the other upon economic arguments. The first alleges that the German minority in Polish Upper Silesia is suffering from oppression by the Polish authorities; the second that, since Upper Silesia became Polish, it has economically deteriorated. The aim of this propaganda is to convey the impression to Western democracy—and particularly to Britain—that the present *status quo* in Eastern Europe is unstable and, therefore, dangerous to the political peace and economic stability of Europe as a whole.

This policy is particularly evidenced by the German political strategy at Geneva regarding the minority question. At the Lugano meeting of the League Council last December, when Herr Stresemann and M. Zeleski had their famous polemic, the former declared that he would raise the whole minority question at the next meeting of the League Council. This duly took place last March. The German political strategy was directed towards Germany assuming the moral leadership at Geneva concerning the minorities question. The discussion on procedure enabled her to take up a tactical position on this question from which she was able to make a new advance on the question of the German minority in Polish Upper Silesia.

At the March meeting of the League Council, Herr Stresemann came out into the open by invoking Article 19 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, which reads as follows:—

The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration by Members of the League of Treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

Herr Stresemann also made it clear in other ways that Germany does not consider the present *status quo* between herself and Poland as permanent. Poland, on the other hand, does consider the *status quo* as permanent; and she would fight, if needs be, to preserve it. There is also the fact that the *status quo* in Eastern Europe is an integral part of the French conception of post-War Europe.

At this point, before resuming the general consideration of German foreign policy, it becomes necessary to give a brief *résumé* of the actual Upper Silesian situation upon which turns the dispute between Germany and Poland, because so much that is vital in the present trend of German diplomacy depends upon the way this dispute is developing. This I will endeavour to do without going into the minutiae of this subject, which is outside the scope and purpose of this article. I have already stated the German case, economic and political, regarding Upper Silesia. The Polish case is, perhaps, equally well known. It is the direct opposite of the German case. In order to give an angle which will avoid the extreme views advanced by the protagonists at Berlin and Warsaw, I propose to make a rapid survey of the situation as I have found it upon recent personal investigation.

Approximately eighty per cent. of the population of Polish Upper Silesia is Polish. The rights of the German minority are safeguarded by the international instrument, set up under the ægis of the League of Nations, known as the Convention of Geneva. Under this agreement the Polish Government is obliged, whether it likes to or not, since it is a party to the agreement, to undertake certain obligations towards the German minority. The machinery of the Convention includes the Minority Office, the Mixed Commission (with German and Polish representatives and

a neutral Chairman), the League Council and the Hague Court of International Justice. The local machinery is adequate, generally speaking, for the equitable settlement of the complaints of the minority. It protects the minority against the administration and not the administration against the minority. Some ardent Polish nationalists do not like this arrangement, but the Polish Government, having become a party to it, is obliged to carry out its provisions, and, generally speaking, it does carry them out.

With regard to the general position of the German minority, its recognised organisations (such as the Volksbund, for example, and also trade unions of which Germans are members) enjoy freedom of assembly. Also, the German minority has its own Press, printed in German, and enjoys freedom of spoken language. Sometimes, when the minority Press is very outspoken in its criticism of the Polish administration, individual issues of papers are confiscated. There is no general confiscation, however, and when an individual issue is confiscated it generally happens some hours after everyone has had the opportunity to read the offending copies. With regard to schools, the question as to whether a child goes to a minority school or to a Polish one depends mainly upon the declaration made by the parents.

The economic situation in this essentially industrial province is, on the whole, improving. The economic structure of society there is roughly as follows: The owners and directors of factories are for the most part Germans (with Polish co-directors). The engineers and technicians are mostly Poles. The "upper workmen," as they are called, are mostly Germans. The great mass of the workers are Poles.

Taking into account this economic structure of society, together with the machinery for the protection of the minority, there would not appear to be much scope or opportunity for official pressure on the German minority treatment, of "discrimination" against German workers, of "pressure" with regard to the schools or other such grievances exist from time to time, but, owing to the

functioning of the Convention of Geneva, they are not and cannot be a general rule, and, furthermore, all such grievances can be, and very often have been, settled to the mutual satisfaction of both parties by means of the local machinery set up for that purpose.

The Mixed Commission has more often than not proved itself capable of arriving at a satisfactory compromise on the spot, without the cases in question having to go to Geneva at all.

In many cases where grievances have been carried to Geneva, or further to the Hague Court, it has been difficult for either to give definite decisions because the cases in question, in proportion to the high international character of these bodies, have been of a nature better fitted to adjustment by the local machinery.

The question therefore may be fairly asked: When there is local machinery adequate for settling the more trivial kinds of minority grievances on the spot, why is the flow of this kind of complaint to Geneva steadily increasing in volume?

I think the answer is as follows: Left to their own devices the German minority in Polish Upper Silesia would probably be much less active than they actually are. The evidence would seem to be that the activities of the Volksbund are largely directed and financed from Berlin as an integral part of German foreign policy. The strategy at Geneva, together with the propaganda to which I have already alluded, leads one to the conclusion that all these activities are part of the larger aim of German foreign policy—*i.e.*, Treaty revisionism.

As to whether this policy—either in the form of the diplomatic strategy used by the "conciliation" school or the more forward methods advocated by the "dynamic" school—will progress rapidly or slowly depends principally upon the rapidity or slowness of the Rhineland evacuation negotiations which should follow the present negotiations on Reparations in Paris. The political realities being what they are, it will be the natural line for Berlin to work for rapidity and the natural line for Paris to work for "gradualness." At all events, Paris is alive to (and

apprehensive of) the German desire to deal with the Eastern Frontier question once the main questions directly affecting Germany's relations with the West have been satisfactorily liquidated.

At the moment the German, Allied and American experts of the Reparations Experts Committee are engaged in the attempt to build a bridge between Allied requirements and German willingness and capacity to pay. A complete breakdown, which seems to be inconceivable, would, of course, leave all the considerations I have dealt with in this article exactly where they are now. A complete agreement, which seems at least to be hoped for, will bring matters to the stage of commencing the negotiations for the evacuation of the Rhineland. Delay in this connection would harden the German attitude both in respect of the general Allied view of the international situation and also in respect of Germany's future relations with the Allied Governments. Should there not be delay—and the key to this question will probably be found in Paris—then one must bear in mind the three stages envisaged by Herr Stresemann, *i.e.*, (1) success on the Reparations and Rhineland question, (2) the Eastern Frontier, and (3) the Anschluss. The former position might suggest a reversion to the "dynamic" or "independent" policy. The latter certainly suggests the "realistic" or "Stresemann" policy. In either case, one is constrained to believe that the aim is the same, however different may be the method.

This brings me back to the cardinal necessity of reconciling French and German policy through the policy of Great Britain. Otherwise it is by no means outside bounds of possibility that German revisionist ambitions—and with them the revisionist ambitions of Hungary, for Budapest can but be encouraged by the great activity of Berlin—may bring about a state of tension in Eastern and Central Europe which would be more dangerous, potentially, to the peace of Europe as a whole, than any of the imperfections of the *status quo* created by the peace treaties.

THE CHANGE OVER IN WASHINGTON

By J. D. WHELPLEY

THE first few weeks of Mr. Hoover's Administration as President of the United States have not been without incidents calculated to develop his line of policy to public view. Trouble in Mexico brought prompt and decisive action supporting the established Government in that country. His selection of men for high positions at home and abroad has so far excited no serious opposition and, in fact, has been quite generally approved.

Then came the sinking, legally or illegally as the case may be from a technical point of view, of a notorious rum-runner and the capture of her crew. The vessel was manned by self-confessed and habitual law breakers, who, when captured after evading the police for several years, wrapped themselves in a British flag and assumed an air of virtuous indignation over their alledged unkind treatment and their failure to escape. Whether the circumstances of the actual capture were in order or not it is unlikely that the friendly relations of nations will be disturbed by the incident or that much sympathy will be wasted by law-abiding citizens of the United States, Canada, or Great Britain over the men who had for years been asking for trouble and squealed when they found it. The British Government, as is natural, does not look with favour upon the use of the British flag to assist men to break the laws of a friendly nation, and has already done much to check this abuse. Personal opinions as to the merits or demerits of a law do not alter the facts in the case, and because a smuggler objects to the fiscal policy of a country this does not save him from a prison sentence when he is caught red-handed. The "breed of Drake" went out to fight the enemies of their country and not the police regulations of a friendly neighbour. Honours won in the Great War do not justify subsequent premeditated law-breaking or connivance therewith, or even lend thereto a glamour of romance, in fact, quite the contrary. The indi-

cations are that while the legal position will be carefully examined and the affair adjusted on its legal merits, *even*, mayhap, at the expense of the United States Government, President Hoover will not temporise. Subsequent events will show that his pre-election promise to do his utmost to enforce the prohibition laws of the United States will be fulfilled with his characteristic decisiveness and courage.

It may be safely assumed that his own inspiration is the driving force behind the administrative features of the Government as they are and may still further develop. He is not the kind of man who delegates authority or shirks responsibility. In fact, his future troubles, if he is to have any, will probably originate in conflicts between his own will and that of others who may be in a position to hamper his movements. Congress is jealous of its prerogatives, and the President who gets the most done in that direction is the man who works in complete harmony with the Legislative body, especially the Senate. President McKinley was the best team player the White House has ever sheltered, and the Administrations of both President Roosevelt and President Wilson furnished striking examples of the effects of a failure to co-operate, the inevitable result being the discomfiture of the President. President Hoover is not a favourite with the politicians and never has been. He has a predilection for being the whole machine rather than a part of it, and while with patience, diplomacy, and the exercise of a certain amount of personal and executive power the President can influence Congressional action, it is dangerously easy for him to precipitate a conflict of wills which ends inevitably in the defeat of the Executive.

In selecting his Cabinet Mr. Hoover has obviously followed his own inclinations based upon personal knowledge of the men selected and their aptitude for the work to be done. In fact, it would appear he had made his selections without calling upon the party leaders for advice. Notwithstanding this, he has shown considerable political sagacity in his Cabinet building as he has been impartial geographically, has defied criticism by retaining Mr. Andrew Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury, and in his choice of Mr. James William Good as Secretary of War

and Mr. Walter Brown as Postmaster-General he has included in the Cabinet two of the most practical political organisers in American public life. In the appointment of Mr. Charles Francis Adams as Secretary of the Navy he has paid his respects to the New England tradition. By making the former Solicitor-General, Mr. William D. Mitchell, the Attorney-General of the United States he has declared his desire to vigorously enforce the anti-liquor laws as Mr. Mitchell has been the head of the legal force employed in that direction. He went to Missouri for his Secretary of Agriculture, for Mr. Arthur M. Hyde is a farmer from a farming State. Mr. Hoover's adopted home, California, is represented by the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, the late President of the Leland Stanford University, of which institution Mr. Hoover is a graduate. The comparatively unknown Mr. Robert P. Lamont, of Chicago, has been made Secretary of Commerce, but it can be safely assumed that Mr. Hoover when he himself was in that position became well aware of the abilities and activities of his appointee, and chose him with great care, for it is well known that Mr. Hoover considers the Department of Commerce one of the most important agencies of American prosperity and progress. Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. James Davis, the Secretary of Labour, are the only members of Mr. Coolidge's Cabinet retained in the new organisation. Mr. Davis was born in Wales and worked in an iron mill in his youth. By hard work and shrewd business ability he accumulated a fortune, and has for years past devoted his time and energies to the betterment of conditions under which the manual workers live.

The most important appointment of all, that of Mr. Henry Stimson to be Secretary of State, has met with no criticism. Mr. Stimson was Secretary of War in President Taft's Cabinet; was sent to Nicaragua as a Special Envoy by President Coolidge, and was Governor-General of the Philippines when selected for Mr. Hoover's Cabinet. He has the reputation of being very quiet and efficient, with a reserve in his manner which gives an impression of coldness. He is probably a more experienced and capable

administrator than any Secretary of State for some years past, and his character and methods make him a man after the President's own model of what a public official should be. President Hoover has made a good start with his Cabinet, and, which is unusual, no member stands for a political bargain made in pre-election times. Even the late Woodrow Wilson, a confessed purist in politics, was forced to carry out a certain agreement when he made the grotesque appointment of the late William J. Bryan as Secretary of State. Mr. Hoover appears to have been able to secure his own nomination and election without making such political deals as would embarrass him when the time came for fulfilment. Few Cabinets have been appointed by an incoming President in which changes were not made within a comparatively short time. It would appear that barring accidents Mr. Hoover has built his Cabinet out of material which will last.

Among matters of great interest to Europe when a new President comes to the White House is the usual disturbance of the Diplomatic Corps. All United States officials above the grade which comes under the Civil Service rules have tendered their resignations with the object of giving the President full power to make any changes he may desire without submitting such officials to the stigma of enforced retirement. With his customary administrative thoroughness Mr. Hoover will probably go through the list in conference with the heads of the various Departments, and make such changes as are dictated by his personal wishes and the needs of increased efficiency. The President is a believer in the merit system, and excepting for the men in such high positions that they are personal agents of the President and his policies, no official with a good record has anything to fear from the combing out which is to take place.

Two of the most important diplomatic posts have become vacant already, one through the voluntary retirement of Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, and the other through the death of Mr. Herrick, the American Ambassador in Paris. Mr. Houghton could have remained for at least some time to come, but he has been

long absent from the United States, has a diplomatic career of considerable accomplishment to his credit, and being a man of wealth and many other active interests now prefers the quieter life he can lead in his own country to the strenuous social and official duties of his recent position. As American Ambassador to Germany he performed a great service, not only to the United States but to the whole of Europe, for he was somewhat instrumental in bringing about the acceptance of the Dawes Plan. He was greatly liked and respected by the Germans, and did not hesitate to advise them as to the best course to be pursued, even when it was distasteful to the German palate. The inauguration and subsequent success of the Dawes Plan in bringing stability to European affairs is the one great accomplishment of the MacDonald-Herriot administration of the affairs of Great Britain and France respectively, and it was the assistance of the American Ambassadors to Berlin and London which made possible a successful outcome of the negotiations. Whether it will be as easy to bring about a general acceptance of the plan now being formulated by the new Reparations Commission is yet to be determined, for the situation has become less plastic, and there is not the driving force of necessity for all behind the movement such as existed prior to the making of the Dawes Agreement.

President Hoover has now appointed Mr. Charles Gates Dawes to succeed Mr. Houghton as American Ambassador in London. This appointment has a peculiar significance, aside from its many other merits, in that Mr. Dawes will naturally take a keen personal as well as official interest in any readjustments of the so-called Dawes Plan for the payment of German reparations. He will again come into a position where he can become at least indirectly an important factor in the negotiations for a more permanent settlement of the vital problems arising from the aftermath of war. Mr. Dawes comes to the Court of St. James under the best auspices. With a distinguished public and private career as a background, with his familiarity with post-War conditions in Europe, and his strong personality, he shapes for a notable addition to

the long line of exceptionally able men who have been his predecessors in London. He is frank and outspoken, with a certain brusqueness of manner which is more or less deceptive as to the real culture of his mind and the breadth of his sympathies. His favourite exclamation: "Hell and Maria," an outcropping of his life in the Middle West where the English language is often reinforced by "near" profanity, is merely a symbol of his direct and straightforward methods. No one was ever in doubt as to what he meant or as to his own opinion on any subject. He has never used words to conceal his thoughts, but rather to emphasise them. One of his most earnest convictions is that an Anglo-American *entente* is necessary to peace, order, and progress throughout the world. He has stated his belief most emphatically to the effect that the stability of the foundations of modern civilisation rests upon such an *entente*, and that if it fails to continue disaster is inevitable.

It is expected that the President will put his own men in all of the American Embassies, as he takes the view also expressed in the idea of personal representation in the British system of important diplomatic appointments. It is probable, however, that with a very few exceptions there will be no disturbance of those who hold positions of a lower rank than that of Ambassador, excepting as occasion may necessitate a change of post or of personnel. In fulfilment of his pre-election promise, the President called an extra session of Congress to meet April 15th. The work to be done at this session is primarily the consideration of what is known as farm relief and some minor changes in the tariff laws generally assumed to be more or less related to what may be done for the farmers. The farmers of the United States have had a rather thin time for several years past, as compared with the manufacturers, though the past two years have seen a considerable improvement. No indication was given before the assembling of Congress either by the President or by leading members of Congress as to what form this relief may take. It may be assumed there will be no direct subsidy, and that any help given will be in the

direction of Government co-operation. This might be in financial matters; in the field of transportation and marketing, and possibly some changes in import duties which will give the farmer a more direct interest in this phase of the fiscal policy of the Government. The tariff laws have in the past been largely in the interest of the manufacturers, and the farmer has benefited indirectly through the increased purchasing power of the industrial population. Whether he can benefit through higher taxes upon imported agricultural products without penalising those in other employments is held to be a debatable question which will be thoroughly aired in the present Congressional session. This Congress is the first session of a newly elected body, and all the work of organisation has to be done before the legislative body settles down to a consideration of Bills presented for enactment. The time of the Senate during the first few days is also taken up with the consideration of numerous Presidential appointments which must be approved by that body, but as there is now a working majority for the Administration in the Senate there is not apt to be much delay in disposing of all the business preliminary to that for which the extra session was called.

Bills must be introduced in both House and Senate covering the proposed ground, and out of these various and often diverse measures will come the compromise as the joint result, and the measures as they will finally be enacted into laws. What the President will favour is soon made known, and with this comes the first struggle between the Legislative and the Executive branches of the new Government. If the President formulates his ideas in conjunction with the leaders of both Senate and House there will be no conflict excepting, perhaps, over minor points. It is in this connection that President Hoover will be given his first opportunity to demonstrate his ability to get what he wants from Congress. An *entente cordiale* may be established, or the seeds of an antagonism might be sown which would last throughout the Administration. It is an important hour for him, and it comes before he is firmly in the saddle. As a rule a

newly elected President has from March 4th to December 1st to learn his way about, but in the case of Mr. Hoover his responsibilities are crowded upon him almost before he has "found himself" as the President of the United States.

There are many differences in the character and temperament of Mr. Hoover and his predecessor Mr. Coolidge, and yet there are important traits which they hold in common. Personal reserve is characteristic of both men; neither is given to oratory, both hold that the national welfare of the American people is a valuable asset for the whole world. Mr. Coolidge listened to what his advisers had to say, was slow to make up his mind, and avoided anything that savoured of the sensational or even the exceptional. Mr. Hoover has been more accustomed to have his opinion asked than to ask that of others. His life work has necessitated quick decisions and the assumption of great responsibilities without hesitation or any feeling of personal inadequacy.

Mr. Coolidge has a cold and almost inhuman patience which enables him to await the right moment for action. Mr. Hoover is quicker on the trigger and impatient of opposition. In the old days of the frontier it was the man who could pull his gun first who held his companions at his mercy. In these days of political intrigue and deep and carefully laid plans of conquest the man who pulls first may find himself at a disadvantage, and be compelled to return his gun to its holster with some loss of prestige. Any man, however, no matter how impulsive or determined he may be, when he becomes President of the United States is sobered by the enormous responsibilities which are suddenly thrust upon him, and of necessity he cultivates a restraint which serves as a timely balance to his character.

Mr. Hoover, by training, experience and knowledge, is the best prepared of all the men who have come to the White House in recent years, and in all probability has a greater knowledge of the affairs of the whole world than any preceding Executive. It is a timely moment for such a man to take the helm in Washington, for at no time in

the history of the United States has he been more needed or given a wider field for the use of that knowledge, not only to the benefit of the United States but to that of the whole world.

Mr. Coolidge is provincial-minded, and was representative of a very large element in the voting population. The United States has reached a time in history when the leaders of the national mind must think internationally to enable the nation to fulfil a world destiny already clearly outlined. Domestic affairs have been the dominant interest in the United States for many generations, and they still are, but the relations of these domestic affairs to those of the outside world have become enormously important since 1914. In peace and war, in finance and industry, and in the work of human welfare throughout the world, the United States has become a living force which so far at least has been directed, perhaps with some reticence, to desirable ends. American interests have become increasingly concerned with the interests of other countries, and it will be a grievous disappointment, not to say a disaster, if it be not proved in the near future that Mr. Hoover, by one of those unaccountable accidents of politics, is the man of the hour who has stepped forth from the great mass of his fellow-countrymen to carry a banner of a new design.

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

BY PERCY ALLEN

WHEN, in the small Buckinghamshire town of Granborough, on September 28th, 1851, Henry Arthur Jones was born into this world Britain possessed no notable contemporary drama of her own, but was largely dependent upon such as might be filched, with small acknowledgment, from Paris. Between drama and literature there existed little common understanding or sympathy; only, instead of these, mistrust and alienation; neither the actors, nor the men-of-letters, of the mid-Victorian era, having even a dim conception of the gifts that each might exchange with the other; while the playgoing public also, and very naturally, ignored the potential value of the stage, whether as a mirror, or an adornment, of life. Artificiality, and false romanticism, were rampant in the theatres of those days.

Then, during Jones's boyhood in the 'sixties, came Robertson, to whom, principally, with sufficient truth, the beginnings of a return to nature are commonly credited, so far as Britain is concerned; at the same time that Ibsen's *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* (1865-67) were first securing European recognition for a realistically symbolic drama, beside which Robertson's attempts to portray actuality seem as false and trivial, almost, as anything that they superseded. Those two men, however, in their respective spheres, exercised more influence upon British drama than did any other individual playwrights; and it is remarkable, therefore, that after beginning in 1878, at Exeter, with *Only Round the Corner*, and proceeding, throughout the 'eighties and 'nineties, to portray a succession of stage-pictures of English middle-class life, Jones rejected, almost wholly, the influence of Robertson, and—excepting, perhaps, in *Judah* and *Michael and His Lost Angel*—that of Ibsen as well.¹

(1) Jones would never admit any influence of Ibsen upon his work.

Whereas Pinero, who, with Jones, shares the place of honour, at the head of our Victorian drama of transition, followed Robertson in *Sweet Lavender*, and Ibsen, no less closely, in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*.

Henry Arthur Jones, therefore, may be classed as an essentially original dramatist, who, though—as I gather from many conversations with him—having Celtic (Welsh), as well as Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, perpetuates that characteristically English comedic spirit in drama, which, shining through Chaucer's verse, was established by Shakespeare, with whose early surroundings, amid a contented, though primitive, rural community, Jones would so often compare his own boyhood days. In melodrama, however, and not in comedy, Arthur Jones, as all the world knows, achieved his first great popular success, with a type of play that he would not have chosen, had not Wilson Barrett—then the only manager who would seriously consider his work—asked him for something to follow G. R. Sims' hit, with *The Lights o' London*. Jones acceded, and, in addition to fame and money, gained with *The Silver King* experience in a form of stage writing which, henceforth, he regarded as peculiarly valuable to every ambitious young dramatist, in helping him to acquire that "sinewy, muscular, quasi-architectural style," essential, in Jones's view, to the construction of all serious drama. The pecuniary success of *The Silver King*, moreover, set its author free to follow his more natural bent, through satiric romance, such as *The Crusaders* (1891), and comedic sentimental romance, such as *The Masqueraders* (1894), to those plays which, by common consent, represent the most original and individual sides of his dramatic genius, and reveal, at its highest development, his unrivalled command of technique—I mean, *The Case of Rebellious Susan* (1894), and *The Liars* (1897). These two plays—the second, in particular—so smoothly and adroitly contrived as to conceal the skill that went to their shaping, written in a natural, easy, graceful dialogue, abounding in humour, that hovers always upon the borderland of wit, represent, with one or two yet later comedies, the best of his technical achievement, and afford admirable

examples of their author's power to arouse immediate interest in his story, and to express, with faultless economy of means, the utmost of drama that any scene can be made legitimately to contain. Personally, I assent to the widely held opinion, which places *The Liars* in the foremost rank of English high comedy, since *The School for Scandal*. In appraising these plays to-day, however, it should be remembered that they were written for a decade in which strict contemporary social conventions, and Jones's willing consent to apply them to his dramatic work, afforded him opportunity such as he would not have found in a day when—the world being now no longer thus harnessed—there are few traces left, over which civilised mankind can kick. Jones, moreover, was fortunate in finding, in Wyndham and his fellow-players, ideal exponents of a comedic medium so graceful, pointed, and finished, as imperatively to demand correspondingly perfect interpretation, and audiences upon which such qualities would not be lost.

That the author of *The Liars*, however, was, at bottom, content with such achievements, no one who knew him will suppose. Ambitious, idealistic, eager always—as he told the world, in a last testamentary message—to see our drama, including his own, in the closest possible relationship with literature that theatrical exigency will permit, he desired, naturally, to have his best plays worthily interpreted by the foremost actors of his day. This hope, to his lasting regret, was never wholly fulfilled; for though Tree's admirable handling of *The Dancing Girl* (1891) put Jones deeply into his debt, the handling of the principal rôle in that much more ambitious, mediævally-set drama, in blank verse, *The Tempter* (1893), was quite inadequate. "He played the Devil in, and with it," murmured Jones, who, until the day of his death—again in his own words to me—awaited "the coming of a tragedian who will take *The Tempter* up."

But the fate of *Michael and His Lost Angel*, which its author always regarded as among his very best works, was an even sterner blow, because Jones had written that drama specially for Irving, and had hoped, by that collaboration, to be raised, at once, to the top of his pro-

fession. Irving, however, rejected it; and the play, with J. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Marion Terry in the leading parts, fell short of popular success. *Michael*, nevertheless, is an achievement. Written with more beauty, more subtlety, more intense feeling, and with loftier spiritual exaltation than any of his other works; shot through, also, with flashes of deep symbolic meaning, it supplies, in those duologues between the young priest and Audrie, two of the best first acts that Jones ever wrote. Had the last two but equalled them, there might have resulted his best contribution to our drama; but, as Bernard Shaw has somewhere pointed out, *Michael*, as originally drawn, would not have succumbed to his temptress, as he is made to do. The psychology of the play, and, therewithal, its closing acts, from that moment, in consequence, ring false; and one feels that the playwright has surrendered consistent characterisation to the demands of dramatic convention—a conclusion which, if upheld, brings us immediately to the revealing secret of Mr. Jones's limitations, as a writer for the stage.

Drama, as he conceived and practised it, bore also "a close analogy to the art of sculpture," in that "its highest forms are ruled by large and lofty conventions"; and Arthur Jones's first principle of dramatic construction, therefore, reverted to Aristotle, who had urged the necessity to develop a plot—a word which Jones interpreted as "a comprehensible, straightforward story, swift in action, cumulative in interest, and concerned with permanent, rather than transient, qualities and aspects of human nature." These principles, to which he constantly adhered—joined with the conviction that "the theatre is for the average man"—while they assured the commercial success of their author's work, as a whole, largely determined his æsthetic limitations; since the deeper and more philosophical forms of drama could hardly come within the scope of one who, while fully realising that "the form need not be perfect, if the substance is eternal: the substance need not be eternal if the form is perfect: but form, or substance, or both, must be prepared to stand very hard wear," never sat down to write a play without bearing

constantly in mind that "it must be acted before an audience limited in power of attention, and whose interest must be unflaggingly sustained."

Now such theories are sound enough, so far as they go; but there is no gainsaying, I think, that primary concern with story-telling, with the portrayal of simple, elemental traits of character, and conformity to a somewhat rigid constructional convention, combined with a determination to maintain well-won popular success, certainly stiffened, somewhat, his technique, and narrowed the scope of his achievement; because, at the very moment when he most needed complete freedom, he was thrown back upon self-imposed rules, which restrained him from boldly pushing his biggest ideas to their logical dramatic conclusions. Add to these the fact that Arthur Jones was always a shrewd observer of, rather than a deep philosopher upon, life, and one sees clearly the reasons why—mistakes of casting apart—so fine a play as *Michael and His Lost Angel*, potentially a masterpiece, broke down at a vital point, and has failed, hitherto, to realise, upon the stage, the great success which it might easily have deserved.

With the turn of the last century, and the advent, from 1904 until War-time, of the most brilliant decade that our drama has seen since the Elizabethan era, Jones continued to write comedies, which, while they maintained, did not enhance his reputation; among the best of these being *Joseph Entangled* (1904) and *Dolly Reforming Herself* (1908). From that time onward, however—fully conscious that his work of this decade was falling behind the growing demand for an unshackled drama of social ideas, such as that which Shaw and Galsworthy, in their respective manners, were popularising—Jones decided to come into line; and, accordingly, wrote, in 1912, and published, with a long prefatory dedication to Professor Gilbert Murray, *The Divine Gift*, a comedy in which he endeavoured to express himself through a new dramatic formula, that should adopt "more of the novelist's freedom in dealing with shades and subtleties of character," at the same time—since there is no room for both forms simultaneously—that it restricted those more instant, and

directly presented, sequences of action, upon which he had so often relied hitherto; substituting, instead, action "obliquely reflected from the past, in sustained passages of kindled emotion."

But—though Arthur Jones may not have realised it—those words are, in effect, a summary, almost, of the technique used, in his mature plays, by Ibsen himself, whose mystic symbolisms had always proved something of a stumbling-block to the author of *The Liars*. *The Divine Gift*, therefore, with its preface, may be considered as a recantation, in part, if not in principle, of the method that, throughout the 'nineties, had won such triumphant success, and represents, in fact, a last effort of the veteran dramatist, at once to keep abreast of modern thought, and to warm himself again beneath the cosy "counterpane of vogue." That comedy, I understand, was, for a long while, withheld from the West-End managers; and its production in London would be an interesting dramatic event, as a first, and last, attempt of its distinguished author to claim a place among the foremost playwrights of that decade—a last attempt, I say, because within two years of its publication, came the War, and, therefore, to Arthur Jones's deep and lasting regret, a side-tracking, by patriotic enthusiasms, of his dramatic interests and activities, which ill-health, in subsequent peace-time, prevented him from ever again effectually taking up. Had circumstances permitted him fully to develop it, that later, and subtler, presentational technique—as he earnestly believed—would have brought those ardently dreamed of, yet actually unwritten, plays into closer touch with literature than any that he had produced, before the War. One additional reason why he desisted, until it was too late, from the loftier work, to which, at heart, he always aspired, appears in the words my friend had written in a volume of his *Representative Plays*, which I found, one day, lying upon my study table:—

Only about three times out of the 100 (Mr. Jones had actually written some seventy plays) have I sat down to write what I should have written, if English playgoers had given to English dramatists an organisation such as French playgoers gave to their dramatists in the best

years of the Théâtre Français. The cardinal mistake of the whole matter is that the great majority of English playgoers do not suspect that there is any difference between the English theatre and the English drama. . . . However, I am far from complaining, and, on the whole, have been very lucky, and am very grateful.

Those words suggest an argument that—not having heard it often used—I commend to all advocates of a National Playhouse.

By achievement, however, rather than by potentiality, the work of every artist must be judged; and it is as a leader, with Pinero,¹ of the dramatic renaissance of the 'nineties, and as shower-of-the-way for Bernard Shaw and Galsworthy, that the author of *The Liars* has won for himself, and will maintain, a permanent place among our national dramatists. That last-named example of the ease, humour, grace, and flawless technical skill, with which he mirrored a coterie of London society of that day; and, in the less exalted medium of melodrama, *The Silver King*, which has been, and is still being, played, somewhere in the English-speaking world, upon almost every day, since it was first presented—to cite but two of the best—are the works which, in later revivals, will continue most frequently to recall him: yet his dramatic output alone by no means exhausts Henry Arthur Jones's claim upon the gratitude of playgoers, and of all who are solicitous for social progress. He, with Gilbert, Pinero, and Archer, was among the first to advocate, by example, the printing of plays, as literature; and—beginning his stage work at a time when drama was shackled by convention, to an extent not easily comprehensible to writers of this generation—he, more than any other, wrought, boldly and tirelessly, with tongue and pen, for the emancipation of our British theatre. "For fifty years," he said to me, "I fought the censorship: I fought it almost to a finish"; and he added, his prose style, in sustaining that cause—as also in the indictment of any other social wrong, which his inborn love of justice, and of freedom, led him to

(1) Sir Arthur Pinero's plays, though stronger than those of Arthur Jones, are neither so characteristically English, nor so natural in dialogue.

arraign—was, perhaps, more intensely vibrant in feeling, and more vigorous in expression, than that of almost any writer of his day. His logical acumen, and his powers of satirical humour; his command of virile, flexible prose, were never more evident than when he launched them into a stirring controversy.

Returning, in a last word, to the drama that he loved; remembering the consistency with which his consummate craftsmanship enabled him to create, and to sustain, the chosen medium of his play; comparing that craftsmanship with much of the slipshod work so frequently presented in the West-End theatres to-day; and recalling how often, in our most modern drama, good substance has been marred by bad form, I was not surprised to hear that one of the neatest, and most satisfying, comedies that I have seen of late years—*The Second Man*, at the Playhouse—was written by a young dramatist who, admittedly, had taken Henry Arthur Jones for his model.

Upon his fellow dramatists, of established position, Arthur Jones's comments were characteristically shrewd, and to the point. Of Pinero:—"Solidly based drama; architectural, and four-square." Of Bernard Shaw:—"Thoughtful always, and entertaining; but he does not really love his characters." Of Galsworthy:—"Much to be respected; deeply conscientious: but, sometimes, a little lacking in humanity. Prick him; and he will not always bleed." Of Barrie:—"Always delightful; but his castles are in Spain; and not substantially founded." Somerset Maugham, I think, he put technically first, among present-day dramatists; holding that the author of *Our Betters* can, on the whole, reconcile more skilfully than any other contemporary, the joint claims of literature and drama. Such reconciliation, in perfection, was, to Henry Arthur Jones, the one ideal of a writer for our stage.

EBB AND FLOW
A MONTHLY COMMENTARY
BY STEPHEN GWYNN

MARSHAL FOCH'S death has moved the world to some thought of high issues. Whether he was technically the greatest soldier of the Great War may be disputed, but in the violent revulsion from the very idea of war which has swept over Europe it is well to have impressed on our minds the image of a soldier who was at least great among the greatest of his time, and whose personality was beyond censure or cavil lovable and beneficent. Germans, who are not prone to forgive those by whom they have suffered, have yet recognised that Germany owes much to Foch because he stopped the war at the earliest moment possible. It is doubtful whether any German, if his country had suffered what France suffered, and if he had the future to face which lay before France, owing to her lack of numbers, would not have insisted on forcing a way to Berlin. Foch's decision was that of a man who felt himself the trustee of civilisation. During the War it was strange to note how little vehement abuse of the Germans was to be heard in the areas of France that had suffered invasion, but one phrase recurred when brutalities were recounted: *Ce sont des gens pas civilisés*. The farmhouses of Picardy and Artois kept a sense of their own superiority even in defeat, and Foch did not compromise that superiority in victory. He was a soldier who never saw red.

His decision saved lives by the hundred thousand, not French lives only, but English, American, and German. It made possible the rapid recovery by which Germany has become the formidable rival of her conquerors in fields not less important than those of war. France may not be the gainer, but civilisation is; and it ought never to be forgotten that in November, 1918, when blood was up, and America was pouring in her barely tapped resources,

Foch had only to say the word and the side of war would have gone over Germany—for perhaps another year. This should be taken in account when they talk of France's vindictiveness.

Here in England, people seem to have been more impressed by the fact that in France a soldier at that pinnacle of fame stepped quietly down. It is probably true that Foch consolidated the Republic. It ought to be true that he consolidated France's position in Europe. His action had all the efficiency, the swiftness, and the imaginative force which Europe has learnt to expect from France's military leaders; but it was also modest, self-denying and disciplined. France has as good right to be judged by Foch as Great Britain by Haig—or Germany by Hindenburg. Put the three names together and none of the three is disparaged by such association; yet put them together and which shows as well as Foch?

Meantime war has been going on in Mexico with all the appliances of civilisation—artillery, bombing aeroplanes, and machine-guns. They are, indeed, not civilised up to the point of having gas shells or gas masks, but even without them the spectacle is not inviting. Moreover, bombs show some disregard of boundaries; America must spend large sums to keep the ring. The only Europeans interested in the proceedings are, first, those who have a commercial stake in Mexico, and these probably do not care which side wins if order can be established; and, secondly, Roman Catholics, who very naturally desire to see the present Government overthrown.

There has been war also in China, but how much better managed! Armies come into striking distance of each other; at the psychological moment a sufficient section of one side goes over to that party which is felt to be the stronger, and very little blood is spilt. There is no doubt that Nanking has been able to call the bluff of the Wuhan rebels. Appearances indicate a real extension of the central authority over regions where its claim had been only theoretical. But the issue is still clouded by the ambiguous figure of Feng, the "Christian General"—who

during the mustering of armies retreated to a Buddhist temple for meditation, his forces in the meanwhile being so disposed as to threaten the rear of Chiang Kai-shek's Army. When that army had successfully occupied Hankow, Feng came up and put his services at Nanking's disposal. This personage is evidently strong enough to take such a line without fearing that he will suffer for it. There is at least a chance that he may desire to see a firm central government establish itself, and the position of Nanking and of Nanking's chief, Chiang Kai-shek, will be better assured, having asserted its supremacy without Feng's active support. It is also possible that he may have been doubtful of the loyalty of other forces which Chiang Kai-shek left behind him in the march on Hankow, and his attitude may have really secured the line of communications which he seemed to threaten. Where so little is known one is thankful for any light, and it is worth while to note the views of an experienced missionary bishop, Dr. Molony, who has recently returned from China after twenty years' work for the Protestant Church Missionary Society. According to a correspondent of the *Irish Times*, Dr. Molony holds that the Nanking group contains several men who were brought up as Christians. These, although much of the bloom of their Christianity has been "rubbed off by the exigencies of military and political life," still show "traces of its effect in their higher enthusiasms or principles." Mr. C. T. Wang, the Foreign Minister, "has been a sincere Christian"; Mr. T. V. Soong, the Finance Minister, and Mr. C. C. Woo come from Christian families. General Chiang Kai-shek is married to a Christian, and Feng's lieutenant, Chang Tsi Kiang, is "a welcome speaker at Christian gatherings." As to Feng himself, his religious position "has undoubtedly been complicated by the influence of his second wife, who lost her Christianity after her visit to Moscow"; nevertheless the bishop does not give up hopes of Feng, who has become, he thinks, "a better instructed and more sensible man," and may some day be President. All this indicates that Europeanisation has at least to some considerable degree meant Christianisation among

the leading Chinese. It is easy to be cynical about Kellogg Pacts and the rest; indeed, it is difficult not to be. But a China whose governing persons were even partly Christianised should find it easier to come to reasonable terms with a somewhat demilitarised Europe. In the old disputes between Imperial China and militarist Christian Powers it was very difficult for any man to establish a common ground of justice, mutually understood.

The United States has been staggering creation, partly by its naval estimates, which amount to seventy-six millions, some fifty per cent. over those of Great Britain, and still more by its illustration of what is meant by the freedom of the seas, to ensure which the navy is wanted. A British vessel, Canadian owned, the *I'm Alone*, was conveying a cargo of liquor for transference to some American vessel at sea. She was challenged by a patrol boat and declined to heave to, being on the high seas. Her skipper agreed that the commander of the patrol boat should come aboard for discussion, provided that he came unarmed; the discussion took place, the Briton remaining firm in the assertion of his right. It is to be presumed, though this is not yet clearly stated, that the American patrol boat considered the *I'm Alone* to have been within an hour's steaming of the coast. By the recent special treaty governing this matter she would then have been bound to submit to examination. The plain inference from the British skipper's action is that he believed himself to be outside this treaty limit; he certainly showed the courage of his convictions, for when the patrol boat opened fire on him he carried on his course, and for a while succeeded in avoiding destruction or capture. The "continuous pursuit" was, however, taken up by another patrol boat, which achieved the feat of sinking the *I'm Alone* some 200 miles from land in a high sea. Her crew swam for it, and only one was drowned. The patrol boat allowed the crew to board her, but captain and crew were imprisoned on landing. Since then the prosecution against them for conspiracy to defeat the law has been dropped. The seaman drowned was a negro and a French subject. Thus France

as well as Great Britain and Canada is concerned in the demand for redress.

The United States will be justified in affirming that foreigners are treated with no less ceremony than its own citizens: for the private yacht of Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, a gentleman of the bluest American blood, with money to match, was held up and searched, and its owner was told that he was lucky not to have machine gun fire opened on him. Since then a Norwegian vessel was fired on, but in territorial waters; search discovered no contraband. Yet these matters do not admit comparison with the cold-blooded sinking of an unresisting ship far out in the ocean. If that is upheld, we are not far from sight of the possibility that another patrol boat in similar circumstances may think that it will save trouble not to pick up the swimmers. No doubt the United States Government can say with truth that they are strong enough to stand over any action which they take to enforce their local laws. They have purchased ascendancy at sea with the profits made in the War, and within certain limits they can use it at their discretion. Two observations may, however, be made. There are things which must not be done even in the interests of tectotalism; and the Volstead Act seems likely to do more against the world's peace than the Kellogg Pact can do for it.

The crime committed in the Indian Legislative Assembly is one more proof that the religion of anarchy can produce fanatics who set no value on their own lives. There is no use in denying the danger of such a cult, especially when it can ally itself plausibly with extreme Nationalism. Nationalism, like democracy, is one of the germs which the West has communicated to the East; and it sets up a wild ferment in unaccustomed blood. Neither is it wise to ignore the difficulty which a liberal Power like England, the sworn guardian of freedom, finds nowadays in maintaining such a position as that of the British Raj. It is no longer sufficient that the foreign rulers should be backed up in their own nation by a sense of the benefits which their rule confers on the natives.

They must be able to show that they rule with the consent of the governed. The most conclusive proof of that is a willingness in the native people to take a share in the responsibility of government. An outrage like that of April 8th at Delhi offers this advantage to statesmanship, that the attack is made chiefly on representative Indians. Such men as those who were wounded by the explosion stand for a much more numerous element in India than the bomb throwers; and the task of statesmanship is to keep the sympathy and comradeship of such Indian leaders as are willing to be on terms with the British Power. No measures of repression will be of service which have not a very full measure of their support. This act was a direct challenge to all the most civilised elements in Indian Nationalism, and those elements should be made to share the responsibility of answering it. Unhappily this has proved difficult. The Indian Government had introduced a Bill giving them power to deport alien Communists. M. Patel, President of the Assembly, had ruled surprisingly that this Bill must not be proceeded with while the cases of certain accused Communists were *sub judice*. At the moment when the bomb was thrown he was about to say whether he maintained this ruling; and when the Chamber reassembled he reaffirmed. Government replied by an Ordinance having the power of law to the same purport as the Public Safety Bill; and by the announcement that rules for the guidance of the Assembly would be issued to prevent any similar block to legislation. They have therefore the means to act as they will. The serious question is whether this drastic policy will be approved by the men against whom the Communists directed their bombs.

Meanwhile England is preoccupied with her own national affairs. A rude shock was administered to Mr. Baldwin's following when out of five seats contested during March the Government lost one to Labour, and another—even more dramatically—to the Liberals. Mr. Lloyd George's stock has leaped up. Both Conservatives and Labour men have declared that they will not

form a minority Government with Liberal support, but Liberals have given no such pledge. It is at least conceivable that parties might be returned in such proportions that none could form a Government having a majority in its own right: that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald might successively refuse to accept office on these conditions; and that Mr. Lloyd George, with a following of from eighty to a hundred, might accept the task, and try to frame measures which would command the support of the House. Whatever happens, it seems likely that we shall see the end of the tradition by which defeat on any detail of policy was held to entail the Government's resignation. This was the real curb on all individual freedom among members.

For the moment, however, the question, in the view of many, is how to avoid the danger of a Socialist administration. Mr. A. A. Baumann, one of the ablest Tory publicists, has had the courage to advocate a combination for this purpose with the Liberals, and for this he has been somewhat attacked by other Tories—most undeservedly. His scheme combines the maximum of effective opposition to the Socialists (assuming that all Labour men can be regarded as Socialists), with the maximum of damage to the possibly reviving Liberal Party. He proposes that every non-Socialist Member of the outgoing Parliament who stands for re-election should get the joint vote of Liberals and Tories. As regards the 152 constituencies now represented by Socialists, a conference of the Liberal and Tory Whips would decide which Party had the better chance to win, and its candidate would receive the joint support. Thus Liberals would be able only to defend the forty-six seats which they held, and to assail an agreed portion—say one half—of the 152 Socialist seats. They would accept in advance a possible figure of 120, which would scale down to a probable eighty at most as their maximum hope. Such a proceeding would destroy their fighting spirit and reduce them to being a mere tail of the Tories. They are said to have 500 candidates ready, of whom most are actually in the field. Inevitably, under such a pact, more than

two-thirds of these gentlemen would be told to withdraw. The moral effect is easily computed. Above all, Mr. Lloyd George would be accused by his own side of husbanding the famous fund. Now, if one thing is clearer than another, it is that Mr. Lloyd George should get rid of that fund in the quickest way possible; should blow it off in some kind of massed bombardment, and having got rid of it, trust to his personality and his record. Probably the five hundred Liberal candidatures, of which many, if not most, must be subsidised, will accomplish a good deal towards this desirable end; and nothing can be more certain than that Mr. Lloyd George will be no party to a pact which will condemn him and his followers to a position of political vassalage.

For one thing at all events is clear: Mr. Lloyd George has succeeded in touching the popular imagination as no one else seems able to do. Mr. Churchill may conceivably manage something with his Budget, and the surplus of eighteen millions is a useful asset, even in these days of big figures. Mr. MacDonald has never had a personal success at all proportioned to his picturesqueness and his eloquence. It is not certain that his party would like him to have it. Labour politicians do not want to be brilliantly led; they do not much like the idea of being led at all. They are not good at team work. The Tories are best at that, and they have a most engaging leader, though not a dashing one. Perhaps Mr. Baldwin is too engaging; a man never seems to rouse enthusiasm in British politics unless the other side want to crucify him—witness the case of Mr. Gladstone. For that matter Mr. Lloyd George is quite sufficiently detested to ensure cordial support.

Suppose, however, that the worst (from Mr. Baumann's point of view) happens, and the Labour Party comes in. Outside observers of British politics will probably be confident that nothing sensational will result, because it is not the British way to have any dramatic reversal. Things accomplish themselves slowly, and a Tory Government has just brought in universal suffrage—which once would have seemed red ruin. As it is, we know quite well that the "five million young women" about whom Mr. Baumann

is so uneasy will not precipitate themselves in a disciplined phalanx on the ballot boxes. A great many will not vote at all, and those who do will split up much as their mankind have done already. But let us allow that this increase in the electorate under thirty years of age is likely to help the less conservative tendencies, and that it may put Labour in power. There is nothing about Mr. MacDonald to frighten quiet folk; Mr. Snowden, if a rash speaker, is a conservative financier; and as for Mr. Thomas, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Henderson, there is not the colour of a revolutionary among them. What is more, the right wing of Labour will have been strengthened by the imbecile proceedings of the Independent Labour Party, who, at a general meeting on the very eve of the elections, passed a resolution demanding that Labour in Parliament should oppose all war credits—in other words, should do away with the Army and Navy. Mr. Maxton, who was in the chair, showed plainly enough what he thought of the resolution, but the I.L.P. were not going to be dictated to by any chairman. Dictating was their job. This piece of inverted flamboyancy will have cost the Labour Party some tens of thousands of votes at the least, and there was every indication that Mr. Maxton felt this and resented it. No Herod likes to be out-Heroded.

It seems impossible this month to get away from politics, since even Monaco has had a crisis. The revolution passed over peacefully: a constitution was suppressed and restored without a shot fired. The subjects of the Prince of Monaco (numbering 1,500) have retained their threatened right to vote (which is exercised by 750 of them); and their voice is to be heard concerning such matters as the supply of gas, water and electricity, and the sums to be spent on advertising Monaco's attractions. The revolution may be described as democratic, though by no means extreme in its tendency. Yet anxious eyes foresee the possibility that in Monaco gas, electricity, water and the rest may be nationalised. As a condition precedent they must nationalise the Casino, out of which these expenses are met. In short, at present, even in Monaco, the tide

is setting towards Socialism. The serpent has entered this paradise where no one pays direct taxation.

How many people remember the fancy picture of a revolution in the Principality which was published anonymously in 1874? Yet "The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco" had a great success, and was frequently attributed to Matthew Arnold (then making war on the Philistines) before Sir Charles Dilke owned himself the author, and so added considerably to his prestige. The little book is a political squib, and needs a deal of commentary for the reader fifty years after; but it is amusing to note that Dilke describes the advent of a young Prince Florestan, who is a Radical, brought from his rooms at Cambridge by a series of fatal accidents to other members of the ruling family; and he holds views of the type which seemed advanced in 1874. He was theoretically a Republican, but in practice did not go beyond disestablishing the Church and establishing lay teachers in the schools. However, this was more than Monaco could stand, for Monaco preferred a despotism conducted through clericals and subsidised from the Casino. An accident—the arrival of Garibaldi—caused the riot which led to the Prince's abdication; but it was plainly inevitable. In the end of Dilke's story, Monaco voted for union to France, with one dissident—the director of the Casino, a Frenchman.

Dilke's object was not to forecast Monaco's future, but simply to chaff reformers like himself, who, as he realised, were much more eager to confer reforms on the people than the people were to receive these benefits. Much of the humour which amused his own day has faded; but what continues to be good fun is his detail of ceremonial, military pomp and functionaries in a "principality of five thousand persons which possesses every appliance and every excrescence of civilised government except a parliament." Here a sound instinct prompts him to be strictly historical; for nothing could be funnier than the real facts about a state with "one hundred and twenty-six resident functionaries, sixty soldiers and carbineers, and one hundred and fifty unpaid consular and diplomatic representatives abroad."

BALLADE OF MID-MAY

By E. B. W. CHAPPELOW

O FAIR Mid-May, desired and sung so oft,
Season of glad winds and of halcyon hours,
Thou com'st again amongst us with thy soft,
Light footfall, shod with song and crowned with flowers;
Thou com'st again whose perfect beauty dowers
Earth, heaven, and sea; whom insect, bird, and stream
Proclaim from shimmering leas and close-leaved bowers
A wonder and a glory and a dream.

For Spring has now her first faint silver doft
And with it shyness; now puts forth new powers,
Waked from her timid musings when aloft,
Shrill-pealing from the woodlands' topmost towers,
Rang April's bugle through his sun and showers,
Summoning thee whom all things living deem
(What living tongue that name of thine deflowers?)
A wonder and a glory and a dream.

Spring's at the full, no more by winds rebuffed
Nor any threatening sky that glooms and glowers,
For *thou* hast come by meadow-stream and croft,
Down mountain-gullies and o'er lonely moors,
Flooding with light the furthest haunt where cowers
The last gray day, until earth's face doth seem,
Bright with a joy no thought of death obscures,
A wonder and a glory and a dream.

ENVOI

O loveliness o'er which no sadness lowers,
O magic time no mortal songs beseem,
Thou com'st again and mak'st this life of ours
A wonder and a glory and a dream.

ARCHIMEDES THE RAVEN

By H. W. SHEPHEARD-WALWYN

ARCHIMEDES the raven surveyed the world from his favourite perch on the pipe of a bronze Pan, which had been imported from Italy, after importation there from Birmingham, and ensconced upon a pedestal to serenade the front windows of an Elizabethan Manor-house in Gloucestershire. Let us know him henceforth as plain Archie, being the somewhat obvious contraction of his title, after corruption by the domestic staff to the form of "Archie Meads." If a trifle suggestive of disrespect for the dignity of greatness, it is certainly a title more easily handled for working purposes.

Archie was possessed of that doubtful advantage known as a dual personality. What time a sudden spasm of mischief would prompt him to creep stealthily behind the stable cat and administer a vicious tweak to her tail, he was Archie unadorned and unashamed; what time he would slink unnoticed into the larder and commandeer a chop destined for the master's lunch, he was likewise unquestionably Archie. But no less indisputably was he Archimedes when wrapped in one of those strange philosophic trances upon the pipe of Pan. Almost could one hear the mighty brain revolving the Wisdom of all the Ages within that coal-black, sinister-looking head-piece, while inscrutable eyes gazed unseeing into space, the murderous bill, that could split the skull of a lamb like a cracknel, resting for the nonce on his funereal bosom. Not alone was it the illustrious name he bore which made one feel instinctively that Archimedes the raven had squared the circle scores of times, that to such as he the solving of the Riddle of the Sphinx would smack of kindergarten, that only by the skin of his teeth, an he had any, could he have failed to ensnare the Fourth Dimension or even resolve the Alps into a formula!

Humanity in general he treated with condescending toleration. The postmen and telegraph-boys alone had the power to bring an unholy glitter to the steely eye that glared down upon them from the pipe of Pan. One trembled at times for the safety of a certain infantile specimen of the latter breed, who would trundle the Government bicycle within dangerously close range of that awful bill. He was so like a lamb himself.

In view of this attitude it seemed the more incomprehensible that Archie should have conceived a violent fancy for a fine pedigree bloodhound which he discovered in the stable-yard on one of his foraging expeditions in that neighbourhood. A wag suggested that it might have been from sheer joy at finding his own expression of unspeakable gloom so faithfully reflected in the face of the other—for if the countenance of the average raven entitles him to rank as champion wet blanket of the feathered world, there is no question

that the bloodhound stands without a peer in that capacity among members of the animal kingdom.

At all events, the extraordinary friendship grew and ripened until it became a positive obsession. Neither seemed able to bear the other out of his sight. The one slept in the kennel, the other on it—the general opinion being that otherwise neither would have slept at all! Together they partook of meals from the same dish, and, if they did not exactly go so far as to pass each other the mustard, after the manner of the baboons at the Zoo, never so much as a snarl or a croak was known to pass between them when it came to the last piece on the dish. Together would they sally forth for the daily constitutional in the park, the one with alternating long hops and short flights keeping pace with the lolling gait of his comrade.

Came a day when the dog fell upon evil times. Being of a somewhat savage disposition he was never permitted outside the park, and consequently a natural ignorance of the ways of traffic rendered him an easy victim for a runaway farmer's gig in the narrow lane to which he had one day found access through a gap in the palings. It was the raven's hoarse cries of distress that eventually drew a couple of yokels to the deep ditch where the poor brute lay huddled up with a broken leg. Savagely, in his agony, he tried to bite anyone who came near him, but a chloroformed rag on the end of a stick enabled the vet to do his work, and ultimately the dog found himself chained to the manger in one of the loose boxes to be nursed.

But it was Archie who did the nursing. In the earlier stages of convalescence, at all events. As a matter of fact, one might almost say that it was entirely due to Archie that there was any nursing to be done at all. Frightened and lonely, the highly bred hound systematically refused so much as a bite of anything but the persons of those who attempted to offer him food. Not often does a hungry dog refuse nourishment, but when that does occur one can safely expect to see his number up. Things must have been looking pretty bad when Archie, who had been moping without, chanced to discover the open fanlight above the door. His own untouched dinner was promptly conveyed by that means to the invalid, who eagerly wolfed the lot.

Naturally, the door was left open after this, and the raven at once transferred his sleeping quarters to the manger in the stable. Thenceforth he waited on the invalid hand and—beak and claw perhaps one should say in this case—bringing him tit-bits from his own meals, and generally laying himself out every day and in every way to encourage and cheer the flagging spirits of his unfortunate pal. One evening he was accidentally shut out, and an ostler, attracted by the unraven's powerful bill falling like a sledgehammer upon the stable door, which was splintering into matchwood before such determined onslaught. From the fact that he had already got daylight through it, one might conclude that that door must have been in a fairly antiquated condition, but those acquainted with the force of which a raven's bill is

capable, could well imagine his battering the whole building down if he gave his mind to it!

After this it is pleasant to be able to record that the bloodhound subsequently had an opportunity of repaying the faithful bird in his own coin. One should mention that Archie's besetting sin was vanity. At any rate, he never seemed to tire of sitting on the edge of a water-butt in the stable-yard, staring by the hour at the reflection of his classic lineaments. (Unless so be that the colossal intellect within was occupied with the evolution of some hitherto unfathomed theory relative to the science of reflections!) Anyhow, it came about that one fine morning, when visibility was particularly good, the coachman's youngest hopeful, who had more concern with mischief than with science, crept up behind and tipped him in. Peals of childish laughter evoked shrill summons from a bare-armed Amazon at a window over the saddle-rooms, and the raven was left to his fate.

The water-butt being about three parts full, it was naturally impossible for Archie to get out unaided. The slippery sides afforded no sort of foothold, and there could have been but one conclusion to the incident had not the fates dramatically intervened in the person of our friend the bloodhound. Roused from a nap in the sun by the splashing and commotion, he had the wit to realise that this was no ordinary bath such as he had often seen the raven enjoying in one of the drinking-troughs. By dint of almost super-canine efforts, the animal succeeded at length in dragging his heavy kennel across the yard until near enough to get his head over the edge of the water-butt, when the half-drowned bird was speedily fished out and deposited on the ground. Here one of the men found him shortly afterwards in a semi-conscious state, with the dog feverishly licking his soused and bedraggled plumage. One can picture the joy of that faithful beast when he contrived in course of time to lick his friend back to consciousness again!

For twenty-odd years did this very Jonathan among birds remain true to the memory of his David, after the latter, in the natural order of things, had left him for the Happy Hunting-grounds above. (It may not be generally known that quite a considerable number of dogs would be required, on the relay system, to outlive the average raven; the normal span of life for this remarkable bird being fully equivalent to that of a human being; in fact, the centenarian is probably a less pronounced anomaly among ravens than among humans.) From Borzoi to Dandie Dinmont, Bulldog to Pekingese, not one among the canine procession that subsequently flitted through the life of Archimedes the raven was ever known to wrest from him so much as the barest sign of recognition.

So it was generally felt that he had fallen from his high estate when he suddenly contracted an alliance with Puck the terrier. Of course, it may have been his long-repressed dislike of postmen's legs that prompted him to join forces in the highly spectacular display which took place one morning, when the arrival of a registered letter had necessitated the opening of the front door at a moment when Puck

happened to be on the war-path. Slipping past the footman the dog had hurled himself upon those long-desired legs with such vigour that the enemy was immediately driven back with heavy loss into the shrubbery—to be met there by an appalling nip in the Achilles tendon from the murderous bill of the raven. Generally speaking, it was a rather fine effort—from the point of view of the attacking force, but so formidable were the items for repairs to Government trousers, not to mention the pouring in of oil and wine for the salving of Government heels and Government dignity, that no further opportunity was allowed the pair of exhibiting their prowess in this particular direction.

It was this incident that seems to have proved the thin end of the wedge. Thenceforth, for all that Archie's attitude towards his new *protégé* never reached the stage of devotion that it did in the case of the bloodhound, there was no question that he took a kind of dignified pleasure in Puck's society. It was not until the latter was old and stricken in years, however, that the situation suddenly assumed a somewhat startling aspect.

People were merely amused when a certain pleasant summer evening brought a vision of the incongruous couple careering across the park together, the one—as in the days of yore with the bloodhound—keeping pace, by means of alternate series of long hops and short flights, with the rolling waddle of his adipose companion. For the moment it seemed to have slipped the general memory how the well-stocked coverts on the estate had provided Puck in his salad days with ample opportunity for demonstrating his lineal descent from the house of Nimrod. Yet there was no question about his having been “a mighty hunter before the Lord” saw fit to afflict him with symptoms of incipient senile decay. And maybe it was the smarting of his Puckish soul under the handicap of increasing corpulence and decreasing respiration which had the effect of inspiring the brainy notion of instituting a sort of joint-stock company on a profit-sharing basis to deal with the situation.

By degrees the distant vision of two rapidly moving dots, sable and snow, disappearing over the brow of the hill, came to be regarded as an almost daily occurrence. And still no one suspected that there might be more in it than met the eye. The first intimation came in the form of a report from the kitchen regions to the effect that Archie seemed woefully off his feed nowadays. The plot began to thicken when Puck also lost his appetite completely, and yet swelled visibly day by day; it became quite opaque when one of the keepers reported an increasing tale of mysterious killings in the adjacent coverts.

“Rot, my good man! Just look at him! That dog couldn't catch a tortoise if you paid him to—much less a rabbit!” The Squire's expostulation received eloquent endorsement in the groan of the repletion that rose from the corpulent figure stretched supine upon the verandah.

“Don't be too sure!” a son of the house caught him up. “I'll swear I saw the beggar wink when you said that!” But not a sign from Archie, contemplating the Infinite from his perch upon the pipe of Pan.

It was Puck who actually gave the show away by waddling home one evening with a rabbit's head, which he tactlessly secreted in the bedroom slipper of a film actress down for the week-end, whom the Squire's son was hoping to annex. Report had it that no such scream had ever been heard at the ghost-haunted old Manor-house as the one which arose that night at the moment of contact between dainty toes and dragged fur.

In consequence, an interesting little piece of detective work was organised for the following evening. Scouts were posted in the branches of trees with a prearranged code of signals, while the Squire and his son, plus the damsel—who had taken the precaution to lock up her bedroom slippers—stationed themselves upon an eminence commanding a comprehensive view of the approaches to the principal covert. After a suitable interval Puck, who had expressly been kept shut up all day, was released in as casual a manner as possible by a footman told off for the purpose.

They had not long to wait ere the signal came down the line of scouts, to be followed a moment later by the spectacle of an animated snowball rolling down the opposite slope, panting and gasping with the effort to emulate the fires of youth. Hard on his tracks was a coal-black figure that kept pace with alternate series of long hops and short flights.

On reaching the promised land the raven proceeded to take up a strategic position on the outskirts, while his confederate, with a hoarse yelp of anticipation, discharged himself like a fat white torpedo into the sphere of action. Needless to say, the first rabbit foolish enough to break cover found itself instantly pounced upon by the raven, who pinned the astonished creature down until Puck could come tearing up to his assistance.

“An uncommonly fine piece of team-work!” was the comment of the Squire's son, as soon as he could find his tongue for laughter; and that of the damsel: “They would make a fortune on the screen!”

But the Squire knocked up his bailiff on the way home, and ordered the immediate construction of a kennel suitable for an obese but profligate terrier.

“Nevermore!” quoth the raven, somewhat appositely, as he sat perched upon the pipe of Pan, and watched his pal dragged off into durance vile. And Puck to this day wilts visibly if you so much as mention rabbits.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

BY ELEANOR PALFFY

In the city of Saint Augustine Ponce de Leon's long-sought-for fountain fills the air with a faint smell of rotten eggs. From there down to the tip of Florida, over a white coral road fringed with ragged palms, rolls an incessant stream of cars. Farmers from the Dakotas trailing their bedding. Adventurous young men intent on making money overnight as realtors. Large women, their heads bound up in green veils with visors against the glare, driven by little men in dusters, whose expensive cars seem too big for them. Everyone whom discontent, or adventure, or prosperity have loosed from their moorings. The great American hike somewhere. . . .

Off the Keys the lapping water is extraordinarily pellucid. From where the bone fish feed in widening circles among the shallows, to the Gulf Stream beyond the breakwater heaving with such cobalt force that a man can hardly stand upright in a boat, and the tortoises cradled sleepily in the sun are almost thrown out of their rocking cribs. Sail fish to be hunted like game, their brown bodies seen from afar, and shining fins. Amber Jacks as ferocious as the sharks that pursue them. A fisherman's paradise, but death to the sea-sick. . . .

Two buck niggers ran the house boat—Bob and Theodore Roosevelt Jones. For ten days they had been absorbing Bacardy rum. Left alone on board it seemed the better part of valour to run for the shore.

Only in America can a woman always expect courteous treatment. Only in this new south can she fail to create surprise by arriving in a blue dressing-gown, her bare feet thrust into green slippers, alone in a small boat. Only in America will half a dozen elderly cavaliers, with slightly slipped stomachs, give their launches and protection, kindly offer money for tickets and newspapers for the journey, playing Saint George in plus-fours.

On the platform of the Florida East Coast's fastest train we dallied northwards. Trains are always late in America, and no one seems to mind. Hard business men on a well-earned holiday saved out of their profits will only take out their watches and remark, "Twelve hours late at Jacksonville. At this rate we won't get to Ormond before midnight!" and turn contentedly to look out the dusty window at the grey moss, the red soil, and infinite leisure slipping by them, dreaming of how they can again do that hole in three the way they used to. The women admire their new permanents, and are horrified Elizabeth Arden—the years have played with their complexions. "A I shall soon be as I was twelve years ago," they think hopefully. The porter takes off his coat in the last section and goes to sleep. Going north it is different. The coats of tan are more than a longed-for

achievement. They are glaring reality. Red predominates, and a good deal of peeling.

On the Observation platform there was a breath of freshness through the cinders. The tracks reached out indefinitely, and then a little farther. Like an infinity.

"Say," said a voice, "where you going?"

Another middle-aged kindly man with a slipped silhouette was peering over his tortoise-shell spectacles.

"From New England? So'm I! Down on the Cape. . . . How old are you? Are you married? Got any children? Yep, I can always tell a New Englander. Now down in my house I got a whole set of furniture, belonged to Anne Boleyn. Yep, real Elizabethan. We had to change the style of the whole place to live up to it. Bought it at Wanamaker's. Never saw it at all. Jest read about it in that first column of theirs. Where they advertise their goods, and give sort of moral advice. Know what I mean? 'Au Quatrième' they call it. Never could figure out why! Well, that furniture is jest the pride of the town. Cost a sight of money, too. Perhaps that's why" . . . here he chuckled . . . "Have an orange? Hope you don't mind my talking to you? Haven't seen my wife for six weeks and I'm so lonesome I could jest die—and I always could spot a New Englander."

Twenty years ago Miami was a second-rate winter resort with one good hotel in a grove of royal palms, a swimming pool, and some old alligators up the river. But on an island beyond a great beach stretched for miles. An enterprising professional bicyclist ran a bridge across, sold watery squares for lots where houses could be built on piles as in Venice, put up a hotel like a Manhattan tower to stand black against the sunset, and a church to match, near the station. He gambled against the elements, making for a time his own and other people's fortune, then lost as men must against such odds, only to come back to the charge. A master builder. To-day Miami has seventy thousand inhabitants and two hundred thousand winter visitors. There are over two hundred thousand registered motors, which means that mostly one rides alone.

In the station there were a couple of thousand black, shiny trunks such as tourist America carts around with it, striped with colours for identification, which only heightens the confusion. Hundreds of people were frantically looking for their property.

The sun poured down like a substance. The men were in their shirt-sleeves; the women wilted in copies of dresses that Patou and Chanel make for the mannequins to wear to the races at Auteuil. Pince-nez and horn rims got clouded with the humidity. But behind the wrinkles that shroud the tired eyes of women uprooted from distant small towns by the amazing money-getting capacity of their husbands lay a good deal of cheerfulness. Travelling America, in contrast to other nations, is essentially good-natured. Everyone talked to everyone else. A county fair in transit.

In the middle of it all, imperturbably washed by the noise, lay a

little island of silence. Guarded by six gigantic figures, masked from the clatter, stood an oaken coffin. . . . As the figures moved their high-pointed hats and long white cloaks cast ominous shadows on the hot platform. The shadows of the Klu-Klux-Klan. . . . A nigger porter carrying my bags turned ashy grey and spat three times as he passed them.

Palm Beach proves at every angle that Florida once belonged to Spain. A flock of architects, led by one more of an opportunist than the rest, have broken away from the Tudor and Colonial tradition that swamp the backs of our magazines. Venturing boldly into adobe and patios, they raped Spain to furnish their handiwork. The first view of a Palm Beach interior is, therefore, disconcerting.

The most perfect of Swedish butlers led the way across a garden smelling of jessamine. The pepper trees fluttered against an indigo sky. On the right a green-tiled swimming pool opened off the red tennis court. Across the road the Southern Atlantic kept turning in its sleep. Within another court filled with trees of heliotrope, dinner was waiting. After ten days of continuous sea-sickness such a bluefish—and white wine—and chicken roasted and stuffed as only Swedish cooks in America know how, was too good to be true. In the drawing-room, which was also the library, for it was the house of a bachelor, the deepest upholstered comfort that money could buy was in evidence. But on the ceiling was an early Spanish fresco of the agony of our Lord, black blood dripping from the crown of thorns, and over the mantle a primitive altar-piece of the Virgin seemed somehow out of place. Below, on the chimney, amid a litter of pipes, stood two wooden beggars, dolefully showing their sores for charity. Everywhere were saints in the greatest profusion. In the dining-room they formed the electric light fixtures, and on the stairs were hung the rusty implements of torture by which they had got themselves into the Hierarchy.

Many baths have held a bid for high exaggeration down the long centuries. Caracalla, to begin with, and Bath itself. Deauville shivering on chill, grey sands before the War. Newport and Narragansett in the 'nineties. But perhaps nowhere have so many different kinds of people flocked from all the corners of the earth to renew their youth, or their fortunes, as to Palm Beach.

Everything starts at a dollar. A tooth-brush is a dollar; a bathing-cap is a dollar; a tip should be a dollar. Only those who can begin at this common denominator dare take an electric wheeled chair through the Everglades, or the orange groves, much less enter the golf club and the hotels.

Between The Breakers and the Hotel Royal Ponciana heavy ladies from the west lumber in white kid boots, while their spouses panting the mob at the bathing pavilion. But up and down the drive before the pink and yellow palazzos endless beautiful young men, and still more beautiful young women, wave brown limbs, sometimes in, more often out, of brilliant pyjamas, in privileged abandonment

along the shining beaches. Life seems primitive and good, and the sea a great cleanser.

At the end of the villas stands a grander palace than the rest. Two hundred people were trying vainly to see its splendours. Back behind iron gates it sternly refused admittance to all mere sightseers. For here a famous millionaire received visiting princes royally, and all that was "best" for the moment, played tennis in bathing suits, and swam, and drank cocktails. Each room was more perfect than the last, the colours more subtle. The windows opening outwards on to a cerulean wash of air were really magic casements. A great painter—himself a Spaniard—had skilfully designed his cadence of scarlet and crimson velvets to be caught, and framed, by the southern sea. The doors of one room came from Persia, the linen had been woven in Damascus, the silks were Chinese. Loot of a modern conqueror. . . . Each night brought a new *fête*.

Up and down the narrow alley there are nothing but luxury shops. One window holds Venetian glass, rainbow tinted, and equally fragile. In another, bath salts pile up, and a third shows fancy dress costumes. Pierrettes and Columbines, and many multi-coloured trousers.

In the patio people were crowding in the moonlight. Because we are in a land of prohibition French champagne flowed like water, and because we were dining in a Spanish house in Florida only New England food was served. Baked beans and fish balls, and hot Indian pudding.

My millionaire friend was telling me the story of his life across a small table. "You've got to take a chance!" he said meditatively. He was a very attractive man with some of the quality of Jack Hamlin, the gambler in Bret Harte's books. . . . "And so I finally succeeded," he went on earnestly, "and to-day I would not cross the width of this alley to meet the King of England. . . ." I believed him, and ate another fish ball. Since then they tell me he has gone broke. I am sorry. He will surely win it back again, for he carried the odour of success in his pocket, like perfume on a handkerchief.

In that light all the women seemed about the same age. Somewhere vaguely between twenty and thirty. Their clothes could have been interchanged. Female America determined to be young at any cost. But not only the women, the men too, and all set-jawed to have a "good time." That great national pastime which is so apt to elude us, for, because of our very ardour we forget that a good time is something *half-way* between exercise and drink and love. . . .

There was a surge toward the gateway. Everyone disappeared to go on a Treasure Hunt, or something. . . . It was beautifully warm in the courtyard. The air, now that they had all gone away, and the jessamine could get the better of Houbigant, was heavenly.

The moonlight was tracing heavy shadows on the ground. It seemed to me that I had been bathed in just that flood tide of radiance when we had lain off the Keys a week ago. I looked up to reassure myself. It was a false moon. . . .

Suddenly I remembered that if Ponce de Leon did not find the fountain of eternal youth that he was looking for, that he or his kind had discovered the silver mines which had started the long line of plate ships across the Spanish Main. Gracefully dipping galleons weighted with power from which these preposterous pleasure palaces by the sea are but the natural heritage.

A darky voice began to strum a banjo and croon plaintively:—

"Pierrot don't cry for the moon,
There's a heart chilling cold in her rays;
And mellow melodious June
Will last at the best thirty days!"

The last note died out softly on the perfumed air. A little breeze had sprung up and moved the delicate tracery of shadows on the wall opposite to and fro. Suddenly they snapped out. . . .
Someone had turned off the moon.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

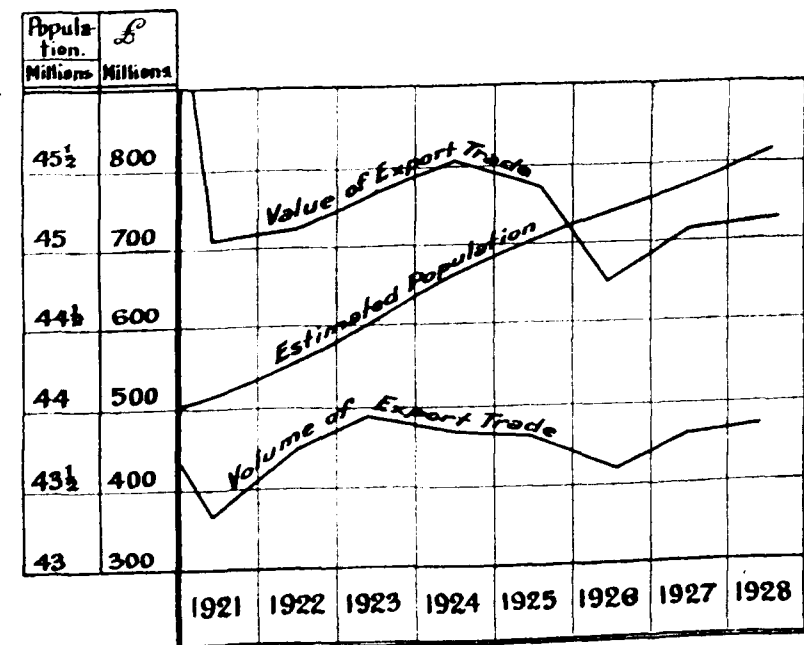
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EMIGRATION AND EMPIRE TRADE

By JOHN B. C. KERSHAW

THE proposals of the Liberal and Labour Parties for solving the problem of unemployment have been subjected recently to keen criticism and have been shown to suffer from one common defect, namely, that they attempt

A CHART OF BRITISH EXPORT TRADE AND THE INCREASE OF POPULATION IN THE PERIOD 1921-1928.



to solve the problem by mere palliatives rather than by remedies which cut at the root of the trouble. The two Opposition Party Leaders, in fact, refuse to recognise that this country is becoming overcrowded as a result of the decline in the numbers who now emigrate as com-

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pared with the pre-War period. Our population is growing in consequence much more rapidly than the demand for our manufactures, or for the products of our home industries. This is clearly brought out by the diagram, which is based upon the official figures for the values and volume of British export trade in the period 1921-1928, when compared with the estimated population in the same period. The growing divergence between the curves which represent the exports and the curve for population indicates very clearly the root cause of our unemployment problem.

TABLE I.
THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE EXPORT TRADE
FOR THE YEARS 1922-1928.

Year.	Estimated Population in Millions.	Export Trade in Millions of Pounds.	Exports per Head of the Estimated Population.		
			£	s.	d.
1922	44.33	719.5	16	4	9
1923	44.56	767.2	17	4	9
1924	44.88	800.9	17	7	7
1925	45.04	773.3	17	3	7
1926	45.21	653.0*	14	8	9*
1927	45.43	709.0	15	12	2
1928	45.62	723.0	15	17	0

* The year 1926 was the one in which the coal-mining dispute occurred, and the figures for that year, therefore, cannot be used for comparative purposes.

The detailed figures used in constructing the diagram are presented in Table I, and from this we learn that the population of the British Isles, excluding that of the Irish Free State but including that of Northern Ireland, has increased by rather over one and a quarter millions since 1922, whereas the total value of our export trade has remained almost stationary, and the volume shows an actual decline. When the export figures are worked out per head of the population there is a decline in real values also. In the year 1922 our exports represented goods to the value of £16 4s. 9d. per head of the population, while in 1928 the value per head was only £15 17s. When considering this decline of nearly 8s. per

head in the value of our exports, it must be noted that we are losing our hold not only upon the European trade but also upon some of the outlying markets of the Empire. The United States, Germany and Japan have made considerable progress in capturing some portion of the import trade of India, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, and the first-named country for very many years has supplied the larger portion of the imports of Canada.

In an article upon "British Trade and Industry after the War," published in the August, 1928, issue of this Review, the writer described some of the difficulties created for our manufacturers by the Treaty of Versailles, and by the labour troubles of the years 1924, 1925 and 1926, culminating in the disastrous coal-mining strike of that year. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George are now asserting that the problem of the unemployed is due chiefly to the neglect of the present Government, quite ignoring the fact that they contributed very materially by their past actions to the creation of the present deplorable position. The proof of the unfairness of their charge can be found in Mr. MacDonald's own action during his brief period of office in 1924, for the position of our export trade was even then causing him anxiety, and a strong Commission of business men, under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Balfour, was appointed to study the position and to make recommendations for improving our competitive power in the European and other markets of the world.

The relative proportions of our trade with foreign and with Empire countries are presented in Table II, the percentage figures being based upon the official values recorded in the last issue of the Statistical Abstract published by the Board of Trade. The figures for the year 1926 have been omitted from the comparison owing to the enormous decline in the value of our exports as a result of the coal-mining dispute of that year, which renders any deductions based on the 1926 figures of little value. In order to overcome the difficulties caused by the changes in the values of raw materials and of manufactured goods since 1913, all the figures have been

worked out as percentages of the total trade, and in this way the effect of the changes in price has been eliminated. The table shows that while our exports to the leading European countries declined from 30½ per cent. to 23½ per cent. of the total value of our exports during the period covered by the table, our exports to *Empire countries increased in the same interval of time from 37 per cent. to 46 per cent.* The preliminary figures for 1928 show a slight decline in the percentage of our trade with the Empire, but in view of the general tendency of this trade to expand there can be no doubt that it is the most worth cultivating, since it alone seems capable of con-

TABLE II.
THE EXPORT TRADE OF THE UNITED KINGDOM WITH THE LEADING EUROPEAN COUNTRIES AND WITH COUNTRIES UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG, BEFORE AND SINCE THE WAR, EXPRESSED AS PERCENTAGES OF THE TOTAL EXPORT TRADE.

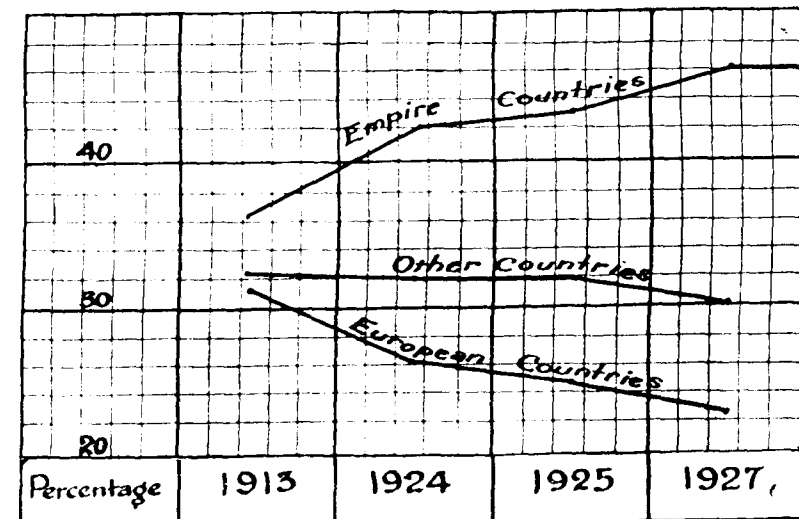
	1913	1924	1925	1927
	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.	Per cent.
Countries within the Empire ..	37	42	43	46
Eleven European Countries ..	30½	26	25	23½
Remaining Countries of the World	32½	32	32	30½

siderable expansion under the present conditions of world trade.

The diagram on the next page based upon Table II brings out very clearly the upward trend of our export trade with Empire countries in the post War period. The steady decline which this diagram shows in our trade with European countries indicates the success which has attended the efforts to establish new manufacturing industries in these countries under the shelter of protective tariffs. Many hundreds of miles of new tariff walls have been erected in Europe since the end of the War, and others which already existed have been increased in height. The decline in our export trade with France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland and Italy is actual proof of the effect of these and other measures in checking exports from this country. Had we possessed any tariffs to bargain with, our present position might have been better, but in the absence of this bargaining power it would appear certain that our exports

to European countries will continue to decline, since in a few more years these newly fledged industries and manufactures will be able to stand on their own feet, and will be able not only to supply the demands of their home market, but will be competing with us for trade in this country and in our Overseas Dominions. The Resolutions on the subject of Free Trade, which were passed at the Economic Conference held in Geneva recently, have produced little or no effect upon the tariff policy of European countries, and the principle of pro-

A CHART SHOWING THE RELATIVE PERCENTAGES OF OUR EXPORT TRADE WITH EMPIRE COUNTRIES, EUROPEAN COUNTRIES, AND THE REMAINING COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD FOR THE PRE-WAR YEAR 1913 AND THE YEARS 1924, 1925, AND 1927.



tecting home manufactures by means of tariff barriers seems now to be as firmly established in Europe as in U.S.A.

In the writer's opinion the only development that may be expected in the near future is not a movement in the direction of Free Trade with the external world as our Liberal and Labour friends have prophesied, but rather a move towards the grouping of some of these protectionist countries within a common tariff barrier. Such countries would form then the nucleus of a *United States of Europe*, and would serve to balance the similar com-

bination of a group of protectionist states, practising free trade within their own tariff barrier, on the other side of the Atlantic.¹

In view of this position and of the indisputable fact that many of the chief markets of the world are now closed to us by heavy protective duties, it would be wise for British manufacturers to concentrate upon the policy of *Development of the British Empire as an Economic Unit*, and to adopt all necessary measures for preserving and extending our trade with countries under the British Flag, since it is in this direction only that we can hope to obtain compensation for the loss of trade in other quarters of the world.

The Present Position of Empire Trade

Turning now to the study of the detailed figures for the value of our exports to countries under the British Flag since the end of the War, we find that although this branch of our trade is growing in relation to our total exports the expansion is not so great as the figures given in Table II would lead us to expect. In many portions of the Empire, in fact, we are barely holding our own in the face of the severe competition we are meeting with from other countries, and in *Canada*, *South Africa*, *Australia* and *India* our percentage of the import trade is declining in spite of the preference given to British manufactures and goods. Our competitors in this struggle for world trade, notably the *United States*, *Germany* and *Japan*, are straining every nerve to extend their trade in these oversea markets of the Empire, and are meeting, it must be admitted, with a considerable degree of success.

INDIA

British India still provides the best market for Empire goods, and in the last year for which the full detailed

(1) This view is more fully developed in an article entitled "The American Presidential Election and the Future of British and European Trade," contributed by the writer to the January issue of *The Financial Review of Reviews*.

figures are available (1927) the U. Kingdom exported £85,000,000 worth of her domestic products and manufactures to India. It must be noted, however, that the total in 1927 was only £15,000,000 greater than in 1913, and that the increase is accounted for entirely by the rise in values, so that the volume of our export trade with India has actually declined. When the origins of India's imports are submitted to close examination, it is found that it is the United States, Germany and Japan that are competing with us for the Indian trade, and the percentage of goods supplied by this country and by countries under the British Flag has fallen from 71.4 in 1913 to 66.9 per cent. in 1925. Apart from cotton and cotton manufactures the chief imports of India are machinery and mill work, manufactured iron and steel, railway materials, and sugar.

AUSTRALIA

Australia follows *India* as the next best market for Empire goods, and in the year 1927 the U. Kingdom shipped to Australia £61,000,000 worth of domestic products and manufactures, as compared with £34,000,000 in 1913. The aggregate value of our exports to Australia, therefore, has nearly doubled since the War, but the relative proportion of Empire products and manufactures in Australian imports is declining, and in 1925, the last year for which all the figures are available, the percentage of Empire goods was only 57.6, as compared with 63 before the War. The *United States*, the *Dutch East Indies*, *France*, and *Japan* are our leading rivals for the trade of the Commonwealth, and are now supplying over one-third of Australia's imports. In the year 1925 United States manufacturers despatched goods to the value of £38,800,000 to Australia, or nearly four times the value of their exports to the Commonwealth in the year 1913. As regards the character of Australia's imports, the chief articles are cotton and linen piece goods, clothing, machinery, metals, metal manufactures, and motor cars.

SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa comes third in the value of its imports of British goods, and in the year 1927 we exported to the

countries which comprise the Union of South Africa goods to the value of rather over £30,000,000, as compared with £22,000,000 in 1913. As regards the relative proportion of South African imports contributed by the Empire, the figures show that in 1925, 62.2 per cent. were of British origin, and that the United States contributed 14.7 per cent. of the imports which came from foreign countries, and with Germany formed our chief rival in the South African market. Before the War the relative proportions were 67.2 per cent. British and only 8.6 per cent. American.

As regards the character of these imports, machinery ready-made clothing, manufactured iron and steel, motor cars and motor lorries, woollen manufactures, electrical goods, and railway materials are all of importance.

CANADA

It will surprise many readers of this article to find that Canada occupies a relatively low place in the list of Empire countries, when regarded from the British manufacturers' point of view. Although in the year 1927 we purchased food, raw materials, and partly manufactured goods to the value of £52,000,000 from the Dominion of Canada, our exports from this country were only valued at £29,000,000, and the balance of trade was therefore largely in favour of the Dominion. Our chief competitor for Canadian trade is, of course, U.S.A., and it is perhaps not surprising to find that while the total value of Canada's imports in 1927 was only slightly less than the total imports of British India, the proportion supplied by countries within the Empire was less than one-fourth, whereas the United States provided 64.2 per cent. of Canada's imports.

What is more serious, from the British manufacturers' standpoint, is that the relative proportion of British goods is declining, and that in 1927 our exports to Canada were only six millions greater than in 1913, and represented only 17 per cent. of the Canadian import trade. As regards the character of the Canadian imports, coal, iron and steel, machinery, woollen goods, oils, motor cars, chemicals, and silk manufactures are the most important. Of these the imports of coal, woollen and silk manufactured articles, and

chemicals are showing the greatest expansion, and it is noteworthy that South Wales is making now a determined effort to obtain control of the market for anthracite and other smokeless fuels in the Dominion.

NEW ZEALAND

This our most distant Dominion ranks fifth in the aggregate value of its imports of British products and manufactures, but it is nevertheless one of the most valuable of the Empire markets, for its import trade has practically doubled in value since 1913, and per head of the population New Zealand imports more from this country than any other Dominion or Protectorate of the Empire. The total value of New Zealand imports in 1913 amounted to rather over £22,000,000, and of this total no less than 82.4 per cent. were products and manufactures of British origin. In 1925 the total imports were valued at £52,500,000, but the proportion supplied by Empire countries had fallen away to 73 per cent. This reduction of the British percentage was due chiefly to the gains of American manufacturers, for the value of U.S.A. exports to New Zealand had increased fourfold between 1913 and 1925, and the percentage increase was from 9.5 per cent. to 17 per cent.

As regards the character of New Zealand's imports, motor cars and lorries, machinery, iron and steel manufactures, oil and ready-made clothing are the chief articles of import, while the classes which show most rapid progress are motor vehicles, machinery, silk goods, oils, and ready-made clothing.

There is also at present a very favourable opening for the sale of electrical machinery and appliances, since a large number of water-power schemes are in course of development under Government auspices. In a few years' time there will be a great demand in New Zealand for small electric motors, and electric lighting and heating appliances, since the overhead transmission lines will provide adequate supplies of electric current in both the North and South Islands.

and the possibilities of Empire development by means of reciprocal arrangements for the promotion of trade between the various parts of the Empire is now more generally recognised. As an example of an arrangement with Australia it has been suggested that provision might be made for British co-operation in the expansion of manufactures and industries already started in Australia, in exchange for the *free entry* into Australia of British goods which that country was not in a position to produce for herself. One great grievance with the Australian fruit-growing and fruit-canning industry is that fruit from the Californian canneries is underselling Australian canned fruit in London, while Great Britain is receiving from Australia, in the form of preference on the tin plates used, more than the wholesale price of the Australian canned fruits which are marketed in Great Britain.

Another supporter of this policy of reciprocal trade is the Chairman of the British Empire Producers' Organisation, for in an article published in *The Times* of February 9th, 1929, he has urged that the time is ripe for progress on the lines mapped out by Mr. Bruce and by Mr. H. S. Gullett in Australia, and by Lord Melchett and by Sir James A. Cooper in this country.

The problem which faces us to-day, he states, is how we can best promote the ideal of a self-supporting Empire, now that all possibility of realising Free Trade within the Empire has passed away with the birth and growth of manufacturing industries in our Overseas Dominions.

According to Sir Benjamin Morgan, the time has come for the relationships between the various parts of the Empire to be regulated upon sound economic lines, and this can be done only by the negotiation of definite trade agreements, so that each unit can give to and receive from the others exactly those advantages which will strengthen production and develop trade in the countries concerned, and thus throughout the whole association of British nations and territories

The second requirement for promoting trade within the Empire on sound lines is the transfer of large numbers of our surplus population to those districts of our Overseas Empire which are most in need of population. It may surprise many to learn that the estimated population of New Zealand in 1927 was only 1,437,000, and of Australia

lia 6,017,000, and it is these two portions of the Empire which are most in need of population. In this connection it is necessary to draw attention to one aspect of emigration which is too often overlooked, and that is the great discrepancies between the values *per capita* of the home produce and goods purchased by settlers in various parts of the British Empire. Table III shows the buying capacity per head of the leading Empire countries and of certain foreign countries for the year ending September 30th, 1927, the figures being based on those given in a lecture by Sir James A. Cooper, delivered in Glasgow on December 15th, 1927. According to this table each settler in New Zealand purchases British goods to the value of £13 16s. 3d. per annum, as compared with £10 5s. 11d. for each settler in Australia, and with

TABLE III.
VALUE OF THE EXPORTS OF BRITISH GOODS TO EMPIRE AND FOREIGN COUNTRIES PER HEAD OF THE POPULATION.

Empire Countries.			Foreign Countries.		
	£	s. d.		£	s. d.
New Zealand ..	13	16 3	The Netherlands ..	2	13 5
Australia ..	10	5 11	Denmark ..	2	13 0
South Africa ..	4	7 11	Belgium ..	2	1 9
Canada ..	2	19 1	Germany ..	12	3
B. W. Africa ..	11	6	France ..	10	8
India ..	5	2	United States ..	7	8

£4 7s. 11d. for each settler in South Africa; while Canada, India and foreign countries are all credited with much smaller amounts per head per annum, expended upon British goods. It follows from these figures, therefore, that each new resident in New Zealand is worth more to British manufacturers and exporters than three in South Africa or four in Canada, and that a New Zealander buys more British goods in the course of one year than thirty-six Americans. An ordinary family of five persons who may emigrate to New Zealand will spend, therefore, no less than £70 per annum on British goods, and it may be doubted, in view of the *large imports of German and American goods into the United Kingdom, whether any British working-man's family is now spending this amount on British goods at home.*

The argument for sending as large as possible a proportion of our surplus population to these more distant portions of the Empire rather than to Canada in the light of these figures is more than convincing, and it is now necessary to consider what are the chief difficulties in this transfer of families and communities to the more distant of our Dominions.

The first of these difficulties is the extra expense of the long sea passage, but this could be overcome by increased grants from the State, and is not an insuperable difficulty. The second and more important obstacle is the disinclination of both the Australian Federal Government and the New Zealand Government to aid increased emigration from this country, unless they receive adequate guarantees that these additions to their population will really settle upon the land and assist in the development of the fundamental industries of the country, and that in return for this acceptance of our surplus population we will do all in our power to increase our purchases of Australian and New Zealand produce.

The position taken up by the Governments of these distant Dominions is quite understandable when one realises that the populations of the capital cities of the separate States of the Commonwealth of Australia are growing faster than that of the purely country districts, and that the Governments out there are faced with the same problem of "*the lure of the towns*" that confronts us in this country. They consider, therefore, that all proposals for increasing the number of emigrants should be based upon the policy of reciprocal trade relationships, since only in this way will it be possible for the vast spaces of the Australian Continent to become peopled with contented settlers who will be assured of finding a market for their products within the Empire.

Turning now to the official figures for the relative numbers of emigrants who have left the United Kingdom and Northern Ireland during the last three years, and have settled down in the various self-governing portions of the Empire, we have the figures given in Table IV. From a study of this table we find that, whereas the average

number of emigrants for the three pre-War years 1911-1913 was 248,000 per annum, the average for the years 1925-1927 was only 107,000, in spite of the passing of the Empire Settlement Act of 1922, and of the efforts of the Overseas Settlement Committee to increase the number of emigrants. The check which is noticeable in the emigration figures is due partly to the causes named above, and partly to the restraining effects of the schemes of social and industrial insurance launched in this country since the end of the War. A Departmental Committee appointed by Mr. Amery in 1925 to consider the effect of such schemes on migration has reported that these various schemes of social insurance have helped to lower the

TABLE IV.
COMPARISON OF THE NUMBER OF EMIGRANTS FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM AND FROM NORTHERN IRELAND TO THE SELF-GOVERNING DOMINIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE BEFORE AND SINCE THE WAR.

	Average			
	1911-1913	1925	1926	1927
Canada	143,700	38,662	49,632	52,916
Australia	79,500	35,006	44,513	40,991
New Zealand ..	12,900	14,730	16,565	7,841
South Africa ..	11,945	7,004	8,295	7,572
TOTALS	248,075	92,402	119,015	109,320

numbers who have been attracted by the life of independence offered to them in the Dominions of our Empire. This committee has made several suggestions, the chief of which are that schemes of social insurance should be standardised throughout the Empire, and that intending emigrants from this country, who may have to surrender their rights under our schemes of contributory pensions, should be paid a lump sum before leaving our shores.

In view of the great importance of the subject, and of the need for the British Government to take all possible measures for the promotion of Empire trade, it is to be hoped that the new Government will give early attention to this subject, and that it will be ready to put definite proposals before the next meeting of the Prime Ministers of the Empire in 1930.

THE ROOT OF UNEMPLOYMENT

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

A FACT which most people will admit is that the prestige of the politician has suffered decline in the twentieth century. This decline is due to realisation that his activity is a narrow form of self-gratification; that he is often ill-educated and knows next to nothing of the larger events that are shaping the world; that he has little to do with the actual building of life and therefore, as a consequence, is driven to make promises which he cannot fulfil: that, in a word, he is a trifle. Notable exceptions exist, of course, but not in numbers sufficient to redeem their calling. A characteristic example of the degradation of politics was the manner in which the unemployment problem was exploited in the General Election. It was not an accident that the Liberal Party should have been the chief culprit. Of the three parties it was the most deficient in seriousness of purpose. Conservatives and Labour stood for something that bore resemblance to principle. But the Liberals stood for nothing but the pursuit of power in the interests of a clique. Hence they improvised policies as they went along; whenever one fell flat another was produced, until finally the climax came in the form of a bombastic pledge to reduce "the terrible figure of the workless in the course of a single year to normal proportions." The nature of the pledge and the measures that were taken to give it wide-spread publicity suggest incurable political degeneracy and a wholly cynical outlook. Green Books and Yellow Books having failed to catch on, it was realised that democracy had wearied of dull abstractions, of deceptions clothed in vagueness and verbiage, of promises the fulfilment of which, if possible at all, was possible only in the remote future. The famous pledge was intended to correct these defects. It was an attempt at simplification and enlivenment. Because it rang false it achieved neither. The only picture which it left upon the mind was that of a group of frolicsome old politicians trying to keep pace with

modernity. An association of frivolity with senility gave pathos to their strivings.

That politics need to be humanised and presented attractively no one doubts. Lenin truly said that they must be art. Only when they are so transformed will they cease to be the sport of the few and become the pleasurable interest of the many. But that day is not near. For art requires sincerity and restraint, neither of which are as yet conspicuously characteristic of political expression. Lenin, for example, who thought that politics should be art, converted them into a second Tartar tragedy for Russia, whilst our own Liberals went to the other extreme and made a cheap theatrical show out of them.

Nothing, perhaps, could be more symptomatic of the decay of Liberalism than that its mentality should in some respects be indistinguishable from Bolshevism. The Bolsheviks advocated compulsory labour service in the interests of the Socialist State; "those who do not work," they said, "neither shall they eat." The Liberals, it is true, could not be accused of advocating compulsory labour. But they did the next worst thing. They advocated road-making as the only means of employment for the mass of the workless during the next few years; what is more, they expressed the conviction that they had thus found an immediate solution for the enlarged unemployment problem created by the War.

Road-making, as is well known, is an occupation mainly for casual unskilled labour. The vast majority of the unemployed do not come within this category. A fact of which Liberal statesmen are evidently unaware is that all workers, no matter what their occupation be, take pride in the status in which they find themselves, and resent any suggestion that, should they be unable to find work at their own calling, they must be ready to abandon it for the lowest grade of labour. It may be argued that road-making is a more profitable and self-respecting form of subsistence than the so-called "dole." But the average worker does not think so. Rather than join the ranks of the casual labourer he prefers to live on a small allowance which he regards not as a dole, but as payment from an insurance

fund to which he once contributed. Such decision is more conducive to self-respect than the course recommended by Liberal politicians. Certainly, it has the effect of conserving the stamina and skill of many workers for occupations which they are best fitted to perform and which it is in the interests of the community they should perform as soon as possible.

Few people, I think, have knowledge of the unavoidably hard conditions which have to be borne by labourers whilst engaged in road-making. Men, together with their families, are brought from all parts of the country and are housed in primitive shelters by the wayside or in the fields. Settled home life is no longer possible for them; henceforth they become nomads. Nor unless they have exceptional fortune can they get back to the skilled occupation from which they have been torn. They have left behind them familiar sources of employment, and, should work at their own trades be forthcoming, they are not on the spot to take it up. Thus, apart from any psychological consideration that may arise, it is evident that the degradation of skilled labour is unpractical. What, then, is to be thought of statesmanship so sterile that its one idea for solving unemployment is that this skilled labour should be scattered up and down the country and set to tasks for which its training would be of no avail? Of the Liberal leaders as of the Commissars in the Kremlin it may be said that they have a passion for equalising others.

There are two phases to the unemployment problem, each of which needs to be considered separately as well as in relation one to another. The first phase is concerned with conditions which, prior to the War, caused unemployment in all countries, and which still operate. Complex monetary and psychological issues are involved. It is imperative that these issues be dealt with as quickly as possible, for the ultimate aim must be to reduce unemployment to negligible proportions. But a task more immediate still is to diminish unemployment to what is termed the normal level—that is, the total periodically recurring before the War. Here we enter the second phase of the problem. There is no mystery about the causes which for

the past nine years have prevented more than a million men and women from finding work. A large proportion of the unemployed belong to basic industries, as, for example, coal, iron and steel, shipbuilding, transport, engineering and textiles; and these industries depend to no small extent upon the export trade which has declined. Such decline is not the consequence of transient circumstance, but is the outcome of world-wide transformation. In order to define the spirit of this transformation the word rationalisation has been invented. Although different opinions may exist as to its precise meaning, no one doubts but that it stands for co-ordination and development on a scale unknown before. There is, in fact, no single sphere of human activity to which it is not applicable.

Conditions of life as they exist to-day were largely the creation of the nineteenth century, for this was the period when, as a result of intensive industrialisation, a plutocracy took possession of the earth, and the population of Europe was trebled, whilst that of the world doubled. Yet, viewed from the modern standpoint nearly everything that originated then bore the stamp of crudity and ugliness. Factories, machinery, management, transport, houses, shops, the relations of capital and labour, all were crude and ugly. It is true that every century thought slightly of its predecessor, but of none was criticism more justified than of the nineteenth century. For, as has been said, it was the nineteenth century that filled the earth with people and left its successor to solve the problem of what was to be done with them. Karl Marx's embittered description of this epoch was not at all overdrawn. In reply it is often said that the rapid multiplication of population was a response to the enormous growth of wealth due to industrialisation, and that as a consequence the standard of living of the masses was raised. But such facts, impressive though they seem, are inadequate proof of common welfare. Other tests need to be applied, as, for example, whether the standard of living was raised sufficiently to justify the bringing into the world of so many millions of people, and whether, if the answer be in the affirmative, it was a standard the permanent enjoyment of which was

tolerably secure. Judged by either of these tests the nineteenth century failed. Much of its work needs, therefore, to be swept away: for the mentality, not less than the mechanism, which it has bequeathed to us is largely obsolete. Demolition of both and their replacement by modern ideas and equipment, such is rationalisation as I understand it. Only when it is seriously undertaken will it be possible to say that the unemployment problem is being solved.

In one respect the present epoch is well favoured. If it needs to discard much of its inheritance it is only because fortune has endowed it with richer gifts. Of late years there has been a remarkable advance in technical science and industrial organisation. Never before have conditions been so favourable for a synthesis of all the elements that make for human progress. Mechanical power enables wealth to be created much easier and quicker than was possible in the last century. Thus it is not beyond the capacity of the present generation to attain a degree of material comfort and spiritual development unequalled by any other. At their disposal are technical contrivances which, if rightly used, would allow them to carry out essential work so speedily that they would be left with ample leisure in which to cultivate their minds. If, in these circumstances, a high standard of well-being is not reached in the twentieth century, its failure will be even more inexcusable than was that of the past century.

It is to be deplored that Great Britain has not taken advantage of recent scientific achievement to anything like the extent that some other nations have done. This assertion applies in particular to basic industries where unemployment is severest. Not always does blame attach to management. Industries which are unprofitable because their plant is out of date find it difficult to secure fresh capital for new equipment. Yet so long as this new equipment is not forthcoming recovery is impossible.

Another cause of inaction is the fear that in the beginning rationalisation will add to unemployment. Such fear is not groundless. The primary purpose of rationalisation is the elimination of waste, waste of over-production and

of energy, both human and mechanical. If it is to be achieved inefficient units must be ruthlessly wiped out and the evil of senseless competition fought. The only hope of achieving this aim lies in the organisation of basic industries in large groups which shall be able to command the immense sums of capital essential for modernisation. In the early stages these transformations are bound to aggravate the already serious dislocation of the labour market.

Men will be taken from wasteful tasks and transferred to others more productive. Time will elapse before many of these men can be set to work again, and preference will always be given to those who are most adaptable to new processes. As reorganisation progresses the cost of production will become lower, and this reduction will reflect itself in prices, with the result that consumption will grow. The rising demand for commodities will necessitate the employment of increasing numbers of men, and only then will industry be restored to full prosperity. Such is usually the sequence of cause and effect associated with rationalisation. It is perhaps a drastic remedy, but none other exists. Any politician who suggests the contrary is either incredibly foolish or palpably dishonest.

Two important questions remain to be answered: (1) How are the basic industries to obtain the fresh capital for rationalisation? (2) How are workers temporarily displaced to be maintained? To both questions replies are found in the Interim Joint Report on Unemployment issued by the Melchett-Turner Conference, a document conspicuous for its impartiality. Here it is recommended that national credit in the form of the Trade Facilities Act should be available for depressed industries; and that in addition a State Development Fund should be started for the same purpose. In regard to the displacement of labour, which must at first be an unavoidable consequence of rationalisation, the Report recommends that the process should be carried out with as much human consideration as possible, and that labour reserve funds should be started throughout industry for the maintenance of those who become unemployed. Other pro-

by the failure of the Geneva Naval Conference, and the suspicions aroused on the other side of the Atlantic by the ill-fated Anglo-French naval compromise.

It was in these circumstances that President Hoover determined to take the lead in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission by delivering a peace message through the mouth of his accredited delegate, Mr. Hugh S. Gibson, the American Ambassador at Brussels, who is admirably adapted to play this rôle. The message was startlingly simple, and I am going to borrow a paraphrase of it, which I wrote in *Truth* at the time. "Let us," said President Hoover, "start talking about disarmament on the basis of the idea that we are going to be friends. Let us settle our problems by a common-sense agreement according to this method. To do so we must rule out attempts to strike an exact balance of guns and ships based on the idea of conflict, for that merely creates fear and suspicion. There is the Kellogg Pact for the renunciation of war, which, if it means anything, implies the renunciation of armaments as the relics of a barbarous age. Let us take our stand on that, and give a real meaning to the Pact by scrapping the term 'limitation' and getting down to real reductions."

This is in effect what Ambassador Gibson said in the name of President Hoover to the Preparatory Disarmament Commission and the League of Nations. He thus lifted the naval controversy out of the old rut in which it had floundered for four years on to a new basis, on which the fears and suspicions engendered by the calculations of the fighting men were to be dispelled.

The American Government, explained Mr. Gibson, had found no reason for modifying its view that the simplest, fairest and most practical method of procedure was that of limitation by tonnage and by categories of ships, this method having been applied with satisfactory results to capital ships at the Washington Conference of 1921. But it implied complete freedom to each Power to use its tonnage within a given category according to its special needs. This was a warning that the United States were not prepared to surrender the position which they

adopted at the Geneva Conference, when they insisted on full liberty to use their cruiser tonnage in the way which suited them best. But that left the British, with their imperative need for smaller cruisers, with insufficient tonnage to build up to parity with the eight-inch gun cruisers which the Americans alone required. We were perhaps wrong in assuming that the Americans would outbuild us in this class of vessel, but our admirals would take no risks, in spite of the American offer to summon another conference, if we felt our security threatened. I am not going back to the history of this conference to say more than that it afforded capital proof of the impossibility of reaching an agreement on the basis of purely technical considerations. The admirals were not to blame, for, left in command of the conference, they felt it their duty to take no risks. The statesmen on both sides, who had not the courage to raise the controversy above strategic considerations, were the real culprits.

To return to Mr. Gibson's speech. He propounded a better method of approach to the problem, taking as his keynote the desire of the United States for "a common-sense agreement based on the idea that we are going to be friends." A notable phrase this, because, whatever the politicians may say, all calculations concerning the limitation and reduction of armaments have so far been based on the idea of possible conflicts between nations. So long as this view prevailed, as Mr. Gibson explained, any approach to disarmament was bound to be inconclusive. Hence the necessity of unlearning old strategies and devising new methods to break the deadlock and persuade the world that there was no justification for the continuance of a war-taxed peace. Not that the problem of reducing navies could be settled by moral considerations alone. Mr. Gibson, although appealing to the saving virtue of the Kellogg Pact, realised that a naval settlement could not be brought about merely by saying that we must all be friends. The United States were still out for parity. But it is one thing to try to adjust naval values by an exact and scientific gauge of strategic strength and quite another to attempt to solve the riddle in a spirit of give and take.

This was the essential feature of the plan which Mr. Gibson had to propose.

Now I am not an expert, and as the American formula, as it was called at Geneva, will admittedly take the naval experts some time to work out, all that I can do is to advise you in the meantime to read carefully what Gibson had to say about it. He explained it as the adaptation of certain proposals which were originally made to the Preparatory Commission by the French. The following is the important passage in Mr. Gibson's speech on this subject:—

The American Delegation has urged this view throughout the first reading, but, in view of the inacceptability to some other delegations of our unmodified thesis, my Government has sought in the various methods presented some solution which might offer the possibility of compromise and general acceptance. During the Third Session of the Preparatory Commission, the French Delegation brought forward a method which was an attempt to combine its original total tonnage proposals with the method of tonnage by categories. Under this method a total tonnage was assigned to each nation, and this total divided among categories of ships by specified tonnages. If I am not mistaken, certain modifications were suggested in informal discussions, so as to provide that the tonnage allocated to any given category might be increased by a certain percentage to be agreed upon, such increase to be transferred from any other category or categories not already fixed by existing treaty.

It was these proposals which the American delegate put forward as the basis of discussion. He made it plain that, as far as the Preparatory Commission was concerned, they involved an agreement on method alone, and not quantitative tonnages or the actual percentages to be transferred from one category to another. All such details must be reserved for a final conference to settle.

But you see what all this broadly means. The crux of the Geneva Naval Conference was to satisfy Great Britain that she would not be left in a hopeless disparity if, after satisfying her needs for smaller and medium-sized cruisers, America took out all her cruiser tonnage in eight-inch gun ships. For a ship armed with this gun is capable of sending a vessel armed with a six inch gun only, to the bottom before she can get within range of the bigger fellow. If, however, say ten per cent. of the tonnage allotted to the category of other auxiliary ships could be transferred to

the cruiser class, the disadvantage of the bigger gun might be to some extent equalised. If our admirals continue to insist on an irreducible minimum of seventy smaller or medium-sized cruisers it would still be difficult to strike a balance. But read the passage which I have quoted from Mr. Gibson again, and I think you will agree that if the two Governments are determined to rule out the idea of a possible war in assessing their respective naval needs, the new plan should prove an incomparably easier method of settlement than the former procedure of weighing ship against ship and gun against gun to obtain mathematical parity. I do not believe that such a calculation is possible, for there are important factors in assessing the fighting value of a ship which cannot be placed on a comparable basis. The speed of a ship or the range of its guns, whatever their calibre may be, differ in different hands. You can take only the simplest factors in an attempt to strike a balance. But the imponderables are equally important. As an illustration of this, the experts were talking at Geneva of the new German cruiser as a type which was faster and more efficient than any existing cruiser of the same kind.

The moral of this is that, even if exact parity could be obtained on paper between two fleets in tonnage displacement, calibre of guns, and the diameter of torpedo tubes, the advance of science might render all these calculations futile as a measure of security. The experts who believe that security can be guaranteed only by a large margin of superiority will always, if they can, upset an arrangement for parity. If the new method of striking a balance is to succeed they must be told this time that they are the servants and not the masters of their respective Governments. Now that the German fleet is at the bottom of the sea and no other navy is threatening our interests there is no earthly reason why we should maintain a navy as costly as our pre-War navy. Even if there existed a danger of war it could, as Mr. Gibson said, be guarded against just as well by the maintenance of relative naval strengths at lower levels.

The alternative is nothing less than the danger of a

competition between the Naval Powers, ourselves and America in the foreground, with Italy desperately keeping pace with France, and Japan feverishly building to maintain her ratios. The only certainty about this competition is that the United States, with her superior resources, could outbuild us in a short time, so that we should gain nothing but the risk of losing her friendship.

Fortunately the British people, already overburdened with taxation, are likely to make short shrift of the politicians who still cry "Wolf!" in face of the American proposals. Our relations with the United States are incomparably more important to us than a naval *entente* with France. The French and Italians must make up their own minds what they will do. They would do well to get rid of the idea that their respective security in the Mediterranean depends on the size of their navies *vis-à-vis*. If they cannot do so, and if France still demands a free hand in building submarines, they must go their own way. That need not prevent Great Britain from seizing the opportunity offered by the American peace message of sealing a lasting pact of friendship with the United States, by writing off all possibility of war with her, not in word only but in deed. This, if translated into naval reductions, would save the British taxpayer a hundred million sterling in a comparatively short time, and still leave Great Britain with an ample margin of security against any possible Continental combination.

Moreover, if Great Britain and the United States agreed to a relative reduction of their navies, they would be in a much stronger position to press for a reduction of the land and air forces of the European Powers. Lord Cushendun, whose attitude to the American proposals was most conciliatory, offered once more on behalf of his Government to abolish the submarine if other countries would follow suit. This was a proof of the desire of the British Government to make a substantial contribution to the cause of disarmament. Here, too, is a way of limiting the atrocities of war. Lord Cushendun at the same time offered to accept almost any proposal for the reduction of land armaments on which the Military Powers could agree. I

think that it was greatly to his credit that without waiting for instructions from his Government he should have taken courage in both hands, and on his own initiative at once have accepted in principle what America proposed, proclaiming his desire for the reduction of all classes of vessels. It was not only what he said but his way of saying it that impressed the Preparatory Commission. For now that the rough edges of his Ulster days have been rubbed off, Lord Cushendun possesses a courtly and dignified style of oratory. Fortunately the sentiments which he expressed were immediately approved by Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain. Nevertheless, it was strange that Lord Cushendun should have received no instructions before he left London as to the line he should adopt if the Americans reopened the naval problem. It was more than likely that they would do so. Press messages from responsible journalists in the United States clearly foreshadowed that a new proposal was in the air. Perhaps Mr. Gibson gave a hint to Lord Cushendun of the contents of his speech before he made it. Lord Cushendun had not, however, seen the text of the American declaration before Mr. Gibson read it to the Preparatory Commission. All of which shows that great affairs are staged far more casually than we know.

Now for a few words about the military side of disarmament. I am afraid that there is very little progress to record. The Americans frankly proclaimed that they were not going to bother their heads over the problem of reducing land armaments. They had reduced their army to the smallest possible dimensions, and for the rest the European Powers must settle their own controversy. But there was a significant reference in Mr. Gibson's speech to the burden of expenditure and the loss of productive effort caused by existing world armaments. "Fundamentally," he said, "our purpose should be to release large numbers of men from military service for productive effort, and secondly to reduce the heavy burden of taxation." You have often heard Americans arguing that so long as Europe can afford to spend so lavishly on armaments it is absurd to ask America to release her debtors from a just

conviction of his sincerity if Russia were not also increasing her armaments in face of her exhortations to other countries to disarm. What Count Bernstorff did was more to the point, when he declared that as far as he could see the military Powers were determined to take out an insurance policy against the limitation of armaments. After pressing in vain for concessions to German views that, now that Germany has done her part in disarmament, the other signatories to the Treaty of Versailles are bound by Covenant and Treaty to reduce their armaments, Count Bernstorff finally came out with a declaration which caused a mild sensation. The German Government, he said, would take no further responsibility for the course of the discussion on land armaments. I refuse to believe that behind this lies a design on the part of the Germans to claim the right to arm as they like. If they did anything so mad they would destroy all hope of a reconciliation with the French. Being realists, the Germans are not likely to adopt this course. Their security indeed lies in their disarmament. But unfortunately they do not believe this, and how long it will be possible to maintain the present unequal balance of armaments it is impossible to say. This opens up an unpleasant vista before the League of Nations, whose future is intimately bound up with a general reduction of armaments.

The Preparatory Disarmament Commission has now adjourned to wait for the results of the examination of the American proposals by the governments concerned. Let us hope that when it meets again it will be to register an agreement between all the naval Powers to reduce their naval establishments. Whatever the other Powers do, we need not hesitate to accept the American plan. And once an agreement for the relative reduction of our respective naval strength has been sealed with the United States, the way will be open for a settlement of the question of the rights of neutrals at sea. That will be far easier to arrange if we have solved the cruiser problem on the basis that we are going to be friends, for then we shall approach the problem of the freedom of the seas on the basis that our interests are identical.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS¹

BY RICHARD SICKERT, A.R.A.

THOUGH Millais called George Moore and me "insolent disturbers" for writing to *The Times* to say that we didn't see why the nation should pay for a site on which to house Mr. Tate's bad pictures, I can testify that Holman Hunt was right when he said that Millais had the face of an angel, an angel, perhaps, with whom one would not care to discuss one's right of re-entry into paradise.

I have sometimes seen him sitting with a friend on the bench which, I hope, still stands by the Kensington entrance of the Gardens facing up the Broad Walk. It was a touching and majestic presence, and we should do it wrong to offer to its shade a show of violence. He was an angelic and blustering personification of John Bull, what the Germans call "der Stock-Engländer." He answered to the stage idea of the superior officer, although the superior officer is characterised rather by the gentleness, the tact, and the scrupulous sympathy which command by persuasion. (I was listening to Plumer last night at our banquet.)

Millais was a man who—there is no English equivalent, my dear Moore—*ne se doutait de rien*.

There was one person whose name seems to have sent a shiver down the spine of Millais. Where Vergil said "Guarda e passa" to Dante, where Ingres said to his students, in passing by some paintings by Delacroix, "*Saluez, mais ne regardez pas*," Millais said to Archie Wortley, in front of Whistler's pictures at the Grosvenor, "It's damned clever; it's a damned sight too clever!" And, said Archie, "he dragged me on." To Millais, Frith and many others, Whistler was a sort of Gorgon's head, and in their speeches and writings he was also the head of Charles the First. But they never mentioned him by name. They always circumlocuted him. That terrible straight and ineluctable conscience of Whistler's was intolerable

(1) Born June 8th, 1829.

debt. Well, I think there was more than a hint of this idea in what Mr. Gibson said about there being no justification for the continuance of a war-taxed peace.

The Americans cannot really afford to be indifferent to this waste of the capital resources of Europe. They have lent large sums of money, in addition to their war loans, to Europe, above all to Germany, and even the Germans, with all their outcry against armaments, have largely increased their expenditure on their army in the last few years. It has now reached the total of twenty-five million sterling a year, and is still on the upward grade. Some of this money might be very useful in helping them to pay reparations. What is more astonishing is that the Bolshevik Government should be spending over eighty millions a year on its army, navy and air force. The equipment of an army is much more expensive than it was before the War, so that even Switzerland has been forced to increase her expenditure, while France, in spite of a reduction in the term of her military service, is now spending fifty-eight million sterling on her military budget, as compared with thirty-four millions in 1925-1926. The British are the only nation of importance which can show a decreased military expenditure in recent years.

Moreover, this vast expenditure creates the fears and suspicions that make for war. For this reason it must render any nation that has large commitments in Europe uneasy. It was, therefore, the more surprising to find Mr. Gibson yielding point after point in the discussion on the military clauses in the draft convention for the limitation of land armaments. He gave way to the French not only on the question of trained reserves, but also on material in reserve, a concession which really knocks the bottom out of an effective scheme for the reduction of armaments. Nor was the attitude which Lord Cushendun took up in these matters any more intelligible. In fact less so, for the British have a far greater interest than the Americans in reducing the land and air forces of Europe to a level at which they do not constitute a menace to peace. We have not only our trade to think of, but the obligations which we have undertaken under the Covenant of the League of Nations

and the treaties of Locarno to intervene in Europe in certain circumstances. And yet without obtaining any concession from the French or the Italians that they would agree to reduce their naval armaments, we give way on every point on which it is essential to hold out, if land and air armaments are to be reduced.

What was the use, asked the British delegation at Geneva, of holding out? To have refused would, it was argued, have produced merely a deadlock, for the French would never give way on the question of limiting trained reserves or material. The British might as well, in Lord Cushendun's opinion, have protested that they would agree to no disarmament convention which did not abolish conscription. In hope of getting something done, he withdrew his objection to budgetary limitation as applied to war material, which the military Powers seemed inclined to support. Not that it meant much more than stating what each of them was spending in this respect. But the Americans would not accept this form of limitation, and about all that came out of nearly three weeks of discussion on land armaments was a resolution which represented a compromise on this subject, the French agreeing to support the American thesis that there should be publicity of expenditure on war material. Now, as the Covenant of the League obliges every member of the League to exchange full and frank information about armaments, this compromise seemed to do nothing more than to mark the fact that certain Powers have not read the Covenant.

I can discover only one other concession that was made, and that was that civil aeroplanes should not be fitted with war machinery in time of peace. But as an airman said, since you can drop a bomb from any aeroplane as easily as you can drop the dummy of a passenger in a film stunt, this concession did not amount to much. When the Americans insisted that no government should be compelled to control the operations of private aeroplanes, the whole business seemed to be absurd.

Maxim Litvinoff, the Soviet delegate, kept up a running fire of sarcastic comment. He would have carried more

to them. He made them feel like Saul when he woke in the cave of En-gedi.

Millais did not know how to spell *ichthyosaurus*, and he believed that painting was a "profession," and spoke of "throwing it up" when a picture of his remained unsold for a few weeks. He cried out in his anguish that only after his death would he be appreciated!

We have it on the authority of his son and biographer that Millais had "long held" that a baronetcy was "an encouragement to the pursuit of Art in its highest and noblest form." Velasquez he called his "favourite Velasquez." He never went to Spain, but he paid his favourite the compliment of calling one of his own paintings "Souvenir of Velasquez," for all the world to see. His unique literary effort was an article on "Time as the Great Old Master." The article opened: "I am strongly of opinion." It elicited from the Signor, as the adorers of Watts delighted to call the master of Little Holland House, a reply to the effect that time would never turn flake white into fine colour.

A lady I had the honour of knowing used to say, "When I say 'religion' I mean, of course, 'Christianity,' and when I say 'Christianity' I mean, of course, the Church of England." When Millais said "Art" he meant British Art. And when he said "British Art" he meant the painting of John Everett Millais. And we loved him so much that nobody so much as squeaked. Like his friend Henry Irving, Millais was always called "the head of the profession," whatever that may mean. Like Sir Henry, he believed that the "status of Art," whatever that may mean, was raised by bestowal, in geometrical progression, of knighthood, baronetcy, or even peerage, if a bachelor, on the mysterious entity "the head of the profession." They neither of them differed from the rest of us in believing devoutly that "the head of the profession" was *bibi*, as the French translate "number one." They differed only in the frankness with which they proclaimed their belief, and the sense of economy that enabled them to offer it as a good and sufficient substitute for discourses on Art. Nor did anybody squeak. Except my mother's

ok, Elizabeth, who poured cold water on the Irving delirium of the Slade students of 1877 by the reminder: "After all, Irving's only a man when all's said and one." Which, I believe, came as a shock to Margery Lay, and certainly to me.

But a mere century changes nothing. I sat not long ago at a private dinner next to, perhaps, the only peer who is not a highbrow. Always, even in Society, the pedagogue, I was murmuring eloquently of Millet. I saw M'Evoy giggling and egging me on discreetly. "I still have," said the peer, "a splendid copy of 'Bubbles.'" It has since been explained to me that very elementary classes in French are now taught to pronounce the double "l" in Millet as a "y," on the analogy of Caillaux. Just as "Degas" is now, beyond remedy, pronounced in England by some peers, all professors of Art, neo-curators, and even some picture-dealers, as if the name were Des Gas, like Desboutin, Desmarolles, Desanges, etc., instead of like De la Calprenède, De Musset, De Neuville, De Ste Croix, etc. Degas ran the two syllables of his name together on his canvases because he did not wish to emphasise the *particule* in his trade signature, just as Henry Irving did not print the "Sir" in his programmes. "How different from us!" I am sure Lord Eustace Percy will see these little matters put right.

Donovan, the phrenologist, after having read the bumps of Millais, who was incognito, pronounced him utterly deficient in imagination. After a century in which to consider their verdict the world is probably now of the opinion of Donovan, and is no longer amused.

The quite young men among us to-day are rather prone to touch what Millais used to call "devotional subjects" in a guying spirit without, as yet, much result in wit. Just as the mention of Queen Victoria automatically gets a forced laugh in a flagging scene, or as the Albert Memorial is jeered at by a generation that is certainly ignorant of the fact that the Prince Consort initiated the piece of legislation known as the Truck Act. But the later "devotional" pictures of Millais are beyond all believable bounds of flippant ineptitude, coming, as they do, from a grown-up

member of a State from whose Head, apex also of the Church, he was content to accept honours. When we look at his "Jephtha's Daughter" and his "Martyrdom of St. Stephen" it is difficult to believe that he can have read the stories in the authorised version. He is better in "The Enemy Sowing Tares," because his brush was winged by indignation with the "wicked clique" in the Academy who did not like his pictures. It would be interesting to know who was the handsome old Jewish R.A. (was it Solomon Hart?) whose alleged resemblance to the portrait of Satan caused the Hanging Committee to hover on the verge of rejection in 1865. (See caricatures of R.A. exhibition in *Fun* of that year.)

In discussion Millais appears to have alleged the impossibility, in modern times, of treating "devotional subjects" in oils. The series of drawings by Simeon Solomon published in the *London Journal* of scenes of the ritual of the Jewish faith in the Jewish home, the same to-day as they were at their inception, must have been known to him, but he had probably never heard of his kinsman Millet's touching and beautiful masterpiece, the dawn that is told in the verses in the eleventh chapter of *Tobit*:—

Then Anna ran forth, and fell upon the neck of her son, and said unto him, Seeing I have seen thee, my son, from henceforth I am content to die; and they wept both.

Tobit also went forth towards the door, and stumbled. . . .

The starlings are asleep in the tree.

No master in history has painted this scene like the Norman farmer's son of Gréville, under the Empire of Napoleon III.

The Bible will never "go out." It will be read by the *bien pensant*, and probably more diligently by the heathen, to the end of time. And as the picture that does not explain itself is not a picture, the best-known book will be, to the end of time, the most fruitful mine to the draughtsman and the painter, who can only exist at all as illustrators.

Millais' "Nuns" may, I suppose, be classed among his half-mourning or semi-devotional pictures. The picture is supposed to hinge on the fact that the nun on the

right is looking at a coffin-shaped cloud over the top of the painter's easel. How is anyone to know, unless they have been told, that she is not looking at a cloud-shaped coffin, or at the Hammersmith 'bus, for the matter of that? Subject is the lynch-pin of the picture, and if the subject remains the secret of the artist, or of the chosen interviewer he slaps on the back, the apple-cart is upset.

There is no record that John the Baptist foresaw the Crucifixion. To represent him making a property-cross with two sticks and a piece of string would be smart work in a film, but Millais at the date of these pictures seems to have forgotten that a painting by the head of the profession should in theory be calculated to survive the "two-three" months of the season of which the R.A. is the opening. Millais was certainly for some years the most powerful and demoralising factor in British Art.

"The Eve of St. Bartholomew" is altogether below criticism. It would be interesting to read an analysis of its technique from one of the real intelligences of Hollywood. I can see the "Widow's Mite" treated, he would have been enchanted with the model, by Degas. He would not have made her, cynic as he was, looking towards the audience. Her mind would have been entirely fixed on the slit in the money-box. "The Princess Elizabeth in the Tower" holds her dry quill by the inky end, and in the circumstances looks pleasant. We are carefully told, but the public at the R.A. was probably not, the history of the cupboard behind her. Let us assume that it really belonged to Charles I. But fine and even authentic cupboards do not make fine tragedy. "The Bride of Lammermoor" is preposterous. The critics of the day, kind as ever, uttered some such phrases as: "We can see that the painter must have enjoyed painting the caressing fronds of the ferns on her left." But "Whaur's your Walter Scott the noo?" As we are proudly told that the much-reproduced "Knight and the Maiden" was Millais' only nude much may be forgiven. We have to bear in mind the peculiarity attributed to the painter by Mr. Spielmann, who often flew to the help of victory in distress in some such words as: "Millais was never the man to refuse a

challenge." Degas said to Whistler in my hearing: "I find no difficulty in passing by an arena."

The artist's biographer records that it is always a pleasure to read Mr. Spielmann, even when we cannot agree with him. When Mr. Spielmann recommends that one of Millais' paintings on the line at the Academy is to be looked at "with bowed head," I cannot understand how the feat is to be achieved, except with a hand mirror. But I admit it is a pleasure to read Mr. Spielmann.

How, the reader will ask, if there is any truth in the preceding pages, is it possible that the same man was the creator of the following paintings which will rank among the fine pictures of the world?

"Mr. Wyatt and His Grandchild," 1849; "Lorenzo and Isabella," 1849; "Christ in the House of His Parents," with the exquisite child's face of the Christ and the lovely Madonna, 1849; "The Woodman's Daughter," 1849; "The Ophelia," 1852; "The Royalist," 1853; "John Ruskin," 1854; "The Order of Release," with the Scottish lady asleep and the so-Scottish mother, 1853; "The Wilkie Collins," perhaps his best portrait; "Autumn Leaves," 1856; "The Rescue," 1855; "The Blind Girl," 1856, perhaps his masterpiece and one of the masterpieces of the world. The Press complained that the cashier of a blind musician wore such clumsy thick boots, which shows that the Press is now and again endowed with the gift of prophecy. We have changed all that. The adorable child would have worn second-hand pointed imitation crocodile skin shoes, with a high stilt under the instep, and promptly achieved the added asset to the little firm of lameness. The "Sir Isumbras," 1857, which, fine as it is, will not be remembered as long as the Sandys drawing with its marvellous "Harrison Weir" donkey; "The Black Brunswicker," 1860, of which I have a reproduction in each of my studios. This is certainly the first and last time that my friend Katie Dickens had to hold a door to prevent a man from leaving her. "My First Season," 1863, which has all the inscrutable and rather awful dignity of childhood; "Swallow, Swallow," 1864; "The Eve of St. Agnes," 1863, a legend which sticks, because the model

has character and dates; "Sleeping," with the nannie darn-ing by the bedside, 1866; "The Tomb of Nelson," 1868; "Mrs. Heugh," 1872, who must dispute with Mrs. Jopling the title to Millais' finest portrait. Unless it be the "Eveleen Tennant," whom I remember in that red dress at Richmond Terrace, 1877. It seems like yesterday. "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," 1873; "The North-West Passage," a splendid picture, and no worse because it appears to the present writer to represent Vanessa Bell reading the text of *The Instrument* (given at St. James's, December 10th, 1768) to a superannuated member of the London group; the "Stitch, Stitch, Stitch," belonging to Watts, 1876; "The Yeoman of the Guard," 1876; "The First Gladstone," 1879; "Cherry Ripe," 1879; "Sweetest Eyes," 1881; "The Magnificent Beaconsfield," 1881 (un-spoilt owing to the death of the sitter). It was Whistler who killed Sir Henry Cole. Sir Henry Thompson, who collaborated, much to Whistler's irritation, with Whistler in an illustrated catalogue of choice china, 1881. The splendid Hook, whom Keene described as "that old radical," 1882; "The Second Gladstone," 1879; "John Guille Millais," 1887, which was left what we now call "finished," that is to say, *not* overlaid with a palimpsest of pictorial verbiage as was demanded, or, which is quite a different thing, as Millais in his timidity thought was demanded by his paying patrons. A great compliment to his son, as from one draughtsman to another. The child Nina Lehmann, 1869; The Rosebery, a splendid portrait; "The Mistletoe Gatherer," like a more incisive Manet, 1884. As is also "A Message from the Sea," 1884; two masterpieces, The Lord Salisbury, author of the Book of articles by Lord Robert Cecil, with the weight and coolness of authority and experience, 1883 (another Dieppoise); The Marquess of Lorne, 1884; Dorothy Thorpe, 1882; "Shelling Peas," 1889, a fitting and lovely present to Leighton, perhaps Millais' best and tenderest portrait. Sir Richard Quain, 1895; "Penseroso," 1893; the excellent and adequate Lord Shaftesbury, and the magnificent T. Oldham Barlow, R.A., his friend and engraver.

The reason for the terribly fluctuating line of his production was a pathological one. I can claim to understand because I have had exceptional opportunities of watching from inside the lives of several of the greatest artists of the nineteenth century and of many of the greatest of the twentieth. Browning's poem *Just for a handful of gold* cannot be taken as an explanation. Neither the poet nor the novelist claim to be writing either history or biography. Browning was not painting Millais any more than Dickens painted his father in Micawber. These gentlemen sat for, as you might say, or suggested traits for effective situations in *bravura* character. Grubbing about in these collocations is not only indecent but entirely misleading, fit only for the rag-pickers of literature who have nothing in their own sack.

I have never forgotten a lesson that was read me by Monsieur de St. Maurice, who had been equerry to the Khedive and may be supposed to have been at home in theories of finance. It was in the classic restaurant in Dieppe of La Mère Lefèvre, in the Rue de la Halle au Blé, opposite to the three weeks' summer palace of Napoleon III.

One of the delightful semi-remittance men who wisely pullulate in French ports spoke of his poverty. "What is your rent in Dieppe?" asked M. de St. Maurice. "Twenty pounds a year for an eight-roomed house, a small garden with *peupliers d'Italie*, cellarage, and a cistern of 20,000 litres of rain water," said the clean-shaven remittance man. "And your rates and taxes?" "Two pounds a year." "You are not poor at all! If you had, falling due, at incessant and erratic dates claims for £400 at a time, which you had to meet or be ruined, you would understand for the first time what poverty is!"

And in a cumulating form that is what Millais knew from his childhood to the hour of his death. A palace in Prince's Gate, fishings and deer forests for the summer, etc., set the pace for his earnings. Millais' anguish was only on a larger scale than the anguish of his noble kinsman across the water in Barbizon and Gréville. But it is not Millet who is to be pitied. *Durand Ruel était là!*

The tragedy of hunting thousands in sterling is more terrible, and above all more dangerous, than that of hunting tens in hundreds of franks.

The ruling passion of both, as with all artists, was their work. Leisure to allow their work, like all organic things, to grow at its own pace. And Millais was like the nut within the crackers in his picture that contemporaries called "the kick." In *loco parentis* to his parents as a Wunderkind in Gower Street, he had to make what is perhaps the most difficult transition in the world, from a modest to a relatively enormous scale of living. If you read his biography you see that he was always rattled, and that all his bluff was merely whistling to keep his courage up. He was not intelligent enough to know that he might have made more money than he did by refusing to be rattled, and producing more slowly ("*ça durera ce que ça durera*," a French doctor said to me of the whooping cough). Not only his brother artists, but the whole country, with English good-nature, understanding in a confused manner the nature of his *ἀνάγκη*, joined in a somewhat unconvinced and vociferous complicity of praise, for they knew that he was Millais, and that his name would endure for ever.

Millais' practice, like that of many of his contemporaries, was vitiated by the accursed theory of painting his pictures from nature. It led him, as it has led thousands at home and abroad, as far from nature as possible. The masters to whom we all pay lip-service did not produce in this manner. The St. Helena of the vision is asleep, and you cannot paint a life-sized figure in the time of a woman's slumber. The art of oil-painting in its excellence demands execution in several stages with, in northern climates, long intervals for drying. Cézanne has been of the greatest utility by reducing the painting from nature method to the crowning absurd in his men playing cards. A laborious copy of four models sitting for hours, day after day, for weeks, pretending to play cards is the cumulation of lifelessness and *ennui*, the priceless classic of how not to do it. It should hang in the National Gallery. Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation" was

not done from eleven men simultaneously drunk in the studio from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an interval for luncheon. We have Leighton's admirable example in our own lifetime. Millais had the benefit of Leech's friendship, but his example taught him nothing, no more than did that of Keene. If we would only all go to school to the black and white men! Painting and drawing were, for such as him and Frith, in watertight compartments. Millais summed up the spirit of the Derby Day in a drawing (1853) entitled "The Race Meeting." Weeping and bitterly humiliated woman, drunken, whiskered Champagne Charlie, and all, in the barouche, compared with which Frith's "Derby Day" is a population entirely consisting of a wilderness of recurring and quite nice Eugene Wrayburns. If Millais had simply facsimiled in paint his ripping drawing of "The Romans Leaving Britain," we should have had at least a startling melodrama of history instead of the dullest, dreariest, and *grosvenorest* of his duller work. For all men kill the thing they love when they superimpose on a perfect and finished design a palimpsest of oil-paint done from imported, irrelevant models in a box 40ft. by 20ft., with a north light in Palace Gate or Fitzroy Street.

Aimer ce que jamais on ne verra deux fois
is the painter's golden rule.

THE POLISH CORRIDOR AND AN EASTERN LOCARNO

BY E. H. PHELPS BROWN

IN the past two or three years the Polish Corridor has received considerable attention in the British Press, and nothing has more distinguished the discussion than the hopelessness of those who attempt to be impartial, and the intransigence of those who do not. From attack and riposte alike arises the impression that the Corridor is the object of conflicting and incompatible claims, and that unless an unlikely compromise be soon reached, it is idle to speak of a Locarno in the East. Now if we pose the question as one of historical rights, this is perfectly correct. The arguments that each side may draw from the past exactly balance one another; whatever the standard by which we judge, the case admits of no clear decision. Accordingly the field is clear for partisanship on either hand. Those to whom the rights of oppressed nationalities are sacred hail the settlement of 1919 as a great act of historical justice; those who look no farther than the map of to-day denounce it as an intolerable anomaly. Yet it is the purpose of this article to suggest that the conflict remains only so long as we pose the fruitless question of historical rights. If we ask which side had the better claim in 1919, we enter upon an endless disputation; but if we ask whether the present situation can meet the needs of both sides in the developing future, we shall find in it the elements of an enduring settlement. And if this can be established it follows that neutral opinion, to which so many appeals have been addressed, must not enter the lists on one side or the other, but must look steadily towards a *détente*.

It is worth while first to examine the hopeless conflict of historical evidence. The threads are tangled already as they unravel from the tapestry of the Middle Ages. In the thirteenth century the western bank of the Vistula

below Thorn was under the rule of its own house, independent alike of its Polish and of its German neighbours; but it fell to the intrigues of the one and the arms of the other. For at the end of the century there came a break in the succession; one of the two rival candidates was supported by the Poles, and to further his cause they called in the Teutonic Knights, who for the past sixty years had been carving out a colony from the lands of the Prussians on the eastern side of the Vistula. The Knights intervened with vigour, and in 1308 they obtained the cession of the whole territory. At this date, then, it first came under a German rule, and under German rule it remained until 1454. During this time it was largely Germanised. From the west there poured out the brave emigration of the younger sons, a stream of peasants, priests, artisans, and teachers, who at least in the towns established a thoroughly German civilisation. But the state of the Knights soon broke up. In 1454 this part came under Polish suzerainty; the *coup d'état* of 1569 incorporated it in the Polish State; and then the cultural tide began to flow the other way. Nor was it checked until in 1772 Frederick the Great took the land in the first Polish partition. Throughout this period some of the towns continued to use the German tongue, and even formed a league against Polish oppression of the Protestants; but in the south German gradually disappears from the municipal records. In 1772, then, the population of most of the countryside, and of some of the towns, was Polish speaking; and this they remained, despite a steadily and sometimes harshly applied policy of Germanisation, down to the Great War.

From a reading of this changing story it is clearly impossible to assert that the Corridor belongs historically either to the one side or the other. German rule or influence has lasted for 292 years, Polish for 318; if the German was first in the field, it was at the instance of the Pole that he entered, and it was to the Polish alliance that the German burgher had resort when he quarrelled with his overlords the Knights. What interpretation, indeed, we shall put upon the story, depends entirely upon

our preconception of the relative worth of German or Slav. In nothing does this appear more clearly than in the figure of the Teutonic Knight. To the Pole, he is the cruel and iron vanguard of the *Drang nach Osten*, striking the first blows in the war of German Imperialism against its eastern neighbours. To the German, he is the first torchbearer of Kultur, the man of discipline, craftsmanship, and science, bringing Christian faith and German order for the first time to a benighted land. Nor is there any more objective standard by which an arbiter could decide. In truth, the record of the past can furnish no more than a plentiful supply of sticks with which the propagandists of both sides may beat each other. The German can write of the decay of the province under Polish rule, the Pole can tell of children whipped because they would not say the Lord's Prayer in German; and neither story can do anything more than raise tempers. Yet the use of history in this problem, as in all others, is not to dictate to the present, but to enable us to understand it. Keeping it to such use we can draw only one conclusion: that the Corridor is a land where for centuries German and Pole have mingled, and that to bar it wholly behind the frontier of either of the present claimants must needs be to inflict a loss upon the other.

But if history may be called as a witness on both sides, so also may the state of the Corridor at the outbreak of war. According to the German census of 1910 there were then living in the district which has since been ceded to Poland 418,107 Germans and 526,616 Poles. That number of Poles is obtained by reckoning together the Poles and the Kashubs, a people living in the district near the sea; and it is claimed by the Germans that the Kashub, if he be no German, is at least no Pole. Between the two peoples, however, there are only slight differences of dialect, and the German anti-Polish laws were applied as much to the Kashub as to the Pole.

Yet though the census reveals a majority of Poles it is not clear how these figures should be translated into terms of political sympathy. It is certain that in the fifteen elections to the Reichstag between 1871 and 1918

the three northern circles never failed to return Polish members. Yet no such assertion can be made of the southern half of the Corridor; and even in the north it may be true that the peasants, influenced rather by religious than by political loyalty, obeyed the instruction of their priests that the Polish candidate was the only true Catholic. Not all those, moreover, who were reckoned as Poles can have regarded the German as an alien and an oppressor. In the area of the Silesian plebiscite, for example, the census of 1910 gave only 38 per cent. as German speaking, with 7 per cent. as bilingual, and yet in the event 59 per cent. of the poll was for Germany; and a similar difference might have appeared had a plebiscite been held in the Corridor.

And if we leave the strict rule of self-determination, that counts the squatter on the Tuchele Heath as of equal value with the burgher of Thorn, another qualification appears: for it is clear that whatever the force of Polish nationalism, the majority of heads did not represent a preponderance of influence. It is significant, for instance, that of the forty-four towns of what was then Western Prussia, there was a German majority in thirty-three; and that the tax revenue from the circles with a German majority averaged in 1911 more than half as much again per head as that from the circles with a Polish majority. Above all, the landowners were mostly German. Throughout the whole territory there was not a single district in which the percentage of land held by Germans was not greater than the percentage of German population, and the difference was most marked where the latter figure was lowest.

In the last ten years, then, before the War, the Corridor was in economic life predominately German, in race predominately Polish; but in neither respect was the majority overwhelming. Yet after all qualifications the evidence of the census remains strong enough to show that the Corridor was not merely a piece of economic surgery. The error is commonly held, for the very name Corridor implies it. No stroke of German policy could have been more successful than the coining of this name. It suggests

that since Poland, by President Wilson's Thirteenth Point, had in vague terms been guaranteed an access to the sea, a way was cut for her through the living body of Germany; and it is then very easy to point out that far less inconvenience would have been caused if the incision had been made not to Danzig but to Memel. It was not only for economic reasons, however, that the territory was allotted to Poland; the Poles would certainly have laid claim to it, and not without some reason, had it had no economic significance at all. For this reason it is fairer to call it not by the controversial name of the Corridor, but by the historical name of *Pommerellen*.

From this summary it should appear that history can give no verdict: the past speaks with two voices, providing both sides with arguments, and neither with rights. But if there is thus no certainty of historical justice, men should be all the more free to reach a settlement that looks only to the developing future; they must seek the compromise that will best meet the real interests at stake now and in the years to come. What is always the best standard is here the only standard possible.

What are the vital interests thus engaged in *Pommerellen*? No answer to that question can be complete which does not begin by emphasising the changes which have been wrought in it by the first ten years of its new Polish allegiance. Already it has become an organic part of the Polish State. There have been changes, first, in population. According to the Polish census the German population had sunk by the end of 1927 from 418,107, its figure in 1910, to 120,940; whereas the Polish population had risen from 526,616 to 849,591. These figures give 87.5 per cent. of the population as now Polish, and 12.5 per cent. as German, and their substantial accuracy is borne out by the elections to the Sejm in March, 1928, when the German minority, which may be expected to poll solidly, made up 15.2 per cent. of the total votes polled. It is thus clear that between two and three hundred thousand Germans have left *Pommerellen*, and that their place has been more than taken by Poles. Of these emigrants there are some officials, railway servants,

teachers, and the like, who must in any case have left the country with the German administration; and many others there were who chose to leave of their own free will. Yet so great an emigration is not to be explained by these causes alone; and it is certain that many Germans who had no desire to leave their occupations, and were far from being political agitators, found their position so unpleasant that they were forced to sell their property for what it would fetch and flee the country. Their story rouses indignation, but the fact remains that they have gone, and that their place has been taken by Poles whose nationalism is uncompromising. Pommerellen is now unmistakably Polish.

Yet more striking even than changes in population are the changes in economic importance. Because the partitioning of Poland occurred before the country had been touched by modern industry, the economic development of Pommerellen took place largely in isolation from its hinterland, the basin of the Vistula; but within ten years of the drawing of a new frontier the stream of commerce has run back into its natural bed. Before the War the main lines of communication through Pommerellen were from west to east; to day they are from south to north. The Vistula is too rapid and too full of sandbanks to be itself a highway, and it has been neglected by the Poles, but its course northwards forms the natural road to the sea of a great agricultural plain. Some of that trade used to go to Danzig, but the greater part went farther west. To-day its volume is greatly increased, for its new watershed is the wide frontier of Poland, and it is zealously fostered by the Polish Government. But it is not only to Danzig that it goes. Some twelve or fourteen miles west of Danzig, around a little fishing village called Gdynia, there has suddenly sprung up a new port. Only perhaps in the United States could one find a contemporary parallel to this rapid development of a commercial city built on a single plan; houses six storeys high stand with the potatoes still growing in the ground about them, and the waters of the foreshore are being divided up by the quays and breakwaters of a great harbour. Already it is handling consider-

able traffic. In August of 1928 Danzig, which was then working to capacity, was handling 900 wagons a day, while Gdynia was handling 330. By 1929 the port will be as large as Danzig, that is, capable of handling eight million tons in the year; and according to present plans it will two years later reach a capacity of fifteen million tons. At one end of the harbour, moreover, is a naval basin, and here now lie certain torpedo boats and destroyers, which may be called the Polish Navy. A new railway has been built from Gdynia direct to Silesia. From these things should appear the importance which Gdynia, and with it Pommerellen, has already assumed to Poland. No discussion of the Corridor question can have any value which does not recognise it. And that importance does not lie only in the traffic handled, or in the capital invested, though these are considerable: but also in the hopes and the pride which have attached themselves to the new city.

Such are the vital interests of Poland now vested in Pommerellen. What of German interests?

To see the chief of these one has only to glance at the map. The separation of East Prussia from the main body of the German State is without example in the history of modern treaties, and superficially it may appear an enormity. Yet it must be remembered that land communications are far from being broken. For a time after the War the difficulties were naturally acute, but by the Paris Convention, which came into force in June, 1922, a regular system of traffic was set up. The number of trains is not a third of that running before the War, and the traffic which remains is subject to some vexatious restrictions; yet, provided that he travels by certain specified trains, the German traveller can now pass through Pommerellen without hindrance or formality. For everyday communications there has thus been established a provisional settlement.

German strategic interests, however, are a different question. It is obvious that in the event of a war East Prussia would be isolated, and could be quickly overrun. This is true; but it does not appear how the difficulty could be remedied without returning to the frontier of 1914, and this would involve the Polish loss of Posnanie,

whose essentially Polish character is not in dispute. The difficulty, moreover, cuts both ways: for if Poland holds a toll-gate on a main German road, a German force can lie within striking distance of the most important of all Polish highways.

There remains, of German interests, the economic position of East Prussia, and this is grave. East Prussia is a cattle- and horse-breeding country, and before the War its chief market was in its neighbouring province on the west. By the insertion of the new frontier that market is removed to twice its former distance. The position of the East Prussian farmer is made yet more difficult by the insecurity which is felt to hang like a cloud over his province, and which restricts the supply of capital; as much as twelve per cent. has to be paid for agricultural credits. Despite a good harvest in the past autumn, the province is now suffering a severe economic depression. In certain districts on the new frontier, moreover, the local burden has been made especially heavy by certain absurdities in the local demarcation of the boundary: the system of dykes, for instance, by which the lowlands by the Vistula are protected, is in a short distance cut by the frontier seven times. These things are small details amid the great forces of politics; but they have meant severe suffering for many humble people, and they are such grievances as keep hatred alive.

Such, on both sides, are the vital interests now at stake in Pommerellen. There is nothing here merely transitory, nothing vindictive; when the memories of the War have become less vivid, and when the new frontier seems no longer a reproach to the wounded pride of Germany, this crossing of interests must still remain. For in truth Pommerellen is one of those districts of Europe which have no natural place within the system of nation-states, each with its army, and its tariff wall, and its centralised government. Politically, its loyalties are mixed; strategically, it is important to both sides; economically, it is a cross-roads which both sides must use. To whichever state it had been allotted, the interests of the other must gravely have suffered. The best solution once, perhaps, would

have been the creation of a Free State of Pommerellen, including what is now the Free City of Danzig, whose constitution should forbid it to impose protective tariffs, and which should guarantee communications both to Germany and to Poland. But the time for such speculation has passed; no hand can undo the work of the past ten years. Facing the problem as it stands to-day we must attempt to strike a balance of the interests at stake. And when we do so we find that the preponderance lies with Poland. Politically, the loyalties of Pommerellen are mixed; but the doubtful Polish majority of the past has been turned into an emphatic Polish majority of the present. Strategically, it is important to both sides; but the importance of access to the sea for the mass of the citizens of Poland is far greater than the importance of access to East Prussia for the mass of the citizens of Germany. Economically, it is a cross-roads which both sides must use; but the control of one road does not imply the closure of the other, and the road from south to north is carrying, and will continue to carry, far more traffic than that from west to east. On each count the interests of Poland are more vital than those of Germany; the return of Pommerellen to German hands, were it ever possible, would create graver difficulties than it would remove. Defective though the present settlement may be, there is, therefore, no justification for an attempt to overturn it. The way of improvement must lie not in the mustering of force to attempt some new carving of boundaries, but in the acceptance of the general line of the present frontiers, and the attainment of a better understanding in the problems that arise out of them.

Four points may be suggested as a basis of such an agreement. In the first place, German acceptance of the main lines of the frontier might be accompanied by the rectification of local inequities in its course. Second, the frontiers of Pommerellen might be erected into a demilitarised zone under the supervision of a joint committee. Such an arrangement would go far to meet the strategic difficulty, which exists only as it is feared, and it would be the best recognition of the anomalous position of Pom-

merellen in the system of nation-states. Though the balance of economic and political interests assign it to Poland, there is here no reason why it should be a Polish military outpost. The strategic advantages of such a position are so closely balanced by its disadvantages that the Polish Government should not be unwilling to attain for its essential communications the far greater security of a demilitarised zone. Third, with the growth of Gdynia there seems less reason for the continued existence of the Free City of Danzig. Created as a compromise between the claims of Poland to a harbour and the almost completely German character of its population, the Free City may once have been justified as a special expedient designed to meet a special need; but with the lessening of the need that justification disappears. It may be true that Polish commerce will in the future require the full resources of both Gdynia and Danzig; but this need can be met by the creation of a free harbour in Danzig, and it will be to the direct interest of the Danziger to attract as much Polish traffic as possible. The reversion of the Free City, with more than a third of a million German inhabitants, to the German Reich, would have a great sentimental impact, and would provide a signal offset to the recognition of the frontiers of Pommerellen. Fourth, the political treaty might be accompanied by a commercial treaty, from which both countries would have much to gain. The one mainly agricultural, the other possessed of a high industrial technique, they are in economic life complementary, and yet they have been separated by a tariff war. The easing of German commercial traffic with East Prussia should be an important part of such a treaty.

Whatever the particular merits of these suggestions, they serve to show that there is much room for compromise. It has been the purpose of this article to suggest that the interweaving of interests which now makes the problem so perplexing may in another frame of mind become the strongest influence towards agreement.

THE BRITISH COAL INDUSTRY

BY CAPTAIN R. C. SMART, M.C., M.I., MIN.E.

THE position to-day in the coal industry in this country is in some respects well known, due to its parlous condition and the mass of publicity given to it. More than half the unemployment in this country exists in the exporting and heavy industries, and the persistence of deplorable industrial conditions show that it is not due to any temporary slump. The increase in unemployment during the past year was 14.4 per cent. Those in positions of executive control and responsibility should clearly appreciate the fact, and one hopes it is becoming increasingly evident that British trade has to face a permanent and wide-reaching change in world economic conditions. The reconstruction of the coal industry in this country is a part only of the larger and wider task of bringing order to the whole of the British economic system, so that we may fully recover our competitive position in the world's markets. It is quite apparent we are on the eve of far-reaching changes from the established methods of control and direction in industry. Horizontal combines, legally constituted cartels, and the growth of nationalism are of proved practical value to-day in industry.

If the radical departures made abroad as regards this and international trade agreements and combinations are not given the due attention they deserve at home, then it will be a sorry day for British commerce. Our efforts on the whole have been badly adjusted to meet post-War economic conditions. We have to meet not only an organised, intelligent, energetic foreign competition, but what is not perhaps clearly realised to-day, an ever-increasing inter-Empire competition in overseas markets from our self-governing Dominions and Colonies. India, for example, exported 185,000 tons of pig-iron to U.S.A. in 1925. Our mental outlook has not envisaged the rapid changes since the War, world-wide in character, in trade and commerce, and we have been slow to move.

TABLE I.

WORLD'S PRODUCTION OF COAL.

Country.	Year.	Coal.	Year.	Coal.
Great Britain	1913	287,400,000	1925	240,700,000
U.S.A.	"	516,950,000	"	569,270,000
Germany	"	Coal 190,000,000	"	Coal 152,300,000
France	"	Lignite 87,000,000	"	Lignite 106,600,000
Czecho-Slovakia	"	41,000,000	"	52,000,000
Belgium	1920	31,000,000	1924	35,600,000
Japan	1913	23,000,000	1928	27,543,000
India	"	21,760,000	1924	31,790,000
Australia	"	16,470,000	1927	21,109,000
China	"	14,530,000	1924	11,920,000
Canada	"	14,000,000	1925	25,000,000
S. Africa	"	13,600,000	1927	11,000,000
Russia	"	9,210,000	1924	11,920,000
Poland	1913	28,837,000	1928	35,000,000
Spain	1920	6,000,000	1928	40,480,000
Italy (Output	1913	4,293,000	1927	6,690,076
(Coal Imports	"	Lignite 701,081	1926	Lignite 1,384,030
Sweden	"	Coal 10,700,000	1927	Coal 14,000,000
Holland	"	363,965	1928	390,000
Other Countries	"	2,000,000	"	11,000,000
		7,110,000	1924	20,870,000

TABLE II.

WORLD'S PRODUCTION—PIG-IRON AND STEEL (1=1,000,000 TONS).*

Country.	1913	1928 (partly estimated).	Production Great Britain 1913-1928.	World's Production. 1913-1928.
PIG-IRON:				
Great Britain ..	10.26	6.61	Production declined 36% to 1928 from 1913.	Production increased 11% to 1928 from 1913. In W. Europe there is a slight in- crease in total pro- duction and inclu- sive of figures for Great Britain
Germany	10.73	11.55		
France	8.93	9.90		
Belgium	2.45	3.80		
Luxemburg ..	2.51	2.70		
U.S.A.	30.97	37.84		
Australia- Canada-India	1.28	2.59		
World's Total (including other countries)....	77.90	86.43		
STEEL:				
Great Britain ..	7.66	8.53	Production increased 11% to 1928 from 1913. In 1913 Gt. Britain produced 10%: in 1928 she produced only 8% of world's total.	Production increased 43% to 1928 from 1913. In W. Europe production in- creased 31% in same period
Germany	11.99	14.10		
France	6.86	9.10		
Belgium	2.43	3.80		
Luxemburg ..	1.31	2.52		
U.S.A.	31.30	51.00		
Australia- Canada-India	1.11	2.17		
World's Total (including other countries) ...	75.15	106.68		

* From "Review British Iron and Steel Industry," H. Talbot—"Iron and Coal Trades Review," Jan. 25th, 1929.

On the contrary, we have very largely followed pre-War conditions and methods, old-established in character, of production and organisation. This torpescence and stolidity of temperament is an unfortunate characteristic generally of those in control of our heavy industries to-day, and in an increasing respect in regard to coal mining. Reduction in industrial activity is also due to the growth abroad in many countries of local manufacture of the goods which we used to export to them.

TABLE III.

GREAT BRITAIN—COAL CONSUMPTION (1=1,000,000 TONS).

	1913		1925		1928
INTERNAL CON- SUMPTION:	Tons.	%	Tons.		
Gas works	16.7	9	16.45	Between 1913 and 1925 the loss in cargo coal is:— Europe, 19.6 m. tons. Africa, 1.12 m. tons. S. America, 2.62 m. tons.	The figures for 1927 are not given, as they are not a reliable index, due to coal stoppage in 1926. 1928, however, approxi- mates very closely to 1925.
Electric power	4.9	3	8.08		
Railways	13.2	8	13.36		
Pig-iron works	21.2	12	12.03		
Steel & iron works	10.2	5	9.26		
Collieries	18.0	10	15.42		
Domestic	40.0	19	40.00		
General trades	57.7	30	53.81		
Miscellaneous	7.1	4	5.49		
Total	189.0		173.9		
EXPORT:					
Cargo	73.4	98.4 Total.	50.8	70.5 Total	50.0 16.73 2. } Tons. 68.73 Total Exports or a loss of 31.5% in export trade comparing 1928 with 1913.
Bunkers	21.0		16.4		
Coke, patent fuel ..	4.0		3.3		
Total output ..	287.4		244.4		240.73

NOTE (a) The above table shows the following loss in consumption comparing 1913 with 1928, viz.: (1) Internal Consumption—17 m. tons. (2) Export—29.7 m. tons; total 46.7 m. tons. (3) Loss in bunker consumption 4.27 m. tons.

(b) REPARATION Coal and Coke.—Annual delivery from Germany—13.2 m. tons—9.3 m. tons coal; 3.9 m. tons coke.

The world's coal output has increased from 1,340.65 million tons in 1913 to 1,480 million tons in 1927. Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight shows a decrease in output of 30 million tons, of which Great Britain's share was 11 million tons, or 37 per cent. of the decreased output. Though coal as a source of power is steadily losing ground, there has been a world's increase in coal consumption of over 100 million tons since 1913 to date. Tables I and II are self-explanatory. Table III indicates where our loss

of coal output has occurred. It will be observed that the heaviest loss is in regard to export coal in the European market. It is not necessary, therefore, to consider the competition of export American coal in Continental markets, as of the 13½ million tons from U.S.A. sent abroad in 1928 the bulk went to Canada. There is a world's over-production of coal to-day, and the competition for business in Europe at present is intense and severe. It requires both the highest organisation in industry regarded as a national organic industrial unit, and the finest and most modern plant and methods of intensive mining to give the lowest costs of production of the raw product—coal. The only monopoly we have in this country to assist us to regain our competitive position, apart from the personnel of our workers, is the natural disposition of our coalfields, industrial centres, and comparatively short hauls in transportation. It may be stated quite definitely that, though we have some of the best equipped and finest coal mines in the world, the general level as regards mechanisation of plant and engineering methods in this country is sadly behind that of our competitors. The organisation of the industry as evidenced in salesmanship, marketing schemes, etc., is deplorable. The only marketing scheme of the three in existence possessing any sound constructive policy is the Scottish one, as it regulates its coal supply from the most economic producers.

(a) PRODUCTION

From the point of view of natural conditions this country enjoys an unparalleled position the world over. With the exception of a small portion of the Midland coalfields the whole of our coal-producing counties have a seaboard. Eighty per cent. of our output is situated in one or other of the great concentrations of industrial population and in counties with a seaboard. Of the total output 40 per cent. is in definite coastal areas. The average length of haul or railway transit for export coal is twenty-five miles, for land sale fifty five miles, and for all freight traffic fifty-four miles. London, representing about

TABLE IV.
COAL OUTPUT, COSTS OF PRODUCTION AND PROCEEDS FOR SEPTEMBER QUARTER, 1928 (FROM THE MINES DEPARTMENT).

	Scotland.	North- umberland.	Durham.	South Wales and Monmouth (Aug. to Sept.).	Yorkshire.	North Derbyshire and Notts.	S. Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Chas. and Warwick.	Lancs., Cheshire, and Staffs.	Cumbria, W. Lancs., Shropshire, W. Wales, Kent, Devon, Somerset, Dorset, Gloucester, Bristol, Forest of Dean, & Gwent.	Summary for Great Britain.
Output:										
1. Tonnage of saleable coal raised	7,056,976	2,880,332	8,237,902	9,732,960	10,058,231	6,911,856	2,906,238	4,301,283	2,406,208	51,562,063
2. Miners' consumption	500,055	105,470	226,516	550,284	496,917	338,578	174,239	392,700	108,983	3,014,470
3. Miners' coal	41,016	98,065	242,433	151,026	221,907	138,533	61,484	34,780	41,543	1,047,137
4. Tonnage disposable commercially	6,432,405	2,676,797	7,768,953	9,028,650	9,339,407	6,434,745	2,669,515	3,873,783	2,255,682	48,480,446
Costs of Production per ton:										
5. Wages	8 7.10	7 2.65	7 10.0	8 4.0	9 7.81	9 6.62	8 5.39	12 3.60	10 6.09	8 5.90
6. Stores and timber	1 6.84	1 5.80	1 7.32	1 11.87	1 1.86	1 5.43	1 2.42	1 0.37	1 8.34	1 6.83
7. Other costs	2 2.66	2 10.15	2 11.67	2 7.88	2 9.59	2 5.71	2 6.86	3 10.77	2 8.34	2 9.09
8. Miners' Welfare Fund (contributions)	0 1.10	0 1.08	0 1.06	0 1.05	0 1.07	0 1.09	0 1.10	0 1.11	0 1.09	0 1.08
9. Royalties (including rental value of freehold minerals worked by owner)	0 6.35	0 6.21	0 6.02	0 8.23	0 4.86	0 4.41	0 4.11	0 6.90	0 6.05	1 255,037
10. Total costs	13 0.65	12 1.89	13 0.07	15 0.08	14 0.71	13 8.22	15 2.22	18 7.75	15 5.91	35 668,735
11. Deduct proceeds of miners' coal	0 0.04	—	—	0 1.52	0 1.13	0 0.81	0 0.43	0 1.65	0 1.09	187,313
12. Net costs	12 11.71	12 1.89	13 0.07	15 7.53	13 11.46	13 8.41	15 1.74	18 6.10	15 4.82	35 481,422
13. Commercial disposals	11 10.27	10 9.86	11 11.16	13 11.46	12 7.51	12 10.73	14 5.17	15 10.33	14 0.08	32,161,851
BALANCE:										
14. Debits	1 1.44	1 3.94	1 0.91	1 8.07	1 4.07	0 9.68	0 8.57	2 7.77	1 4.76	3,319,571
15. Credits	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 4.11
16. Number of workpeople employed	86,574	42,228	124,208	148,140	187,074	92,691	63,107	99,049	44,290	859,259
17. Total number of man-shifts worked at the coal face	2,464,538	972,849	2,873,093	4,439,825	3,590,259	2,075,868	1,015,006	1,878,017	1,096,015	20,294,291
18. man-shifts worked above and below ground	5,965,381	2,837,444	7,630,483	9,715,322	9,007,710	4,960,131	2,842,806	5,143,047	2,717,543	50,679,567
19. Number of man-shifts lost (sickness, etc.)	192,710	189,578	612,267	683,771	778,727	312,384	108,358	334,426	212,616	3,258,836
20. Output per man-shift worked	cwts. 23.54	cwts. 21.84	cwts. 21.99	cwts. 20.04	cwts. 22.33	cwts. 23.69	cwts. 20.45	cwts. 16.73	cwts. 18.15	cwts. 21.13
21. Earnings per man-shift worked	s. d. 9 2.44	s. d. 7 3.95	s. d. 7 11.71	s. d. 9 7.23	s. d. 9 11.94	s. d. 10 4.84	s. d. 9 9.86	s. d. 9 3.17	s. d. 8 8.69	s. d. 9 3.25

* Costs of production per ton disposable commercially.
† Management, salaries, insurance, repairs, office, and general expenses, depreciation, etc.
‡ The earnings per shift do not include the value of allowances in kind equivalent to 4½d. per shift.

one-fifth of the consuming population of the kingdom, receives 53 per cent. of fuel by rail and 47 per cent. by sea. As regards our Continental competitors, the Belgian coalfields are over fifty miles from the sea, French coalfields thirty-five to seventy miles, German coalfields 100 to 150 miles. Due to the disposition of the Ruhr coalfield in relation to the Rhine and inland waterways, Germany enjoys the most favourable conditions after ourselves as regards export trade. Polish coal is nearly 400 miles from the sea, but a preferential railway rate is given to the industry for export coal, 13.3 million tons being exported out of a total production of 40 million tons in 1928. Iron and steel production is also favourably situated as regards concentration of the population, proximity of coalfields and the leading ports of the country. Continental transport conditions for iron and steel are not so good as for coal. We are not making the best use of our natural conditions by a long way. Table IV (p. 777) shows the cost of producing coal in the United Kingdom for the quarter ending September 30th, 1928. It may be explained "proceeds commercial disposals" means what is usually termed the average selling price, which is arrived at as follows: In mechanically cleaning and sizing of coal in colliery screening plant the total production of run of mine coal is graded into various qualities as below:—

TABLE V

Quality of Product.	Per cent Produced	Size.
Best Deep Coal, 6.7%; Bright Coal, 1.6%; Spires, 4.7%; Selected, 7.2%; Hard • Ryder, 5.0%; Screened Steam, 2.7%; Miner's Coal, 2.7%; Spire Cobbles, 1.0%; Cobbles, 29.5%; Baker's nuts, 12.5%; D.S. Nuts, 8.0%; Slack	36.0% 30.5% 20.5% 18.9%	Usually over 9" cube. 6" to 3½" cube. 3½" to 1½" cube. 1½" to dust

Each of the above qualities has a different selling price, and it is the average selling price of the total product in its relation to costs of production that governs the economic position of the colliery. The above

(1) Table IV, No. 13.

represents average conditions as nearly as possible, though there is no systematic commercial classification or grading of British coals. The traditional statement of our industrialists where labour costs form 72 per cent. or over of the total costs of production is that it is the earning capacity of the industry that governs the wages paid, and production costs therefore are governed largely by wages.

Whilst not denying an economic germ of truth in the statement, so traditional is the remark, so redolent of the past dim ages of industrial administration that one feels inclined to add "*sic fert fabula*." The real position is that with efficient organisation and intensive mechanised mining methods the increased unit output of the worker is of paramount importance in lowering the cost of production.

The following figures relate to a colliery recently under the author's management, and show the effect of increased output per man shift on normal costs of production. They are prior to the stoppage of 1926 and refer to the "seven-hour shift" only.

TABLE VI.

Item.	Output—cwts. per man per shift (all employees).		
	18 cwts.	16½ cwts.	15 cwts.
Wages—underground	9/0.1	9/10.47	10/8.7
surface	2/8.3	2/11.8	3/0.0
Stores and timber	10.2	1/4.4	1/3.8
Royalties and general charges ..	1/3.5	1/3.8	1/5.2
Boiler fuel	3.1	3.0	2.9
Worker's coal-allowance	6.4	6.3	7.4
Miners' Welfare Fund (1d. per ton)	1.0	1.0	1.0
Total cost per ton	14/8.6	16/4.7	17/5.0

Following the return to the "eight-hour shift" the output per man shift increased 2.22 cwt. with a decreased cost of production of nearly 3s. per ton for the country as a whole.

Referring to Table IV (p. 777), attention is drawn to Scotland, due to the high output per man shift and relatively good wages paid, coupled with low costs of production. Scotland is the home of machine mining, over 55 per cent. of her output being mechanically mined or got (96.5 electric power) as compared with 18 per cent. for the rest of

the kingdom. It is due to the energy and foresight of Scottish engineers that extremely difficult conditions, owing to the average thinness of the coal seams, are successfully dealt with. Seams from 13 in. thick are worked, and at Kings-hill Colliery of the Coltness Iron Co. an output of 2 tons per man shift (all employees) is obtained from a 2 ft. 2 in. to 3 ft. thick seam by means of improved underground mechanisation and mining methods. By what is known as the panel retreating system at Cannock Chase Colliery Co. an output of 220 tons per day from 80 yards of face, or 14 tons per shift per man producing on the coal face, is secured in the Bass seam 4 ft. 6 in. thick. By ordinary methods of hand getting the corresponding figure would be 2.8 to 3 tons per man shift, as against 14 tons mechanically got. The system results in better working conditions, efficient supervision, and, due to high output per man shift, low costs of production. The panel retreating system of work is highly developed at Coventry Colliery, Warwickshire Coal Co., Ltd., where an overall output per man shift (all employees) of 30 cwt. is obtained. Another advantage in this case dealing with a thick seam (over 20 ft.) is that relatively little waste of coal occurs. Compare these figures with the average of 21.13 cwt. for the whole kingdom in Table IV.

The coal measures in the Ruhr coalfield, Germany, are subjected to excessive folding in numerous synclinal and anticlinal folds and overlaps.¹ The general system of underground development is by means of a series of carefully graded horizontal drives in the rock from the shaft sides at vertical intervals of 100 metres. The panel system of development is followed, forming panels 450 metres in width. It is sufficient to say that the mechanisation of German mining underground, coupled with such methods of development, is more astonishing than the surface plant. Over 85 per cent. of the Ruhr output is obtained by machine mining, and the use of underground compressed air-operated coal conveyors is universal wherever required. Where the percentage of surface labour is 12 to 26 per cent. in England,

(1) *Iron and Coal Trades Review*, December 28th, 1928.

in the Ruhr, due to mechanisation of surface plant, only 8 to 12 per cent. is so employed. The net result is that the overall output per man shift (all employees) is from 26 to 29 cwt.—a figure much in excess of our own and that for a shorter shift than worked in this country. In addition the piece workers are enjoying better wages per shift than our own men, averaging nearly 10s. 6d. per shift. Their output per man shift has increased 26 per cent., comparing 1913 with 1928. It should not be forgotten that at the end of the War Germany was faced with an annual loss of 50 million tons of coal, including total loss of exports, and 40 per cent. of her coal reserves. France only had at the same time 12 per cent. of her pre-War output left due to the damage done to her collieries lying in the zone of hostilities. Surely our difficulties have not been so bad as those of France and Germany since the early days of 1919? The outlook in this country lies in a revision of mining methods and traditions. Systematic mining development, though it may mean a longer waiting period for a return on capital, involves producing ultimately at the most economic figure. A further object-lesson from the Ruhr industrialist might be taking smaller amounts as dividends and investing a larger proportion in new plant, machinery, methods and organisation. Good wages and hard work are synonymous terms to the shrewd employer, and it is obvious from the foregoing that costs of production cannot be reduced by lowering wages. 72.2 per cent. of U.S.A. output, 73 per cent. Belgian output, and 60 per cent. French output is obtained by mechanical coal getting and machine mining. The increased output per man shift in the Belgian coal industry is:—

1913.	Hewers (pieceworkers)	3,160 Kgs.—all employees	525 Kgs.
1928.	"	4,320 " " "	570 "

In Poland the output per man shift (all employees) is 26½ cwt., as against our 21.13 cwt. (both for an eight-hour shift). The Dutch output per man per annum has increased from 272 to 277 tons. Finally, we can never hope to compete by increasing hours or lowering wages as we have not a monopoly of this form of lowering costs of production. So long as an economic shift of eight hours

is worked our hopes lie in making the best of our natural conditions, the quality of our coals, and the increased unit production of our miners, together with proper organisation of the industry. Fields for great economy exist generally in colliery steam plants. At Whitehaven Colliery a pulverised fuel power plant installation, utilising a low-grade fuel, has resulted in a saving of £7,000 per annum, or equal to 6d. per ton of output. Similar good results have been achieved at Pooley Hall Colliery with pulverised fuel. Even the installation of modern furnace equipment in Lancashire boilers can result in substantial economies.

(b) MARKETING

Coal is a raw product and its future potentialities lie in its scientific utilisation and marketing in its most profitable form.¹ This conception of its present and future possibilities is fully apparent to our competitors. It is not so well appreciated in this country. First as to its preparation as a clean product—we wash or clean mechanically over 20 per cent. of our total saleable output. In Scotland 34 per cent. is so treated, and in S. Yorkshire nearly 40 per cent. At present it is estimated we burn 5,000,000 tons of removable dirt per annum under boilers in England, equalling a transport cost alone of £2,500,000. In Germany 80 per cent. is washed and cleaned, and in France 85 per cent. of the total output. In the preparation of properly classified fuels with definite calorific standards, etc., we have a good deal to learn from our competitors. The same to a greater degree holds true as regards the blending of coals for coking in the production of coke of a uniform character.

As regards coking or high-temperature carbonisation, 20 per cent. of our coking ovens operating to-day are of the beehive type, in which all the valuable residual tars and by-products are wasted and in which the yield of coke is 14 per cent. less than in the modern regenerative by-product oven. The owners of the coking industry have been strongly censured on account of inefficient, obsolete

(1) In Germany 40 per cent. is sold as a raw product, in Great Britain 80 per cent. is sold as a raw product.

plants, high costs of production, and the poor condition of the industry compared with U.S.A., Germany, etc., by the National Fuel and Power Committee in September, 1928. Process costs of coking are from 5s. to 7s. per ton more than our competitors. Labour costs, on the contrary, in Germany, which is a modern 100 per cent. by-product industry, rarely exceeds 11d. per ton. The author inspected the latest centralised colliery coking plant near Essen last September for coking 800,000 tons per annum, and another at Gneisenau Colliery for 2,800 tons per day. The intense and careful attention given to the coking and by-product industry, coupled with organisation and salesmanship, has resulted in the earning capacity of the Ruhr mines being increased by 13 per cent. In the German steel industry the cost of coke is *nil*, due to the sales of by-products, and any number of colliery companies are coking from 50 to 70 per cent. of their outputs. What this means in the fuel bill to an iron and steel works can be better imagined than described seeing that it takes 26 cwt. of coke to produce one ton of basic pig iron in Great Britain. Coke prices to-day are from 17s. 9d. to 18s. 6d. per ton. Germany avoids this by centralised co-ordinated production at large modern steel units (five have an output equal to 60 per cent. of Britain's output), enabling large modern coking plants to be installed, as, for example, at Hamborn, the Vereinigte Stahlwerke have a plant of 4,500 tons per day capacity. The chief exceptions in this depressing picture of our coking industry are Messrs. Newton Chambers and The Consett Iron Co., Ltd., who are operating economic units of the most modern high-grade silica regenerative coke oven plants.

As regards low-temperature carbonisation, at present all the various processes in use suffer from the same disability. One ingenious way out of the difficulty was the proposal in the Press recently from an interested person of legislation tantamount to compelling householders in the London area to use smokeless fuels. On the other hand, some of the processes under favourable conditions offer a return on the money invested. Fuel oil from coal has to compete with natural oil, and it is difficult to see

how it can be produced at a competitive price. It is apparent that low-temperature carbonisation may offer considerable advantages in certain circumstances in the more scientific utilisation of fuel, but it cannot be credited with the wholesale importance given to it in the daily Press.

(c) ORGANISATION

From the point of view of organisation the coal industry in this country stands in a very poor position indeed, so much so that it is one of the chief factors responsible for the present position of the industry. We require a national spirit in industry to-day for co-operation and co-ordination of effort. The factor, or wholesale dealer, buys from the colliery salesman, usually working on a basis of 6*d.* per ton. He may sell to another wholesale dealer or to a merchant, who may sell to the miserable consumer or to a dealer for the bag trade, who in turns retails the coal to the public in bags. The merchant estimates his cost of distribution and handling, *i.e.*, running his business, at 11*s.* per ton; his profits are usually anything from about 1*s.* per ton or upwards, dependent on conditions as to district, quality of fuel sold, etc. In numberless cases, therefore, coal passes through four hands before reaching the consumer. Surely something is seriously wrong when the large merchants and distributors make respectable profits, meanwhile the producers are being ruined and the industry prostrated generally. Such a sales "system" is a scandal (it has been described as commercial hooliganism), and a relic of the traditional pre-War period. It is a shocking example of commercial intelligence to sell at under cost of production, generally, to the middleman who makes a profit consistently. Meanwhile the overdue mechanisation and modernisation of plant and mining methods are very seriously retarded or prevented. As regards export coal, it is costing us 4*s.* 2*d.* per ton, or nearly so, to regain our export trade! Collieries that are not members of the present Marketing Scheme are working, and have been working, full time, whilst those who are members are normally working short time. Mean-

while the consumer foots the bill, and British industry does not get a low-priced fuel. Our coal industry is threatened with further curtailment during the next decade. The individualism of the coal owners, their acceptance of the principle of unrestrained competition in industry, is a bar to the progressive reorganisation of the British coal trade. In this country we have 1,400 colliery companies representing over 2,000 mines for an annual output of 240 million tons, and of which only 6 per cent. of the pits producing bituminous coal have so far amalgamated. In Germany there are 70 companies, 190 collieries, for an annual output of 152 million tons. There is the Westphalian Coal Syndicate,¹ to whom practically the whole output of the Ruhr mines is sold, and which controls the sales entirely and as a separate organisation. The same applies to the German coking industry. Abroad, on the Continent, the legally constituted cartel system has largely eliminated the middleman. The same system holds true, to varying degrees, with all our competitors. Thus two-thirds of the sales from the Netherlands passes through one office; in Poland the Coal Syndicate, besides having working arrangements as to foreign markets with other countries, also has reduced the commission of the middleman by 4 to 5 per cent. The same control exists in France and Belgium. Our only hope is for a national sales organisation of a much more organic and balanced character than the present marketing systems for the marketing and sales of a properly controlled and classified product. Costs of production must be reduced, and the present phase of the industrial revolution will inevitably overtake the coal industry. If colliery directorate generally, and in our heavy industries also, does not take due cognisance of it it will become gradually apparent under the familiar guise of economic pressure, with a consequent longer period of disaster to the industry. Under the present marketing schemes (excepting the Scottish one) output is spread over all the collieries, and supply is regulated to demand to stabilise

(1) The formation of this Syndicate resulted in economies to the extent of 30 per cent.

prices. It is a profound study in economics! All that can be said for the schemes is that they show signs of cohesion in the industry, but they ignore the necessity for reduction in production costs. What is most necessary is that output should be centralised at our best-equipped and most modern collieries. They should work full time—100 per cent. capacity—to give us the necessary supply of a competitive, low-priced fuel. That is, the supply of coal should be regulated by controlling the number of the producers, not the scale of their production. Such a system would leave the door open to the fullest improvements and advances in machinery, plant and methods of working at our finest collieries, connoting intensified production of fuel at a most economic figure. At present such collieries are normally producing, in common with indifferent ones, at 67.5 per cent. capacity, and that by a marketing scheme! An industry that is not competitive internationally will largely cease to exist. It is the rational conception of modern economic conditions that requires practical acceptance and recognition by means of "horizontal combines" and suitable amalgamations of interests. The recent amalgamation in the anthracite industry (over 90 per cent. output under one control), Imperial Chemical Industries, the Cotton Combine, etc., are all familiar examples. It is possible to save suitably situated collieries from extinction by amalgamation of colliery interests. At the Great Western Collieries in South Wales, by reconditioning and centralising output and sinking two new shafts, a 10 per cent. increase in output was secured and a 40 per cent. reduction in the number of employees. A further saving was in coal consumption and power equal to 4.4*d.* per ton. We have an organised and intelligent foreign competition to meet in our erstwhile markets on the Continent. Our competitors, with modern, well equipped plants, not State subsidised, are not working at a loss—none of them. Their respective Governments have every intention of protecting their home markets, and if necessary putting an effective tariff against British coal. We require the same spirit

(1) April, 1929.

of nationalism in our industrial life to-day. There is little or no unemployment abroad amongst foreign coal industries, and they are working full time. The total burden of rates and taxes in Germany is much the same as in this country, and costs of production per ton are similar to good practice here in England. Banks should take a broader view and a share in the direction of our industries. The recently formed Cotton Combine is almost revolutionary as regards one's previous conception of industrial finance in this country, and banking interests are to be congratulated on this step in the rehabilitation of one of our most important industries.

Our internal consumption has seriously decreased, due to the condition of our iron and steel industries, which are suffering from obsolete plants, similar lack of balance to the coal industry, lack of co-ordination, and inability of those in control to envisage modern economic conditions. Safeguarding should not be given to these industries, as Lord Melchett remarks, "unless they are prepared to give a binding undertaking to re-organise themselves on a modern basis." At present, in the words of Sir Herbert Lawrence, it would be a case of "safeguarding inefficiency due to such a large percentage of the iron and steel plants being ill-adapted to meet modern competition." With this proviso safeguarding, as applied to these industries, is most necessary, and even imperative, as we have lost competitive power in the world's markets.

MINORITIES IN SERBIAN MACEDONIA

BY MARGARET HASLUCK

It is at present even more than usually interesting to consider how the Serbs are faring in Serbian Macedonia. Not only has their government of Croatia, the other weak spot in the Yugoslav kingdom, come to grief, but certain important Bulgars have recently taken opposite sides on the Macedonian question. On the one hand, gross misgovernment by the Serb (and Greek) masters of Macedonia is alleged by the Bulgars who fled from Macedonia to Bulgaria after the Balkan wars and formed themselves into the notorious Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation of Bulgaria. On the other hand, Monsieur Liapcheff, the wise Prime Minister of Bulgaria, who is himself a refugee from Resna in Serbian Macedonia, has lately rebuked the members of the M.R.O. both for their aims and their methods, and he has marooned their most ardent partisan, General Vulkoff, in the Bulgarian Legation at Rome, where he can do little to further their cause. What, then, is the position in Serbian Macedonia about which Monsieur Liapcheff and his fellow-refugees differ?

Nothing could apparently be more reasonable than the present demands of the members of the M.R.O. Professing to accept the fate which divided Macedonia between Greece and Serbia as the results of the Balkan and European Wars, they have publicly stated that they and theirs would live peaceably under Serbian (and Greek) rule if only the Serbs (and Greeks) would grant their Bulgarian subjects in Macedonia the untrammelled use of their own language in their churches, schools, and newspapers. In other words, they seem to claim nothing but the minority rights to which they are entitled under the minority clauses of the peace treaties, which the Serbs (after some delay) and the Greeks signed.

By examination, however, the demands of the M.R.O. can be proved less simple, necessary, and innocuous than

they sound. In the first place, what brand of "their own" church do the revolutionaries want? In the free days of Turkish rule over Macedonia the Patriarchist Bulgars, who acknowledged the Greek Patriarch and had their church services conducted in Greek, outnumbered (and quarrelled bitterly with) the Exarchists, who deserted the Greek Patriarch for the Bulgarian Exarch after the latter's institution in 1870 and had their church services conducted in Bulgarian. Many of the modern revolutionaries belong, or belonged, to the Patriarchist ranks. Would they be content with Greek services in Serbian Macedonia? Such services are, of course, already at their disposal in Greek Macedonia.

Then again, is it likely that mere possession of their minority rights would turn the revolutionaries into peaceable citizens of Serbia and Greece? What of the lessons of the past? Any guide-book to the Balkans of Turkish times mentions the existence of Bulgarian schools, churches, and newspapers in all the towns of Macedonia. Otherwise put, when Turkey was the sitting power, the Macedonian Bulgars enjoyed full minority rights. And what was the result? Notoriously nothing but constant Bulgarian risings in Macedonia, with their dreadful corollary of "Bulgarian atrocities" by the Turks. Would the milder-mannered Serbs and Greeks, then, succeed better than the Turks in satisfying the Macedonian Bulgars with a sop of minority rights?

Besides, the withholding of minority rights cannot be the sole cause of Macedonian unrest. Thousands of Macedonian Bulgars are misguided enough to be able to live happily, in spite of having no minority rights, under Serbian and Greek rule. Some of these happy Bulgars are priests. Realising the unwisdom of kicking against the pricks, they set their flocks a statesmanlike example of blending with their rulers even in details like keeping the distinctively Serbian family festival of the *slava*. Many of the other happy Bulgars of Macedonia are brothers and cousins of the refugees who now agitate in Bulgaria. Monsieur Liapcheff himself has near relatives still living under Serbian rule at Resna. It is almost

a rule in the Balkans that, when the truculent members of a family are obliged to fly the country, they leave behind brothers or cousins of a milder or more reasonable temper to keep hold on the family property. When they have secured pardon for their ebullitions of truculence, or have themselves been mellowed by age, they return to the family nest which their milder relatives have kept warm and intact. Conformably to this practice, it would not be in the least surprising if thirty years hence some hot-heads of the M.R.O. of to-day were found spending a peaceful old age under the Serbian flag.

The fact is that, lack of minority rights and all, Serbian Macedonia, our chief theme, is not a bad place for natives to live in. Trade is flourishing, as is shown by such tokens as the recent doubling in area of the town of Skoplije (Uskub) and the construction of the giant railway station at Gradsko, south of Skoplije. True, Monastir (Bitolj) is only a shadow of its former self, but the wars that have recently raged round it, and not Serbian misrule, are responsible. In Turkish times half the town traded between Salonica and Albania or South West Macedonia. But the treaties that concluded the Balkan wars interposed political frontiers between Monastir and its Albanian and Southern Macedonian trade, and the customs dues levied at the new frontiers ate seriously into profits. Then came the European War, during which two-thirds of the town were battered down. Their profits diminished by the changes of frontier; many traders decided to rebuild their homes where they could evade at least some of the new customs dues. Those concerned with the Albanian trade settled at Florina in Greek Macedonia, and the others at Kozani.

Not only is trade flourishing in Serbian Macedonia, Monastir apart, but the Serbs are deliberately trying to better the agricultural, hygienic, and cultural conditions there, and to bring them up from the Turkish to the Serbian level. To improve the agriculture, new breeds of cattle and sheep have been introduced, and iron ploughs have been sent to replace the old wooden, shallow ploughing implements. The famous Serbian pig has invaded every

village. Agricultural officials are stationed at local centres and tour their districts, giving individual advice and public lectures on improved methods of farming. Not all of these officials come from Serbia or other parts of Yugoslavia. Some are Czechoslovaks, for example. On the social side, the Serbian Government has installed Government doctors in certain towns, who are salaried by the Government, doctor the poor free, and charge small fees to those who can afford to pay. Not all these doctors are Serbs. At Dibra (Serbian Debar) a Dane from Reykjavik in Iceland is the State doctor. Here and there, too, among the villages small dispensaries exist, where medical and hygienic advice and simple medicaments are given gratis on certain days of the week. When more money and personnel are available these social services will be increased.

To raise the cultural level of Serbian Macedonia the Serbs have built cinemas and often arrange concerts and theatrical performances in the schools. The artists are sometimes touring professionals, sometimes the school-masters and functionaries who belong to the more advanced regions of Yugoslavia. All cultural schemes have a threefold aim. They are meant to educate the local population, to impress it with the greatness of Serbia, and to provide some distraction for the imported officials. Their effects are sometimes queer enough. The town of Dibra is as near world's end as may be, yet there, with a delicious, sneaking pride in their Europeanisation, aged Bulgars who have never seen a train or the sea go nowadays through the ritual of leaving their capes and caps in the cloak-room before they enter the concert-hall.

Again, the native arts and crafts of the Macedonians are fostered by the Serbs. Certain ladies take an active interest in the embroideries of the peasants, and King Alexander himself has revived the craft of wood-carving, for which the men of Dibra were famous throughout the length and breadth of the Turkish Empire. The craft had decayed so much that only two carvers survived some years ago, but by King Alexander's directions they were taken to Skoplije to start a school of wood-carving there.

A darker side to the picture exists unfortunately. Com-

plaints are rife in Macedonia that too much of the money raised there by taxation is spent on embellishing Belgrade with magnificent Government offices and on providing free education for the youthful Serbs who are ultimately to staff these offices, while too little is spent on keeping up the roads and bridges of Macedonia itself. Moreover, a traveller sees signs of fear among the non Serbs of Macedonia, and hears ugly stories of their ill treatment by Serbian officials. For instance, a man once insisted in talk with me that he was Serb by blood and nationality. And then he was stupid enough to count the change below his breath in Vlach when I, disbelieving him and remembering my own slowness to count in a foreign language, tested him by giving him a large banknote to change. He was Vlach by blood, but did not care to confide so much to a passing stranger. As to the stories of ill-treatment by Serbs, some are no doubt untrue or grossly exaggerated, as so many stories in the Balkans are, but some are certainly true. One of the latter, which has been published, concerns the Macedonian youths who were imprisoned in 1927 at Skoplije for pro-Bulgarian propaganda. The Serbs themselves have admitted that they beat them savagely.

For such regrettable incidents both sides are to blame. Only too often the Macedonian Bulgars show themselves dourly obstinate and wilfully obstructive, even in agricultural matters, where the Serbian Government is the best in the Balkans. On the other hand, the Serbs had no previous experience of ruling alien nationalities, and they are not exactly born diplomatists. Nor do they—or anyone else in the Balkans—wear kid gloves, for all Balkan peoples mistake brutality for strength. Perhaps, too, the imported Serbian officials are adversely affected by the conditions under which they live in Macedonia. They are well paid, but inadequately housed. The official residence of the Governor of the whole Monastir area is only one small bedroom in the Prefecture, and few, if any, Governors can afford to hire a house in which to lodge their families. Thus deprived of the comforts of home life, no Governor will stay long enough in Macedonia to develop

a real interest in the country or to get to know its people sympathetically. The minor officials live in corresponding discomfort, and are often quartered in lonely spots. Discontented and uncomfortable, the imported officials of all grades are naturally irritable and keep changing. The native Albanians in the gendarmerie and the native Vlachs in secretarial posts are, of course, permanent.

The advantages for natives of living in Serbian Macedonia seem, however, to outweigh the drawbacks. Evidence of this appears not only among the thousands of Bulgars previously mentioned, but also among certain Vlachs, Jews, Turks, and Albanians. The Vlachs in question belong to the large Vlach colony which existed in Serbian Macedonia in Turkish times. Many of them had become so thoroughly hellenised that, when the district fell to the Serbs soon after the Balkan wars, they emigrated and settled under the Greek flag. Now many of these emigrants regret that they cannot afford a second uprooting in their lifetime. If they could they would forgo their Greek nationality and recross the border into prosperous Serbia. As for the Jews under discussion, long before the building boom at Salonica was over they had begun to leave Salonica and the hampering rivalry of the Greeks and were settling in Serbia, particularly at Uskub. Again for economic reasons, the whole Albanian tribe of Gusinje has recently abandoned its ancestral home in the mountains of Albania and has settled in Serbia near Prizrend. The case of the Turks is even stranger. It is a commonplace of history that religious pride forbids Mohammedans to live under Christian rule, if they can possibly escape from it. In the usual Mohammedan way, then, many Turks emigrated to Turkey from Serbian Macedonia at the conclusion of the European War. But they found Mustafa Kemal Pasha's reforms even more distasteful than Christian rule, and numbers of them have already returned to Serbia. More would return but, having sold their farms before emigrating in the first instance and having dissipated a good deal of their capital on the journey to Turkey, they have no longer the means to pay for the journey back or to earn their living if they came back. Thus Bulgars,

Vlachs, Jews, Turks, and Albanians all bear practical witness to the blessings of Serbian rule without minority rights. The cumulative effect of their testimony is to make us think that the minority rights are not so necessary for happiness in Serbian Macedonia as the agitators of the M.R.O. would have us believe.

Nor are these rights as innocuous as they appear on the programme of the M.R.O. Their real nature may best be discerned by making a wider survey of the Macedonian problem and studying the fate of the other minorities in both Greek and Serbian Macedonia. Here it is to be remembered that in Greek Macedonia the Bulgars are far inferior in numbers to the Greeks since that province was flooded with Greek refugees from Asia Minor, and that in Serbian Macedonia they are only one of several minorities, outnumbering any one of the others taken individually but less numerous than the others taken collectively.

In Greek Macedonia, then, the Vlachs and Jews enjoy full minority rights, though the Bulgars are given none. In Serbian Macedonia the various minorities fare variously. The Jews have their synagogues and their own schools and newspapers, in which in their interesting fashion they write their Spanish dialect in Hebrew characters in complete freedom on condition of studying Serbian also for a certain number of hours per week. The Vlachs have neither schools nor newspapers in their own Rumanian dialect, but they have their own churches, the concession being a Serbian compliment to the Rumanian Queen of Serbia. The Vlachs generally steer clear of these churches, however, as the Vlachs of Greece do of their schools and churches. In both countries they explain frankly that it pleases the Greeks and Serbs to see them frequent the church of the country, and pleasing their rulers is good for business, their chief concern in life. The Greeks and Orthodox Albanians of Serbia receive no minority rights. On the other hand, the Turks and Mohammedan Albanians are free to worship in their mosques and to drone away in their schools at Turkish and Arabic, provided they, like the Jews, spend some time per day over

Serbian. They may also print a certain amount of newspaper matter in Turkish. The Mohammedan Albanians may not use Albanian in schools and mosques. The Mohammedan sectarians known as Bektashis have suffered somewhat from Serbian rule. Some of their monasteries have been taken from them on the plea that they were formerly Christian, in the same way that the Bulgars of Bulgaria have converted the Bektashi monastery of Kaliakra, near Varna, to Christian use. The plea is not justified by the facts, but is sincerely believed by the Serbs. Our survey of minority rights among Macedonian minorities thus shows that Greece gives full rights to her Jews and Vlachs but none to her Bulgars, and that Serbia allows practically full rights to her Jews and Turks, partial rights to her Vlachs and Mohammedan Albanians, and none at all to her Bulgars, Greeks, or Orthodox Albanians.

When we search for an explanation of these anomalies we discover certain geographical analogies to them. The mother-country of the Jews, if it can be said to exist at all, is distant Palestine, and that of the Turks is far removed from Serbian Macedonia at least. On the other hand, the mother-countries of the Albanians, Greeks, Bulgars, and Vlachs of Serbia lie on one or other of her frontiers. Similarly, the Vlachs of Greece are far removed from their mother-country, and the Bulgars are near theirs. It thus appears that both Greece and Serbia have given their minority rights to such of their minorities as have their mother-country some distance away, and have refused them to those minorities whose mother-country is near.

The reason for this invidious distinction is the inveterate habit of each of the Balkan countries of carrying on nationalist propaganda through the agency of schools, churches, and newspapers using its language. An eminent Bulgarian historian is explicit on the point. In the somewhat ingenuous preface to one of his books he remarks that the Bulgars of Bulgaria had won their freedom from the Turkish yoke by quietly undermining Turkish authority by means of schools and churches that

used the Bulgarian language. That is to say, an important Bulgar admits that Bulgars in the past made deliberate use of their schools and churches for nationalist propaganda. The Serbs and Greeks have no need, however, to read the preface in question. Every Balkan guide-book of Turkish date shows that Macedonia was studded with Serb and Greek schools and churches as well as with Bulgarian. The Serbs and Greeks know best why this was so.

Now during their brief existence as independent powers all the Balkan States have had to fight so often with their neighbours for their lives that they have come to think of their neighbours mainly as potential enemies and invaders of their territory. In the event of such an invasion the invaders would be glad to find as many co-nationals as possible in the invaded territory. It is therefore to the interest of the potential invaders of Greece or Serbia to fan the flame of nationalism among their co-nationals within Greek and Serbian territory. It is even more to the interests of Greece and Serbia to damp down this flame. Now it is obvious that for geographical reasons the Jews of Palestine and the Turks of Turkey are not likely to quarrel with Serbia and to invade her territory. For the same reasons the Jews and Rumanians are unlikely to invade Greek territory. Hence the Serbs feel no apprehensions about their Jews and Turks, and the Greeks feel none about their Vlachs and Jews. Hence the Serbs have given their Jews and Turks, and the Greeks have given their Vlachs and Jews, complete freedom in matters of education and public worship. On the other hand, it is conceivable that the outside Albanians (as allies of the Italians), Bulgars, Rumanians, and Greeks may one day invade Serbia, and that the Bulgars may one day invade Greece. Therefore the Greeks and Serbs are afraid of these minorities, and have denied them the minority rights of whose efficacy in subverting an alien Government they have themselves had proof. As a corollary, it now becomes clear why the Serbs and Greeks remain unmoved before the comparisons sometimes drawn between Wales and Macedonia. They see that since there exists no mother-country of Wales to menace the frontiers of

England, the analogy between Wales and Macedonia is fallacious.

Our study, then, of the conditions under which the different minorities live in Greece and Serbia has shown that it is not sheer brutality or a rancorous desire to stamp on a fallen enemy which prompts the Serbs to refuse their Macedonian Bulgars their minority rights. It is rather a well-justified fear of the use to which the rights would be put.

The same study has also cast light on Monsieur Liapcheff's recent stand against the M.R.O. He must know that the minority rights are not so innocuous as the revolutionaries pretend, that the cry for them is only a subtler version of the former cry for the autonomy of Macedonia, and that this autonomy was intended to serve as a stepping-stone to the annexation of Macedonia by Bulgaria, as the autonomy granted to Eastern Rumelia in 1878 led to the Bulgarian annexation of that province in 1885. But Monsieur Liapcheff is conscious, too, that he who would at present give Macedonia to Bulgaria must break the treaties that concluded the Balkan and European Wars, and also that no "Bulgarian atrocities" will induce the Western Powers to move against Yugoslavia as they did against Turkey. A statesman, not a visionary or a factious agitator, he therefore curbs the barren strivings of his fellow-refugees.

A last point may be made. In their fears and in their policy the Serbs seem to have the non-Bulgarian element in Macedonia with them. The following incident in Greece is significant. Some years ago the Greek Government, under Western pressure, imported Bulgarian school-books into Greek Macedonia for use in its Bulgarian villages. Before the books could be distributed, certain Macedonians seized them and burned them, besides destroying Bulgarian property at Florina and Sorovich. Said one of the ringleaders to me afterwards: "We want no Bulgarian Government here. The schoolbooks were the thin edge of the wedge. That's why we burned them." These defenders of Greek sovereignty were not Greeks. They were Vlachs. With the doubtful exception of the Albanians the Bulgars are friendless in the Balkans.

"THROUGH THE IVORY GATE AND— GOLDEN"

BY ALICE RAVENHILL

THESE words will conceivably conjure up in many minds a vision of exquisite Indian or Chinese craftsmanship, as it reveals each detail of its delicate beauty under the brilliant light of an Oriental sun, performing, meanwhile, its function as guardian of mysteries closely shrouded from curious eyes. But the ivory gateway now to be considered is no such example of unique human skill; though in the intricacy of its structure it exceeds the marvellous elaboration of the Taj Mahal; neither is it to be seen only at the cost of far travel; though, in truth, it guards mysteries so impenetrable that they are but now revealing their secrets under the pressure of modern research.

Surprise, even derision, may be excited when the identity of this ivory gateway with the human teeth is disclosed; for but recently has its vast importance to human welfare been perceived, and the world at large is so familiar with its appearance, whether in course of construction or in various stages of dilapidation, that no shame is experienced either at obvious defects in its structure or at unsightly efforts at its repair. And yet the details thereof teem with interest, whether approached from the side of its architectural history by a study of comparative anatomy, or from that of the philanthropist concerned with preventive medicine and hygiene, or, as in the present instance, along the pathway of folklore and old chronicles.

The existing absence of interest in the teeth is remarkable, if only in view of their share in personal appearance and clear articulation, as well as in the maintenance or loss of health. But the survival of many quaint superstitions and curious customs associated with the human dental equipment indicate the existence, even from prehistoric times, of a vivid faith in their influence and significance in other relations. Thus, in the remote era of magical cults the teeth were regarded as an essential part of the

life force, and little imagination is required to picture their value as assets to physical efficiency, when the only food-stuffs were coarse and tough in texture. Reminiscences, too, of our own nursery days will suggest the part played by powerful teeth when tools and weapons were non-existent or very primitive, and hands had by no means attained their present dexterity. And thus arose a high estimate of the value of even one tooth to its owner.

For instance, in the relatively recent Code of Edicts, issued 2100 B.C., by Hammurabi, King of Babylonia, a clause sets forth that "his teeth will be knocked out who has knocked out the teeth of his equal"; while the lesser indemnity fixed for a similar offence in the case of a freed-man is rated at "one-half a mina of silver," no inconsiderable compensation when payments were made by weight, prior to the introduction of metal coinage. Those of us who were reared on the Old Testament will recall the passage in the book of Exodus, where freedom itself is accounted the only amends adequate for a servant, whether man or maid, whose master has smitten his or her teeth; and many centuries later, Cervantes still estimated the value of a tooth to exceed that of a diamond.

Further, the importance of teeth as revealers of individuality or as characteristic personal features was not lost upon our forefathers. Thus: "The attire of a man, and the laughter of his teeth, and the gait of a man show what he is," writes the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus, and in the description of his son Judah by the dying patriarch, Jacob, mention is made of his "milk-white teeth," a feature at all times esteemed for its æsthetic charm. These two points of view are quaintly reflected in an interesting quotation from the Saxon *Leechdoms*, A.D. 500, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Lilian Lindsey: "This Leechcraft for human teeth," it runs, "which the Greeks name 'organon,' that is in our language 'bliss,' since through the teeth shall bliss upspring, and man's dignity and all necessity is on the teeth."

Even the fact that teeth are "milk-white," however, has failed on all occasions to gratify human conceptions of beauty and value. And so tradition affirms that the Norse

God, Heimdall, son of Odin, was surnamed "Gullintanni," because he was enviably endowed with a complete set of golden teeth, before any question could be raised as to their possibly artificial origin. It is also on record that two boys who lived, the one in Silesia A.D. 1593, the other in Poland some eighty years later, were each credited with the eruption of one golden molar, to which phenomena far-reaching occult significance was rapidly attached. Great was the consternation of all concerned when, in spite of the confirmation of the miracle in the earlier case by "several experienced barbers" retained to investigate the miracle, these claims were proved fraudulent. Nowadays Art assists Nature so constantly in the substitution of golden teeth for ivory that they excite scant attention, and, most certainly, lay no claim to the exercise of magical influence.

Mutilation of the teeth designed to enhance their beauty has, however, been practised from prehistoric times; so also has their decoration with studs of gold or even with precious stones, inlaid at the cost of much suffering; customs which persist in some countries to the present day. It is possible that this conception of the decorative value of the teeth underlies the usage of breaking out one or more front teeth in sign of mourning, still found in Polynesia, parts of Asiatic Malaya, among several tribes of North American Indians, and elsewhere. In some instances it is combined with other forms of self mutilation. Even more inexplicable is the fashion, widespread among the Australian natives, the Asiatic Malays, in the New Hebrides and in Papua, of breaking out, by distinctly painful methods, the upper front teeth of girls of marriageable age, or even after marriage. This extraction of one or more front teeth is also included by some of these peoples in the endurance tests associated with their elaborate puberal rites, when it ranks as a religious ceremony. A similar custom is reported from Equatorial Africa, as well as from both the East and West coasts. Dr. Leo Kanner writes that the Herero women, for example, consider this artificial deformity such an enhancement of beauty that the missionaries were quite unsuccess-

ful in its prohibition; probably because, in this instance, the mutilation constitutes a tribal mark, only those being accounted full members of the tribe who have undergone the operation. The Mashukulumbé tribe also remove all the upper front teeth at puberty, after which test of manhood youths are free to woo girls, who say "that men who eat with all their teeth are like horses, and no girls will have horses for husbands."

The extraction of teeth as a form of punishment has been traced back to most, if not to all, the old Asiatic civilisations, including that of India, and among the pre-Christian Egyptians it ranked as one of the most degrading and disgraceful penalties for crime. It continued to be inflicted on defaulters in respect of tribute or on those guilty of felony in Mediæval Europe, when the fact that to eat meat in Lent also laid the culprit open to this severe chastisement for his misdemeanour must have surely acted as a deterrent to such self-indulgence.

Fiction and history have also familiarised their readers with that painful mode of persuasion which involved daily extraction of one tooth, where wealthy men, especially those of the Jewish race, were reluctant to hand over their possessions to king or conqueror. But no individual had more bitter experience of this form of torture than Apollonia, "a virgin of advanced age," who, in consequence of her fortitude in keeping true to her faith under excruciating suffering, has been canonised by the Church of Rome and adopted as the patron saint of the dental profession. It is related that "her jaws were crushed" and all her teeth extracted by "all imaginable torture of pulling, breaking and knocking." So numerous are the dental relics of this saint dispersed over parts of Europe that it suggests her endowment with many supernumerary teeth! Be this as it may, and whatever their source, these relics apparently bring consolation if not physical ease to the devout souls who appeal to their reputed owner for relief from toothache, and several plants used in the treatment of this malady are even yet designated "Apollonia root" or "Apollonia herb," especially in Bavaria, where the seeds of the peony are called "Apollonia grains." It is

still believed that if these seeds are threaded on a string and given teething children to chew, the process of dentition proceeds smoothly. In any case, it is worth knowing that to fast on the Name Day of this saint—February 9th—ensures freedom from toothache for the ensuing year.

Many an Italian mother hangs up her child's tiny shirt as a votive offering, or suspends a necklet of teeth around her infant, to make sure it will run no risk of fits during the period of teething; and the use of a tooth as a protection against the "evil eye" is probably familiar to all who have seen much of peasant life in Southern Italy and Malta.

There is reliable evidence that perforated teeth, as well as shells, were in use both as amulets and ornaments as far back as the Pleistocene Period: a testimony to the very ancient origin of faith in charms as a protective and healing agency. It must be borne in mind that, when religion was based on magic and animism, the conception was held that powers and influences, benign or evil, existed in things as well as in persons, inspiring their behaviour and constituting their qualities, which behaviour and qualities could be transferred, purged out, or otherwise got rid of by solemn formulæ; a faith which underlies the world-wide use of charms and magic incantations or ceremonials. Hence, in early phases of human development it was believed not only that sins could be loaded on to a scapegoat, but that toothache could be nailed to a tree, in sure confidence of release from the sin or the suffering thus transferred. Corroborative evidence of this faith exists in a formula preserved among the Babylonian writings in the British Museum, framed, in this case, to expel the demon from a tooth, for the pain in which its presence was held responsible. It is, however, somewhat startling to learn that this superstition survived in the days of King James I, when Sir Kenelm Digby, Court Physician, treated toothache by cutting the gum with a nail, and then driving the bloodstained nail into an oak beam.

Among the uninstructed people of Tibet the tartar of teeth is still employed to promote the healing of fractured

bones; while in Annam, teeth which fall out unpulled are used as ingredients in various medicaments. But one is scarcely prepared to hear that as lately as 1914 a German lady of considerable social standing consulted a "sorceress" for the relief of dental trouble, and received not only a written charm, but directions to take a ceremonial footbath before sunrise and to pour the water therefrom out after sunset. Information is wanting as to the speed or efficacy of the treatment in effecting a cure!

But written charms or "toothache slips" assume various forms throughout Europe, and probably perpetuate many verbal incantations derived from the older civilisations of Asia. In some of these the number "three" takes prominence, when usually it refers either to the number of saints to whom appeal is made for relief, or to three colours, or to three worms, or "tooth ragers"—expressive term—held responsible for the pain. The following variant of this type of charm offers a good example of this particular form of "slip": "The Lord Jesus warns the teeth ragers, there were three worms, three white, three black, three red: He took the other two and killed these with those. This I tell thee for atonement * * *."

This idea that small worms were the cause of dental caries was, and maybe still is, shared by the Chinese, as appears from their ancient medical books. It certainly prevailed for many centuries in Europe, and is given prominence in the following quotation from what are known as "The Salernian Rules of Health," a remarkable document, composed in honour of Duke Robert of Normandy when he returned to Salerno to be healed of his wounds, suffered while leading his countrymen on a Crusade in 1075:—

"If in your teeth you hap to be tormented
By means some little worms therein do breed;
Which pain (if heed be taine) may be prevented
By keeping cleane your teeth when as you feed;
Burne Frank incense (a gum not evil scented)
Put henbane into this and Onyon seed,
And with a Tunnel, to the tooth's that hollow
Convey the smoake thereof, and ease shall follow."
(From a translation printed in Edinburgh, 1613.)

Another group of these written charms consists of incantations to the moon or appeals to the Deity. Thus, John Gaddesden, an Oxford doctor of high repute in the first half of the fifteenth century, directs the use of the following words for the cure of toothache: "In the Name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen. *Rax. Max. Pax. in Christo Filio.*" These words were to be written on the jaws of the sufferer, when this authority vouches for the immediate cessation of the pain.

Others are described as "Narrative charms," and originated at a later date in the Middle Ages. It is stated on good authority that many of these are still preserved, word for word, and are in actual use to-day in parts of France and Germany, as well as in England. They deal at some length with the comfort and relief experienced by this or the other saint from prayer, and many refer to the patron saint of dentistry, Saint Apollonia. It is hard to conceive the perpetuation of such futilities in the twentieth century, when the services of highly skilled dentists are available for an increasing proportion of the population. But at least such charms are not directly harmful, which is more than can be said for the prescription of a certain writer of *Hints to Mothers*, quoted only last year by a professional journal, where the harassed mother was advised to resort to a chemical fertiliser as a likely means of hastening the tardy dentition of her child, on whose behalf she sought guidance.

That dental troubles are practically coeval with animal life is now well authenticated. The writer in the twelfth century who compared a rotten tooth to hell itself merely voiced the experience of many thousands of his predecessors in millions of years; nevertheless, there are still people who are unwilling to accept the evidence advanced by Sir Arthur Keith and his colleagues in the field of anthropology, which demonstrates the existence of dental disease among our prehistoric ancestors, so persuaded are they that these miseries are a product of modern civilisation. However, as their remains testify, these ancient persons suffered extensively from what are popularly described as "decayed teeth," despite the fact that their

enormously strong teeth were often worn almost level with their gums in consequence of the tough and gritty nature of their diet. Sir A. M. Rüffer also mentions the existence of similar lesions in the jaws of certain of the mummies he examined in the course of his investigations in Egypt, and describes them as apparently identical with those common at the present day, facts which possibly account for the early initiation of primitive dentistry, of which the origin is attributed to Esculapius himself.

The value of specialisation to medical practitioners was evidently recognised in Egypt at a very early date, when the treatment of disease as well as the control of religion was still in the hands of the priesthood. Not content with subdividing their profession into these two classes, one of which concentrated attention on religious observances, and the other on the care of the sick, these priests perceived the further advantages of having "practitioners of the eyes . . . some for the teeth . . . others for occult maladies," which last group of maladies sanctioned recourse to magical mysteries as curative agents, in addition to more direct methods of treatment. From references contained in the *Law of the Twelve Tables* (450 B.C.) the Romans also discerned in dentistry a distinct department of the healing art, though but sparse records remain of the dental procedure then in use; and the specimens of dental appliances found in Etruscan tombs show that these people also endeavoured by various mechanical devices to meet the need for assistance along these lines.

Credit for the invention of dental forceps and other dental instruments is assigned to Hippocrates, the eminent Greek physician, and thus dates from the fifth century B.C.; indeed, the Greek language is remarkably rich in words describing the teeth, their abnormalities, and their treatment. But, so far as is at present known, little real progress was made for many succeeding centuries, though Cornelius Celsus, who practised in Rome about 30 B.C., was alive to the risks associated with operations on the mouth by unskilled men, a fact by no means surprising when we read the blood-curdling descriptions in his *De Re*

Medici, Book VII, Chap. XLII, of the accepted procedure in tooth-pulling and other treatment. Pliny casually mentions the prompt suicide of a man whose aching tooth had just been filled with asafetida and wax, although some people might prefer this combination to the prescription of Celsus, which called for the bursting of a hollow tooth by pressing peppercorns into the cavities. In such circumstances possibly a majority decided in favour of prevention rather than attempted cure, and adopted Pliny's advice to avoid toothache by eating a mouse twice a month. Other sufferers may have pinned their faith to the assurance that if the hearts of thirty-six frogs were decocted in oil and a few drops poured into the ear an aching jaw would find relief; advice more palatable than the alternative directions to heat the cast off skin of a snake in oil and pine tar and therewith to fill the cavity of the offending molar; but even this prescription would be preferable to that of the aforementioned John Gaddesden, who, many centuries later, utilised cowdung for dental troubles.

No better example could be offered of the wide gulf fixed between the standards of civilisation in the East and the West during the early Middle Ages than the fact that, while this repulsive "corrective" was advocated in England, a leading Arab physician was preaching the cleansing of the mouth and teeth, not only by medicated washes, but by the use of pure water, as a priceless agent in dental health. As a matter of fact the great debt due to the Moslems for progress in dental as well as in medical science is rarely appreciated. It is true that their methods but slowly and only partially superseded many of the erroneous teachings of Hippocrates and Galen, but the operation of filling decayed teeth with gold foil, for example, was apparently known to the physician in attendance on Haroun al Raschid, A.D. 837; and that mediæval genius of Arabian surgery, Abulcasis, who lived in the tenth century, was in many respects far ahead of his time, not least in the stress he laid upon the importance of the early recognition and treatment of pyorrhœa, evidently then, as now, a widespread oral malady. At an even earlier

date, Rhazes, a Persian of noble birth, employed opium to relieve pain, and arsenic as a filling for dental cavities; though, unknown to him, the Chinese had preceded him by several hundred years in their use for these purposes.

The date of the first attempts to replace teeth is lost in the mists of antiquity; but from references to artificial teeth in some of his epigrams by that most bitter of satirists, Martial, they were, presumably, in fairly general use, at least in Rome, in the first century of our era. He contrasts, for instance, the white (artificial) teeth of Locania to the disadvantage of the black (but natural) teeth of her rival, Thais; and on another occasion he sarcastically refers to a lady who laid aside her teeth as she did her silks. That this should have been her habit is but to be expected, when it is realised that the false teeth of that date, as among the Egyptians of a long antecedent epoch, were mere blocks of wood or bone bound together by gold wire, and tied to the remaining teeth or attached actually to the gums by methods which no nervous system of to-day would tolerate. A reminder of Oriental conservatism will recur to the readers of one of Mrs. Flora Annie Steele's stories of modern India, where, in describing old Chiragh Shah, the "grandfather's father," she writes of his teeth, "which were square, disc-like blocks of ivory, varying in size, strung together on a bold gold wire, and hung—Heaven knows how—to his toothless gums."

Very slow was the progress made in the construction and fitting of false teeth. Talleyrand, like Martial, finds scope for his vein of sarcasm when he recounts how a certain Mdlle. de Gomney was obliged "to remove her set of teeth when eating. At the table," he says, "when others were talking she removed her set of teeth and hurried to eat; then she replaced them, cleverly enough, to unload her budget more easily." And Artus D'Emby mentions in 1603 this removal of teeth at mealtimes as a commonly accepted custom, as usual as the habitual employment of the toothpick.

The invention of a porcelain paste, by means of which individual false teeth could be made, is due to Giuseppangelo Fonzi, an Italian surgeon-dentist of the seven-

teenth century, some of which teeth are still to be seen; but, notable as was this advance, nearly three hundred more years had to elapse before the growth of science enabled the well-fitting dentures of to-day to be constructed.

The reasons which account for this slow evolution of the dental art, and also for its loss of prestige as time passed on, are too numerous to detail. Extraction of teeth had never been resorted to readily, even by accredited practitioners; the risks of unpleasant results to the jaws as well as teeth were too considerable, particularly so in the days when, as was the case in Babylonia 2000 B.C., the loss of his hands was the penalty exacted of the surgeon who "causes anybody a serious wound with the surgical knife." Hence the endurance of palliative measures, however disagreeable, and prolonged recourse to fetishistic rites. Even in relatively recent times, when dental treatment was quite generally relegated to barbers, they still preferred the use of charms or drugs to actual operative measures, which were commonly passed on, when imperatively necessary, to the even less qualified "tooth drawers," as appears in the description of a case in his own practice by William Wiseman in 1676. "When the teeth are to be dislocated," he writes, "a tooth drawer is to be called in." Indeed, surgeons were cautioned against undertaking dental extractions, on the grounds that the exertion demanded would "render their hands trembling" and unfit for the more delicate operations they were called upon to perform, and also because "the work partook of that of the charlatan and the mountebank."

Everyone is familiar with the comic prints and pictures which illustrate the activities of these "tooth drawers," who were evidently identified at one period by the distinctive badge or brooch they wore in their caps, a fact recalled to our minds by more than one allusion in the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. In some instances further testimony to their trade was afforded by a necklet of human teeth, as is depicted in at least one old French engraving, or by loose teeth suspended from their belts. "Their profession," says Jusserand, when writing on

mediæval customs, "has changed less than any other. . . . Big words, enumeration of extraordinary cures, ostentatious display of unbounded devotion to the public good" continue, even to-day, to secure a livelihood for these "disinterested itinerants."

The following advertisement, culled from the *Gibraltar Chronicle* of 1822, will certainly raise a smile in its readers, but it may, alas, also raise the question in their minds as to the degree to which this gullibility of our ancestors has survived in their descendants. A truthful reply may not be wholly flattering to modern vanity. "An Italian Dentist and Corn-cutter," so it runs, "is lately arrived . . . who cleans and plugs teeth, separates them when necessary to prevent corrosion, strengthens such as are loose, and shortens those that are too long. He puts in artificial teeth so as to make them both firm and becoming, and to prevent them falling out, or impeding eating, speaking, singing, or any other functions of the mouth; all of which are performed without pain or inconvenience. He has lotions which whiten and strengthen loose teeth; prevents caries and corrosion and sweeten the breath. He also cuts corns, etc."

Not a year passes, despite the efforts of outstanding members of the dental profession for several centuries, without the report of cases in the Press where disastrous results have followed on the crude methods employed by some such unqualified practitioners; and across the Atlantic the power of suggestion is so skilfully used, with such amazing success, that a strict watch is necessary in this connection on what are known as "mail order frauds." Advertisements, cleverly framed to play on the prevalent fear of pain, were recently defrauding the public, in the case of one such firm only, to the amount of £15,000 a year. When the expensive and "wonder-working" remedies were analysed by the Federal Government chemists they were shown to consist of mixtures of washing soda, resin, borax, Glauber salts, glycerine, chalk and soap, flavoured with oil of cloves or eucalyptus and tinted with red dye.

But the coming of the teeth as well as their going has

ever also attracted the attention of soothsayers and physicians, not to mention that of mothers and nurses; and all sorts of instruments, from a wolf's tooth to the finger-nails, have been prescribed as lancets for a baby's gums. Poppy juice to soothe the fretfulness of teething children is recommended in the *Eber Papyrus*, the oldest medical manuscript in existence, written by the priest-physicians of Egypt when Moses was about twenty-five years old; and it is possible that the harassed governess of England's future Queen also resorted to this remedy when she wrote to her confidant, Lord Cromwell, in the year 1536, that "God knoweth my Lady Elizabeth hath great pain with her great teeth, and they come forth very slowly, which causeth me to suffer Her Grace to have her will more than I would."

Many are the references by writers at all periods to the distress of infants during the process of teething; many are the quaint customs and charms which originated in the desire to relieve these sufferings. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries all their ailments were attributed to this one cause, just as they were by Hippocrates. But light gradually dawned upon interested observers of symptoms and their relief. At the close of the seventeenth century Walter Harris, sorely grieved over the wastage of infant life, attributing still most of the fatalities to the one source of "breeding the teeth," nevertheless emphasised his conviction that Nature could effect a cure were she but left to herself; and Bartolomei Ruspini, who acted as dentist to the Dowager Princess of Wales in 1771, devoted great attention to the care of the first dentition, neglect of which, he maintained, was responsible for much of the havoc wrought in the permanent teeth, a fact now amply substantiated. The wonderful work of Infant Welfare Centres and other agencies in the last quarter of a century affords splendid testimony of the strides made in all details which strike at the root of the conditions deplored by these pioneers, although the most ardent workers realise keenly how much still remains to be done. But conditions long in existence demand time for their correction or removal. And neglect of the teeth is a deeply

rooted habit in this country, and unquestionably exercised unsuspected influence on many unsuspected occasions.

Thus, for instance, from the evidence collected by Mr. Frederick Chamberlain, and by him submitted to careful examination by a body of experts, it appears that the dental troubles of Queen Elizabeth were by no means confined to her early years. Most uncomplimentary remarks upon her yellow and uneven teeth were made by the French Ambassador in 1597, and, later on, at the age of sixty-five, her remaining teeth were reported to be unsightly and black, "a defect," adds the chronicler, "to which the English seem subject, from their too great use of sugar." The outcome of this interesting study of the records extant of Queen Elizabeth's health warrants the opinion that she must have been a martyr to pyorrhœa, and that her death was brought about by septic conditions due to the diseased state of her mouth and teeth. Thus at least one of these experts finds it justifiable to conclude that she "never had the satisfied and comfortable sense that healthy, vegetative people enjoy," a statement which opens up a tempting field of surmise as to the course of history had this enviable "sense" been the portion of one of the most notable figures in the annals of our country. It might also well furnish the theme for reflection on the serious drain on our national resources to-day, consequent upon the prevalence of disabling dental disabilities, associated as they are with a wide range of systemic diseases.

Deplorable, indeed, has been the neglect of this important as well as beautiful gateway designed by Nature to be a guardian to health and a powerful factor in efficiency. But the result of recent research, now at the public disposal, encourages the hope that by ensuring, as is now within our power, structural perfection in the teeth of the present and future generations, the reproach will be removed that, in a country which in most respects has led the world in sanitation, this ivory gateway is more dilapidated, and is the source of a greater amount of dental disease, than in other lands less favoured in their general care for the physical welfare of their people.

LOW-TEMPERATURE CARBONISATION

BY DAVID BROWNLIE

ONE of the most important national questions in Great Britain at the present time is the low-temperature carbonisation of bituminous coal for the production of liquid products such as motor spirit, Diesel engine oil, lubricating oil and fuel oil, and of solid, free-burning smokeless fuel. Closely allied is the carbonisation or other heat treatment of anthracite smalls, shale, cannel and general refuse colliery material, termed by the miner "bats," "jacks" and "bastard cannels," for example, being low-grade material of a canneloid nature. In view of the fact that forty-two different low-temperature carbonisation processes are now under active consideration in this country, representing fifty to one hundred limited liability companies, with an aggregate capital of probably over £9,000,000, a certain measure of constructive criticism will doubtless be of interest. Such a consideration is all the more necessary because of the grossly misleading statements that are being made continually with regard to low-temperature carbonisation, especially from the balance-sheet point of view and the "boosting" of shares. In this connection it may be mentioned that ever since 1906, when "low-temperature carbonisation" in the popular sense of the term came prominently before the public, not one single penny of dividend has yet been paid by any process, although during the past twenty years scores of balance-sheets have been published in connection with over one hundred different processes, showing that profits of 20-75 per cent. dividends on the capital would easily be obtained.

The present writer for over twenty years has been an advocate of the adoption of more scientific methods in connection with the utilisation of our coal, alike as regards steam generation practice, black smoke prevention, pul-

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verised fuel, the utilisation of steam, and low-temperature carbonisation. Also it may be stated again that if we do not without much further delay proceed to develop the almost unequalled resources of our own country in the way of cultivation of the soil, scientific methods with coal and liquid fuel production, and many obvious schemes such as land drainage, main roads, the Severn Barrage scheme and the Channel Tunnel, we are doomed as an industrial nation of the first rank. It will be understood, therefore, that the present consideration of certain aspects of low-temperature carbonisation is written largely with the desire of helping those who are labouring from the genuinely scientific and technical point of view to make the general principle a commercial success as entirely distinct from the loading of "dud" shares on the community.

Expressed in a few words, low-temperature carbonisation of, say, bituminous coal consists in heat treatment generally within the range of 800°-1,400° F. (426°-760° C.), as against the familiar high-temperature carbonisation processes at 2,000°-2,200° F. (1,094°-1,205° C.) of the towns' gas industry and the by-product metallurgical coke oven. This method of low-temperature carbonisation can be carried out in all kinds of ways, but a simple, externally heated process will give from one ton of average bituminous coal (25-35 per cent. volatile matter), a yield of, say, 3,500-6,000 cubic feet of rich gas (650-800 B.Th.U. per cubic foot), 1½ gallons of crude light oil scrubbed from the gas, 15-20 gallons of low-temperature tar with 40 per cent. of pitch, and 14 cwt. (70 per cent.) of a smokeless free-burning fuel with 9-12 per cent. volatile matter. As against this, by high-temperature carbonisation there is obtained per ton of coal 12,000 cubic feet of medium quality gas (450-550 B.Th.U. per cubic foot), 1 gallon of crude light oil scrubbed from the gas, 10 gallons of coal tar with over 55 per cent. of pitch, and 14 cwt. (70 per cent.) of coke, which is not free-burning.

The first general claim made on behalf of a number of low-temperature carbonisation companies is that their own process is something entirely new, with the inference also that hardly any other processes are in existence. On

this point the forty-two processes now under consideration in Great Britain alone are as follows :

" Aicher."	" McEwen-Runge."
" Babcock."	" Marshall."
" Bussey."	" Midland Coal Products."
" Carbonphosphate."	" Moeller."
" Coalite."	" Pehrson-Wheeler."
" Consolidated Fuel."	" Pieters."
" Consolidated Gold Fields."	" Plassmann."
" Crossman."	" Positive Retorts."
" Crozier."	" Power Gas Corporation."
" Duffield."	" Pure Coal Briquette."
" Dvorkovitz."	" Richards Pringle."
" Freeman."	" Roberts."
" Fuel Research Board."	" Salerno."
" Fuelite."	" Staveley Coal and Iron Co."
" Fusion Retort."	" Struben."
" Hird."	" Tozer."
" Illingworth."	" Trumble."
" K.S.G." (Kohlenscheidungs- Gesellschaft).	" Turner."
" L.N." (Laing-Nielsen).	" Vandergrift."
" Lewis."	" Winaer."
" Maclaurin."	" Wollaston."

Also I have the details of between 500 and 600 different low-temperature carbonisation processes that have been operated, nearly all with large-scale retorts, for the heat treatment of coal, lignite, shale, cannel, torbanite, canneloid material, tar sands and bituminous rocks, oil sands, peat, wood, and general vegetable material. Further, at the present time there are over 150 different low-temperature carbonisation processes of considerable importance in Great Britain, the United States, Germany, France, Estonia, Japan, Canada, South Africa and Australia. It is still the general opinion also, even amongst many scientific men, that low-temperature carbonisation is some comparatively new development in fuel technology. This is so grotesque that one finds a difficulty in answering it easily and concisely, on the same lines, for example, that one might be embarrassed in having to demonstrate, without much trouble, that the earth is round and not a flat table over the edge of which the human race is in danger of falling into open space. Apart, however, from

the 500-600 processes known during the past century or so, low-temperature carbonisation was practised before 1860 on a very large commercial scale, representing the treatment of millions of tons of material, in three entirely different industries. The first and most familiar is towns' gas supply, which originated as a commercial proposition about 1805, due largely to the genius of William Murdock, who in 1802 illuminated Boulton and Watts' factory in Birmingham with coal gas to celebrate the Peace of Amiens. Until, say, 1840-1845 the whole of the gas was made by the carbonisation of bituminous coal, often mixed with cannel, in small, horizontal, intermittent cast-iron retorts. For many years the operating conditions were a "dull red heat," that is, about 900°-1,000° F. (482°-538° C.), as shown clearly also by the yield of gas, which averaged in good practice 5,500-6,000 cubic feet per ton of coal. This was purely and simply low-temperature carbonisation with the production of a rich illuminating gas and a high-grade, soft, free-burning coke having 8-14 per cent. volatile matter, entirely different to the high-temperature carbonisation gas-works coke of the present day, which is difficult to ignite because of the low volatile content, below 5 per cent., and bad structure. However, the towns' gas industry could not make any profit because of the low yield of gas, and, with almost incredible stupidity, refused for a long time to use fireclay retorts so as to improve matters. The temperature of the cast-iron retorts was pushed up to as high as 1,400° F. (760° C.), with a yield of, say, 8,000 cubic feet of gas per ton, but naturally the wear and tear and cost of upkeep of the iron retorts proved to be ruinous. Consequently, in spite of all its previous opposition and the loss of a vast amount of potential revenue, the towns' gas industry was forced to adopt fireclay retorts, which soon allowed the temperature to be raised to 1,800° F. (982° C.) and higher, giving 10,000 cubic feet of gas per ton, and eventually 12,000, with, however, the production of a much inferior coke. The point is, therefore, that low-temperature carbonisation of bituminous coal as such has been perfectly familiar knowledge as a commercial pro-

position for more than a century in the towns' gas industry alone.

The most interesting early application, however, of low-temperature carbonisation was the manufacture of "coal oil" from coal, cannel, torbanite, "fossil" petroleums, such as "Albertite," and other material. Before the commercial discovery of petroleum in 1856 at least 300 different works were engaged, especially in England, Wales, Scotland, France, Germany, Austria, the United States, Canada, and Australia, in low-temperature carbonisation for the manufacture of crude oil, which was fractionated to kerosene, lubricating oil, thick lubricating greases, and other products. Generally externally heated, horizontal, intermittent, cast-iron gas-works retorts were used, or intermittent, externally heated, cast-iron rotary retorts of short length, although in many cases the carbonisation was also carried out by means of a stream of highly heated gas or steam, or by slow combustion of part of the charge with air. Most of these long-practised methods have been hailed during the past few years as new and brilliant discoveries, although in large scale commercial operation about three-quarters of a century ago. However, the "coal oil" industry was wiped out by the advent of petroleum, which in many ways has proved a disaster to the human race, while the fact that "civilisation advances in spirals" is well indicated by the fact that now we are going back again to the production of oil from solid raw products.

Closely allied is the third general low-temperature carbonisation industry, that of shale, although, incidentally, some of the so called "shales" used are not shale in the scientific sense of the term. Thus, for example, what is termed "shale" at Casmalia, in California, long used for low-temperature carbonisation, is really a variety of rock saturated with bitumen, while at Messel, in Hesse Darmstadt, the local "shale," also utilised on a commercial scale for carbonisation since about 1860, is a unique product, apparently an intimate mixture of rich lignite and bituminous limestone.

The shale carbonisation industry, on strictly low-tem-

perature carbonisation methods, originated in France about 1820 at Autun (Saone et Loire), and is still carried on at this centre by the Société Lyonnaise des Schistes Bitumineux. About 1845 James Young commenced the well-known Scottish shale industry, using first, however, a rich boghead cannel until the supply gave out. Shortly afterwards the low-temperature carbonisation of shale for oil production spread to almost every industrial and semi-industrial country of the world, including Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Canada, South Africa, Germany, Austria, Japan, Manchuria, Estonia, Brazil, United States, Sweden, and Poland. At one time, before the advent of petroleum, about 300 shale carbonising works were operating in Scotland, and there was quite a flourishing little industry in North Wales, now almost completely forgotten. The whole situation with regard to shale is, however, lamentable, especially in Scotland and France, and the total consumption throughout the world probably does not exceed 5,000,000 tons per annum, equal to, say, 150,000,000 gallons (3,700,000 barrels) of crude oil. This is a minor matter compared with over 1,250,000,000 barrels of petroleum now turned out every year, and the only country adopting really scientific and go-ahead methods with shale is Estonia, with a consumption of over 450,000 tons per annum of the rich local shale, "kukkersite," and a laudable determination to render the country independent of all foreign fuel, liquid or solid. The main point is, therefore, long-established and widely distributed industries have been carried out under specific low-temperature carbonisation conditions for the recovery of the maximum amount of crude oil from solid material, especially coal, lignite, cannel, shale, and torbanite.

This leads to the mention of another important section of many modern low-temperature carbonisation processes and their numerous limited companies, the validity of the patents. In a prospectus great stress is laid, as a rule, on the great commercial value of the patents held in connection with the particular process. After a detailed examination during many years of over 1,000 individual patents, my opinion is that at least 75 per cent. of low-temperature

carbonisation patents would stand little chance in a court of law as regards validity. Many of these patents are simply of a preposterous character and relate to general principles or to retort designs that have no pretence to novelty or originality. In fact, there is no better method of showing the scandal of the patent laws in general throughout the world than to study this subject of low-temperature carbonisation and to consider the vast sum taken out of industry every year in connection with patents. Certainly from one point of view the whole matter has its humorous aspect, and, for example, to mention a typical case, the basic principle of low-temperature carbonisation by passing a gaseous medium such as steam, waste combustion gas, producer gas, or water gas, or any mixtures of these, with or without air, at the necessary temperature, $71, 800^{\circ}$ - $1,400^{\circ}$ F. (425° - 760° C.), through the charge has been claimed within the last few years as a new discovery. This method, on present knowledge, was first used on a large commercial scale commencing about 1820 in the "Schwarz," "Ottelinsha," and "Ljungberg" kiln processes for the low-temperature carbonisation of wood, chiefly in Sweden, and was also adopted before 1840 in the early days of the French shale carbonisation industries at Autun, while a large number of processes for the treatment of coal, lignite, cannel, and other material employ the same method. Also, as regards the low-temperature carbonisation of bituminous coal for solid smokeless fuel production, all kinds of processes were tried in Great Britain long before Thomas Parker's first patent of 1890, although "Coalite" did not start as a commercial proposition at Wednesfield until 1906.

There are, of course, many valuable patents for retort designs, specific parts of a retort, or methods of carrying out heat treatment, but these form a decided minority. Various other points in the way of constructive criticism of many low-temperature carbonisation processes can also be raised. For example, it is always assumed, to take simple figures for illustration, that dust and small smokeless fuel will sell at 30s. per ton, while the lump

lump coal, showing a substantial profit; this, however, is largely a fallacy. It is true that at the present time, because of a universal lack of scientific methods, small coal is only worth 10s. a ton, having little or no sale, but if several hundred low-temperature carbonisation plants were to start up, the enormously increased demand would soon raise the price of the small coal, with also the lump coal sold cheaper because of the formidable competition of smokeless fuel. Consequently we might soon find the small coal was, say, 17s. 6d. per ton, and the price received for the smokeless fuel 25s., so that the profits would have almost vanished. Again, it is generally assumed $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of crude light oil per ton of coal scrubbed from the rich gas is "water white" motor spirit. The real figures are less than 50 per cent. of the amount, equal to three-quarters of a gallon per ton, because the crude light oil has to be purified by washing with various chemicals and fractionated, resulting in considerable loss. Also, the low-temperature tar often will not fractionate as easily as crude petroleum, while having more than 40 per cent. of pitch, being in some cases a badly "cracked" product and also much emulsified, so that distillation is a difficult matter. Further, another serious, although unjust, obstacle to low-temperature carbonisation in Great Britain is the difficulty of selling the gas. There is no use in giving the full value for 3,500-6,000 cubic feet per ton of rich gas in a balance-sheet when in actual practice the gas cannot be sold at all, and since this country, without adequate safeguards for its own interests, allows the towns gas industry to have a complete monopoly in the supply of gas to about 9,000,000 unfortunate householders, it is hardly to be expected that low-temperature carbonisation gas can find easily a remunerative outlet. However, it is a significant sign of the times that a limited number of low-temperature carbonisation plants are now being operated, or are in course of erection, at gas works in Great Britain. These include a "K.S.G." and "Coalite" plants at the South Metropolitan Gas Co. in London; "Salerni," "Hird," and "E Retort" (Fuel Research Board) plants for the Gas Light and Coke Co.,

also in London; "Maclaurin" plants at the Dalmarnock Gas Works, Glasgow, and the Nuneaton Gas Works; an "Illingworth" plant at the Treforest Gas Works, Pontypridd; and operations according to the "Roberts" process at the Ramsgate Gas Works.

These are some of the reasons, and others could be advanced, why there will be no dividend on a large part of the £9,000,000 at present invested in low-temperature carbonisation processes in Great Britain.

But it is necessary to emphasise that real technical progress of a most important character is being made by firms of high repute. The greatest hope for the commercial success of low-temperature carbonisation is that this country will be forced inexorably to adopt scientific methods with coal, especially as regards liquid fuel production, electricity, and towns gas, no matter what vested interests stand in the way. Obviously we cannot go on much longer under conditions of over £50,000,000 spent abroad every year unnecessarily for petrol, lubricating oil and liquid fuel, black smoke costing over £40,000,000 per annum in damage, towns gas of 450-600 B.Th.U. per cubic foot made at huge expense when a cheap 200 B.Th.U. gas under proper conditions is just as efficient, as proved by George Helps at Nuneaton Gas Works, and failure to use electricity to anything like the proper extent, both for domestic and industrial use.

Finally, it should be mentioned that, apart from low-temperature carbonisation for the production of lump smokeless fuel and the sale of gas, there are various other highly important general applications. For example, in the iron and steel industries an ideal method is the operation of low-temperature carbonisation plants using all the rich clean gas for firing the furnaces, and similarly we have the combination of low-temperature carbonisation and combustion for the operation of steam-driven electricity stations, with recovery of all the liquid products and economical combustion of the gas as well as the solid carbonised fuel under the boiler.

THE CONTROLLING MINDS OF ASIA

BY SIRDAR IKBAL ALI SHAH

IN the early 'nineties of last century a brown-haired little Turkish boy at Salonica was absently listening to a sententious father, who lectured him on the need for greater application to his books if he were to aspire to the coveted position of a Hoja, a priest. But the rather wordless youngster had long ago made up his relentless mind on the subject of a career. It so happened that he lived not far from the Turkish barracks, and the brilliant uniforms of the officers quartered there appeared to him much more desirable than the habit of the religious. So parental counsel finally waned in the face of a determination now grown proverbial in the Moslim world, and the boy Kemal was sent to the local military academy.

A great earnestness assisted rapid progress, and Kemal shortly found his way to the Military College at Constantinople. But no sooner had he received a commission than, like many another modern-minded young Turkish officer, he became suspect to the mediævalists who surrounded the court of Abdul Hamid, and in 1904 he was bundled off to Syria under what was practically a decree of banishment. There he lingered three years, but at the end of that time returned to Salonica as a minor staff officer in the Third Army Corps.

On his return to Turkey in Europe, one of his first acts was to identify himself with the Young Turkey Party, and when the Revolution of 1908 blazed forth he soon found a place in its advanced ranks. The new Government was kind to him and despatched him to the French military manœuvres, recognising his interest in, and knowledge of, modern European methods of warfare. Shortly afterwards he did excellent service in the war with Italy in Tripoli, and in the rough campaigning against the Bulgarian Army served as Chief of Staff to the New Gallipoli Army Corps. At the conclusion of hostilities, in which

he had thoroughly enjoyed himself, he was despatched to Sofia as Military Attaché, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

When the World War broke out Kemal Pasha was sent to Thrace, and at the time of the British landing at Suvla Bay commanded the passage of the Dardanelles. But he fiercely resented German tutelage, and lost no opportunity of showing his dislike for it. He quarrelled with Inver Pasha because of the elder man's resignation of his command into German hands, and at last became so difficult that, after the British evacuation of Gallipoli, the staff packed him off to the Caucasus to hold the Russians in check. No use! His extraordinary sense of the proprieties of military organisation rendered him at last so obnoxious to Headquarters that he was quietly shelved by an appointment to tour Central Europe. This he did, with excellent results for his own experience, but on the accession of Sultan Wahiddin he was given a command in Palestine, where he once more found himself up against German interference in the person of General Liman von Sanders, whom he came to detest.

With the Armistice his day undoubtedly dawned. Assembling the remnants of the Turkish Army in Southern Anatolia, he impressed authority so greatly by his position that he was placated with a high place at the War Office. Throughout the difficult and stormy period of transition which followed he acted strongly and diplomatically. What seemed a *débâcle* to most was to him but a time of reconstruction. In May, 1919, the Greeks seized Smyrna, and the Constantinople Government, acting under Allied control, despatched Kemal to North-Eastern Anatolia as Inspector-General of the Turkish forces in that province. But instead of disarming the troops, as he was ordered to do, he kept them together, only to be recalled, however, by Damad Ferid Pasha, the Grand Vizier.

By this time he had fully made up his mind as to the course he was to pursue. Believing that the Allies desired the effacement of Turkey in Europe, he applied himself to the task of reconstruction and opposition. He

organised a Nationalist movement in 1919, and on its failure, nothing daunted, commenced another. At a Congress in Anatolia he declared the absolute independence of all Turkish territories within the boundaries affected by the Armistice, and managed to get a national backing through a General Election at Constantinople. Persecution followed. The Government at Constantinople denounced him and his Nationalists as rebels and outcasts from Islam. But Kemal, convening a Grand National Assembly at Angora in April, 1920, took matters out of its hands, and in 1921 received official recognition from the Russian Soviet, and what may be regarded as the unofficial sanction of all Europe for the new State he had created.

By this time the Army and the great majority of the populace had come to regard Kemal Pasha as a national hero, and when Greece declared war the old racial assurance of the Turk returned. The invaders were speedily driven out of Anatolia and Smyrna, and the Allies, their hands full elsewhere, and only too satisfied, probably, to see the beginning of a new and settled régime in Turkey, withdrew from Constantinople and recognised the independence of the new Turkish State by the Treaty of Lausanne.

Kemal is, indeed, the new Turkey personified, as surely as Mussolini stands for the new Italy. Everything is administered from Angora. The boy who was to have been a mullah has developed an almost savage distrust of the Muslim clergy, and small wonder, too, for no one can love the Hoja of old Turkey. The Khilafat and Sheikh-ul-Islam are no more, and the new Turkey is practically "anti-clerical," if not agnostic.

Some will tell you that Kemal is a mechanical organiser, like Kitchener, whose mentality runs on the wheels of system alone; others that he is an inspired patriot, so absorbed in the task of reconstructing his country that he has no time nor thought for anything else. And from what I know of him I believe that there is a modicum of truth in both opinions. But can I forget the procession down the Kara Oghalund in Angora when he

passed the street to review his troops? Every face was thrust out of little Turkish windows; roughly paved streets were a mass of shouting humanity, men and women waved flags, threw flowers in his way, greeting their military hero; and there the Ghazi sat in his car, top hat in hand, his eyes almost tear-dimmed as he acknowledged the salutations of his people. And I thought that I had seen the modern Napoleon.

But no review of those forces that are operating in the world of Islam to-day would be complete without examining the rise of the Wahabi King Ibn Saud, and the progress of modern Arabia since his exploits surprised the West.

The reason of the triumph of the Wahabis is to be found in the personality of Ibn Saud, which once again testifies to the historical truth that whosoever tampers with the old fire of Islam in Arabia does not long retain the guardianship of Mecca. Sultan Ibn Saud has had a remarkable career. Some years ago he was practically a nonentity in Eastern politics, living an unknown life in an obscure area bordering on the Persian Gulf. To-day he is the King of the Hijaz and Nejd and the only power of consequence throughout Arabia.

his increasing ascendance even before the final collapse of the house of King Husain.

To those who know him best the rise of the Wahabi King does not come as a surprise, for he has been steadily working towards this end for at least the last quarter of the century. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he had realised at an early stage of his career that if Central Arabia—where man has ever been waging war against the inhospitable mother earth of the desert—is to form a province of his Empire, then he must destroy the tribal system and, what is more, establish agricultural colonies composed of mixed population, thus organising a solid dictatorship on a religious basis where national or clan associations are submerged under the all-powerful influence of the faith. This in a measure forms the keynote of the Ikhwan movement which he has set up, and through which its Badwin Arab tribesmen in the name of religion owe allegiance to him. The simple and direct mentality of the Semitic races has assisted Ibn Saud further in arriving at a solidarity so powerful that, judging by what I saw at Mecca, I feel that Wahabism in the cradle of Islam has come to stay.

If Persia, that land of singers and sages, has all along retained the power of conquering hearts, its modern political history had belied the expectation of her continued prosperity till the Qachar dynasty was swept off by the epoch-making endeavours of her present remarkable ruler Riza Shah Pahlavi, who has now set that harassed country definitely on the path of peace and progress.

Like many legendary Eastern kings, Riza Shah was fortunate in not being born an heir to the throne. The son of a soldier, he climbed his way to the throne. The dross and debris of the house of Ahmed Shah. He was born in 1876, in the village of Alasht, in North Persia, and on reaching manhood he joined his father's regiment. After filling many important military posts he crushed a dangerous revolt in Gilan and revealed himself a man of destiny. In 1919 he travelled home to rest a while and plan the future organisation of the Army, the only element which he thought could save Persia. There he came to

the conclusion that a complete change was absolutely necessary in order to effect the needed reforms. At the head of his army, in 1920, he one night attacked and entered Tehran and occupied all public institutions. Following this initial success his thoughts were directed towards reforming the Army, and, with this end in view, he merged various elements of the then heterogeneous Army into one unified body, and thereupon was appointed Minister for War.

In 1921 one of the Mazandaran nobility, the Amir-Moayzed, rose in open revolt, but, being unable to withstand the *elan* of the new Persian Army, was defeated and took refuge in flight. In the meantime Miraz Kuchek Khan had extended his power in the province of Gilan. Riza Shah took the field against the recalcitrant Jungalees, and by defeating them completely broke the power of Kuchek, who died of exposure in the Gilan hills.

Another revolt then engaged his attention, when Ismail Agha Lemitgoo (generally known as Simko) had raised the standard of reaction against Tehran, in the province of Azarbaizan. He and his supporters were well armed and put up a very stout resistance, but after a series of engagements he was defeated but escaped. This revolt had not been entirely suppressed when Mohammed Taghi Khan, a colonel of gendarmerie, raised a rebellion in Khorassan. An army was despatched to quell it, and in the engagements which followed he was mortally wounded and order was soon established.

At this time a number of Members of Mejlis, or the Persian Parliament, who looked with disfavour upon such reforms, started a campaign of adverse criticism, and Riza Shah, viewing this attitude with disappointment, resigned his post of Secretary for War. The inhabitants of various provinces and cities, on learning of this, rose *en masse* and maintained that agitation until he altered his decision and withdrew his resignation. It was then desirous of raising the dearth of officers, and being a number of young subalterns to Europe to study the technique of modern warfare.

In July, 1923, Riza Shah was invested with the powers of Premiership. Before that year reached its close a Republican movement was inaugurated in all parts of the country, which, however, was suppressed after three months' duration. At the beginning of 1924 the Lars again revolted and surrounded Khoramabad. It was again, therefore, found necessary to send a large force against them from Tehran and Kermanshah. The Lars were attacked, and, being defeated, submitted to the authorities. His Majesty then proceeded there and established law and order.

In the summer of 1924 Kazal, the head of the Mohaisen tribe, set up a revolt in Mohammara, and started to collect followers and oppose the Government representatives. Riza Shah led his army again, and in a short time put down the revolt in Khuzistan. Kazal, too, reluctantly surrendered. In 1925 the National Assembly of Persia declared the deposition of the Kajar dynasty and called the Prime Minister, Riza Shah, to accept the leadership of the provisional government and to convoke the Constituent Assembly for the purpose of electing a future head of the State. When the Constituent Assembly was convened, they took into consideration the Prime Minister's great services to the country, his zeal and energy for the establishment of law and order, and his activities and enthusiasm in introducing and effecting reforms, offered him the Crown, and invested the succession in his male descendants. In 1925 Riza Shah ascended the Peacock Throne, and the coronation ceremonies which took place had no precedent.

Besides being a soldier Riza Shah Pahlavi is a great administrator; simple of habits, he never sleeps upon soft beds, eats only twice during the day, his chief meal being early in the morning. He walks a great deal, and would walk round and round his palace rose garden when talking to his Ministers. Even at the audiences he would scarcely sit. He loves standing about, and although not averse to fine furniture or clothes he hardly ever uses them in his private life. His first care is the Army, and "the reason that I still preside at the affairs of the Army is," he once

replied to a mild constitutional objection, "that I alone created this force for Persia, and if I, who am the most skilled man in the art of war amongst you, did not give the best services for this defence of Persia, we should have revolution at home and intrigue from without." The Army loves him too, and, being a soldier born, he is never so happy as reviewing his troops.

Now as to Afghanistan, it is common knowledge that King Amanullah's modernist tendencies have occasioned a revolt, and ultimately forced not only his abdication but that of his elder brother. But of infinitely greater importance is the understanding of those more or less obscure facets of the Afghan monarch's character and achievements which, coupled with the conservative traditions of his countrymen, make the complete introduction of Western methods in the Middle East quite impossible. Whether or not this modernisation, as such, has sufficiently justified itself, even in the countries of its origin, to warrant its being grafted upon Moslim Asia might be an open question; yet there is no denying that its wholesale importation into Afghanistan, at any rate, cannot produce the best results of human effort.

King Amanullah, however, treating the past with contempt, had persuaded the nobles around him into believing that this generally accepted maxim is a myth, which he is as capable of exploding as is the hero-dictator of modern Turkey. The idealising of Mustafa Kemal by Amanullah monarch is said to have once extolled the exploits of such diverse characters as Napoleon, Robespierre, and Count Bismarck. But although the adoption of the Turkish model characterises Amanullah's efforts, yet the first principles which must govern such transplanting are ignored by giving no thought to the differences between the Turkish and Afghan mentalities. Appreciation of these guiding factors would repay study.

The spirit of Islam was absorbed by the Turks as a military race—a fighting clan of Central Asia who battled their way even past the River Danube—never once losing their essential characteristics of absolute obedience to the head of their clan.

In the lap of these traditions of war grew Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and his undisputed prowess as a military hero, though he had to contend with at least two revolutions, is still very much to the fore, as is shown by the recent arrest of Nejali Bey, a former deputy.

Now how do matters lie in the "God Gifted Kingdom"? as its maker, Amir Abdur Rahman Khan, styled it on occupying the throne at Kabul after his exile in Turkestan. The one thing of importance is that, unlike the Turk, the Afghan is an extremely devout Moslim. He is only a shade less fanatical than the Calvinistic Wahabis of Mecca, and differs also from the followers of Ibn Saud in being infinitely more priest-ridden. In all wars, whether domestic or foreign, he fights as a Ghazi, or as a Knight of Religion, and he seeks rather than avoids to lay down his life in the battle of his faith. He is Moslim first and Afghan after, owing allegiance to that traditional interpretation of the Revealed Law which makes him believe that the Realm of Islam stretches over the entire face of the known world. Of that great confederacy he considers himself a unit, and takes his cue directly from the Mullah, who is regarded as the most learned man in his village, also the most holy because he is a Haji, or one who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The whole social fabric of Afghan society is controlled by the Shara, or the Islamic code as revealed in the Koran, practised by the Prophet Mohammed, or further explained by the four great Doctors of Law. In that immutable law he can admit no change. Any casting of fresh light on that system is considered heresy and punishable by death. A notable example of this was met with when a follower of the Qadyani sect proclaimed his Indian priest as the promised Messiah and was executed as a heretic in Kabul.

Furthermore, it is contended that as man-made law is fallible in so far as it admits of diversity in different countries and amongst different peoples, it could not be relied upon in preference to an all-embracing system. Its rigidity is denied owing to human frailty to adapt itself to the precise limits. An Afghan is a slave of Allah, but

only Allah's slave; he is free to act and think for himself as best pleases him. His corporate effort is evinced in battle when the cause of religion is threatened. Clever politicians have, of course, made capital of this bent of mind in Afghanistan by stigmatising their rivals as infidels or, at least, un-Islamic, and thereby declaring a holy war. The geographical isolation of the people has served further to make their outlook intensely conservative. In the face of these facts it is obvious that King Amanullah's reforms could have had no other result than they had.

Both the father and the grandfather of the present King were always solicitous of the help of the clergy; indeed, it was with the co-operation of the Mullahs of Eastern Afghanistan that Amir Abdur Rahman Khan was able to annex Kafiristan and so definitely put down the Hazara revolt. The power of the late Amir was considerably strengthened by the influence of the priests, who received handsome and regular presents from Kabul. In the case of King Amanullah himself, his success of 1919 on the Indian frontier was entirely due to the backing he received from the friendly Mullahs, and conversely when, soon after his accession, he introduced reforms a rebellion ensued in Khost, compelling him to forgo many of his newly constituted institutions.

By playing upon the national, and more particularly on the religious, feelings of the Afghans, King Amanullah was able to control the minds of his subjects; and as long as he was true to the older traditions of his race the Afghans were extremely devoted to him. Modernisation, however, broke the spell. The other personalities who are making a bid for the Afghan throne can scarcely leave an impress on Central Asia, for, after all, they are but passing political phantoms who do not control the real mind of the East.

RATIONALISATION IN THE COTTON INDUSTRY

By A. H. S. HINCHLIFFE

THE achievements of Mr. Henry Ford seem to have set the whole world throbbing with the spirit of emulation. The massed production of standard articles, coupled with the unified control of all processes from the raw material to the distribution of the finished product, has become the creed of up-to-date industrialists. Not only is this theory being practised in the case of new industries, but it is being proposed as the remedy for the troubles of the old. That the theory in general is a sound one is hardly to be denied; it has startling successes to its credit. But there is a growing tendency amongst writers to regard rationalisation as a panacea for industrial ills, especially in the case of major industries. If the public becomes too much imbued with this idea there are likely to be some disappointments.

WHAT LANCASHIRE WANTS

After some eight years of depression, it seems to be pretty generally agreed amongst writers on the subject that rationalisation is what Lancashire needs. It is a little difficult to criticise this contention without a clear definition of what they mean by "Lancashire." Let us, however, assume that by "Lancashire" they mean the cotton trade in its widest sense, *i.e.*, the portion of our population which depends for its livelihood upon the processes through which cotton passes before it finally reaches the consumer. Let us further assume that the national importance of the cotton industry depends upon its ability to provide a decent standard of living for the many, rather than large profits for the few. On these assumptions what we require is volume of trade, the export of a vast

amount of cloth which will employ a large number of people in the making and finishing of it. In the past this volume of trade was achieved by the manufacture of cheap, coarse cloths for the use of the world's coloured population. The present depression in the industry is primarily due to the decline in this particular class of trade. Of the total yardage by which the exports of cotton cloth have declined since 1913, about two-thirds consist of coarse goods for India and China. We are told that a great deal of this trade can be recovered by rationalisation. So, therefore, as volume is what Lancashire wants, we must presumably rationalise. Such is the argument. Though, however, it would be all to our advantage to recover some of the trade in coarse goods which has been lost, does not the real future of the industry depend upon something different? Largely owing to our being the inventors of textile machinery, we had a start over the rest of the world in cotton manufacturing, and there was a time when even coarse fabrics could scarcely be produced elsewhere. To-day they are being spun and woven all over the world, and present little difficulty to semi-skilled labour. Suppose rationalisation were to enable us to get back some of this trade, would it offer us much in the way of prospects? Success in industry ultimately depends upon the constructive combination of craftsmanship and science. It may be scientific to rationalise, but where is the craftsmanship in making something which everybody else can make? Lancashire, admittedly, needs all the trade it can get, but it will surely pay her best to concentrate upon utilising the chief advantage which she possesses over the rest of the world—the skill of her workpeople. Moreover, high-class fabrics afford a great deal more employment than coarse fabrics in proportion to yardage, most of the former being subjected to an elaborate finishing process. Thus the question of volume could more easily be solved by an increased demand for the better article. Export figures show that such demand is increasing, especially for the finer dyed goods.

THE EXPORTERS' DIFFICULTIES

Seeing that most of the advantages claimed for rationalisation are based on the assumption that it will enable us to recover a great deal of the lost export trade, it is worth while examining some of the most formidable difficulties which beset the shippers of cotton textiles. These may be briefly summarised thus:—

- (1) Our customers becoming manufacturers and imposing tariffs.
- (2) Geographical position.
- (3) The cutting of qualities.
- (4) The return to the gold standard.

Obviously the chief trouble is the local production of yarn and cloth in countries which previously supplied their wants by importing from Great Britain. This has happened with our two best customers, India and China, as well as on the Continent of Europe and in certain parts of South America. The United States cotton industry is now so large that she uses more of the American cotton crop than the rest of the world put together. These countries are determined to develop their own industries, and will use every means to frustrate a massed attack from Great Britain in the class of goods which they themselves produce. The tariff weapon is pretty sure to be employed against us. In India we might conceivably be granted a preference over other importers, but surely not for such coarse goods as are likely to injure the Indian mills! Foreigners, however, will perforce be content to purchase from us the fabrics which they cannot produce themselves, and the more we can popularise these the better.

The second difficulty is perhaps a minor one, but is not without considerable effect upon our trade in at least two important markets—China and South America. The proximity of Japan in the one case and the U.S.A. in the other gives these two competitors a pull over us. Japanese and American salesmen can send home their recommendations in less time than our representatives, and their goods are quicker in transit. Buyers can receive their shipments in a shorter time after placing orders,

which lessens the risk of market fluctuations and is an important consideration in a disturbed country such as China, where nobody knows what the political situation may be in a few weeks.

The third difficulty is a serious one and likely to prove particularly prejudicial to the rationalised producers. All popular qualities of textiles are liable to an attack of quality cutting by competitors, but low-class goods are the most susceptible. The finer fabrics are protected by the difficulty of imitating certain colours or finishes. It is easy to analyse a coarse cloth and produce something slightly cheaper, but which may serve the purpose, by omitting, say, one or two threads to the square inch, or slightly altering the yarns; by this means the Continental and Japanese producers have achieved a great deal of their success. Quite recently a special attempt was made by co-operative action on the part of English merchants and printers to meet Italian competition in certain low-class printed goods for India. A cloth equal in quality to the Italians' was selected, and the printers agreed to print this on certain conditions at a specially cut price, hoping to be compensated by the recovery of bulk business. The Italians immediately countered this by cutting their own quality, and the whole massed attack was rendered abortive from the outset. The construction of cotton cloths is such that slight alterations in quality can be made in an instant without any dislocation at the producing end. In this they differ very materially from many other mass-produced goods such as, say, motors. In the China markets it has been the custom for Japanese merchants to collect the latest printed designs arriving from England. Having sent them back to Japan and printed them on lower cloths than the original English patterns, they reintroduce them to China, thus causing serious losses to any Chinese dealers who happen to hold stock of the original English goods. Fear of this has made the Chinese reluctant to buy English prints, however much they may be attracted by them, except such styles as the Japanese cannot imitate. Rationalisation

schemes are intended to market exceptionally large quantities of standard qualities, but it is difficult to see how they are going to overcome the quality-cutting menace. In this respect the ordinary merchant has something of an advantage because he can be continually altering his own qualities.

The official policy of monetary deflation and the return to the gold standard has, no doubt, affected all our export industries in common. In some respects, however, it has inflicted peculiar hardships upon the cotton trade. In the first place, wages form a very large proportion of the cost of producing cloth, and wages have not been deflated to the same extent as the currency. The deflation policy has also increased the relative burden of our social services, which has to be borne by manufacturing concerns. Manufacturers, therefore, could not make the reductions in prices which were necessary to enable them to compete with the producers in foreign countries where the currency has remained depreciated. Moreover, the greater part of our exports of cotton goods go to supply the needs of very poor populations, who cannot spend more than a very limited sum per head on clothing. A moderate rise in price does seriously affect the buying power of such customers. Though the effects of monetary deflation will in time, we hope, evaporate, they have been, and still are, a handicap which no excellence of industrial organisation can overcome.

SOME CURRENT FALLACIES

It is worth while examining some of the false conceptions which have been gaining ground as the result of certain loose statements which have lately been made in the Press and elsewhere. Some extraordinary estimates have been given of the reduction in price of certain standard cloths which would be possible under a system of massed production and co-operative marketing. This was actually computed by a prominent member of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to be as high as 25 per cent., and information to this effect was cabled to foreign markets. Were the figure correct it would be no

wonder that we cannot compete at present. It is understood, however, that the estimate was arrived at as follows:—

It was assumed that under the present system each section, i.e., the spinner, the manufacturer, the finisher, the packer and the exporter, were working for a fixed profit. The system was then compared with one under which all these sections would agree to work for cost, the goods being shipped on a cost basis. Even, however, if the calculated difference in price were a correct one on such basis, the comparison would be unfair for two reasons. In the first place, neither the spinner, the manufacturer nor the merchant is at present working for any fixed profit on staple cloths. They are regularly accepting business in such goods which shows them an actual loss in order to keep machinery running and bear a share of their overhead expenses. To have machinery idle is very costly; business is therefore regularly accepted at any loss which is better than stopping. Merchants have to risk buying in anticipation in order to maintain their turnover, and they, too, frequently sell at a loss, which may be a heavy one. It is, therefore, quite impossible to arrive at any basis on which the present price of coarse goods for export can be assessed. Suffice it to say that competition is such that they are being regularly offered for sale at a great deal cheaper price than they can be produced.

Secondly, though rationalised goods be shipped on a cost basis, they cannot be constantly sold at such a rate, since profit will have to be obtained where possible in order to compensate for losses which will be inevitable at times owing to the vagaries of the market.

The truth is, therefore, that no just comparison can be made between the prices which are quoted to customers abroad under the present system and those which would be possible under the reforms suggested.

So much has been written lately about the present horizontal stratification of the cotton industry as to lead to the inference that vertical organisation is non-existent, or at any rate very rare. A leading article published in *The Times* on March 11th might almost be said to have

given this impression, but it is not the fact. There have long been, and still are, many concerns handling more than one process. Mills which combine spinning and weaving are numerous, though many of them find it cheaper to buy yarn in the market than to spin their own. There are a number of manufacturers who export their own goods. There are certain large merchant houses who spin, weave and sell their own cloths under proprietary brands. The Calico Spinners' Association actually do spinning, weaving, printing and packing. There is at least one large manufacturing concern which has its own retail shops. The idea of vertical combination is therefore by no means a novel one.

In the same number of *The Times* quoted above a special correspondent of that paper rather implies that the present merchants are altogether too puny to handle the bulk trade required, and that, unless they co-operate, the new rationalised concerns will be obliged to do their own selling. In the first place, however, these merchants are the very ones who handled the trade in 1913, when it was 3,000 million yards larger than to-day, and their resources are now much greater than in those days. In the second place, the cost of running an organisation solely for selling cotton goods in Eastern markets would be very heavy, and probably uneconomical. The larger merchant firms spread their overhead costs over all sorts of other trades, both import and export. They are in no sense dependent upon their piece goods trade for their profits, and in some instances are prepared to regard it as a sort of exchange transaction against their exports. They can finance their business at the cheapest possible rates. In fact it is difficult to see how any cheaper selling machinery can be devised. Powerful though the Japanese traders may be, there are plenty of British merchant houses whose financial resources and credit are good enough to meet any competition, and to handle large quantities of any goods which it is economically possible to sell. They are prepared to handle bulk business and look for small returns. Their reputation in, and knowledge of, the markets in which they operate is unique.

It is not the object of this article to condemn rationalisation as a futile experiment, but merely to expose a few of the extravagant claims which are made for it. It may certainly prove a possible means of saving some of the spinning concerns from annihilation by reducing the suicidal competition between them. The Lancashire Cotton Corporation proposes to take over something like one hundred spinning mills. It can, if it likes, then close a portion of these and run the remainder full time as conditions warrant. In this respect it holds a very definite advantage over smaller units. It should be able to make economies in the purchasing of raw materials and in management expenses. These considerations alone are sufficient to entitle it to support. But as to the recovery of our lost trade in coarse goods one should not be too sanguine. It has been lost largely through causes beyond our control, and it must not be forgotten that foreigners can rationalise as well as we.

"THE YOUNGER SON" OF FACT AND FANCY

By A. G. BRADLEY

"NONE of our family has ever been in trade." How common in fact and how often echoed in fiction was this pretty little conceit a generation or two ago, more particularly perhaps with the ladies so often ardent but nearly always such hopeless genealogists. The social history of England was not taught in either girls' or boys' schools! It was, and for aught I know may be still, a sort of article of faith with an undiscerning public that our landed gentry was a sort of caste after the pattern of the continental noblesse, without titles, of course, but based more or less on the lines of their rigid code. "England," says a recent historian, "never had a noblesse, but she has had the best of aristocracies." This expresses the situation in a nutshell. The earlier Victorians beyond a doubt had the shibboleth of "Army, Navy, Church and Bar" on the brain. It crops up, too, in the late Georgian writers, and the social stigma on trade is obvious. The more recent change of attitude is generally regarded as a modern innovation. Yet how could it have been supposed that the abounding younger sons of an abounding squirearchy maintained themselves in the Tudor, Jacobean, and earlier Georgian days, when there was no Army or Navy to speak of, when the Bar was an expensive luxury, rather for the elder sons, and the Church meant anything or nothing, though I am convinced that Macaulay's low estimate of its status is exaggerated? Is it conceivable that these hordes of lusty young men were supported by their fathers or elder brothers out of their very modest rent-rolls, or by charges on the limited family estate? It is strange how little even the popular historian, who must, or should, be familiar with the rather simple facts of the case, has done to dispel the romantic illusions which gather round the "younger son," because some of them were empire-builders, great soldiers, or bishops.

It has been my privilege, for as such I hold it, for some

forty years to rummage about among the churches and old houses, and in the genealogies and county histories of widely scattered parts of England and Wales, and the career of the "younger son" has no longer for me any illusions whatever. It is written plain enough in the records of every district and in the pedigree of almost every family. With the immense expansion of England and its growing activities in Walpole's long peace and the subsequent Seven Years' War, new careers of all kinds, military and civil, no doubt opened out for these young men. It is possible, too, and, indeed, it has been suggested, that the social contempt for trade which seems then to have made its appearance was introduced and fostered by a German court to whom such views were natural and logical. Modern convention, which in these matters is inclined to regard the past with some veneration, would get a rude shock if confronted by the several occupations of an average Jacobean squire's family, not only of his sons, but inevitably of his sons-in-law. For it is quite evident that, according to the rules of demand and supply, only one of his half-dozen daughters could marry a potential squire, and then if trade were taboo what was to become of the other poor things? The small permanent force maintained by the Crown was for the court and its *protégés*. The Navy was sailed and fought mostly by rough sea dogs, not often by young gentlemen from halls and manor houses. The Bar, as before noted, was rather a sumptuous and expensive calling. There was, of course, no Civil Service, while such jobs and posts as were going did not come much in the way of full-quivered country squires in Somerset or Yorkshire.

But in truth there is plain enough evidence what callings these young men mostly followed. They are written large all over the local records of counties, parishes and families. Those were lucky who had sufficient interest to be apprenticed to a haberdasher, mercer or goldsmith in London and helped to swell the throng of city apprentices whose turbulence is sometimes attributed to the very fact that there were so many high-spirited young gentlemen from the country among them. Often, too, they became tradesmen in their own county town; nothing was thought of that,

nor is there any suggestion that their wives "over the shop," speaking figuratively, were snubbed by their sisters-in-law at the Hall. We know next to nothing of the subtler shades of country life in those days among the ordinary squirearchy, while for the higher and wealthier aristocracy these pages are not concerned. Possibly there is not much to know! The squire's taste at any rate was frankly catholic, whether over the bottle at his own table or from his particular chair among the farmers at the local tavern. The ladies must have been tolerably occupied with the domestic industries then inevitable to country life and with getting married among their neighbours. Then, again, the love of music so universal in the Elizabethan period, when England was the most musical country in Europe, and almost every one could sing or play some instrument, could hardly have been dead by the close of the century. And a wonderful asset this must have been to domestic and country life! Everyone, too, had then their natural place socially, and there was probably very little of the self-consciousness and the emphasised class cleavages that the ceremonial of a later day and contact with London brought about. At any rate, both the pursuits and the marriages of the landed families show slight regard for caste as understood by a German or a Frenchman. Sometimes we find a squire's son a miller, a maltster or brewer, or, again, engaged in a freighting business on some river like the Severn or Avon. Occasionally he is an attorney or farmer, often, of course, a parson, in contradistinction to Macaulay's sweepingly contemptuous account of the cloth. There is no reason to suppose that any of these relations looked down on one another on the score of occupation.

Outside the great governing families country life must have been free and easy enough; dull enough, too, as modern ethics would adjudge it, though no doubt mistaken, for the ladies. The men were certainly not exclusive and were ready to drink with anyone. Glynn of Glynn-Clewedog in Montgomeryshire, for example, had his regular chair at the village tavern among the farmers. One day he found a stranger in it, who as a guest in a public-house refused to move. The squire promptly ran him through the body! This was in the early

eighteenth century. It is recorded in the Sessions reports of the county, but nothing appears to have been done!

Last, but by no means least, we come to the adventurous member of the family, the emigrant, the soldier of fortune, the sea-trader. Beyond doubt in the extreme western counties of England this last business bulked large, not only among younger sons, but in the financial activities of their elder brothers, the squires. During the months when the Newfoundland fishing fleet was away on "the Banks" it used to be said that the absence of men in Devonshire was everywhere noticeable, and that the departure and return of the fleet were the two chief events of the year. Other seaboard counties undoubtedly provided similar openings for younger sons. Sometimes a substantial Kentish yeoman was tempted to sell his land and buy a ship. But the Kentish squires, writes Lambard, that delightful Tudor chronicler of the county, were superior to those of other counties, living as they did on the highway between London and the Continent. They were not content, he says, to be mere boors as elsewhere, immersed in field sports, and, moreover, "they brought all their sons up carefully and educated them in such fashion as would enable them to be of future service to their country." The genealogies of inland counties show comparatively few traces of the sea. The "soldier of fortune" in foreign wars crops up here and there, while the Tudor and Jacobean wars in Ireland, where land was to be won at the point of the sword or purchased cheap and held by it, must have had great attraction for the enterprising.

Captain John Smith's company of seventy odd, with which he first broke ground in Virginia, seem mostly to have been the sons of gentlemen, though generally penniless, and they nearly all died. But Virginia through the seventeenth century became a favourite goal of the younger son emigrant. The West Indies, being tropical, required slaves, and that meant capital. The Puritan flavour and hard climate of New England repelled many. Virginia was a "Church and King" colony. The supply of tolerably good land under forest was illimitable, the climate was quite favourable to white man's labour, and the immigrant could hack out a farm for himself. — The Virginia his-

torian has quite recently come to his senses and discarded the dreams of his predecessors and the romantic novelists that Virginia broke all at once into a land of refugee Cavalier aristocrats of vast estates and hordes of slaves. The disconcerting fact that near the close of the century, and in its third or fourth generation, the colony had only 2,000 negroes to about 40,000 whites, practically all engaged in farming, disposes of these legends, for no free men worked for wages in those new countries. The situation has now been revised, and it is realised that early Virginia was a country not of "feudal manors" but mostly of one-man or one-family farms or plantations much as New England, and that the picturesque amenities of ease and slavery with which life there is traditionally associated must be shifted on to the eighteenth century. How many of the families which dug themselves in to form the later "old families of Virginia" were descended from the "younger son" first settler does not really matter, as it was the individual business capacity or luck that emerged successfully from the rough pioneering period which founded these prominent stocks. Their origin was anything or nothing, as varied and fortuitous as that of leaders in the other colonies. But when they do happen to trace back to a "younger son," modern American sentiment revels in it, and draws "Washington Irving" pictures of the poor lad leaving the "baronial hall" with the blessings of the family and the assembled relatives, and the fervent hope of founding another estated family of the old name in the Western wilderness. I have listened long ago to many romantic pictures somewhat of this kind, for I must say at once that in early life I saw a great deal of these pleasant but rather imaginative people at their own tables and firesides where the "Cavalier ancestor" was a fixed tradition, though most elusive when pressed to an issue. And now the modern historian and critic is most unkindly wiping him out! But the American novelist is more than ever obsessed of ancestry; aristocrats, "blue-blooded" wights, and even "patricians" abound in their stories of modern life, North and South, all of colonial growth, the English "younger son" ancestor being no longer often necessary. All this must puzzle English

readers who do not know the country and precisely what such classification amounts to, and that the term "patrician" signifies a person of education whose family have lived in the same county or town for a few generations, followed the learned professions or farmed largely, and never done manual labour or the like!

But to return to the matter of gentility and trade. It is impossible to wander about our country churches without noting how constantly commerce associated itself with the landed interest, and how widely, both in Tudor, Jacobean and Georgian times, tradesmen founded landed families or intermarried with those in possession. The sumptuous monument of the alderman squire has no false shame about it. The *novus homo* of a later day would have figured on the chancel wall as of T—— Hall, Blankshire. But the Jacobean builder of the said mansion or its predecessor proclaims in the largest lettering that he had been an alderman in the City of London, and member of the Worshipful Company of Vintners or Haberdashers. His coat of arms is nobly displayed, not with any air of pretension, but merely that the grant of armorial bearings was then a natural asset to the acquirement of position and property. No flavour of ridicule, as in later days, was attached to the adopting of arms, nor was it thought snobbish. His family became an "old one," to be sure, a long time ago now, according to our not very exacting English code, and has probably disappeared in favour of another new owner whose source of wealth, however respectable, will certainly not proclaim itself upon his tomb. How hopeless all this must seem to the enquiring foreigner! An aristocracy constantly recruited by fresh blood from below, yet sending all its younger members back into what is vaguely styled the "middle class"—another nut for the alien to crack and define if he can, for no native could do it. The frequent intrusion into English pedigrees, other than the most distinguished, of plebeian blood is not more curious than the matter-of-course way in which it seems always to have been accepted. Again, the manner in which the maternal side is ignored, as affecting blood and breeding, must always be disconcerting to the genealogist duly alive to the tremendous force of heredity. The head of an old

county family whose father and grandfather both married from the people, as occasionally happened, suffers nothing, I think, in prestige as a representative of the old blood from the fact that literally he is only a quarter "gentleman." In Scotland and Wales, to be sure, it would not be quite so readily forgotten. My own impression, after a good many years of experience in many counties, is that the average countryman to-day thinks actually very little about blood. Though he has, or had, a profound respect for property, he cares very little whether the squire is the second or tenth of his name. This, of course, does not suit the lady novelist, but I am pretty sure it is the general rustic attitude, through the southern half of England, at any rate. Indeed, I do not think the Englishman of any class has much genealogical instinct. The lack of worthy pride in an old name is too often displayed by its chief possessor, and not least in the matter of marriage.

And in that particular what a shock the Squire of Locksley Hall, in Staffordshire, must have got when, just before the French Revolution, his sister married a "d——d foreigner." Some may yet remember the delightful memoirs of the Baroness de Bode and her courageous conduct and amazing enterprise during and after the Revolution. For Miss Kynnersley, of Locksley, married a German baron of high position with estates both in France and Germany. But to her brother, the squire, he was just "a d——d foreigner," and his sister appeared to have put herself altogether outside the pale. The marriage, besides being a distinguished alliance, proved a perfectly happy one. But even the bride was a bit disconcerted when she found that none of her husband's relations would pay the customary first visit till documentary evidence had been produced that her descent on the maternal side—Locksley itself no doubt vouching for the other—had been noble for eight generations! The lady had to appeal, and with much insistence, to her brother for the necessary evidence, and we can imagine the indignation of the Staffordshire squire who had to produce his mother's pedigree before these infernal foreigners, as he regarded them, would recognise his sister. Fortunately it seems in this case to have been satisfactory!

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

By STEPHEN GWYNN

THE King's gradual restoration to health and immediate return to duty (there is no better way to express it) have been marked by the raising of a thanksgiving fund which was launched dramatically with the offer of a hundred thousand guineas from a donor who prefers to be known only as "Audax." The gift was on an American scale, which is the most that can be said for any gift; but the guineas instead of pounds gave it a handsome British touch which would have pleased Mr. Galsworthy's Forsytes like a glass of rare port. And the application of the fund to provide radium for hospitals really means that subscribers are buying their quantum of the elixir of life, to hand round among the suffering. Modern alchemy is no less picturesque than the mediæval.

It is no wonder that there should be thanksgiving. This country knew the King as King throughout the greatest convulsion in modern history, and however full may be the conviction that a change in the person of the Sovereign would not alter the solidly established tradition, there is natural relief in the assurance that there will be no change. Over and above the strong and respectful affection which has grown up towards the King's person, all feel that this singularly unassuming ruler helps by his personality to make the throne a firm centre, while much is in flux. Parliament goes into the melting pot, according to the law of its being, and this time more than usually the question is simply, Who shall control the State? There is no particular matter in sharp dispute, as Tariff Reform was in 1906, the power of the House of Lords in 1910, or the relations with Russia in 1924. In a sense the decision will—so far as one can read the signs—be taken in unusual

tranquillity, but everybody is aware of its significance. Whoever comes into power must take charge not only for Great Britain, but for the British Commonwealth of Nations, at a moment when the whole basis of international relations is under challenge and under review. British problems are serious enough, heaven knows, but they are less grave and menacing than those which lie within the ambit of the Empire; and outside that, again, lie possibilities, some hopeful, some alarming, yet all demanding a resolute statesmanship to deal with them. In such a position of affairs, whatever makes for continuity of service makes for betterment. It is a true paradox that the Sovereign does not die; but the community has enough to disquiet it without the need of grasping the constitutional truth which we might have been forced to reconcile with a change in the person of the Sovereign. The King has not died, and we have good reason to be thankful that one element in the situation—the personal factor—remains stable. The most reassuring fact about the British probity is that the Sovereign, whether as a man or as an institution, is not afraid of any section of the people.

Mr. Lloyd George in one of his recent speeches put a rhetorical question which has been justly criticised as indiscreet. "Would Mr. Baldwin," he asked, "advise the King to send for the head of a Socialist Party to form an administration?" Everybody knows that if the electorate return the Labour Party with a majority on May 30th the King will send for Mr. MacDonald, and will do so without hesitation. That is why there is no danger. Englishmen seem slow to realise the peculiar strength of their country, which lies in the wide diffusion of political instinct in the English people. No matter under whose leadership, the British do not run violently over a steep place into the sea, and they will not entrust power to any group of men who will break with what is essential in the traditions of the race. The Labour Party could not have a chance of power if it were not known that Mr. MacDonald and his leading colleagues could and would maintain that essential continuity which is represented by the Crown. If Mr. Cook were leader the Labour Party

would gain in a certain degree, for Mr. Cook has a personal magnetism and a power of creating blind devotion which neither Mr. MacDonald nor any Labour leader in Parliament possesses. But if there were a question of putting Mr. Cook in control of an administration, Labour as a party would be certain of crushing defeat.

That is why it seems to an outside observer, like the writer of these notes, simply fantastic that Mr. Churchill should talk, as he did at Glasgow on May 8th, about "a conspiracy against the well-being of our parliamentary institutions and against the effective sovereignty of this country,"—the conspiracy being the determination of the Liberal Party to run 500 independent candidates. "They are doing it," says Mr. Churchill, "with the deliberate object of producing a Parliament in which no party can have a majority." This is wild talk. Mr. Churchill fears, it seems, a Socialist ascendancy. If Mr. Lloyd George stepped down completely, and Liberals divided themselves according to their individual taste between Tories and Socialists, the Socialists would stand a much better chance of winning than they do at present; and it is really hard to talk of conspiracy because the Liberals refuse to be converted *en bloc* to Conservatism.

There is also this aspect to be considered. English political life has not often been sharply divided on a purely British question. The last instance was the Free Trade controversy, and no party is likely to face another sharp issue on that. For thirty years the actual label "Unionist" indicated that Ireland made the cleavage—and the House of Lords' struggle was really a by-product of this contention. It was very much harder for Englishmen to thrash out the Irish matter reasonably than any affair of their own, because both sides were in ignorance. To put it moderately, the long continuance of the Home Rule controversy was not useful to Parliament, and it was prolonged because it afforded a convenient flag for each party's allegiance. A parliament of groups rather than one of two strictly defined camps would have been less incompetent to reach a solution.

Now, unless Providence is more than commonly indulgent, the next Parliament that meets will be bound to hear much more than it desires of Indian affairs. Things are reaching a pass in which decisions will have to be taken which cannot pass without consent of the sovereign Parliament of the Empire. In a strictly two-party House of Commons, like that of 1880, in which the Irish question took shape, there would be an almost irresistible tendency for Labour to identify itself with the cause of Indian Nationalism, which would crystallise Toryism in a dangerous hostility to that cause. In a parliament of groups there seems to be far more chance of a judicial attitude, and a desire to keep this vast subject clear of British party entanglements.

Nor is that the only matter, nor even the chief concern, which could be better handled between three groups than between two. There is the whole field of Great Britain's part in the new relations of a partially organised international community. It is hardly recognised how novel these are. Foreign affairs mean not only our direct dealing with France, say, or Germany; they mean our action, or our inaction, in the League of Nations. It is probable that foreign affairs in the old sense could still be kept reasonably clear of party shibboleths. On the question of reparations, for instance, there is no prospect of divergence. All parties agree in the view that Germany's position should be rendered less intolerable: that a clear and definite outline of what her burdens must be should be laid down, and that the weight on her should be reduced. They agree also in supporting Mr. Churchill's statement that the solution proposed by the American representative on the Reparations Commission will not do. This, indeed, was almost comic in its simplicity. It had been proposed tentatively that the annual payments should be reduced from 125 millions to 103; but when it came to the apportionment of this amount between the former Allies, no Continental Power would consent to a reduction of its proportion; Italy even succeeded in persuading the Commission that its quota should be raised. So Mr. Owen Young, the American *amicus curiæ*, simply cut

down Great Britain's share from 22 to 19 per cent. of the total—arguing, it seems, that 19 per cent. would cover the amount which Great Britain must repay to the United States in respect of sums borrowed on her own credit for her Continental Allies, and that Great Britain had expressed a willingness to demand no more. He ignored that the proportion of 22 per cent. was arranged to cover the separate claims of the British Dominions; the change, therefore, implied either that the Dominions should cease to receive instalments of the compensation which had been adjudged to them, or that Great Britain should undertake the task of making this good. Now the whole English-speaking world desires, for reasons of humanity and for reasons of business, to see the financial position of Germany eased and consolidated. Mr. Young's proposal was that the not inconsiderable part of the English-speaking world to which he belongs should be able to rejoice in Germany's relief, and profit by Germany's increased prosperity, without sacrificing a cent for these satisfactions. This is the most altruistic form of altruism, doing good to one neighbour at another neighbour's expense. Forgetfulness of self could not be more complete.

A speech of Mr. Snowden's on the Budget made it very clear that he, at least, would not agree to any concessions from England to her late Allies—least of all to France. Mr. Lloyd George has never approached the extreme discourtesy of Mr. Snowden's tone, but he also has indicated that he considers the existing Government too prone to accept French views. Yet it is a significant fact that French statesmen would not be unwilling to see Mr. Lloyd George in power again. The reason for this, as for a great deal else in the new aspect of international politics—the aspect under which international politics cease to be foreign—may be gathered from Professor de Madariaga's brilliant book, *Disarmament*.

Who would have thought that anything witty could come from the offices of the League of Nations? Virtue and verbiage reign there, yet Professor de Madariaga abounds in neither: he is even sparing of statistics. What he does is to analyse acutely the directions in which

progress is possible, and the obstacles to progress. He writes with complete command of English; only here and there the foreigner betrays himself by some odd use of a preposition (prepositions are the last thing to be assimilated in any language). But he is by nationality a Spaniard, to-day Professor of Spanish Studies at Oxford, and before that "Director of Disarmament" in the League of Nations secretariat. His book has no official character, though the Oxford Press have made it look as like as possible to one of the *biblia abiblia* which pullulate about Geneva: but it is the result of long and intimate connection with the League's working, and it is inspired by a faith in the League remarkable in one whose outlook is so shot with irony. Yet perhaps that is a misleading description. He is too experienced in the necessities of propaganda to use anything so ambiguous as irony in statement of his own views. His wit is the Latin wit of clear common sense prompted to bring into relief certain contradictions, as a single example may show. He concludes a chapter with this sentence:—

The American President, after having congratulated himself and his nation on the idealism of the Kellogg Pact outlawing war, proceeded to advocate a strong navy to guarantee American defence.

Much of the value of this book lies in its attitude towards the problem of America's abstention—which the author recognises for the greatest obstacle to the success of the League. He disapproves the tendency to admit the United States to discussion of action within the League's circle so long as that nation remains outside. He does not believe that America will be cajoled or wheedled in. Progress would be easier with them; it is not impossible without them. Progress, however, is, in his opinion, only possible if a new orientation is frankly accepted. This can never happen, he holds, while the allied questions of disarmament and security are discussed between military experts who necessarily think in terms of their profession. They may be all for reduction of armaments, but only upon terms which will leave their individual nation relatively more secure—in other words, relatively stronger.

Progress, in his view, means movement towards the establishment of a world community.

What, then, would be the effect of a Labour Government? In theory Labour has more international aspirations than any other party. In practice, however "it is my personal experience," says Professor de Madariaga, "that the military, naval, and air 'advisers' of the British Government were never more powerful than during the brief Labour spell." A Tory Government could, if it chose, have the most freedom to move in the direction of pooling armaments for the purposes of a world community—and in no other direction does this writer believe that progress is possible. But there is the fact that Lord Cecil split with the Government, of which he was a distinguished member, concerning League matters.—There remains the Liberal Party, or, to be more precise, there remains the personality of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Lloyd George has made war—a fact which is often forgotten; but there is no other politician who would be so well able to force his own view through in spite of professional advisers, and that is true because he has directed war. It is probably due to the sense of this that French statesmen are not unwilling to think of Mr. Lloyd George's return to power, even though they count him hostile to France. For in Professor de Madariaga's estimation, France is of all leading European nations the most disposed to promote a world order. This is not due to any special virtue among Frenchmen. France believes in the "organisation of peace" as a logical proposition, but also she knows that her hold on what victory has brought to her can only be secure if a world order guarantees it.

There is interesting comment on Russia's advocacy of complete and immediate disarmament, which Professor de Madariaga holds to be sincere, but not because Russia has no will to aggression. The Soviet method of aggression is the promotion of class war, and armies and navies hamper this. Not there will the leadership towards a world order be found, which after the War might most easily have belonged to America. When America declined, it ought to have been England's "for the asking"; yet, next

to America, England seems to this observer the greatest obstacle to disarmament. "It is not the British promise to fight against the aggressor which is wanted, but Britain's promise not to fight, or threaten to fight, when she does not get what she wants." The same is true, with more emphasis, of the United States. But America can better afford to be a law to itself. "For a nation which has reached the summit of its power, safety is in law not in force." It would be well if we could all realise that these are not unmanly or ignoble counsels.

In Mexico the Government has beaten the rebels, but is desirous to make some terms with the Church. In Afghanistan—one of the few remaining countries which probably enjoys war—organised rule appears to have broken down, with one notable phenomenon. Afghans are said to be raiding Soviet Russia's outlying dominions. That news would have had alarming implications twenty years ago. Any move of Russia against Afghanistan would have been held to threaten India, and might have threatened it. Now, Russian hostility is felt in India under other forms. According to an article by Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the Indian Communist Party is inspired and directed by a Russian group in Berlin. This centre is not likely to be long left undisturbed, for on May 1st Communist movements in Berlin led to serious street fighting, and now the "Red Army" has been proclaimed as illegal in most of the German states.

In China civil commotion has taken a swing southwards: Canton is challenging the power of Nanking; and once again the dissidents or rebels are said to hope for backing from the ambiguous Feng. That personage must be a great chess player, and his game is hard to follow.

In the Royal Academy no subject picture stands out in popular estimation; but three or four portraits give the exhibition importance. Two of them are by Mr. Augustus John, and one, called simply "Portrait of a Man," suggests an actor playing a character part; the personality is not only conveyed but accentuated with a touch of

caricature. Here, as in Mr. John's other portrait, that of Mr. Hatton, Principal of the East London College, the figure is only suggested, to be filled in according to taste. Sir William Orpen's method is very different in the noble study of Sir Ray Lankester. Here the huge, inert, stricken body is used as a foil to throw into relief the challenging life of the eyes in that massive head—eyes watchful and alert as a fencer's movement, with the same sense of friendly challenge. Then there is Mr. Richard Sickert's study of Sir Nigel Playfair in the part of Tony Lumpkin. At first sight one thinks that the artist has set out to paint a ghost—a figure without definite features, which is recognised by the carriage of the body, the cock of the hat (this is the only thing indicated with emphasis). The body seems to walk but to have no weight, and the whole is done with a few detached splashes of colour.

I noted a special profusion of studies of bridges, the best of all being "A Spanish Bridge," in the second gallery, by Mr. Oliver Hall; real substance is here, and not less real shadow; the structure seems a growth from the cliff out of which it springs, and though the river is at dead low water, one can feel what floods the bridge was built to resist.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's death ends a career in which success never completely rewarded long effort, and yet in which an outstanding position was early achieved. In part, no doubt, this came to her through her husband, one of the most brilliant among the group of thinkers specially concerned with the early years of this REVIEW. But she maintained the inheritance valiantly, and when Mr. Kipling (for instance) was only a new recruit, she was already a novelist of note. Later Maurice Hewlett, then scarcely known, dedicated to her *The Forest Lovers*, by which he leapt into sudden fame. Yet in the course of time it would not be surprising if Mrs. Clifford's *Aunt Anne* was remembered when *The Forest Lovers* was either forgotten, or remembered only for the sake of a man who, for all his success, never managed to convey in print one-half of his power and originality. Mrs. Clifford had to see

herself passed, and finally, in some measure, neglected; yet her house was always a centre for literary folk, who found in its hostess a generous comrade, with that willingness either to take help or give help which is the test-mark of comradeship. Jealousy was not in her nature. A great deal has been said about the pettinesses and vices of literary folk; it would be as easy, though less entertaining, to illustrate from such a life as Mrs. Clifford's their manifold goodness to one another.

A negro play was only to be expected as an outcome of the modern passion for African music, dance, colour and form, and *Porgy* shows us negro life presented by negro actors. It is hard to judge the play, for the words could only be caught intermittently by unaccustomed ears; but the thread of the story was plain, and it held together easily some amazing scenes. Without disparaging the chief performers, what impressed most was the group acting; a crowd on the stage moved together under one impulse like a flock of plover, and the pictorial quality of two scenes—both more or less assemblies for prayer—could not be overpraised. It was amazing too to see how, at the approach or warning of white folks' approach, all the coloured took cover like rabbits. Perhaps also rather grimly significant. However, leaving alone the innuendo of the scene, London has to be grateful for a display of spontaneous acting such as has scarcely been seen since the Sicilians were here long years ago. As for the principal characters, it would not be easy to choose the most perfect; whether Crown's Bess, or Crown, the superb bully and fighting man, or Porgy, the crippled beggar, who by sheer goodness gets Bess away from Crown, and then, to keep her from him, puts a knife into Crown with all the pleasure in life.

watched her covertly. He discovered that she went about her household tasks in a silent, automatic way which was almost a nightmare. She never dropped anything, never knocked anything over, never made a false movement; was never hurried, impatient or restless; and she would sit in a chair for hours at a time sewing as if she were unconscious.

"Catherine," he called one day, after watching her as she sat sewing.

"Yes, Ferdinand."

"I'm tired of my own company. Bring your work in here: you won't disturb me."

Obediently she came. He had thought that it would make her self-conscious; but she was no more audible, sitting by his side, than working at the other end of the flat. There was not even a click from her thimble.

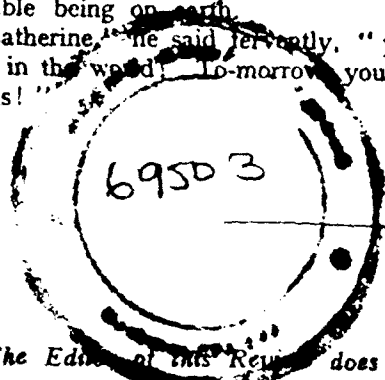
He began to look ill and feverish, deserted by his inspiration and haunted in its stead by an apparition with Catherine's charming expression, but with no mouth and a body that moved with the silent adaptability of smoke.

And then, one evening, while she stitched like a shadow beside him, a sudden madness fell upon Ferdinand: he threw himself upon his astonished wife and pulled her violently by the nose. . . .

More frightened than hurt, she began to shriek with the full force of her lungs. Her shrieks filled the room, echoed up and down the passages, and spread through the entire flat. And Ferdinand drank in the noise as if it would intoxicate him; as if he had not enough ears to satisfy his need of it. . . .

At last, for sheer want of breath, she fell silent, and he took her tenderly into his arms: to him now she was the dearest and most desirable being on earth.

"Catherine," he said fervently, "you've got the most beautiful voice in the world! To-morrow you must start to take singing lessons!"



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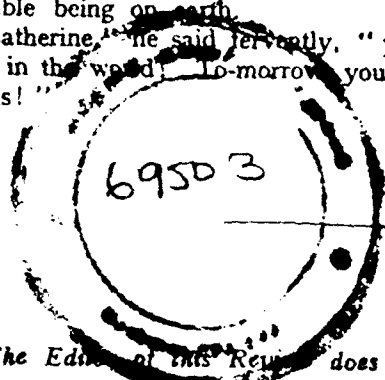
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