

THE
FORTNIGHTLY
REVIEW

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VOL. CXXVI. NEW SERIES
JULY TO DECEMBER, 1929
(VOL. CXXXII. OLD SERIES)
1929

EDITORIAL OFFICE
8 MORE'S PASSAGE, 51 CAREY STREET, LONDON W.C.2.

PUBLISHING AGENTS

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, LIMITED,
11 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

NEW YORK:
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY
249, WEST 13TH STREET.

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PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
THE MERCURY PRESS, LTD.
GOLDLAY GARDENS, CHELMSFORD
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

JULY 1, 1929.

THE ELECTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

By J. H. HARLEY

THE election has been fought with grim but not obtrusive determination, and, as its most immediate consequence, the country now beholds a Labour Ministry enthroned in the seat of power. It is difficult to believe that either the Labour or the Conservative electioneering experts were really surprised by the results. The industrial, and latterly also the international, policy of the late Government had permanently estranged the great working-class centres of population, and it had even made a palpable breach in the sacrosanct fortress of Birmingham. No one who took part on the victorious side can forget the deep-seated resentment with which crowded gatherings of workers listened to the tale of how the men lately in power did nothing in Whitehall while the miners, employed in one of the nation's most fundamental industries, were being slowly tortured by starvation into a surrender which settled no industrial differences, and rendered not a whit more approachable the many thorny questions affecting our country's future export trade. The contrast between the Mr. Baldwin who almost wept while addressing arresting appeals for industrial peace and the other and more sinister Mr. Baldwin who sought to chastise the leaders of the workers, as if they were convicted revolutionaries, with the lash of the latest Trades Disputes Act, was too patent to do other than evoke feelings of the bitterest protest and abhorrence. Labour may have hoped to gain more constituencies in the counties, and the Conservatives may have planned to safeguard more of their city possessions, but that the Labour forces at the end of the fight would constitute the strongest individual party must surely have been very patent to anyone who held his hand on the electoral pulse of the time.

With the Liberals, however, it was different. If one may judge from their subsequent attitude they appear to have been genuinely taken by surprise. They had entered on the contest with the comfortable assurance of those who have inherited great possessions. Their Press supporters—numerous and competent—had preached so long and so earnestly the doctrine of a sweeping Liberal revival that, by the mere constraint of innumerable reiterations, they had ended by accepting it as the central dogma of an irrefragable political creed. They were radiant with a sense of accumulated righteousness and with the joy of gazing in advance at the laurel crown which inevitably, as they supposed, would await them when the ballot-boxes were finally closed. Perhaps some of their candidates were disillusioned when they went down into the cities and heard how, in crowded meetings, the name of Mr. Lloyd George was disrespectfully greeted by the electorate. Perhaps some of them persevered in the illusion that their leader was regarded as the hope of the unemployed to the disillusioning end. If one is to judge from Liberal comments that have appeared since the election the latter conjecture has a great deal to say in its support.

Adversity is not, however, without its sweetening consolations. No sooner had it become apparent that Liberalism, despite its ducats and its megaphones, had not really impressed its objects on the electorate than explanations of the result of this memorable trial of strength began to find their way into articles of saddened Liberal publicists. The rout was not so very complete after all. Figures are capable both of permutations and of combinations. Were there not 8,539,282 votes cast for the Tories? And 8,312,504 cast for Labour? And for Liberalism a great, solid phalanx of as many as 5,224,579 votes? What did these bewildering numbers signify? The approximate consequence of the election seemed to be that 23 per cent. of the total number of voters had, in a great electoral plebiscite, to be content with only 10 per cent. of the seats. Can it, then, be so very certain after all that the elections have not provided us with a great Liberal revival?

Unfortunately, however, for these painfully laborious calculations, the latest General Election was not a great national plebiscite. Such is not the system which has been devised in this country for ascertaining the people's will. Just as the post-War plebiscite in Upper Silesia was mainly decided, as directed in the Versailles Treaty, by the majorities in the different communes, so the British election was to be decided, not by a national plebiscite but by the majorities in counties and boroughs. Sometimes these constituencies were based on old historical divisions. That ensured a certain homogeneity in the electorate. Sometimes they were simply administrative areas, but, even in this latter case, they ensured the possibility of a welcome amount of direct contact between the candidate and his constituency. In any case the system of thought on which they were based was very different from that which is invoked to support the conception of a national plebiscite. If there is anything sociologically certain it is this—that a great national plebiscite is not a wholly satisfactory method of ascertaining the most stable direction of the people's will. Huge and heterogeneous crowds are apt, when handled in a mass, to be swayed by sudden gusts of temporary passion, and their greatest common measure degenerates into a least common denominator.

Yet a most notable consequence of the election has been that some of the leading exponents of Liberal opinion, confusing an election with a plebiscite, are clamouring for a new system which might rectify the old results. There are a few of them who even brandish the demand as a weapon of defence to intimidate the Labour Government. It was always evident that, despite their industry on the subject of unemployment, the most astute of the Liberal publicists were more deeply attracted by the prospect of electoral reform. The speeches of Mr. Lloyd George, in their significant asides, made it perfectly plain that, if not the indubitable victor in the great electoral lists, he yet felt certain that he would be able to impose his will on either of the others. The result would, in fact, be something like a Parliamentary stalemate. It is

years of tranquillity? In all probability, and to the great advantage of the country, he may possibly survive such a difficult and testing time. But that is not because there is no difference between the Labour and the Liberal attitude to men and affairs. There are undoubtedly great differences between their respective attitudes, and there will be times when the Liberal leaders will feel painfully constrained to head off their adherents into the Opposition lobbies. But there are good Radicals among these adherents, and it is doubtful how far they are willing obediently to be led. Already there has begun the catching process of parading to the other side; albeit few may perform this operation so frankly and unblushingly as the new Attorney-General.

Furthermore, it is difficult to see how the problem of Electoral Reform can be raised as an immediately urgent issue. This is a subject which any Parliament, if it deals with it at all, should consider just before its expected demise rather than when it starts to legislate in the full flush of its buoyant usefulness and youth. There was no mandate given by the constituencies for a radical reform of our electoral system. Certainly there was none given for Proportional Representation. The latter device would, of course, strengthen the tendencies to a group system, and perhaps that is what the Liberal leaders want. But Parliamentary Government is deeply rooted in the British mind, and not even the most approved Liberal leaders will be permitted to spirit us away on a delusive quest which may lead at the end to a paralysis of our parliamentary institutions. Neither does it seem desirable to lengthen out the General Election of the future, and thus expose the country to unnecessary expense by the device of the Second Ballot. The Alternative Vote is a simpler and less costly proposal, though it does not offer the same undoubted possibilities of future advantage from the Liberal point of view. But is not the conclusion of the whole matter that, at the beginning of a parliament, electoral reform is not a living issue? We have hardly yet emerged from the storms and struggles of the battle, and the voices of the electors are ringing too loudly in our ears

to permit us at this early date to regale ourselves with the question whether we have really heard their authentic voice or only a manipulated imitation.

If, then, the raising of Electoral Reform is rejected as at any rate premature, what are the articles in the Labour programme which excite the greatest amount of interest, and for which there was a clear mandate given to the victors by the workers of modern Britain? These were surely Peace and Industrial reorganisation, including the treatment of unemployment and the removal of the objectionable principle of the Conservative Trades Disputes Act. Granted that these questions are to be pushed to the front at the earliest opportunity, are they likely to involve the Labour Government in any difficulty with the disappointed Liberal leaders?

It would certainly surprise a large number of the more enthusiastic clerical partisans of the Liberal Party if they were told that their leader, Mr. Lloyd George, is also one of the most disturbing influences in Europe to the cause of Disarmament and Peace. Even Mr. Jowitt, in his letter to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, appears to assume that, as regards foreign policy generally, there is nothing to choose between the Labour and Liberal Parties. As a matter of fact there could be no idea much more delusive. If Mr. Lloyd George were to become Prime Minister in a few days, as a result of a vote on the Address, it is perfectly certain that some very important nations in Europe would have explanations to demand regarding the purport of some of his extremer journalistic and platform utterances on the subject of foreign affairs. Liberal partisans have trooped in large numbers to Germany and repeated *ex parte* statements which were there made to them in a form which has caused much uneasiness and unrest.¹ Language has even been used which

(1) How troublesome this position is may be realised by anyone who reads the recent book of Signor Madariaga, *Disarmament* (Milford, 1915.). This book is perfectly indispensable for those who wish to begin their study of foreign affairs by seeing our country as others see us. In this connection the Signor significantly informs us that "the British Empire came out of the most disinterested war of all, enlarged by hundreds of thousands of square miles of what the *Manchester Guardian* calls 'responsibilities.'"

has at any rate suggested that Great Britain did not sign with a whole and honest heart the famous Article 10 of the Covenant. The result is that a psychological atmosphere has been created in Europe which, on the assumptions of the Liberal attitude and policy, would make it impossible to get assent to any large or even appreciable measure of Disarmament. Far other was it with the Labour Party when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald took the chair at the Foreign Office, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, the new Foreign Secretary, negotiated with patient care the famous Geneva Protocol. Then the psychological atmosphere was clearer and brighter than it had ever been before or since. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the nations of Europe were never nearer a considerable measure of Disarmament—the acid test of the success of a Peace policy—than when a conference on the subject was fixed at Geneva for June 15th, 1925, as a result of the passing of the Protocol. Were the organs of Liberal opinion alive to the situation? Were the Labour successes in Foreign affairs greeted with enthusiastic salvos of applause? Not the least of it. Everything possible was done to depreciate and minimise the Labour efforts. Mr. Arthur Henderson was even falsely told that he was “putting the British Fleet at the beck and call of a Council of foreigners.” It may be, of course, that the Liberal leaders have now grown wise by experience. At any rate, it is to be hoped that the great bulk of their adherents in the country are unwilling to support them in the effort some of their organs are even now initiating to belittle the new Foreign Secretary, and even to throw doubt on his being the suitable man for a very important and onerous duty.

Along with Peace and Disarmament the second subject which has been mentioned as likely to give rise to lengthened consideration is that of Industrial reorganisation, including the treatment of unemployment and the removal of the objectionable principles of the Conservative Trades Disputes Act. As regards the relief of unemployment generally it is not to be conceived that the Liberal Party will do anything to hamper the Labour

plans. That does not mean that there will be any blind or *en bloc* adoption of the Liberal Unemployment Report. The Labour Party have had unemployment too long under their sorrowful consideration for that, and on this account the Labour plans will be correspondingly comprehensive. But the Liberals have now pinned their faith to some considerable unemployment policy, and they can hardly object if others take them at their word and push further in the path along which they had tentatively begun to travel.

It is not, however, in regard to the plans for dealing with unemployment that the greatest danger will arise. Much more troublesome weather will be experienced, in the autumn session, when the reorganisation of the mining industry and the Trades Disputes Act come under consideration, and there may even be a certain amount of coolness on the part of prominent Liberal leaders. As regards the Trades Disputes Act, specially, it cannot be forgotten that Sir John Simon has always adopted a reactionary attitude, and it is not too much to say that it was his speeches during the General Strike that suggested to the late Conservative Government some of the provisions of that objectionable statute which the great industrial centres of Britain have repudiated by such overwhelming majorities.

Undoubtedly, then, the second Labour Government can expect no bed of roses on which it may comfortably recline for any large period of the future. It has thorns, and many of them very apparent, in its path. There is comfort, however, to be derived from the thought that the country will never tolerate any attempt to paralyse its Parliamentary institutions, and the Liberal Party will incur a grave responsibility if, in the midst of its comprehensive reconstructive work for the country's good, the new Labour Government is condemned to the toils and delays of a fresh appeal to the suffrages of the people of Great Britain.

THE ANSWER OF DEMOS

BY SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

A DEFEATED candidate may not, perhaps, be regarded as the most suitable person to interpret the voice of Demos when it has spoken against him and his party. I hope, however, that, despite protracted immersion in practical politics, I retain enough of the detachment of the student to justify a repetition of the task entrusted to me by the late Editor of *THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* after the elections of 1923 and 1924. To the appeal of 1924 the answer was quite unequivocal. The country refused to entrust power to a party which had dangerous inclinations towards Moscow. The answer was less unequivocal in 1923, and in 1929 it is even more ambiguous. In 1923 the country voted against Protection and against Socialism, but, in the event, the Free Traders put the Socialists in office. In 1929 the electorate has shown little enthusiasm for Free Trade and not much more for Socialism; but it has returned Socialists in numbers which seem both to Mr. MacDonald and to Mr. Baldwin to justify the immediate formation of a Socialist Administration. Whether the retiring Prime Minister was right or wrong, constitutionally and tactically, in declining to meet Parliament, are questions which now excite only an academic interest. The vast Electorate of to-day cares as little about constitutional questions and party tactics as Mr. Baldwin himself. Its mind, like his, is concentrated on social and industrial problems. For myself I cannot refrain from the expression of a transient regret that Mr. Baldwin did not await the verdict of the House of Commons; if only for this reason. His decision to resign, in face of the fact that the Socialists could not claim a certain or a clear majority in the House of Commons, has unquestionably strengthened the tendency to concentrate power in the hands on the one hand of the Electorate, on the other of the Executive, and thus to

bring into further contempt the functions of the Legislature.

After all, the tenure of the Executive still constitutionally depends upon the will of the House of Commons. True, the Executive has the right to appeal from the legal to the political Sovereign, but where the verdict of the electorate is ambiguous, it is, I submit, for the Legislature to deliver the final judgment. Mr. MacDonald was evidently eager for office; Mr. Baldwin was characteristically sensitive to the slightest imputation of unfair play. Between them they have contrived to deny this primary function of Parliament and to depress still further the reputation, and to curtail the competence, of the House of Commons.

It is, however, with the verdict of the constituencies that this article is mainly concerned. The verdict was in one sense unique: it was delivered by the whole adult population of Great Britain: and an exceptionally large number of those qualified to vote exercised the privilege. In the Welsh counties 81.6 per cent. of the electors went to the poll; in the Welsh boroughs 82.8 per cent., while in the English boroughs with an electorate of over nine and a half millions, 8,071,827, or 84.9 per cent., actually voted. In Northern Ireland 89 per cent. of the electors polled, and only in the London boroughs did the percentage fall below 70. Meetings might in some cases have given the appearance of apathy, but the poll-books prove anything but indifference.

This, so far as it goes, is satisfactory. Less satisfactory is the fact that the Conservative Party, which polled the largest number of votes, is not the largest party in the House of Commons. The Liberals have even more reason to complain of the working of the electoral machinery. Having polled nearly a quarter of the aggregate votes, they ought, on that basis of computation, to have about 140 seats: they hold, in fact, 58. Even so, rumour hath it that the gloom which ought to have pervaded the National Liberal Club was not wholly unrelieved.

The effect of Liberal intervention in so large a number of constituencies (512) has been and will be much discussed. Although, on the face of the figures, my own defeat at York might plausibly be attributed to the intervention of a Liberal candidate, I have never been able to share the resentment so strongly expressed by some of my Conservative comrades at the intrusion of such candidates. My hope and belief was that my Liberal opponent would be able, by the aid of the glittering promises held out by Mr. Lloyd George, to detach votes from the Socialists, especially the votes of the younger and more inexperienced electors. Despite an agreeable personality he conspicuously and demonstrably failed to do so. On the contrary, I am credibly assured that he had the greatest difficulty in preventing the Liberals from giving their votes to the Socialist, and the figures prove almost to demonstration that of the 12,000 new electors, 10,000 voted Socialist and 2,000 Conservative. Apart, however, from local and personal experience, it is far from clear how the main issue of the election was affected by three-cornered contests. My own impression is that where a Conservative was fighting a Liberal the intervention of a Socialist helped the Conservative to victory; where the real fight was between Conservative and Socialist, Liberal intervention tended to endanger and in many cases to defeat the Conservative. A correspondent, writing to *The Times* on June 3rd, presumably a Liberal, contends that a close analysis of the returns shows that the number of "minority" seats (*i.e.*, a seat in which the successful candidate polled fewer than half the total votes cast) held by the several parties was: Conservative 149, Socialist 123, Liberal 30, Independent 1; and he adds that in the case of 79 of the 149 minority seats held by Conservatives, the Liberal candidate was the second on the list. These figures would seem to confirm my own general impression.

But, apart from the effect of three-cornered contests on the fortunes of the Conservative Party, I confess to considerable sympathy with the Liberals, who made a strenuous, if ineffectual, effort to save from political extinction a great historic party and to provide the nucleus of an

alternative Government, not committed to the Socialistic heresy. Although I was for many years a staunch "Free Trader," I find it difficult to understand the imperviousness of Liberals to the teachings of experience as provided by our modest experiments in Safeguarding. The experiments have been, I admit, on a limited scale, but thus far they seem to have falsified all the fears of Free Traders: the duties hitherto imposed have not, so far as one can judge, either increased prices to the home consumer or impeded the export of safeguarded commodities; they have increased employment in the particular trades; it cannot be proved that they have diminished it in others; and, while not excluding competitive commodities, they have yielded a not insignificant revenue to the Exchequer. As to the extension of Safeguarding experiments in the future, the Conservatives promised no more than the impartial examination of a case presented by any industry which asked for an inquiry, and experience proves that inquiries are by no means invariably followed by legislation. On the contrary, out of forty-nine applications, no fewer than forty-one have been at one stage or another turned down.

There is a further point. Why any Free Trader should imagine that the cause of Free Trade is safer in the hands of a Socialist than of a Conservative Government passes my comprehension; but the fact remains that some, if not many, Liberals who have literally nothing to divide them from Conservatives, except in fiscal questions, prefer to risk the unknown perils of Socialism rather than vote for a party to which for generations they have been traditionally opposed.

If, then, the effect of Liberal intervention has been exaggerated, what were the considerations which turned the scale against the Government? In answering this question we must re-draw the line which has played so significant a part in domestic struggles in this land. Excluding London, that "caterpillar of the Commonwealth,"—as Thomas Hobbes described it—a line drawn from Hull to Plymouth has—very roughly, of course—provided a geographical line of demarcation not only between Con-

servatives and Socialists to-day, but in the past between the White Rose and the Red, and between Cavalier and Roundhead. There are patches of the opposite colours on both sides of the line. Perhaps, if East Anglia and the extreme south-west be excluded, it would be more accurate to draw the line from Hull to Bristol; but either line will, roughly, serve to divide parties to-day as it has so often divided them before.

A hasty glance at a shaded map would seem, indeed, to indicate an immense preponderance of Conservatism from the North Sea to the Welsh border and from the English Channel to the Tweed. Cornwall, North and West Wales, and Ashford, mark a gap in the otherwise almost unbroken Conservatism of the South and South-East of England; and there are other Liberal patches in East Anglia and the Eastern Midlands, as well as conspicuously in Northern Scotland. The only conspicuous Socialist patches are the Lowlands of Scotland, Durham and the Newcastle area, Lancashire, the West Riding, Notts, Derby and, of course, South Wales—in fact, the coal areas. But a shaded map is rather deceptive. It ignores density of population, and it is from the densely populated areas that Socialism has obtained such majority as it possesses. In Southern England, as in Wales and Scotland, the recent extension of the franchise has done little more than accentuate existing political conditions.

Far otherwise was it in the industrial areas and in the great railway centres. Every one of the latter has turned (with base ingratitude, be it said) against the first Government which has shown any real consideration for the railway industry. But gratitude is a factor in politics only conspicuous by its absence. Crewe, Swindon, York, Derby and Ashford all turned out a sitting Conservative member, the first four for a Socialist, the last for a Liberal. The industrial and mining areas either remained or became predominantly Socialist. The Trades Disputes Act of 1927, a charter of emancipation for Trade Unionists if ever there was one, appears to have evoked no chord of responsive gratitude. I confess that this has surprised me. I felt confident that most wives of Trade Unionists and not a

few Trade Unionists would have registered an emphatic vote in favour of that Act. If and where they did so their votes must have been swamped by those of the new electors.

This undoubtedly happened in not a few cases. From the Conservative standpoint it is, indeed, the most ominous feature of the recent election that youth, at any rate in the cities, should have turned towards the "Labour" Party.

It will be noted that this is the first time I have used this term to designate our opponents. I have done so, in this connection, advisedly; for I do not believe that the young electors have been captured by Socialism, as properly understood. Few of them have, I suppose, anything but the haziest notion of what "Socialism" stands for. Among these I should include a considerable number of the younger ministers of religion—Anglican and Nonconformist alike. They imagine that in some vague and general way there is an affinity between Socialism and Christianity. They dwell upon the parable of Dives and Lazarus which, like some sayings of Jesus of like tendency, are recorded only by St. Luke. Socialism appeals, in fact, to two very different sets of people and to two widely divergent motives. On the one hand it appeals to the cupidity of people whose chief anxiety is to dispossess the rich without much regard to the effect that dispossession will have upon the poor. On the other, it appeals to the idealists, who, naturally, have been largely reinforced by the young and inexperienced who voted in this election for the first time. The latter are inspired less by hatred of the rich—though some of them have graduated in the school of class-warfare—than by a generous anxiety to help the underdog. They have all, be it remembered, grown to manhood and womanhood since the outbreak of the Great War. Lacking historical knowledge, they imagine that the economic upheaval and social unrest which they have witnessed since the Armistice are unique phenomena due to the capitalistic organisation of industry. How should they know that such phenomena are the inevitable sequelæ of the wastage of war, though the more highly organised the social system the more virulent the disease is apt to be? How should

they know that but for the delicately poised machinery of world-credit and world-trade, this densely populated island would have been confronted not merely with the spectacle of unemployment but with that of actual starvation?

The mental equipment of crowds of electors may be judged by incidents which were general if not universal in the recent contest. A Conservative candidate had only to mention (perhaps not too wisely) the abolition of the tea duty and the fact that taxation on food necessities had been reduced to the lowest point in our fiscal history, to be assailed with cries of "bacon." To dwell upon the beneficent effects of the Widows, Orphans and Old Age Pensions Act was sure to evoke the question, "Do you approve of 50,000 widows being *deprived* of pensions?" or, "How would *you* like to live on 10s. a week?" Incidentally, such questions illustrate the pertinence of the truth which politicians are slow to grasp, that social legislation, however generously conceived, is apt to make more enemies than friends.

If political meetings were a true index to the intelligence of the Electorate, a candidate might well be driven to despair. Happily, they afford only a very imperfect index; not infrequently the poll-cards reveal the fact that the temper exhibited at meetings is wholly fallacious. But the recent election affords a clear demonstration that the legislative and administrative record of a Government may alienate friends, but does not placate enemies. It is open to question whether any Parliament or Administration since the Reform Bill of 1832 (and certainly none before) can show such a record of useful work as those which have just passed into history. To demonstrate this in detail would be foreign to the purpose of this article. I refer to it simply to enforce a truth which may also contain a warning.

Apathy has been alleged as a main cause of the Conservative *débâcle* in the North of England. The percentages of votes polled show conclusively that there was no indifference among the electors; but it was, I believe, the common experience of Conservative candidates that there was a lack of enthusiasm among Conservative "workers"

—certainly among the men. The failure to remove war-time restrictions has been for some years a perpetual source of irritation among the members of working men's clubs, from which some of the most active "workers" of our party are commonly drawn. The restriction of shop hours, though universally acknowledged to have contributed to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, is greatly resented by the one-man and one-woman shopkeepers who employ no assistant and cannot understand why they should not be allowed to regulate their own hours of work.

Another and much smaller matter, hardly worthy of mention, is Mr. Baldwin's pipe. That race of tyrants, the modern photographers, have persuaded him that it is an indispensable adjunct in a popular picture; that it proclaims him to be a man of wide human sympathies if not of common clay. I am persuaded that they are wrong. The scoffers deride the pipe; they interpret it not as the pipe of peace and the symbol of friendliness, but as indicating an attitude of placid complacency in the midst of much human suffering. Everyone who knows Mr. Baldwin is aware that this is a grotesque and cruel misrepresentation, and, anyway, it is a trivial matter; but in a vast Electorate for whom pictures have to be painted with a broad brush, trivialities possess a ridiculously exaggerated importance.

Ignoring minor matters, how shall we finally interpret the recent answer of Demos?

That the great industrial districts desired, for one reason or another, a change of Government is, I fear, undeniable. Not even the heroic personal effort of Mr. Baldwin could persuade them to the contrary. Secondly, it is clear that the vast spectacular effort of Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Herbert Samuel made no effective appeal. It is true that the working of the electoral machine went almost grotesquely against them, and it is natural that a loud demand for electoral reform should be heard from Liberal journalists and Liberal politicians. That 5¼ million electors should have returned less than 60 members, while 8¼ million electors should have returned 288, does seem, if not "a scandalous farce," at any rate an ironical result

of an electoral system professedly democratic. But the big fact which emerges is the rapid and almost unbroken progress of the Socialist Party during the present century. That growth may best be exhibited in tabular form :

Election.	Seats contested.	Members returned.	Votes recorded.
1900	15	2	62,698
1906	50	29	323,197
1910, Jan.	78	40	505,690
1910, Dec.	56	42	370,802
1918	361	57	2,244,945
1922	414	142	4,236,733
1923	427	191	4,348,379
1924	514	151	5,487,620
1929	570	288	8,314,891

That these figures present to the leaders of Conservatism and Liberalism a problem of the utmost gravity needs no demonstration. It is true that Mr. MacDonald kept the soft pedal down during the recent contest, and that in the formation of his Ministry he has given scant encouragement to the left wing of his party. Yet the Government and the party stand for fundamental reconstruction, social, political and economic. Speaking at Sheffield on October 21st, 1924, Mr. MacDonald is reported to have said : "We can cure unemployment by carefully taking to pieces not only the ancient constitution of this realm but its social and economic machinery. But until that process is accomplished the unemployed can expect nothing from us." Are Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Thomas, to whom has been assigned the difficult task of tackling the unemployment problem, of that opinion to-day?

The general impression is that they have learnt some lessons since 1924. The next few months will show. But this may be said at once : if Mr. Thomas, without checking the incipient recovery of trade, without administering any shock to industrial and financial stability, and without detriment to our international credit, can solve the distressing problem of unemployment, he will deserve and earn the gratitude not merely of his party but of the country at large. That, given these conditions, he may succeed is, I believe, the sincere wish of all men and women of good will.

THE FIFTH EARL OF ROSEBERY

By G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

IN the days far ahead, when the Elizabethan and Victorian Ages have become merged in a vague, confused unity—which they would now most indignantly resent—the higher critics will have still wider scope for their imagination in the matter of Shakespeare's plays. They will prove that they were not written by Bacon, but by an Irish bard named Shaw; and one conclusive piece of evidence for his date and identity will be that the phrase "the primrose path," in his play *Hamlet*, can only be read as a clear reference to his famous contemporary, Archibald Primrose, an Earl of Rosebery, who became Prime Minister of his island, after a career wherein sheer good luck was the most obvious element. Of course, the higher critics will be wrong, concerning both earl and poet. It will not be their first, or most serious, error.

The fifth Earl of Rosebery certainly had everything in the way of fortune that the most lavish fairy godmother could bestow. To have been born in the purple would have been almost a handicap to this youth on the fairer primrose path. He came into his estates and high title when still a minor. He had personal charms, a beautiful voice; his tutor at Eton said he was "portentously wise," and added that if he could not make him a scholar—for his pupil, being a true aristocrat, had no taste for work—at least "he will be an orator, and if not a poet, such a man as poets delight in."

This was indeed a fair prospect, and the happy peer went his wilful way from success to success. One writes "wilful" because, for good or evil—and it was generally for good—this fortunate creature usually did what he pleased. He showed his temper early. At Christ Church, Oxford, the Dean said he could not allow him to keep a racing stable, which might interfere with his studies. The young Rosebery hinted that he was as anxious to win the Derby as to read Homer (which perhaps indicated

that he had already imbibed the true spirit of that great poem); but as the Dean could not admit the soundness of the argument the misguided student had to leave the University without finishing his full course.

But let no one hastily suppose that being sent down from Oxford as an unscholarly person was to be any inconvenience to a walker on the primrose path. Before he was twenty-five Lord Rosebery was asked to deliver the opening address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in 1871, which was almost the highest compliment that learned city could offer to intellect. As for the address itself, it was so brilliant an essay on the Union of England and Scotland that his audience, had they critically considered the circumstances, must have nervously wondered whether the stable had not been as good a college as Christ Church in which to learn history.

This paradoxical sportsman continued from triumph to triumph in the intellectual world. In 1874, when he was twenty-seven, Lord Rosebery was chosen as president of the Social Science Congress at Glasgow. His opening address was a very profound analysis of the problems of the working classes. It was not a superficial, conventional word of welcome. It was filled with precise data drawn from all Europe. There was far more than intellect; there was a biting sincerity in its revulsion from the cruelty of poverty. There was a real depth in his proposals for a remedy. There was a startling courage in his sympathy for the reckless revolutionaries who had thrown wisdom and patience to the winds. He told his hearers that they were surrounded by "strange manifestations" of reform; he named a few: "the grotesque congregation of the Shakers, the polygamous socialism of Mormon, the lewd quackery of Free Love, the blank misery of Nihilism, the tragic frenzy of the Parisian Commune. . . . Some try to solve the problem of life by abolishing property, some by a new religion." Then he uttered the unexpected comment: "It is too much the fashion to treat these various organisations as a mixture of knavery and folly." He calmly announced that there was much more in Mormonism than many wives, for it preached brotherhood and

fruitful industry, while the outrage and violence of the Commune were merely the "terrible accessories" of "a desperate attempt to found a new society in the very temple of the old." The members of our new Labour Cabinet would be pained by such risky language.

But nothing, however indiscreet, could stop this lucky career. All the four Universities of Scotland, at one time or another, elected as their Rector this peer who had been sent down from Oxford because he preferred racehorses to classics, and had publicly told a great Congress that he thought there was much to be said for Mormons, and for Communists who had burnt down a large part of Paris only three years before he spoke. Then Cambridge gave him an honorary degree, and he became F.R.S., F.B.A., and F.S.A., which were surely all unexpected distinctions for a man whom neither tutor nor don ever persuaded to work—as they measure that virtue in schools and colleges. As Mr. Jeyes, in his biography of Lord Rosebery, has put it acutely, he was "largely a self-educated man." Like many of his class, with good manners and wide opportunities and generous instincts, Lord Rosebery went about the world learning the principles of life from a broad observation of the facts—not from the less illuminating pages of many books.

Of course, a wide knowledge of the world does not lead to excessive optimism or keen hope of any quick remedy for the troubles of mankind. It rather tends—in the better balanced minds—to a rather wearisome mood of cynicism. This was very nearly the result in Lord Rosebery's case. The more plodding students, who read Plato and Rousseau, may easily acquire a plausible theory to offer the world for its salvation. So many problems of life have been solved in libraries. But the man whose character we are now seeking to discover had determined in his youth to resist the perils of an orthodox scholastic career. He might have done it more delicately than by his crude announcement that he preferred the company of a racehorse to the conversation of the Dean of Christ Church. Yet even that frankness must have delighted his wilful aristocratic mind. But wilfulness has its dangers as well

as its advantages, and as we proceed we shall find evidence that there was an intellectual indolence, a temperamental flabbiness which sometimes dragged originality and frankness over the permissible border line. There was a weak fibre or nerve somewhere which was liable to snap at a critical moment. Yet, on still deeper analysis, it will appear that the snap came where a less honest man would have compromised and skirted round the danger unharmed. There are few statesmen who have so many logical excuses for their failures as Lord Rosebery.

His luck was still persistent. It was surely the only permissible word when, at the moment of settling down to political life, he was accepted in marriage by one of the wealthiest daughters of the house of Rothschild. No one has suggested that it was not a union of sincere affection—but even the purest love has its good fortune. Anyhow, the facts stand that when Lord Rosebery started to capture a position in political London, he and his wife were wealthy enough to possess Lansdowne House as their home of reception. If that was not luck it was a plausible imitation of it. And so it continued until his phenomenal success on the Turf brought the problem of good luck to a climax—which raised the critical question whether it was good at all. Lord Rosebery won the Derby race three times; in 1894, 1895 and 1905. As an audacious excess of bounty, in 1894 and 1895 he was also Prime Minister of Great Britain. But this was going too far, and the double event made many people meditate whether a man who spent so much time in breeding race-horses could have also that passion for drafting Bills which they thought ought to dominate the political mind.

It is interesting to note that in one of the best biographies of Lord Rosebery there is not one reference in its index to either the Derby or to racing in general. That is a suggestion that such trivial matters are not worthy of mention in its subject's life. If so, it is a grave error; for it is probable that here we get near the secret of Lord Rosebery's career. The fortune of his Derby winners is an obvious hint of a fact which the observant will have already suspected—that good luck was the greatest

misfortune in this man's life. It haunted him at every step he took; snatching from him the spur of personal endeavour at almost every moment when a supreme effort was needed to carry him to his final goal; continuously throwing the tinsel diadem of some small achievement, just when he was striving hard to reach a crown of more precious metal. Fate threw so many laurels to him as he stood in the arena that it would have needed a cooler brain than this generous and imaginative Earl possessed to ride for the higher prize.

If any would deny that Lord Rosebery was sadly hampered by his endless good luck, let them consider precisely what he did in life. They will then discover that this fine gentleman and brilliant thinker very rarely reached solid accomplishment. This completely honest man—not a frequent phenomenon in political life—never succeeded in gathering together a sufficient army of followers to win a victory worthy of so capable a leader. His good fortune always evaporated, on analysis, to the faintest vapour.

The first impulse is to consider him as a statesman. But here the subject matter almost crumbles at the first touch. He lived until over eighty; but if we put him beside Palmerston or Peel, Disraeli or Gladstone, Lord Rosebery's political career was but a trivial event in his life. He held Cabinet office for less than six years, and he had very minor office for less than another three. That is, he had office for less than a decade of life; and out of office his attendance in Parliament was very fitful and irregular. While his greater rivals could measure their political fame almost by generations, Lord Rosebery was only an under-secretary during part of 1881-3, Lord Privy Seal and Commissioner of Works for four months in 1885; and Foreign Secretary for a few months of 1886, and again in 1892 until 1894, when he became Prime Minister for a little over one year. Put this beside the careers of the other great statesmen of the century and it seems scarcely worth discussing.

Now length of time may be a very unfair standard of its value. But when one considers the subject matter of

his political policy (in the sense of its fruition in practical results in administration and legislation) the record is scarcely more imposing. There is no great political problem—let alone achievement and settlement—which will go down in history linked with Lord Rosebery's name. This surely is true even of Imperial Federation, which was his first political dogma as far as the general public could understand his thought. It was on this matter that he said most, and he said it very eloquently. The poet's mind, that his tutor had detected even at Eton, put much of its passion into his love for the British Empire. There is a passage from the closing words of his address to the students of Glasgow University in 1900, which is almost perfect prose as well as high politics. It is a passage which could not have been written by a small or ignoble mind. These few words alone would distinguish their speaker from all the trivial small men who form the ranks of most political armies. In this matter of Empire the hopes of the commercial traveller too often betray the ideals of the purer patriot. Love of Empire is so often a love of profit.

But Lord Rosebery's was a greater love and a wider view. At least, if words have any meaning, there is no other interpretation to the close of his Glasgow University address. He had repeated the famous lines from Shakespeare's *Richard II*, "This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle"—which, by a slight anachronism very typical of Lord Rosebery's impulsive hasty scholarship he calls the British Empire—and then he continues: "How marvellous it all is! Built not by saints or angels, but by the work of men's hands; cemented with honest blood and with a world of tears, welded by the best brains of centuries past, not without the taint and reproach incidental to all human work, but constructed on the whole with pure and splendid purpose. Human, and yet not wholly human, for the most heedless and most cynical must see the finger of the Divine. Growing as trees grow, while others slept; fed by the faults of others as well as by the characters of our fathers; reaching with the ripple of a resistless tide over tracts and islands and

continents, until our Britain woke up to find herself the foster-mother of nations and the source of united Empires. Do we not hail in this less the energy and fortune of a race than the supreme direction of the Almighty?"

It is a passage which reveals and explains much of Lord Rosebery's life; it expresses his great strength and his weakness also. There is the frank regret of the fine gentleman that the Empire builders have not always kept their hands entirely clean; there is more than a touch of cynicism in the absolution of saints from this worldly work; there is the beautiful phrasing which forms the skill of his literary craftsmanship; and there is the rich imagination which created the whole conception of this imperial dream.

Yet with all these great qualities it is not a passage which would stand the rigorous criticism of historians or philosophers, or even, be it observed, the analysis of the professional diplomatists at the Foreign Office. One can imagine the embarrassment of the permanent Secretary at his next interviews with the French or German or Italian ambassadors when he endeavoured to explain that his political chief did not really believe or claim that the British colonies were under the peculiar and paternal guardianship of Heaven. The Frenchman might recall with vigour that the conquest of Canada had largely turned on the assistance of tribes of pagan Red Indians who, presumably, had no direct mission from the Christian God.

It is impossible in this place to go through his political career in detail, but surely no impartial student will maintain that Lord Rosebery was a great statesman. He had great political principles, but it is improper to use the word "statesman" of one who does not get beyond the world of hopes. The great dreamer may be recorded in history as a poet, as a fanatic; sometimes as a hero, it may be a martyr. But "statesman" is reserved for him who reaches to some kind of accomplishment on a more worldly—sometimes on a far lower—stage. By this measure, as a statesman, Lord Rosebery is of small permanent value. He carried no flag to victory; he made no great party—

indeed, he rather split the only one he joined. In the terminology of the world of affairs a great statesman must have a party that follows him. But Lord Rosebery ended as the ploughman of a lonely furrow, as he said himself. He had started his political career by demanding the reform of the House of Lords; and he ended it by endeavouring to save it from destruction (he said) by the Parliament Bill of 1910. His logic was too subtle for the rough-and-tumble of the coarser Parliamentary circles.

But if Lord Rosebery was not strictly a statesman, still more clearly do the terms fanatic, hero or martyr fail to cover his case. His well-stored mind, full of the history of mankind, made him a cynic, not a fanatic. His most heroic deed of daring was to risk the censure of his social set by marrying the heiress of the greatest plutocratic family in Europe. His most bitter martyrdom was to hear the reproaches of his Nonconformist followers because he won the Derby three times. There is, indeed, no precise descriptive word which will meet his case. Yet a very kindly and wide-reaching term he certainly deserves to describe his remarkable and rare qualities. Perhaps it is the mark of genius that it needs new words and phrases to describe its uniqueness.

It would be fairly easy to confine our attention to his many volumes of historical and biographical literature, and prove that the man who wrote the *Early Life of Lord Chatham*, and the shorter *Life* of the younger Pitt, had many qualities as a historian which the more professional historical writers have rarely possessed. The essay on Sir Robert Peel and the one on Lord Randolph Churchill are things of charm. It is always valuable to have history written by a man with a fine honour and a practical experience of public affairs. But it would be unfair to base Lord Rosebery's final position on his historical writing, however important. For he was usually the amateur who could not take the trouble to examine all the evidence; so he was sometimes superficial in his judgments, and did not get far beyond the viewpoint of the eighteenth century. He had a greater merit than we can even discover in his illuminating and delightful history books.

First, he had, like all great gentlemen, a vivid sense of the appalling fact that most of modern society is based on a vast amount of poverty and misery. His first great speech at Glasgow in 1874 is conclusive on that score. The present writer has heard from one present at a later Edinburgh meeting how he turned like a fury on the audience because it (half in nervous strain) ventured to titter at an involuntary touch of humour in his description of a slum he had lately visited. It is sometimes overlooked that this fashionable nobleman was almost the inventor of practical municipal Socialism by his work as first chairman of the London County Council in 1889. As his biographer, Mr. Jeyes, has pointed out, a great deal of his trouble with his Parliamentary followers was because they were old-fashioned individualists while he was a long way along the road of Socialist practice, if not theory. Lord Rosebery at the end of his life certainly tried to preserve the veto of the House of Lords; but after an inspection of a plutocratic House of Commons even the most earnest of democrats might hesitate to blame him. Even if he was intent on saving the Lords, it was altogether a wrong deduction to imagine that he was not equally intent on destroying their lordships' insanitary tenements.

The same first Glasgow speech made clear his second great quality. He had a finely constructed brain. Even Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone could not have collected their facts with greater precision. Thirdly, he stated them, as these last two great orators would have done, with very pure eloquence. And if all this is true, then we have clearly before us a man of fine feeling, fine brain and fine art—three qualities which combined should surely have made for complete triumph in the world of politics. But their possessor was not a real success in this sphere. Then why did he fail? There were several reasons.

First, he was too honest for a good party man. He was tolerant of his opponent Mr. Chamberlain when he proposed Protection, and he disagreed with his dearest friend, Mr. Gladstone, when he had impossible plans concerning the Armenians. Secondly, he was far too wise to believe in the party system. He once said: "What may happen

war is a brave attempt to express in words the craving of our soul. But the spoken and the written word are only the instruments given by Providence for the expression of our thoughts, and the tool should and never can be equal to the guiding mind. Many of our misfortunes have been due to our attaching too much significance to the traditional importance of words and phrases. So the final settlement of Anglo-American relations is held up by the difficulty which the parties find in getting rid of old formulas, to-day obsolete. Reduction of armaments, freedom of the seas, parity of armed forces, all these questions which still agitate and divide us, are seen to be without importance, if the essential point is kept in view: the two nations want to find a way to live in peace together eternally. The question, therefore, is: how to organise the peace? and not: how to regulate the conditions of a future war? Our difficulty is the predominance of experts, trained to think in terms of war, not peace, and ready to discuss the calibre of a gun without suspecting even that the gun itself is not needed. So long as conferences on disarmament are dominated by military and naval experts there can be only a rationalisation of war, but not its abolishment as a means of international action.

If Mr. Baldwin had come victorious out of the last General Election it is certain that he would have shortly paid a visit to Washington to establish direct personal contact with the Government of the United States. We will say more: the visit was a necessity. It is no less necessary to-day though the name of the British Prime Minister is no longer Baldwin but MacDonald, and it will be unfortunate if domestic affairs or complications in Europe delay it. Mr. MacDonald, a few days after assuming the Premiership, let it be understood that the American visit was a dear wish of his. It cannot be otherwise. For, as we have said, the problem of Anglo-American relations is of paramount importance. But, if this meeting takes place, as we hope, or, if by any other means the chiefs of the two Governments establish direct contact, can they limit themselves to the discus-

sion of naval armaments, or, still worse, to haggling over the meaning of juridical terms in international law? Not for one moment do we admit that such a barren course can be followed, except as an introduction to a fruitful conversation about constructive measures to organise the partnership of the two nations. The future of Anglo-American relations depends on these constructive measures, which no agreement as to cruisers or submarines can replace. The peoples want to live well, they want to live better, and let us remember that lasting economic prosperity has never been created by the regulation alone of the weight of armaments.

Statesmen in both countries must inquire if there is anything they can do to hasten the establishment of a state of eternal peace between the two nations. They must ask if anything can be done so to consolidate peaceful relations that the discussion of armaments may become superfluous. Fortunately we have before our eyes the practical example of a measure which has helped to make *Pax Perpetua* a real fact. The example we have in mind is the frontier between Canada and the United States, where along thousands of miles there is not a single soldier, not a single gun, not a single fort, not a single warship. About a year ago at a dinner given in honour of the American Ambassador in London, Sir Austen Chamberlain, at the time Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, pointed out, 'midst general applause, that this wonderful belt of inviolable peace lay not between Canada and the United States, but between the latter and the British Empire, of which Canada is part. This felicitous statement we accept in its broadest sense and say that the obvious thing to do is to extend the successful experiment to all the points at which British and American interests meet at present. To be able to do this with a reasonable hope of success it is necessary for one side to understand the point of view of the other. Naturally, when agreement is sought for not by force, but by mutual consent, it is obligatory for one party to consider the views and especially the feelings of the other. It occurs to us that Great Britain is in the for-

fortunate position of being able to render to America a signal service, proving thereby at the same time in an irresistible manner the resolve of the Government and of the British people never to enter into a fratricidal strife with the people on the other side of the Atlantic.

The service we have in mind is the neutralisation of the British possessions in the Caribbean Sea. The isthmus between the North and South Americas is traversed by the Canal of Panama, which to-morrow may be doubled by a no less magnificent waterway across Nicaragua. The life blood of the economic existence of the United States pulses through this opening between the two oceans. On the Atlantic side, clustered around the entrance to the interoceanic canal and across the routes to it from the eastern seaboard, lie British islands. The Americans see in them potential bases for a hostile attack against the Canal. The British people would feel the same way if America possessed rights on the Irish coast on the approaches to Liverpool. We give away no secret when we say that to-day the war-like equipment of the British colonies mentioned is negligible. It is the potentialities of the situation which exasperate the Americans. Now, if we apply to that part of the world the principle of perpetual peace so successfully existing on the Canadian border, we discover the need for the neutralisation already mentioned. To have a good effect the measure should be carried out on the following conditions: (1) It should come as a free offer, and (2) no counter-value for it should be demanded. For, if neutralisation, or call it demilitarisation, comes as the consequence of an American suggestion, the moral advantage of the spontaneous action we recommend will be lost. The same argument applies to the use of neutralisation as an object for bargaining. This all the more so, because the values of the British islands and of the fortifications at the entrance to the Panama Canal cannot be set off one against the other. This becomes clear if the magnitude of the American interests involved is taken into account.

British public opinion is prepared to welcome a decisive step to put an end to the incertitude which still prevails in its relations with America. It is ready to back any practical proposal for bringing about the state of eternal peace which both countries desire. Of course, violent opposition may be expected on the part of those who are trained to think in terms of war. President Hoover, however, has given a lead by exhibiting his intention of not permitting technical experts to block the way to an agreement, and people on this side of the Atlantic will be glad to follow his example. In the future it will be a subject of regret to the Conservatives that the result of the General Election prevented Mr. Baldwin from carrying out the policy of active conciliation towards the United States, which it was his intention to adopt if he had retained power. Mr. MacDonald takes up the thread where his predecessor left it. Once the organisation of the peace, on the lines we have sketched out, is begun, it will be discovered that questions like parity of armaments, or freedom of the seas in time of war, are extremely easy to solve, because they are so uninteresting to two nations firmly resolved never to fight each other. Once peace has been made the paramount issue by extending the principle of the Canadian undefended frontier to the Caribbean Sea, the question of the adjustment of economic relations will come up, and in a not too distant future we may see agreements as to trade in other parts of the world.

Since the War it has become the custom in the case of decisions to be taken in the sphere of international relations to act only after consultation with the self-governing Dominions. There is every reason for this practice to be followed in the case of a settlement with the United States. But in any case the dignity of the Mother Country demands that in a settlement of this sort the initiative clearly should come from London and from nowhere else. May it come soon.

EASY READING, HARD WRITING

By the late C. E. MONTAGUE

I

WHILE I write the money articles tell us that, after an Arctic winter, investment stocks are catching the first tepid rays of what looks like a sun. To bask in the coming warmth, along with these treasures, there comes a near relation of theirs, a new stock that may justly appeal to uninsured fathers of families. It is a massive edition of R. L. Stevenson's works, "collected," "limited," freshly prefaced, bound in fair blue buckram, lettered as nobly as a Georgian tombstone, gilt-edged beyond even its brethren the gilt-edged securities.

These are the things to buy to support your old age. Good, canny layers-down of books to ripen still talk about the first collected "R. L. S.," the "Edinburgh" one, with the honest emotions of wonder, gratitude, and reverence which fire those of their fellow investors who shared in the blessings of the upright, the noble flotation of Guinness's Brewery. Then, when the Edinburgh was approaching twice its published price, there came the "Pentland" Stevenson, rich above even the Edinburgh codex in enshrining that horrific yarn *The Body-Snatcher*. The mere advertisement of this, along the London gutters, in its first youth, is rumoured to have led to the arrest of sandwich men. On eagle pinions the Pentland soared above par. You can still purchase a Pentland, as you can purchase a British gold pound or the egg of a great auk. But you have to be rich and know where to go. And so, to appease the unsated hunger of the lettered public, there comes the new thing of beauty. No doubt the thousand copies allotted to Europe were all bought up by the wise at the first whisper of their conception, as whole crops of cotton are bought by thoughtful men while the seedlings are only just blinking up into daylight. That is why one unstained by the guile of the tipster is venturing now to point to this surpassing "good thing." The tip is innocent

because too late, though even now you might possibly mark down one of the fortunate thousand, one of those who had "got in on the ground floor"—some oldish man—and settle somewhere near him, to wait till he dies.

II

But why this steady lasting boom in Stevenson? The pink, square-backed "collected" Meredith did not go off with any such rush. The "New York" edition of Henry James went notoriously slowly, although it was beautiful, too, and although the preface written for it by James divulged the closest workshop secrets that any novelist has yet confided to non-novelists. Both Meredith and James had minds of firmer and loftier build than Stevenson's. Meredith had newer, more momentous things to tell you. James, in a life of austere artistic integrity, carried the exploration of the technics of his craft into depths and recesses almost as fascinating as Leonardo da Vinci's abstruse, inspired-looking speculations about his. And yet Meredith and James lie amouldering, more or less, at least for the moment, while Stevenson has, so far, discomfited time and its little changes of critical fashion. Like John Brown's soul he still goes marching on, from edition to edition.

Is it that he recognised more freely than those other two a writer's obligation to please us all the time that we read him? Whatever Stevenson lacks, all his writing has an engaging surface; as he would have said, it arrides you; wherever you open him—novels, essays, letters, or verse—and read a sentence or two, the texture of the stuff has sparkle; whatever he means to convey at the time is being vivaciously put; the wordage is like the paint of some painters who may not be great but are always witty and winning and treat you as no blind horse but a man who has some wit of his own and can take a thing in and knows quality when he sees it.

It is a discourtesy common in writers to tackle the reader as if he had to read them and need not be wooed—as though they were preachers in some garrison church

where troops must sit it out to the end, however they may suffer. Carlyle and Ruskin, in their less inspired hours, practised this incivility freely. Like a reader of the lessons in the services of the Church of Scotland they challenge your attention with a prefatory "Hear now the Word of God as it is written," etc., and then plunge straight into some knotty matter handled with less charm than that which almost always graces the pencil, as Bacon calls it, of the Holy Ghost. Some of these uncivil writers are prone to aggravate their offence by the sophistical plea that matter is more important than manner, and that if your heart be sound you need not mind how you splutter it out. They feel they are so wise or so good that they need not be urbane.

The better-bred writer begins and goes on in the faith that this is a free country where no adult need read a line that he feels to be dull; every sentence of every page is, to the writer's prescient mind, a place at which one or another reader may take his spectacles off and protest that these are no sort of victuals to offer to a free white man. A godly fear of such incidents makes him treat every sentence he writes as a possible occasion for tedium. Through each he must wile the reader unbored, remembering that one dull paragraph may rob a whole book of its chance in life. He may even tend to think of each of his longer sentences as if it were a whole book, only writ small—an organism, an affair of structural and decorative parts; he feels it should work to a climax, tie, like a tragedy or comedy, its little knot, and then untie it and slope fascinatingly down from its meridian to its setting, ingeniously making the reader expectant while it rises to its zenith, and then amusing him with something piquantly unexpected, and yet satisfying, in the *dénouement*.

III

To the mind of such a writer clearness in the narrow sense—the thin lucidity of what passes at times for scientific statement—is not enough. He seeks to raise mere logical precision to higher powers of veracity by

mobilising the subtler evocative values of words, their richness in secondary suggestion, their capacity to stimulate in the reader intuitive faculties more penetrative than formal reasoning. In his intercourse with readers he will satisfy Newman's famous definition of a gentleman as one who never inflicts pain; he will always try to be good company, to make you at home and at ease and pleased with yourself. To this end he will practise the light urbanities and coqueties of eighteenth century essayists—the allusion not made too explicit; the points only indicated, not pressed; the humorous turnings-back from the very verge of set eloquence, the headings-off of any overstrained feeling; the current implication that you are a choice spirit, quick at the uptake, and do not need to have every point stressed. Perhaps he will not quote many things in the formal way that uses the inverted comma; but he is likely to make play with the submerged quotation, the turning of some phrase of his own in a way that seems almost to wink at the reader, as though he would say, "Of course, being as well-read and bright as you are, you know what I have in my mind." Whatever your own degree of education may be, you feel, as you read him, that you are getting good value for any trouble you took, or pangs you endured at school: now it is all coming in; it is fitting you to embrace this agreeable chance of consorting with the elect. There may be nobler modes of appeal, but few are more winning.

You may come to feel like Falstaff: "If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be, else: I have drunk medicines." So you have, and the philtre that has won you is compounded of many simples, some of them far from being recondite, some so obvious that if you analyse the potion you may feel you have been taken in too easily. One minor ingredient often in use is the juxtaposing of words of dissimilar origin and tradition, the long Latin adjective like "incomparable" or "invulnerable" standing up against some monosyllabic Saxon noun, with a lively effect of harmony got surprisingly out of discord. Another little recipe for vivacity is a manner of calling half-dead words

back to life, reviving by dexterous use the original metaphors now petrified—for most of us—and forgotten in words like “aspersion” and “suspicion”; a lively writer calls a shower bath a light aspersion, or says of boating renewed after a frost, “Again the stream suspects the keel,” and, behold! the educated mind of you is pleasantly tickled; the little trick has reanimated for you the whole figurative element in language, so much of which is always tending to fade and lose vividness.

IV

He who writes to please is apt to be drawn further and further into the exploration of the mechanics of beauty, as you may call them. Readers there are who take it ill if you suggest that beauty requires some measure of engineering. Such readers are like the old-fashioned lovers who shuddered to think that the lady should have any digestive system. They want their poets to “sing but as the linnets sing,” as Tennyson audaciously suggested that he did in *In Memoriam*—Tennyson, who wrote such lines as “On the bald street breaks the blank day,” with its deftly bald and blank breaking of B’s and L’s and K’s on your ear; Tennyson, who filled his *Charge of the Light Brigade* with artful imitations for the mind’s ear, of the noises of rumbling guns and of galloping hoofs heard at distances that change as the astute performance goes on.

You can seldom be sure how far the maker of any particular piece of literary beauty knows—consciously knows—all the means that he is taking. When Coleridge composed—in a dream, as he alleged—

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree.
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea,

was he aware that, as Stevenson showed later on, he was running hard, all through, a certain group or chord of letters—KANDLSR, the first line being built on a kind of framework of KANDL, the second on KDLSR, the third on all the seven letters of the chord, the fourth on

KANLSR, and the fifth on NDLS? Did he chop and change words in his dream, perhaps using at first the word “sombre” in the third line and then saying “No, I *must* work in that K and that D,” and so substituting the word “sacred”?

We may well doubt it. Quite as probably he just kept turning each line over and over in his mind in some form which it took first, felt something gritty or obstructive here and there—perhaps in “sombre”—mused over possible alternative words, and feeling, when he tried “sacred,” that the grit was gone, popped the word in, and there an end, without any consciousness of having stuck stoutly to the chord KANDLSR and escaped the seductions of the rival chord SMBR (which sounds like a useful dominant group for an “Ode to September”). But there the strong consonantal skeleton is, however it came in.

After dissecting many winning passages of Shakespeare and others, Stevenson convinced himself that the consonantal chord PVF was a kind of beauty-secret, and that in certain pieces of writing, like Milton’s “praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue,” Shakespeare’s description of Cleopatra’s barge and the lines in *Troilus and Cressida*:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan
Puffing at all, etc.,

the author was feeling his way, consciously or unconsciously, towards graceful clusters of these mellifluous consonants. Certainly your V and your F have an easily slipping or gliding way with them.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever Gods there be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The charming thing slides round full circle like a vane that revolves on ball bearings, and all the V’s and F’s are the balls.

But what about P? Very hard things have been said about P. Some years ago a writer in a literary journal arraigned P as "the ugliest of letters"—uglier even than S, with its reptilian sibilance and its difficulty in getting on with other consonants next it. Yet P's contrive to minister to grace in the convivial catch of

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne

in *Julius Cæsar*. In two other songs of Shakespeare's, when they are sung well, to the right tune, a perfectly placed P has a charming trick of causing a tiny check or hang in the rhythm.

Take, O take those lips away,

and

Of dumps so dull and heavy.

At each P it is as if a brook came to a stone in its way, paused for an instant, and then broke upon it and flowed on; perhaps it is because the slowly formed labial marks time, as it were, for one pace, before making its little explosion, while the other consonants around it step straight on.

It may well be that Swinburne never counted up all those V's of his, nor even the ripplesome L's and R's that he crammed, along with them, into the line

With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

As for Shakespeare, we do not quite see him taking the trouble. And yet it is a likely field enough for Shakespeare cryptogrammatists of a superior order.

M.O.I.A. doth sway my life.

Is nothing to be made of that as a "key" or a "clue" to Shakespeare's secret preoccupation with this letter-rigging business? Or is it just, as Fabian said on its first publication, "a fustian riddle"?

V

See how I wander. Every such question raises another and then another, as sin doth lead on sin. Consider now,

in the slightest dipping way the possible delights and dangers of the melody of prose.

Some years ago a dramatic critic went to the first night of a prose play. At least, so the advertisements said. What he found himself hearing, as soon as the curtain went up, was prose of this sort:—

Ah, dear playfellow, then your hand sought mine;
We wandered in the woods, and as we sat,
Beneath the summer shade, your soft cheek pressed
'Gainst mine, your little heart beat answer to
My pulse, the while we stared with anxious eyes
To see the fairies dancing in their rings.

The critic demurred, on the ground, roughly speaking, that the goods were not of the nature and quality advertised by the vendor. The author took it in good part, but he said to the critic: "I'm sorry you don't like rhythm in prose."

That almost gravelled the critic. How was he to explain, without writing a book, that rhythmical prose and metrical prose—which is verse—are different things? If you tell a man that he must not have in his prose complete lines of verse he can truthfully say: "Oh, but everyone does now and then. Not to mention Dickens, whose funerals are almost as metrical as *Paradise Lost*, you can scarcely read a page of any English writer without finding at least one line of blank verse. There was one from your own censorious pen a moment ago: 'The author took it in good part, but he——.' " If you admit this to be true, but say that it is almost impossible, either in speech or writing, to avoid the accidental composition of an occasional line of a metre so simple and so free and easy, he may rejoin: "Well, a metre exactly the reverse is the classical hexameter of Homer and Virgil. So what about the complete hexameters to be found in the Authorised Version of the Bible, such as 'Why do the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing?' and 'Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them'?"

At this point the prose purist's safest plan is to ask the latitudinarian to produce a third one from the Bible if he can, or a single specimen from any other prose classic

in any tongue, except Thucydides' History, in which two notoriously scannable hexameters are found. Probably he will fall back on the more advantageous ground of English blank verse, and refer you, for instances of two, and even three consecutive lines in the most respectable prose authors, to the end of *The Mill on the Floss* :—

The days when they had clasped their little hands
In love, and roamed the daisied fields together ;

and Ruskin's professedly prose description of the façade of St. Mark's :

Robed to the feet and leaning to each other
Across the gates, their figures indistinct
Among the gleaming of the golden ground.

Such pleas may not be wholly gainsaid. And yet prose is prose and verse is verse, however much of the work of great masters of prose can be scanned, and however prosaic Clough's *Bothie* may be. Rare exceptions are not rules; any professional writer of prose soon comes to feel that when he flops into two lines of blank verse running it shows he is tired and ought to knock off work for the day. Anything sentimental in a prose writer's thought, any weak, half-pressure state of his imagination, pushes him towards unconscious versification : if you have to look at many bad novels you find that a writer who is attempting a higher strain of elevation or pathos than his powers can compass tends to drift into the metre of poetic drama. And where prose is best of all, as in parts of Goldsmith and Swift, and in Shakespeare's prose letters, it heads off any approach of formal metre with a wary persistence that cannot be accidental.

Yet such prose is at least as melodious as poetry :

Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit ; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure ; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

There the rhythm undulates along with a curious gentle urgency : its modulation, quite apart from the meaning of

the words, goes far to express tenderness, dignity and resignation. And yet, read naturally, it never quite takes any known form of verse. But yet, again, its music is worked out from the same units or components as is the music of metre. Like fine verse, it is an affair of stresses, and of spacings-out, of the marshalling of more and of less strongly accented syllables into an order which somehow brings beauty to pass. You can trace in it some describable rises and falls ; some of its cadences are among the ones used in those masterpieces of prose harmony, the Morning and Evening Prayer of the English Church—themselves derived in this respect from the Latin prayers of the undivided Church, and, quite perceptibly, from such masters of the Latin of the prime as Cicero.

Scholarship has analysed to some slight extent this method of achieving beauty : certain "dying" and other "falls," at the ends of resonant sentences, have received names. But prose rhythm remains immeasurably less amenable to formulation and definition than metre. And so it is more difficult. Though a poet has always to write with certain metrical conditions in mind, and though they are hard, still they do help to make his task finite ; at least he knows when he has achieved conformity to them. Prose is more exacting because you never know when you have "got there" ; you might go on trying for ever to come nearer and nearer to its less definable aim.

VI

Here we are, down a by-road again, when we meant no more than to point it out as a place where writers, whose intent is all for our delight, are fond of loitering and speculating. They like to probe further and further the æsthetic values of syllables and letters, stressed or unstressed, apart from the obvious sense of the words which they help to compose. As modern potters interrogate in their laboratories the glazes used in ancient china, so do these writers seek to analyse the work of classic writers, at their highest strain of beauty, in the hope of disengaging new clues to creatable grace and pleasantness.

Of the coarser results of this minding of P's and Q's one seems to see a specimen in the popular hymn:—

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look on me, a little child,

the little game the author plays with his jingling J's and M's in the first line, and the crude alliteration of his three L's in the second, are just what a dull man might take to be in the tradition of Milton's

Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,

with its bewitching chime of stressed L's in one line and of M's in the next. Done with a more subtle ingenuity, like Thackeray's exercises in the technique of Goldsmith, Steele, and Addison, or Mr. Kipling's adaptations of the workmanship of Border ballads and Bret Harte, such reconstruction may be genuine creation too; what might be taken to be the researches of a Dryasdust may bring new and fresh beauty to the birth, like the violets from Ophelia's grave.

Your easy reading, Sheridan said, is "damned hard writing." If a book moves with a gliding, mellifluous or lightly tripping gait, the seeming ease is almost always elusive. A writer who is really swift and copious, like Henry James, leaves much of the simplification, the planing and burnishing to be done by the perspiring brain of the reader. So the hardest reading has often been the easiest writing. It is much easier to write such sentences as "There was never a mistake for you that he could leave unmade, nor a conviction of his impossibility in you that he could approach you without strengthening," than a sentence like "He came ever in the rearward of the fashion and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle and swore they were his fancies or his good-nights . . . and now has he land and beefs." The former sentence is still in the rough; it is only at the stage of semi-raw material for the writer's craft. Grammatically, logically, it is defensible, as is the language of leases and conveyances. You can

make it out if you try. It is what might have come into the head of a Goldsmith or Lamb as something that he might turn into literature. In the other sentences this transformation has been made. The words have been picked, sifted clean, and put into tune; they have taken on colour; abstract description has become incarnate in sensuous images; the great escape has been made from mere intellectualism, with its universals and essences, to concrete particulars, the smell of human breath, the sound of voices, the stir of living. To do all this is work, work intoxicantly delightful to the right man for it, but still work, shouldered by the writer and not left to the reader to plug away at, if he can and will. A writer who shoulders it with a will may be, like Stevenson, no great things as a man, or a philosopher. But if he have wit and some skill at his trade he will be kindly regarded by readers; much will be forgiven him—washy sentiment, commonplace thought, want of structure in the larger sense—just because he does not take it on himself to serve up his salads without any attempt at a dressing.

AN IRISH ULYSSES

THE HADES EPISODE

BY STUART GILBERT

FEW works of outstanding literary importance have suffered so much from misunderstanding of their subject-matter and misconception of the author's intentions as the *Ulysses* of James Joyce.¹ When *Ulysses* appeared it was censured by many critics, welcomed by young iconoclasts, as the manifesto of modern nonconformity with tradition, a masterpiece of incoherence and of that exploitation of the "subconscious" which is the keynote of much contemporary literature. It is natural, indeed, that, after a first, even a second, reading of *Ulysses* the general impression left in the reader's mind should be one of chaos realistically portrayed. But a careful examination of the general plan of the work, and, above all, of the relations of the parts to each other and within themselves, cannot but reveal a latent unity, a *rhythm* which unites the apparently *disjecta membra* in a formal interdependence as precise as that of a classical fugue. *Ulysses*, in fact, on close inspection proves to be a classical work, composed and executed according to a rule of design and discipline of almost scientific precision. In an earlier autobiographic novel (*A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*) James Joyce, through the mouth of the young protagonist, Stephen Dedalus, defines the qualities which, in his view, give æsthetic beauty to a work of art.

"It awakens, or ought to awaken, or induces, or ought to induce, an æsthetic stasis, an ideal pity or an ideal terror, a stasis called forth, prolonged and at last dissolved by what I call the rhythm of beauty."

"What is that exactly?" asked Lynch.

"Rhythm," said Stephen, "is the first formal æsthetic relation of part to part in any æsthetic whole or of an æsthetic whole to its part or parts or of any part to the æsthetic whole of which it is part."

It will be observed that, for Stephen Dedalus, beauty implies not only rhythm but a *stasis*. "The feelings

(1) It may be of interest to recall that the first published work of Joyce, an essay on *Ibsen's New Drama*, appeared in THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW for April, 1900. Mr. Joyce was then only eighteen.

excited by improper art are kinetic—desire or loathing. Desire urges us to possess, to go to something; loathing urges us to abandon, to go from something. The arts which excite them, pornographical or didactic, are therefore improper arts. The æsthetic emotion is therefore static. The mind is arrested and raised above desire and loathing."

We have in this passage of the *Portrait*, stated with Aristotelean precision, the æsthetic theory of *Ulysses*. The art which inspired it was neither pornographical nor didactic, and those parts of the work which seem "obscene," either in the thoughts described or the language employed, excite, or should excite, in the reader no kinetic emotion, desire or loathing. *Ulysses* is like a great net let down upon the life of a microcosmic city-state, Dublin, wherein lie captured all sorts and conditions of men and minds. Nothing in the take is, for the author of *Ulysses*, common or unclean, for he sees the protean manifold of phenomena bound together by the rhythm of universal law, an application of the Hermetic precept: That which is above is as that which is below and that which is below is as that which is above. He has that vision which discovers "the World in a Grain of Sand," the epic of mankind in a Dublin day, and, like Blake, admits no hierarchy of values, for "everything that lives is holy."

*Dans une mort d'insecte on voit tous les désastres,
Un rond d'azur suffit pour voir passer les astres.¹*

Ulysses is the record of a day in the life of a certain Mr. Bloom, a man no longer young, of Jewish-Hungarian origin, who is at the time of the narrative, June 16th, 1904, an advertisement-canvasser in a small way. The book opens with a short prelude (*cf.*, the *Telemachia* of the *Odyssey*) describing the morning of young Stephen Dedalus, the hero of the *Portrait*, and serving as a bridge-work between the *Portrait* and *Ulysses*. Stephen is of Irish stock, but in the course of the eighteen "books," or episodes, of *Ulysses* we find that there exists between this young Jesuit-trained intellectual and the matter-of-fact Jew,

(1) Rostand, *Chantecler*.

l'homme moyen sensuel, a spiritual relation whereby each is the complement of the other; indeed, Mr. Bloom (Ulysses) appears to be in some respects the spiritual father of Stephen-Telemachus (as, in a sense—notably the religious—the East is eternally parent of the West). With the fourth episode we make Mr. Bloom's acquaintance, and thereafter follow him through his day's wanderings about Dublin, visiting with him the *Freeman* office, various restaurants and bars, a cabman's shelter, the city night-town and many other Dublin byways.

There are a number of themes or *leit-motifs* which persistently recur in the long record of Mr. Bloom's day. Amongst the more significant are allusions to metempsychosis and to the *omphalos*, a symbol of the continuity of human life. These *motifs* are often introduced in a grotesque or ironical context, and it is one of the difficulties in understanding Mr. Joyce's work that he should have woven Ariadne's thread, the clue to the Daedalian labyrinth of *Ulysses*, into a motley of mocking humour or outrageous realism. Much of the work seems a merely meticulous study of the commonplace, and its clues seem buried beneath a rubble of detail. But this is exactly how the world appears to some Western thinkers, as an unco-ordinated heap of meaningless accidents. *Ex oriente lux*; such co-ordination as we know, religious or esoteric, is our heritage from the East; and, of the various systems by which Eastern thinkers have sought to meet that desire for eschatological certainties which the dusty answers of science so little satisfy, the most acceptable is, perhaps, the doctrine of Karma and reincarnation. In this view there is no such thing as an irrelevant accident; the law of causation (Karma) obtains throughout, and all things work together towards a perfection of being and understanding. In *Ulysses*, as in the macrocosm, the facts are disposed in superficial confusion, a puzzle for us to assemble. But, in reality, the parts, and the parts of the parts, interlock, and all that is needed to understand the picture is a synthetic effort of memory and observation.

Less esoteric and more congenial, perhaps, to Western minds is the hypothesis of the Italian philosopher Vico,

whose influence on Mr. Joyce's thought is at its clearest in his latest work, provisionally named *Work in Progress*. Vico held that there is a recurrent cycle in human progress as determinable as the precession of the equinoxes. National heroes were for him not prodigies born out of their due time, but the embodiment of actual tendencies of the nations to which they belonged; they were led rather than leaders. As the past renews itself and civilisations rise and wane, the figures of antiquity will, *mutatis mutandis*, be reproduced. It does not follow, of course, that each avatar of a hero of the past will attain equal eminence. As the cycle of history turns, the light of fame will touch now one, now another facet of the sphere. But there will always be a reproduction, a recall of some set of circumstances which have before existed, and of those personalities which, in a remote past, expressed, better than their fellows, the spirit of their age.

Starting from these premises, which are only hinted at, never posited in so many words in *Ulysses*, we may deduce some of the reasons which led its author to recall in his narrative a Mediterranean civilisation three thousand years and more precedent to Mr. Bloom's Odyssey through the ways of Dublin. Further, the apparent "realism" of *Ulysses* is not without Homeric authority. Strabo tells us that "if Homer could describe *exactly* the lands of both the Outer and Inner Seas it was because he had acquired his knowledge from the Phœnicians; they were his instructors." Again, Homer's narrative "is based on historic sources; a vain teratology, built from fables, would be contrary to the Homeric spirit." Homer, it seems, invented little or nothing; he merely arranged details given him in the narratives of Phœnician travellers or their "Mirrors of the Sea" according to the Hellenic principles of anthropomorphism and symmetry. "From a series of sketches he composes a picture, and this picture is an accurate copy of nature, though some parts of it are left in shadow and others placed in a high light. The picture is complete; the poet omits none of the facts which the records have described to him."¹ James Joyce's picture of

(1) Victor Bérard, *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée*, Tome I, p. 583.

Dublin life was composed, if for "records" be substituted "the author's memory," exactly in this manner, and its *motifs*, like Homer's, are of Eastern provenance.

If, therefore, *Ulysses* seems to develop the methods of realism à *outrance*, combining with these a symbolism and, in places, an anthropomorphism which seem at first sight incongruous, we may find Homeric precedent for such a treatment of the subject-matter, and it is in keeping that several of the personages appearing in Hades (the sixth episode of *Ulysses*), Father Coffey and the Caretaker, John O'Connell, for instance, were real Dublin characters of the time. Thus, too, the Jew, Mr. Bloom (who began life as a commercial traveller), has his prototype in the hero of the *Odyssey*, who, despite a Greek name and aspect, may be identified with some wily Phœnician rover who, travelling for commerce or adventure, wandered far over the wine-dark sea. It should be noted that no mere parody of Homer is to be looked for in *Ulysses*; history does not mock itself by its cyclical recurrence, and the Ego newly reincarnated, for all the modernity of its trappings, is in no sense a parody of that soul which may have quitted its earlier tenement in a far country long ago.

The episode of the *Odyssey*, which describes the visit of Odysseus to the infernal region, generally known as the *Nekuia*, is more properly a *Nekuomanteia*, an evocation of the shades, like the calling up of Samuel by the witch of Endor or that of Melissa by Periander's envoys.¹ Odysseus made this journey at Circe's behest to consult the seer Teiresias. Elpenor, his youngest comrade, who was lying "heavy with wine" on Circe's roof, "minded him not to descend again by way of the tall ladder, but fell right down from the roof and his neck was broken off from the spine, and his spirit went down to the house of Hades." The first shade to accost Odysseus was that of Elpenor, who bade him return to Circe's isle and give his comrade's body due burial. Anon came the soul of Teiresias, who prophesied to him the manner of his return, and, in occult terms, his end—"a death that shall come from the sea." Odysseus had sight also of the souls

(1) *Herodotus*, V.

in torment, Tantalus, Sisyphus, and of his fallen comrades, Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon. At last "the myriad tribes of the dead thronged up together with wondrous clamour, and pale fear gat hold of Odysseus"; he hastily embarked, and the flood bore his ship swiftly down the river Oceanus, away from the house of the dead.

What is, apparently, the *Hades* episode in *Ulysses*?

On the face of it, one would say, a realistically modern and ironic description of the funeral of a commonplace Dubliner, one Patrick Dignam, "a comical little teetotum always stuck up in some pub corner," as Mrs. Bloom describes him. Most of the happenings at the funeral we see through the observant eyes of Mr. Bloom, whose unspoken monologue on the ritual of interment and the sights of the graveyard, recorded in all its snappy modernity, gives a macabre humour to the scene.

They halted by the bier and the priest began to read out of his book with a fluent croak . . .

Non intres in judicium cum servo tuo, Domine.

Makes them feel more important to be prayed over in Latin. Requiem mass. Crape weepers. Black-edged notepaper. Your name is on the altar list. . . .

The priest took a stick with a knob at the end of it out of the boy's bucket and shook it over the coffin. Then he walked to the other end and shook it again. Then he came back and put it back in the bucket. As you were before you rested. It's all written down; he has to do it.

Et ne nos inducas in tentationem. . . .

Holy water that was, I expect. Shaking sleep out of it. He must be fed up with that job, shaking that thing over all the corpses they trot up.

[Mr. Bloom here unwittingly recalls the infernal river of oblivion, "sleep-water" of Lethe.]

The scene of the interment illustrates the curious mental plasticity of Mr. Bloom, whose reveries, their surface vulgarity notwithstanding, often seem imbued with the exasperated sensitivity of clairvoyance. If there be any minds capable of recalling their past existences, it is surely in such as Mr. Bloom's that we may expect to find some faint-flickering memory of their other lives, passed in a far country long ago.

The coffin dived out of sight, eased down by the men straddled on the grave trestles. They struggled up and out: and all uncovered. Twenty.

Pause.

If we were all suddenly somebody else.

Far away a donkey brayed. Rain. No such ass. Never see a dead one, they say. Shame of death. They hide. Also poor papa went away.

Gentle sweet air blew round the bared heads in a whisper. Whisper. The boy by the gravehead held his wreath with both hands, staring quietly into the black open space. . . .

Does he ever think of the hole waiting for himself? They say you do when you shiver in the sun. Someone walking over it. Callboy's warning. Near you. . .

The closing scene is surely Homeric in its simple directness, and, as I shall show, contains a specific recall of Homer's *Nekuia*.

As Mr. Bloom is leaving the cemetery he encounters the solicitor, Menton, who has never forgiven him a trivial triumph.

Got his rag out that evening on the bowling green because I sailed inside him. Pure fluke of mine: the bias. . . . Got a dinge in the side of his hat. Carriage probably.

"Excuse me, sir," Mr. Bloom said beside them.

They stopped.

"Your hat is a little crushed," Mr. Bloom said, pointing.

John Henry Menton stared at him for an instant without moving.

"There," Martin Cunningham helped, pointing also.

John Henry Menton took off his hat, budged out the dinge and smoothed the nap with care on his coat-sleeve. He clapped the hat on his head again.

"It's all right now," Martin Cunningham said.

John Henry Menton jerked his head down in acknowledgment.

"Thank you," he said shortly. . . .

Oyster eyes. Never mind. Be sorry after perhaps when it dawns on him. Get the pull over him that way.

Thank you. How grand we are this morning.

The Hades episode offers numerous illustrations of the various methods—symbolical, literal, etymological, technical—by which Mr. Joyce recalls his Homeric paradigm. Thus the four rivers of Hades have their counterpart in the Liffey, Dodder and the Grand and Royal Canals of Dublin. Patrick Dignam, deceased, is an avatar of Elpenor. The end of Dignam was equally sudden, and due, like Elpenor's, to intemperance. There is an unconscious allusion to Elpenor's name in Mr. Bloom's reflexion *à propos* of Dignam: "Blazing face: redhot. Too much John Barleycorn." The name *El-penor* is derived from a

Semitic root which means "the blazing-face." The first shade met by Odysseus was that of Elpenor. "At the sight of him I wept and had compassion on him; and uttering my voice spake to him winged words: 'Elpenor, how hast thou come beneath the darkness and the shadow? Thou hast come fleeter on foot than I in my black ship!'" Thus Bloom, watching the coffin descend from the hearse, soliloquises: "Coffin now. Got here before us, dead as he is," and, later, at the mortuary chapel, "always in front of us."

Martin Cunningham, one of the mourners, is doomed to the labour of a Sisyphus, "pressing a monstrous stone with hands and feet, striving to roll it towards the brow of a hill. But oft as he was about to hurl it over the top, the weight would drive him back, so again to the plain rolled the stone, the pitiless thing." The "pitiless thing" for Cunningham is "that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him every Saturday almost. Wear out the heart of a stone, that. Leading him the life of the damned. Monday morning start afresh. Shoulder to the wheel." (The last words are, perhaps, also an evocation of the doom of Ixion.) The hopeless toil of the Danaids has its counterpart in the never-ending troubles of an old tramp. "On the curbstone before Jimmy Geary the sexton's, an old tramp sat, grumbling, emptying the dirt and stones out of his huge dustbrown yawning boot. After life's journey."

Father Coffey, the priest, wears the mask of Cerberus. "I knew his name was like a coffin. *Dominenamine*. Bully about the muzzle he looks. Bosses the show. Muscular Christian. Woe betide anyone that looks crooked at him: priest. Thou art Peter. Burst sideways like a sheep in clover Dedalus says he will. With a belly on him like a poisoned pup." There is another, more direct, allusion to Cerberus (whose name Mr. Bloom cannot recall) in his comment on a hawker's barrow of cakes at the entrance to the graveyard. "Simnel cakes those are, stuck together cakes for the dead. Dogbiscuits. Who ate them?"

The caretaker, John O'Connell, personifies Hades him-

self; he was a well-known Dublin character, of a longevity worthy of his prototype. All the mourners make a point of speaking well of him—an echo of the Euripidean eulogy of Hades and such euphemisms as the designation of the Eumenides, *la veuve* for the guillotine and so forth. "Quietly, sure of his ground he traversed the dismal fields." There is an epic turn in this phrase, a recall of "the dank house of Hades," and the misty Cimmerian twilight. Mr. Bloom remembers with surprise that John O'Connell is a married man. "Wonder how he had the gumption to propose to any girl. Come out and live in the graveyard. It might thrill her first. . . . Daniel O'Connell must be a descendant I suppose who is this used to say he was a queer breedy man great catholic all the same like a big giant in the dark." To Mr. Bloom the "gumption" which got John O'Connell his wife was, perhaps, not unlike that which won Proserpine for her dark lord, most "catholic" of all the gods; but awe of Hades has stayed the candour normal to his silent monologue.

The mourners pass the monuments of Daniel O'Connell and Parnell, shades of Heracles and Agamemnon. The latter hero, like Parnell, came to his end through a woman; "there is no more faith in women." When Odysseus had greeted these and other heroes, "the soul of Ajax stood apart, being still angry for the victory wherein I prevailed against him, in the suit by the ships concerning the arms of Achilles. Would that I had never won such a prize." The attitude of John Henry Menton and the encounter on the bowling green recall the aloofness of Ajax, who, like Menton, requited a proffered service with a snub and passed "grandly" on.

The incident of the man in the macintosh (who reappears several times, always incognito and mysterious, in the course of *Ulysses*) offers interesting possibilities of Joycean interpretation in the light of Homeric precedent. When the gravediggers are about to lower the coffin to its resting-place Mr. Bloom, looking round, wonders: "Now who is that lankylooking galoot over there in the macintosh? Now who is he I'd like to know? Now I'd give a trifle to know who he is. Always someone turns up you

never dreamt of. A fellow could live on his lonesome all his life. Yes he could. Still he'd have to get someone to sod him after he died. . . ." When the ceremony ends, Hynes, a reporter, makes his round, recording the names of those present.

"And tell us," Hynes said, "do you know that fellow in the—the—fellow was over there in the . . ."

He looked around.

"Macintosh. Yes, I saw him. Where is he now?"

"M'Intosh," Hynes said, scribbling. "I don't know who he is. Is that his name?"

He moved away, looking about him.

"No," Mr. Bloom began, turning and stopping. "I say, Hynes!"

Didn't hear. What? Where has he disappeared to? Not a sign. Well, of all the . . . Has anybody here seen? Kay ee double ell. Become invisible. Good Lord, what became of him?

There is something uncanny about this Burberry's dummy dubbed M'Intosh, the thirteenth mourner, one of those ominous and more-than-unnecessary personages one sometimes meets in an Ibsen play—Gregers Werle in *The Wild Duck*, for instance, whose destiny it was "to be the thirteenth at table."

In Homer's *Nekuia* there is a curious passage, unusually ambiguous for the *Odyssey*, dealing with the Melampus legend (*Odyssey* XI, 281-298). This passage, suspected to be an interpolation, seems to have been introduced to lead up to the longer digression in the fifteenth book (corresponding to the Eumæus episode in *Ulysses*, where there is further mention of "M'Intosh"), relating to Theoclymenos. Telemachus is about to embark from Pylos, on his way back to Ithaca, where he is destined to meet his father at Eumæus' hut. "Thus he was busy thereat and praying and making burnt-offering to Athene, by the stern of the ship, when a man came nigh him, a stranger, that had slain his man and turned outlaw from Argos. He was a soothsayer, and by his lineage he came of Melampus. . . ." There follows a lengthy genealogy tracing the descent of Polyphēides from Melampus, concluding: "Apollo made the high-souled Polyphēides a seer far the chief of human kind. This man's son it was, Theoclymenos by name, that now drew nigh and stood

by Telemachus." The speculations of M. Bérard¹ as to why this irrelevant personage is introduced and his lineage traced at such length are pertinent to the M'Intosh "mystery." "Here, as elsewhere, an interpolation is enclosed at both ends by the same line" (thus the M'Intosh "interpolation" is preceded by "burying him. We come to bury Cæsar," and followed by the words "Only man buries. . . Bury the dead"); "the relevance of this passage is of the slightest when the part played by this Theoclymenos in the Odyssey is considered. This famous seer, whose genealogy is given us in thirty almost incomprehensible verses, must have been associated (in some legend which has not survived) with the later life of Odysseus or Telemachus." A mystery surrounds the movements of Theoclymenos after his arrival at Ithaca. The suitors discuss where Odysseus is to sleep; Theoclymenos they seem to ignore. "Where did he sleep that night? It is unlike Homer thus to abandon one of his characters without having assured him bed and shelter." Yet next day he reappears when the slaughter of the suitors is about to begin. . . . There is a strangely modern touch about this *Mystery Man from Pylos*, as a newspaperman of to-day would "feature" him. Indeed, M'Intosh-Theoclymenos is always with us; he is the hunchback one never fails to see in the left-hand corner seat of the front row of the gallery on every first night, the bearded Russian priest who never misses an international football match, that old woman in a moleskin coat with a packet of peppermint lozenges who is always in evidence in the Nisi Prius Court when mixed cases of equity are being heard. The *état civil* of such queer fish is written on their shells, as, to the Romans, Ibsen, when living in their city, was merely the *Cappellone*—the fellow with the big hat.

The ambiguous prophecy of Teiresias is recalled by a mention of Robert Emmet, the Nationalist leader, the full text of whose famous "last words" is cited in a subsequent episode: "*When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then and not till then let my epitaph be written: I Have Done.*" The equivocation of that utterance lies, of course, in the fact that,

(1) *L'Odyssée*, Tome III, p. 70.

assuming that Emmet had the normal desire for longevity, he was, in reality, impetrating the long postponement of Ireland's freedom—a double-edged postulate like the oracle's *Ibis redibis nunquam in bello peribis*, and akin to the strange rigmarole about a wayfarer who takes an oar for a winnowing-fan and death that shall come from the sea which the Theban seer rendered to Odysseus.

It may be of interest if, before concluding this study, I indicate briefly certain technical devices, other than Homeric recalls, employed by Mr. Joyce in this episode. Each episode of *Ulysses* has its own "*technic*," its symbol, its appropriate colour (as in Catholic ceremonial), and is related to a specific organ of the body. The "*technic*" of the Hades episode is "*incubism*," a rhythmically recurrent use of ideas which create a feeling of oppression and a mortuary atmosphere at least as intense as that in the Homeric picture of the "dank house of Hades" or the Gravediggers' Scene in *Hamlet*. The air presses down upon the mourners; the very earth seems to open in fissures to receive them. "The carriage, passing the open drains and mounds of ripped-up roadway before the tenement houses, lurched round the corner." The tramp's huge boot "yawns" as he empties the dirt out of it. "They follow: dropping into a hole one after the other." Mr. Bloom recalls his father's suicide. "Thought he was asleep at first. Then saw yellow streaks on his face. Had slipped down to the foot of the bed." He pictures his own death.

Well, it is a long rest. Feel no more. It's the moment you feel. Must be damned unpleasant. Can't believe it at first. Mistake must be: someone else. Try the house opposite. Wait, I wanted to. I haven't yet. Then darkened death-chamber. Light they want. Whispering round you. Would you like to see a priest? Then rambling and wandering. Delirium all you hid all your life. The death struggle. His sleep is not natural. Press his lower eyelid. Watching is his nose pointed is his jaw sinking are the soles of his feet yellow. Pull the pillow away and finish it off on the floor since he's doomed.

There is a downward movement, the stifling pressure of an incubus from beginning to end of this episode. Mr. Bloom sees a barge in a lock: "a man stood on his dropping barge between clamps of turf. . . . Dropping down, lock by lock, to Dublin." The horse which draws the

hearse has a tight collar, "pressing on a bloodvessel or something." There is, moreover, a persistent use of mortuary metaphor, apt to deepen the Cimmerian dusk of the charnel-house: "fellow like that *mortified* if women are by"; "whole place *gone to hell*"; "every *mortal* day a fresh batch."

The bodily organ related to this episode is the heart.

"*I am the resurrection and the life. That touches a man's inmost heart.*"

"It does," Mr. Bloom said.

Your heart perhaps, but what price the fellow in the six feet by two with his toes to the daisies? No touching that. Seat of the affections. Broken hearts. A pump after all, pumping thousands of gallons of blood every day. One fine day it gets bunged up and there you are. Lots of them lying around here; lungs, hearts, livers. Old rusty pumps: damn the thing else. . . . That last day idea. Knocking them all up out of their graves. Come forth, Lazarus! And he came fifth and lost the job. Get up! Last day! Then every fellow mousing around for his liver and his lights and the rest of his traps. Find damn all of himself that morning. Pennyweight of powder in a skull. Twelve grammes one pennyweight. Troy measure.

The Epic glory reduced to a little dust in a skull, *pulvis et umbra* . . .

It has been impossible in the space of this essay to give more than a few indications of the technical schema according to which both *Ulysses* as a whole and the Hades episode in particular are composed. It was necessary to detach from their context passages containing Homeric recalls—a procedure which might suggest that the classical analogies are artificially grafted on to the narrative. Such an inference would be erroneous, for *Ulysses*, despite the episodic structure and for all its studied allusiveness, has that wholeness and natural symmetry which mark the living organism. It is a perfectly balanced creation; indeed, the figure known to the Hermetic school as the *Seal of Solomon*, two interlocking isosceles triangles, one pointing upward, the other inverted, might well be adopted as a symbol of the fabric of *Ulysses*, wherein the classical and the modern interlace, and there is a mystic fusion, an equal balance, between the abstract world of Ideas and our "vegetative" universe of ephemera, between the "grain of sand" and its transcendent counterpart.

THE COST OF LITIGATION

By C. H. S. FIFoot

WE are never tired of comparing the *Pax Britannica* with the *Pax Romana*, and of insisting, as our special contribution to the aggregate of human advancement, on the superiority of the Parliamentary system of government and of the Common Law. That there is some ground for our self-complacency it would be affectation to deny; but it will do us no harm occasionally to remember some words of Lord Brougham delivered in the House of Commons in a similar context. "We may talk," he said, "of our excellent institutions, and excellent they certainly are, though I wish we were not given to so much Pharisaical praising of them; but if, while others who do more and talk less go on improving their laws, we stand still and suffer all our worst abuses to continue, we shall soon cease to be respected by our neighbours or to receive any praises save those we are so ready to lavish upon ourselves." In truth, we have been forced, in the light of recent events, to reconsider the value, as universal propositions, even of those two institutions in whose evolution we can most justly claim satisfaction. It has been borne in upon us, first, that it is not every nation for whom Parliamentary Government is the inevitable ideal, nor are we so sure that in undiluted form it must be received without question by ourselves; and secondly, that even the Ark of the Covenant, the sacred Common Law of Coke and Blackstone, is not safe from the impious hands of modern iconoclasts.

In the speech from which a quotation has already been taken, a speech delivered in the House of Commons on February 7th, 1828, Lord Brougham examined at length the defects in the current system of law and legal procedure, and traced the path of necessary reform. Most of the suggestions then made for the reform of the substantive law have been acted upon in the course of the succeed-

ing hundred years, and, save in matters of detail, little exception can be taken to the existing rules of law. The principles of the modern law may well challenge the admiration of the Romans themselves. But in the realm of Justice, no less than in that of Government, it is true that "whate'er is best administered is best"; and our legal procedure can hardly afford us equal cause for satisfaction. Of all questions of procedure that of expense is the most vital. It may be true, as Lord Lyndhurst said, that "cheap law does not always mean cheap justice," but it is undeniable that dear law means injustice; and the cost of even the most trivial litigation at the present day is such as to close the courts to a large and increasing proportion of His Majesty's subjects.

Lord Brougham's observations upon this head have too modern a flavour for our peace of mind. "Perhaps the greatest evil of our system, as at present constituted, is the excess of the costs which a party succeeding is obliged to pay over and above what he can recover from his antagonist. This is so certain and so considerable that a man shall in vain ask me to recommend him either to bring forward a rightful claim or to resist an unjust demand for any such sum as £20 or even £30. I should presently declare to him that he had much better say nothing in the one case and pay the money a second time in the other, provided his adversary were a rich and oppressive man, resolved to take all the advantages the law gives him." He then analysed the result of fifty verdicts obtained at the Lancaster Assizes in the previous year, and showed that the average sum awarded by the jury was under £14, and the total amount of the money recovered less than £900, while the costs incurred exceeded £5,000.

It is no exaggeration to say that Brougham's words are as true to-day as they were a hundred years ago. How many modern lawyers would honestly encourage a litigant of slender means to pursue a promising, let alone a doubtful case, against an adversary rich enough to brief eminent counsel and ready to fight the action through the whole hierarchy of courts? It is notorious that the first consideration of every respectable solicitor is to keep his

client's affairs out of the courts, unless he is fortunate enough to represent a public corporation, a limited company, or an association. To take a familiar example, how many taxpayers would dare to fight the Inland Revenue to the point of litigation even on an issue which appeared to be subject to no reasonable doubt? In truth and in fact the expense of legal proceedings does result, in a very large number of cases, in a denial of access to the courts. Most of us are forced to a literal application of the text: "Agree with thy adversary while thou art in the way with him, lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing."

That this is not mere polemic will appear from a consideration of the figures in two cases which, I am afraid, must be taken as typical. The first is an action in the High Court which is reported in the Law Reports for 1928 under the name of *Kasler v. Slavouski*. In that case B, a wholesale furrier, bought some dyed rabbit skins from A for the purpose, as A knew, of making them into fur collars. B, having made the fur collars, resold to C, C resold to D, and D to E, a draper. E then sold a coat, with one of these fur collars attached, to F, a customer, for her own wear. F developed "fur dermatitis," owing to antimony in the fur, and brought an action for damages against E. Judgment was awarded in F's favour for £67 and £248 costs. E thereupon claimed this sum, together with his own costs incurred in the action, a further sum of £328, from D, D from C, C from B, and B from A. By this time the costs amounted to the total sum of £622, and it was eventually decided that A was liable for the whole. The actual facts in this case were no doubt exceptional, but the disquieting feature is the proportion which the damages suffered bore to the costs incurred in the original action, and this, it is to be feared, is by no means unusual. It cost, in fact, £576 to litigate upon a sum for £67—truly "a poor pennyworth of bread to such an intolerable deal of sack."

The second illustration is taken from actual proceedings in the County Court, which, although not reported, are within my personal knowledge, though not, be it added with thankfulness, my own experience. When regard is paid to the primary function of the County Court as a tribunal for small causes and small men, and to the vast quantity of business therein transacted, the figures reveal an even more alarming position. A, a pedestrian, had been injured as a result of a collision with a motorist, and brought an action against him in the County Court, claiming damages. No fixed sum appeared in his claim, but, owing to the limits of the County Court's jurisdiction, it was impossible for him to recover more than £100. He lost his case and was presented with the bill. To his own solicitor he owed the sum of £65 and, in addition, his opponent's costs, which he had to meet, amounted to £72 17s. 6d. An investigation of the items comprised in the latter sum is instructive. Counsel's fee amounted to the comparatively small figure of £7 12s., the solicitor's out-of-pocket expenses to £11, and his profit charges £6; the balance being chiefly accounted for in payment to witnesses. Thus fees to doctors amounted to eleven guineas, surveyors' fees to twenty-four guineas, and other witnesses twelve guineas. In fact, it would appear that the field of litigation is a happy hunting ground for expert witnesses and their accessories, and that the less interested a person is in the result of the suit the more profitable it is to him.

Such figures as these, it is believed, are the normal concomitant of a running-down action in the County Court; and this class of litigation forms an increasingly large proportion of the cases decided in that court. Of course, a great many of these actions are fought on each side by parties who are insured, and therefore resolve themselves into suits between insurance companies who are more than able to stand the strain imposed upon them. But the fact of insurance should not be allowed to confuse the issue. The County Court is primarily, as has been said, the court for small causes and small men, and here, if anywhere, should justice be both cheap and good. In

practice, the result of the present scale of expenses is that, to the man of moderate means who is acquainted with its operation, litigation in the County Court, as in the High Court, is a calamity to be shunned like the plague; it is only the ignorant and unwary who allow themselves to be entrapped in its toils. Dean Swift was not far wrong when he represented Gulliver's father as having been ruined by *gaining* a Chancery suit with costs.

If these are the facts, what are the remedies? To walk delicately is the first care of the law reformer, however insignificant, and it may well be that the suggestions about to be made are too drastic to receive general acceptance. But they are put forward in the hope that they may at least serve as the basis for more fruitful discussion. To the average layman the most notorious item in the cost of litigation is undoubtedly the size of counsel's fees. The reader, whose eyes are dazzled by the princely fortunes made, or reputed to be made, by the leaders of the Bar, and who is familiar with the complaints of distinguished lawyers that they cannot afford to abandon their practices for the "miserable pittance" which represents the salary of a Judge or a Lord Chancellor, may well be excused for receiving with scepticism the statement that the amount of counsel's fees is a comparatively small item in the bill of costs. It is no doubt true that, in litigation where much is at stake, and especially where one or both of the litigants are corporations, the sums paid to counsel are out of all proportion to the value of their services. Yet in the smaller class of suits, in which the man of moderate means is more particularly interested, it is believed that counsel's fees are no more than a fair hire, worthy of the labourer. It is extremely rare for counsel in a County Court to receive more than seven guineas, and the average fee is not more than four. As we have seen in the bill of costs already presented, such fee represented only a tenth part of the total expenses. Moreover, the remedy for any extortionate charge on this head is in the hands of the litigant himself. It is quite unnecessary for him to brief a fashionable advocate, and it is at least an open question whether he will not obtain better assist-

ance by confining his case to less distinguished and therefore cheaper counsel, who have to rely upon their skill and care to make their names, and whose pressure of business is not such as to render the possibility of their actual appearance in court problematical.

It is believed that concentration upon the problem of avoiding unnecessary litigation will provide a more fruitful field for the exercise of economy. The first suggestion that I venture to make is perhaps somewhat too heroic. The proposal is nothing more or less than the abolition of the House of Lords as the final Court of Appeal. That such a step would result in a considerable saving of expense is undeniable. In many ways it is the most expensive court in which a litigant can be engaged: the sanctity of the tribunal demands the attention of the most expensive counsel, and the method in which the case has to be prepared for hearing necessitates a large expenditure of money and time both in consultation and in such items as printing. Nor does it appear, with all respect, that the existence of a second right of appeal is either necessary or, indeed, advantageous. The present Court of Appeal, intermediate between the High Court and the House of Lords, affords an unsuccessful litigant the opportunity of having his case re-argued before a most competent tribunal, and the possibility of a further investigation merely adds to the uncertainty and hazard of the law without increasing its efficiency. It is interesting to remember that Lord Selborne, in introducing into Parliament the famous scheme of judicial reform which was afterwards embodied in the Judicature Act of 1873, proposed this very step, and it was only consideration for the sentiment and antiquity of the House of Lords which subsequently led him to abandon it.

Apart altogether from such a "root and branch" measure, there is much that could be done to prevent unnecessary litigation which would result in a saving of expense where economy is most to be desired. A great deal of the time of the Courts is occupied with the hearing of undefended cases and "motions of course," where there is no substantial point of law to be debated and where the

appearance of counsel, with the consequent expense involved in the preparation of the case, is not required. Two striking examples of this procedure are to be found in the application of the modern Divorce Law and of the Workmen's Compensation Acts. The number of undefended divorce petitions dealt with both by the Divorce Court in London and of late years by the Judges on Assize is enormous; and it is believed that no detriment would accrue either to the parties or to the public if these were all heard by the appropriate judge in chambers and without the assistance of counsel. The danger of collusion could be obviated by the attendance of a representative of the King's Proctor with power to move the adjournment of the proceedings in case of suspicion. Similarly, in the majority of applications under the Workmen's Compensation Acts the appearance of counsel or solicitor in court is unnecessary. In seven cases out of ten the case is, after the first hearing, sent to a medical referee for his award, and there seems no reason why this step should not be taken in the first instance, leaving the solicitors on both sides free to pursue the matter further if, after the referee's report, some point of law emerges upon which the assistance of counsel and the decision of the court are desirable. Such applications form a large item in the list of every County Court Judge, and it would be a boon to employer and employed alike to remove the expense which their hearing at present entails.

The third suggestion for the abolition of unnecessary litigation is one which was anticipated by Lord Brougham a hundred years ago, and which, like many of his proposals, still awaits adoption. It may be phrased in his own words: "If arbitrators were publicly appointed before whom parties themselves might go in the first instance, state their grounds of contention and hear the calm opinion of able and judicious men upon their own statements, their anger would often be cooled and their confidence abated, so as to do each other justice without any expense or delay." A system of Conciliation Courts, such as Lord Brougham here advocates, has been established in many European countries for a considerable period. In France

the arbitral powers of the *Juges de Paix* date back to the beginning of the last century and are still in constant exercise, while similar courts are in operation in Denmark and Holland, in Sweden and Norway. In the United States experiments have been made with success in recent years, and they are now championed in this country by His Honour Judge Sir Edward Parry, after over thirty years of experience in the County Courts. As the latter points out in his fascinating book, *The Gospel and the Law*, we in England are most fortunately placed for the adoption of a system of conciliation, in that we have ready to our hands an instrument of proved efficacy and aptitude. The work of the County Court Judge necessarily brings him into contact with the very persons whom such a system would especially benefit, and he is in the ideal position to ensure its success. That a large number of litigants would think twice upon the advisability of pursuing their quarrel, if the opportunity of tactful and impartial mediation were afforded them, is certain; and to those who found, after examination, that their differences are irreconcilable, no obstacle would be offered to their appearance in the ordinary courts. No rights would be prejudiced, no privileges impaired; it would only mean that proceedings if taken at all, would be pursued as the result of due deliberation and with knowledge of the difficulties and dangers in attendance.

Finally, we have to consider the position of those persons who are so poor that they are unable to afford the expense of legal procedure, however cheap this may be made to be, and who are in such a situation that a denial of access to the courts operates as a denial of primary right and justice. The machinery of "Poor Persons' Procedure" has been attracting considerable attention in recent years: two Royal Commissions, presided over by Judges of the High Court, have sat in consultation since the end of the War, and two private members' Bills are now before the House of Commons. It is only, however, since the commencement of the present century that serious attention has been devoted to the subject. The problem of legal representation for the poor naturally presented

itself first in the sphere of the Criminal Law, where the consequences of failure were most disastrous. Before the passing of the Poor Prisoners Defence Act, 1903, no regular system for the provision of counsel and solicitor in necessitous cases was in existence. It was the practice for Judges at the Assizes, when intricate points of law arose, to request barristers to assist the Court in reaching a proper conclusion, and it was possible, as it still is, for the prisoner in the dock to obtain the services of any counsel present in Court on the proffer of a modest guinea. Except in such cases, the theory of the law was that a poor prisoner needed no legal aid, since the Judge himself would protect his interests, a theory which, if in fact put into practice, stood self-condemned, since it is the duty of the Judge to hold the scales of justice evenly balanced, and not to weight them in one direction or the other even in the sacred cause of charity. By the Act of 1903, however, power was given, either to the magistrates who committed a prisoner for trial or to the presiding Judge *at* the trial, whether at Assizes or Quarter Sessions, to certify that legal aid should be afforded, provided that two conditions are satisfied—first, that the prisoner's means are insufficient to enable him to obtain this for himself; and, secondly, that his statement before the committing magistrates shows that this course is desirable.

In civil cases little was done to assist the poor litigant until in 1925, as a result of the recommendation of the Royal Commission which had met under the presidency of Lord Justice Lawrence, the administration of this procedure was placed in the hands of the Law Society. This body, as representing the solicitors' profession, has now power to grant certificates to poor persons enabling them to bring or defend proceedings in the High Court of Justice, and the use which has been made of this authority reflects the utmost credit upon those responsible for its exercise. During the year 1928 no less than 1,898 applications were made to the London Law Society alone, of which 66 per cent. were concerned with questions of divorce, and, as a result of the ensuing proceedings, poor persons recovered over £10,000, either on judgment or

by settlement. No court fees are payable on any litigation consequent upon these applications, and no fees are received by the counsel who give their services, while the solicitors engaged only seek to recover the ordinary taxation costs from the property obtained by the litigant as a result of his suit, and then only up to one-fourth of the value of that property. It is significant, moreover, that all this has been done at a total cost to the Treasury of less than £5,000.

In spite, however, of this gratifying result, the system is far from perfect. In the first place it will be seen that formidable restrictions are placed upon the operation both of the criminal and of the civil procedure. In the former case no facility exists for the provision of legal aid in cases which are to be tried and finally decided in the magistrates' courts, though these form the largest proportion of criminal litigation, and often involve intricate questions both of law and of fact. To remedy this defect a Bill has been introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Withers, the Member for Cambridge, and it is to be hoped that the exigencies of party politics will allow this to be put upon the Statute Book without undue delay. The deficiencies in the civil procedure are even more serious. The scheme which the Law Society are charged with administering only affects litigation in the High Court. It leaves absolutely untouched proceedings in the County Court and in civil cases before the magistrates, such as arise upon maintenance and separation orders. It has been estimated that actions under these two heads account for no less than 75 per cent. of the total number of causes in which poor persons are interested, and, if it were not for the activities of the so-called "speculative" solicitor, even more wrongs would pass unredressed than is the case at present. Under the present system, indeed, there is something to be said for the Dodsons and Foggs of the profession, now that the modern Mrs. Bardell may no longer fear subsequent incarceration for the non-payment of her costs.

We are, I am afraid, driven to the conclusion that the only adequate method of dealing with the problem as a

whole is the institution of a Government Department on parallel lines with that of the existing Director of Public Prosecutions. Such a department would be responsible not only for the defence of poor persons in criminal cases but also for the provision of suitable aid in civil litigation. The cost to the Treasury need not be great, as the experience of the Law Society has shown, and the profit to the welfare and security of the public would be incalculable. It is not just that the State should take advantage of the generosity of individual members of the legal profession as a cover for its own deficiencies, and in these days, when more and more functions of control and social organisation are being placed upon the central and local authorities, it is anomalous that the task of securing justice between subject and subject should be left unregulated. In the words of Lord Brougham, "It is the first maxim of jurisprudence that the law is no respecter of persons. Let it be our task to translate that maxim into terms of procedure as well as of principle."

THE GEOGRAPHER'S GLORY :

OR

THE WORLD IN 1730

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

WHEN through the windows buzzed the thoughtless bee
 Into a drowsy room that held no honey,
 And the solemn clock surveyed the merry swarm
 Of boys intent on chapbook and fools' tricks,
 At length the old Geographer resumed
 His desk; when several close observers noted
 Signs that his late appearance might be due
 To an old friend, and the cheerful bottle to give him.
 Meanwhile the master, laying down his hat,
 His gold-laced hat, and tossing his wig's three tails,
 Poising a quill, and letting it fall to the floor,
 Replacing his hat, caressing a small Globe,
 Saddling his nose, descanted thus :

"Boys, boys,

I must desire you'll ever pay respect
 To our most ripe, most profitable theme,
 The Globe, and grammar of Geography.
 It is a mine, exceeding rich Peru,
 And, though some trifling critics dub it dry,
 Exceeds for banquet-like variety
 The City feast. Observe this Globe. My lads,
 The vast terraqueous ball whereon we dwell,
 And here with newest nicety represented,
 Is full of wonders, which our countrymen
 And others of congenial quality
 Have with much circumstance of truth reported.
 —Away, ye flies; back to Beelzebub.—
 I, yes, as I was saying, this grand Globe
 Is full of wonders. While the pallid herd
 Of Græcians limit their pedantic gaze
 To some prodigious *nominativus pendens*,
 Or harry some Athenian cobbler's ghost,
 Let us imbibe—I say, let us imbibe
 Full draughts from our true Arethusan fountains.

As I, this very moment, sit in London
 (And do not know where I could sit more gladly)
 I scan the extended masterpiece of Earth :
 By this Globe's use we readily determine
 The hour when the Great Mogul sits to dine
 In India, or the Czar in Muscovy.
 This Globe assures me, there's a place on Earth
 Where, though the air blows pure, the *genius loci*
 Is such that no two friends can there continue
 In mutual love and friendship for two minutes.
 O sad amazement, should two noble youths
 (Collins for instance and—you, you rascal Hargrave)
 Of virtue and of studious parts, that long
 Shared the same attic, pored on the same map,
 Be shipwrecked there !

Now in the South of China,

A certain city's numerous population
 Both male and female, though they use the gait
 That commonly is used in Paul's Church-Yard,
 Appear to strangers walking on their heads,
 Inverted. O, but one of many marvels.
 Blest be the Globe ! O that the Lord would grant me
 Before I die a journey into Denmark,
 There to survey the famous Globes in Gottorp,
 And honour Tycho Brahe. But less cheerly
 Would I in New Castile draw near that Lake
 Which in presentiment of hurricanoes
 Raves at the sky, and howls man on to doom.

These truths surpass all fiction; yet truth bids
 I should not daub where she herself is plain.
 You have heard high legends of the Elysian Fields,
 The poet's vaunted theme; but, in the fact,
 They are an ordinary plot of ground,
 Where higglers tie the goat or panniered ass,
 Near Naples.

I must, in parenthesis,

Observe, that the opening mind's credulity
 Stands in much danger from these plaguy poets.
 Avoid their siren song, boys; learn betimes
 To shun the glittering counterfeit of rhymes.

Thus freed the maze of error, on we rove
 On our grand tour of reason and delight;
 Whether to pause among the holy relics
 Of Palestine, and view the cave and fountain
 Whence great St. John emerged with burning eye
 To make the greater Prophet's pathway plain,
 Or find each several scene of that high Suffering
 By which we hope at length to inhabit heaven.
 Truth still shall guide us; even at Scanderoon,
 Though Jonah's Pillar be alleged the place
 Where the vast Fish disgorged the man of grief,
 We must reserve some doubt. Yet, did we yield
 Entire persuasion there, our fault were less
 Than what some dreaming ancients make, who hold
 The whale swam round one quarter of the World
 Within three sunsets.

O most crude Excess,
 Base Non-Geography, ye weeds of life,
 And obstinate as Jews, who would not hear
 The joyful Gospel first announced to them
 By Christ with musical appeal, heard not,
 Saw not, and keep their stiff necks to this day.

Still as we go, the teeming mind of Heaven
 Supplies each query, and wonder walks with use:
 Our trees, in temperate Britain, that embower
 Noble estates, and cool the alehouse bench,
 Become those wooden walls that Spain respects,
 And leafy rustling grows the Lion's roaring.
 To several regions, several trees; there's one
 In Mexico, where shops are few, that gives
 Honey and vinegar, water, oil and wine—
 Its limpid liquor passes as all these
 By shrewd contrivance. Mark as well, my lads,
 That on Molucca coast, where the burnt air
 Proposes to sea-captains strong desire
 For stronger liquor, there the moral Clove
 Abounds, rich cargo; virtuous to attract
 Whatever wine it neighbours. Whence it chances
 That often some bold sailor, fondly drawn

Towards the insidious hogshead, bawling hymns,
 Stops, stares, starts, rages at the emptied store,
 And sees too late the bags of Cloves beside.
 Him I may liken to the Java tree
 That, at the rising of the sun, lets fall
 Its midnight buds, and in the heat all day
 Stands melancholy in a funeral robe.

But Time contracts my amphitheatre,
 Time, that consumed even Nineveh, the maw
 To which even this our City is a morsel.
 I know no monster in the world like him
 For hunger, wildness and sad speech; not one.
 And yet there dwells in Ethiopian pools
 A creature with a sighing dolorous tone
 Of which report is full; the sweetest sorrow
 Fills the air there, beyond Amara's mountain,
 And Nubia with her poisons; those, alas!
 May be the sources of that custom when
 The Emperor of Monomotapa
 Will drink. He takes his glass; the complete Court
 At once set up prayers for him with a Voice
 So loud, that all the neighbourhood aroused
 Repeat the same, and on and on it sounds
 Till the whole empire like a tempest swells
 Its supplication for the monarch's tankard.

These truths we owe to blest Geography,
 That's certain as the magnet and the pole,
 And by this learning we may scare aloof
 All horned Chimeras and vile Fallacies,
 May know the World, and be the richest in it,
 And keep the flag of Britain on the masts
 Of thundering navies."

This great accent reached,
 He paused, and nodded. The clock ticked, the fly
 Walked round the Globe; and he, with sudden shock,
 Struck with a silence, rubbed his eyes to find
 The audience gone, plainly to view at once
 These fruitful wonders of the natural world.

THE LITERATURE OF SPANISH AMERICA

BY W. A. HIRST

THIS subject is one which is treated with unmerited neglect in our own country. When a people employs a language inferior to none, ancient or modern, for literary purposes, and when they have, for a century, produced poetry, drama, criticism, jurisprudence and fiction of the highest class, and when these peoples are peculiarly susceptible to foreign influence, and when, again, they have, throughout that time, been connected with us by political, financial and commercial ties—in such circumstances it is strange that we do not interest ourselves in their literature. We have in our Universities many Chairs of Spanish Language and Literature, but little attention is paid to the literature of the young Republics, where the pen is plied more disinterestedly than is the case in any European country, and where authors are more in need of encouragement and sympathy than elsewhere. It is time that this apathy came to an end. In the system of world politics, to follow the mental processes of distant countries, to learn their characters, to read their books—all these are necessary for a State which desires to exercise influence. It is not merely political or commercial triumphs which are desired, but the more fruitful and more enduring conquests of the mind. This is an Imperialism which outlasts that of the hoplite or the legionary, and thus the Hellenisation of Alexander and the Augustan literature of Rome are still living forces while the material achievements are but “an Empire’s dust.”

The task of forming a general conception of our subject is tolerably simple, for all the Republics of Latin America but one speak the Spanish language, which, though differing in *nuances* from that of the Mother Country, is identical for all practical purposes, nor is there much difference between the tongue of Nicaragua and that of Uruguay. And the spirit is the same throughout. If the literatures differ it is merely that some are better than

others, or that one country has followed different models. But, in fact, the Latin racial force is a perfectly unifying influence, and this is part of the charm. It gives France and Spain a peculiar interest in them, as they watch the growth of Latinism in new worlds which once were supposed to be dominated by the so-called “Anglo-Saxon,” while to ourselves and the United States it gives the attraction of contrast and a valuable means of modifying the “provincial note” which sometimes sounds unpleasantly through our complacency with English-speaking achievements.

A brief survey of the subject can only comprise the history of a little more than a century—from the time when Spanish America became independent of Spain. Up to that time, as was natural, the literature of the Continent had been formed on Spanish models. The facts of the Spanish dominion, as related to us by our historians (and particularly by North American historians), have been seriously misrepresented. The Spaniards are depicted as brutal conquerors, who scoured the New World, impelled by lust of gold, and plundered, destroyed or enslaved the inoffensive Indians.

So far is that from being the case that the Spaniards were the only Imperial nation at that date who did anything for the protection or benefit of the aborigines. Every effort was made by Church and King to protect them from the exploiters, and the Spaniards were by centuries the first religious missionaries. Indeed, the most superficial glance at the history of the Spanish Church in America and of the Jesuits would dissipate the absurd traditional view, which also represents the Spanish dominions as sunk in ignorance and torpor. In fact, the Spaniards founded Universities wherever they went, and learning was especially the care of the Church and the Jesuits.

In our own generation we have seen a revolution in history which perhaps has not yet been fully appreciated; the partial and unsympathetic judgments of the Whig school have everywhere been set aside, and nowhere has this revolution been more complete than in the history of the New World.

However, by the beginning of the nineteenth century dynamic forces were everywhere replacing the static. Spain had given the Continent three hundred years of the Pax Hispanica, but not only was the old Colonial system too rigid for the needs of the time, but Spain herself was too weak, and had become too much involved in the European wars—now on one side, now on the other—to control or keep in peace her Colonies. After a sharp but somewhat prolonged period of revolution, almost the whole of Spanish America, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, became independent.

In each of the new Republics a literature slowly grew up. But, as has been stated (and this is a proof of the strength of the Spanish influence), the subject may be treated as a whole, not by countries; it is Latin literature, and there is a further bond in the natural tendency of young countries to follow common models, firstly Spanish and afterwards, and more decidedly, French.

Spanish-American literature has been adversely criticised upon two grounds. First, the poetry is alleged to be too exuberant. This was the fault which M. Menendez y Pelayo, the great Spanish critic, found with the verse of the Revolution, observing that it was hyperbolic and disorderly. Some years ago a vivacious French traveller was sarcastic at the expense of Spanish-American lyric poets. He remarked: "Spanish America only thinks of one thing, namely, love. And love has given it the only art which it practises, if not to perfection at all events in inexhaustible abundance: lyric poetry! It seems that Peru, Colombia and Guatemala possess great poets. . . . Every newspaper every morning has poems whose theme invariably is the tender passion. The eyes, the teeth, the lips, the hair, the hands and feet of the American damsels are therein successively compared to all the lovely things in heaven and earth. The warmth of these sentiments is undeniable, but their expression is defective in originality."

It is true that a good deal of South American poetry is erotic, but this is not unusual anywhere; it is found even in France. Nor does the exuberance extend beyond the sentiment; the Latin restraint and sense of style preserve

lyric poetry from the extravagances in metre and diction which are rife in many languages.

The second objection is that Spanish-American literature is imitative. It is true that the earlier writers, Olmedo and Bello, followed on the lines of the academic Spanish poets, and Olmedo was called the American Quintana. But they drew their inspiration hardly less from Virgil and the Latin poets of the Golden Age. The first considerable achievements in this literature made it appear to be a branch of the old Spanish stock. But the Revolution and the inevitable influence of a totally different environment soon made themselves felt.

There was, however, no South American academy, and, as a rule, any man of letters who acquired a reputation left his native land either for some other Republic or, more often, for France or Spain. Soon after the Revolution French influence began to predominate, and this lasted till near the end of the century. Alienated from Spain by political reasons, and attracted to Paris, both as the Latin capital of the world and as a pleasure resort, South Americans, if their circumstances permit, flock to Paris. The bookstalls in Buenos Aires, Valparaiso and Lima are full of cheap translations of French novels. At first the Romantic Movement had its influence, but the infant literature had hardly found itself before Realism came into vogue, and for the latter half of the nineteenth century was supreme.

But the year 1888 is the most important epoch in the whole of Spanish-American literature, namely, the date of the publication in Valparaiso of *Azul*, by a young Nicaraguan, Ruben Dario. This, a cosmopolitan work, was immediately recognised as of great importance. Juan Varela, the accomplished Spanish critic and novelist, at once reviewed it sympathetically, although he regretted that the young poet and stylist (*Azul* contains prose as well as poetry) was departing from Spanish models. The language, indeed, was pure Castilian, but the mentality was latter-day French.

Dario was saturated with French literature, but he was an original genius, and assimilated all the material which

he took to himself. By *Azul* he raised the standard of the Modernista Movement just as, ninety years earlier, Wordsworth and Coleridge had initiated the Romantic Revolt by publishing *Lyrical Ballads*. The circumstances were not dissimilar.

The Modernista Movement consists in adapting to Spanish a number of processes employed by certain French writers, the Symbolists, the Decadents, and, above all, the Parnassians. The Parnassians were, in part, rebels against the Romantic School, but their reaction was certainly not in the direction of classicism. They were mystics, symbolists; they escaped from the tyranny of the material world to be "hidden in the light of thought," and they aimed at pouring the old wine into new bottles. They resented the dominance of great names and tradition.

Now in Spain, and perhaps still more in South America, the younger men of talent were dissatisfied with the material upon which they had to work. The Spanish language was becoming impoverished in vocabulary, and in every respect was inadequate to modern needs. The literature of South America was then imitating France, but its models were the Realists—in the novel Zola was all-powerful—and this by no means satisfied the young and ardent spirits.

However, there was a French school which was attractive to them, and, although its impulse was dying, they revived it. The Parnassians had revolted against the Romantics and had engendered other schools, such as the Symbolists and the Decadents and various individual writers less easy to classify, but they were all strongly under the influence of the *Zeit Geist*. The end of the nineteenth century was a time of incoherence in æsthetic thought. Everywhere there was a worship of form and a desire for "reform of numbers."

It was Baudelaire who was the first inspirer of the movement which was to be so fruitful. As early as 1857 came his *Fleurs du Mal*, in which, mystical and sensuous, he struck the keynote of the Modernists:—

Car Lesbos entre tous m'a choisi sur la terre
Pour chanter le secret de ses vierges en fleurs.

Such is the text which Dario and his followers amplify.

Dario says that his chief model was Catulle Mendès and the Parnassians, and that his aim was to rejuvenate the Spanish language. But of all the Parnassians it is probable that Verlaine had the greatest influence, for he travelled far beyond the narrow limits of a school, just as Dario himself transcended the bounds of the Modernista Movement. To *Le Parnasse Contemporain*, which appeared in 1866, Verlaine contributed his characteristic little poem, *Mon Rêve Familier*, "d'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime," and the contributors to this anthology had in common respect for art and a love of beautiful forms. This was a great achievement, like *Tottel's Miscellany*, which ushered in the Elizabethan age; but Verlaine had a genius which could accomplish more than the perfection of form and expression. He broke away from his old associates; they went on to fame and fortune while he was forgotten. In 1881 Zola seems to have believed that he was dead, and yet at that very time he was trying to publish one of his masterpieces, *Sagesse*, which eventually he had to produce at his own expense.

It is a commonplace that great men are neglected in their lifetime and honoured with gilded monuments after their death; and this was the fate of Verlaine. However, in this instance he did come in for a little attention in England, at least during his last years; and before his death in 1896 the prophet received a small meed of honour in his own country. Anatole France, an old Parnassian, affirmed that perhaps he would one day be considered the best poet of his age, and he had some vogue in Paris in his lifetime. As has been already stated, Verlaine soon outstripped the Parnassians, and is generally considered a master among the Symbolists, although Baju ranks him as a Decadent. All this proves that he was greater than all sects and coteries.

Such, then, were the external influences which worked upon Dario. *Azul* created a sensation both in Spain and America. As usually happens in such movements,

the book had a twofold effect, partly upon Spain, partly upon America. In Spain Fitzmaurice Kelly says that he effected a revolution in Spanish verse. To point out his creative genius in America is the main object of this article.

One of the most remarkable features in the whole matter is the cosmopolitan nature of the forces which worked upon Dario—French, Spanish, English, and, it is said, Hegelian and Scandinavian. More than this, there was also an American influence. This was Edgar Allan Poe—the only great man of letters produced by the United States—who was himself so cosmopolitan that (except for the *Gold Bug*) it would be difficult for the reader to guess his nationality from the internal evidence in his works. If anything he is English—his short sojourn at Stoke Newington helped to make him a mystic, a romantic and an aristocrat. Baudelaire—it is strange to remember—for a great part of his life was best known as the admirable translator of Poe, and he warmly acknowledged his indebtedness to the American in his original work. Verlaine wrote a poem entitled *Nevermore*. Mallarmé affirmed that Poe's genius found "un sol authentique" in France. Dario wrote an appreciation of him in *Los Raros*. It is a marvellous and happy circumstance that the greatest genius of North America should have flown eastwards to France and there revived poetry, and then flown westwards again and done the same service in South America.

Like Verlaine, Dario began by being a member of a school and, passing through more than one, became a potent individual force. He started—even before the publication of the juvenile *Azul*—as a disciple of Campoamor and other modern Spanish poets. Then, in *Azul*, appear Victor Hugo and the Parnassians, and later, after visiting France, he followed the Symbolists, and last of all he came forward as an independent genius, and, further, an American national poet. He stood for:—

La América católica, la América española.

Here he was joined by the Peruvian Chocano; the two, like most South Americans, viewed the United States as

an alien, a hostile, an almost barbarous influence. Dario addressed Roosevelt saying:—"You are the United States, destined to be the foe of free America, in whose veins runs aboriginal blood, which still prays to Jesus Christ, and speaks Spanish. . . . To the cult of Mammon they join the cult of Hercules." So Chocano (who happily survives) sang the praise of his native land in *Alma América*—"the Spanish and the Incan blood courses in my veins." It is pleasant to know that the two poets were friends and that Dario wrote a prelude to Chocano's great American poem, warmly praising it.

After *Azul* Dario found much journalistic work in South America, principally upon *La Nacion*, that splendid journal of Buenos Aires. But he was a wanderer and soon went to Spain, and throughout his life was constantly in Europe, usually in some consular or other public capacity. In this respect the Spanish-American world is Addisonian. Just as in those days the booksellers could not or would not give the poets a subsistence, and they received for that purpose public appointments, so now most eminent men of letters in South America receive a consular post and, it may be added, having once quitted their native land they seldom return. It was, indeed, thought very handsome of Dario to write *El Viaje a Nicaragua*, towards the end of his life. He went on from strength to strength. He was almost as great an artist in prose as in verse, and it is prose which forms the bulk of his numerous volumes in the collected works. He died in 1916.

There is no space to trace the Modernista Movement any further. I must leave unrecorded Manuel Gutierrez Najera (1859-1895), the short-lived poet of Mexico, and the great Uruguayan, Jose Enrique Rodo (1872-1917), and the Venezuelan, Rufino Blancano-Formbana, who is still alive. Both these two were far more eminent as critics than as poets, indeed Rodo had an almost dictatorial position. The consideration of Modernista literature has been somewhat lengthy, but is a matter vital to our subject, for it is now synonymous with Spanish-American literature. The echoing of Victor Hugo or Zola has ceased and the Republics have a national treasure house.

It remains briefly to appreciate the principal writers

of the Republics from the time of their Independence till 1888. This short period of some sixty years is full of interest. Poetry, the drama, essays and criticism, history, jurisprudence, and fiction form the main divisions. Poetry is, on the whole, the most considerable item. Almost the earliest and almost the greatest of the poets was the Ecuadorian, José Joaquín Olmedo, who was born at Guazaquil in 1780. His father was a Spaniard, his mother an American. He studied at the Universities of Quito and Lima, and took the degree of Doctor of Law in 1805. Olmedo both studied and practised law and pursued a political career, and visited Spain in 1811. At a bound he won great and permanent fame by his ode, *La Victoria de Junín*, written in 1825, which celebrated the victory by which Bolívar secured the independence of Peru. He followed Spanish models, and his pure and classical diction marks him as merely an overseas branch of Spanish literature. Of this school of poetry Olmedo and Bello are by far the greatest.

Andrés Bello (1781-1865) was born at Caracas in Venezuela, but he may rather be called a Chilean than a Venezuelan man of letters, for all his achievements were performed outside his native land. Nineteen of his earlier years were spent in England, where he came under the influence of Bentham and James Mill. In 1829 he came to Chile and was long Rector of the University. Besides his poetry, he is the author of an excellent Spanish Grammar and was also distinguished in jurisprudence and philosophy. In poetry his great work is *Silva Americana*, in which, like Virgil, he sings the praise of his native land, its forests and interminable grassy plains.

It would be an endless task to enumerate all the meritorious poets who appear in this period. Colombia is one of the most renowned among the Republics for culture. Two poets of distinction may be named whose long lives extended over more than the last three-quarters of the nineteenth century. Diego Fallon, of Irish extraction, was an academic poet, the author of many short lyrics which show a delicate appreciation of natural scenery. The most esteemed poet of Colombia is Rafael Pombo

(1833-1912), whose works have been handsomely printed by the National Congress. It may be added that remote Bogotá is perhaps the most genuine home of culture in the whole of Latin America, and almost the only place that is hospitable to native wits, where publishers encourage their men of letters by producing their books in their own metropolis, and that consequently Colombian poets less frequently seek a country lying under another sun. Pombo is an accomplished lyricist, excellent in elegies and in songs of love, wherein he shows deep feeling, and his command of metre is absolute. He belongs to the old classical school of Spain. A man of learning, he had a complete knowledge of English and French, and being, like many of his contemporaries, a great admirer of Byron, he translated many pieces of the English poet into Spanish.

In the early days of the revolt against the tyrant Rosas Argentina produced many poets who, almost inevitably, were exiled and compelled to live abroad until their enemy was expelled. Perhaps Esteban Echeverría (*d.* 1881) is the most considerable among them, and is also noteworthy because his poetry belongs to the soil of his native land and is not, as was then common, an echo of Spain or France. As a young man he travelled on the European Continent and in England, and (it is hardly necessary to say) admired Byron. He wrote an elaborate poem—longer than is usual for South America—*La Cautiva*, describing a stirring scene of Pampa life. His theme is "El desierto incommensurable," and he declared very reasonably that if South American poetry wished to be influential it must have a character of its own and deal with South America. So only would the poetry be as sublime as the Andes.

Juan Manuel Gutiérrez, his contemporary, was a busy man of letters who did much to advance his profession; he is one of the few authors by trade of South America. He wrote in the manner of Echeverría, but with less power.

Cuba has been a nursery of very many poets; two are outstanding, namely, José María Heredia (1803-1839) and Gabriel de la Concepción Valdes. The first of these spent more time in Mexico than in his native island, where he was suspected by the Spanish authorities. He was the

best of the Nature poets in our group. Though he considered English a barbarous language and had probably never read Wordsworth, he is undoubtedly Wordsworthian, as when he contemplates Niagara—

From my very boyhood I have loved,
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
To look on Nature in her loftier moods.

The other, Valdes, better known as Placido, was of mixed mulatto and Spanish parentage, and an ardent poet in graceful style. His end was tragic, for in 1844 he was executed by the Spaniards on suspicion (probably groundless) of being concerned in a negro uprising.

The drama, being chiefly local, admits of brief treatment. Mention may be made of Felipe Pardo y Aliaga (*d.* 1868), a member of a celebrated Peruvian family, whose *Frutos de la Educación* and other satirical comedies were very popular in the early years of the Republic. His contemporary, Manuel Ascensio Segura, was esteemed a still better dramatist; his comedies are for the most part written in rhyming short lines which emphasise their sparkling wit. Mexico also has produced a few good playwrights.

In essays and literary criticism the South Americans, like all Latins, excel. One of the most meritorious is the Colombian José María Vergara y Vergara, who, in the 'sixties, published a valuable *History of Colombian Literature*. In Cuba a notable man in many ways was Enrique José Varona, at one time editor of the *Revista Cubana*, and long afterwards Vice-President of the Cuban Republic. In his early days he popularised the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, then at the height of his fame, and as editor he encouraged the development of a native literature.

One of the most influential of essayists is the Peruvian, Francisco García Calderón, who died recently. His *Latin America* is almost the only Spanish-American book which has appeared in an English version—a fact not at all creditable to this country, especially when we consider the activity of the United States in translating and popu-

larising the work of their neighbours. Like so many of his countrymen, Calderón found himself quite as much at home in Paris as elsewhere, and his *Le Pérou Contemporain*, crowned by the French Academy, was written in French. Rodo, the Uruguayan, has already been mentioned; probably he would be esteemed the greatest literary critic of Spanish America.

Historians are numerous. Bartolomé Mitre (*d.* 1906), a distinguished general and statesman, wrote a valuable narration of the Revolution. In Colombia we may note José Manuel Restrepo (*d.* 1863), an eye-witness, who was author of a history of Colombia's struggle for independence. Most of the Republics have one or more historians who have related their own story, and we may add to the two already mentioned Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna (*d.* 1886), an excellent and voluminous writer, who explored almost every avenue of the history of Chile.

Spanish America has produced much permanently valuable work in jurisprudence. Of such may be mentioned Bello, the famous poet, who, in his old age in Chile, the country of his adoption, was responsible for much of the Civil Code; Charles Calvo (*d.* 1906), who was one of the chief authorities on modern International Law; and Luis María Drago, the Argentine statesman and publicist, who, in 1902, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, promulgated what is now known as the Drago Doctrine, *i.e.*, that no European Power may use armed force to secure the payment from any American Republic of debts which may have been contracted with the subjects of a foreign Power. The Drago Doctrine was adopted with modifications at the Hague Conference of 1907.

Last comes prose fiction, of which, like other lands, the Republics yield an abundant crop. It has often been remarked that they lag behind in literary fashions, and that a vogue, which is becoming obsolete in Europe, is zealously pursued by those young and ingenuous nations. It was not till long after 1830 that Romanticism displaced the old Spanish Classicism, and the Naturalism (Zola being the chief model), which followed, lingered on into the twentieth century.

One of the best novelists of the Romantic School was José Marmol, who in 1851 published *Amalia*, which, though it deals with contemporary events—the insurrections against Rosas—is modelled upon Scott; he was extremely successful, and, with one exception, *Amalia* is the most widely read in Europe of all Spanish-American novels. The other important novelist of Argentina was a disciple of Balzac. This was Carlos Maria Ocantos, who produced a masterpiece in *Leon Saldivar* (1888), which, as Gutierrez and Ernesto Quesado (a good critic) urged, was homespun, not of foreign weaving, and therefore of great interest. It contained somewhat sombre sketches of life in Buenos Aires and the *estancia*, and *Quilito* also dealt with contemporary Argentine life, and *Don Perfecto*, as late as 1902, portrayed old-time Buenos Aires. Perhaps the most popular South American novel of recent years is *La Gloria de Don Ramiro* (1908), by Enrique Larreta—a historical romance in the dashing style which the late Stanley Weyman brought into fashion. It deals with the time of Philip II of Spain.

In Uruguay the chief novelist is Eduardo Acevedo Diaz. *Ishmael* (1888) is considered his best; it is a powerful story of Gaucho life. Carlos Roxlo, the diligent literary historian, calls *Brenda* the worst of his novels, but it was the author's favourite, and the thrilling love interest has caused it to enjoy permanent popularity.

Among a number of good Mexican novelists Rafael Delgado (1853-1914) may be mentioned. *Los Parientes Ricos* is a sharp social satire which the novelist describes as "an accurate page from Mexican life." He is generally considered as a disciple of Daudet.

The most widely read of all Spanish-American novels is *Maria*, the work of Jorge Isaacs (1837-1895), the son of an English Jew who had settled in Cali, in the Cauca Valley, an inaccessible but beautiful part of Colombia, that interesting and little visited country. This is an idyllic romance, and it contains most beautiful descriptions of Colombian scenes and country life. In view of the slightness of the story it can hardly be given the palm for Spanish prose fiction; it merely tells the story of a

young girl who is beloved and dies. The writer (who makes the girl die of epilepsy) probably had Poe in mind.

In conclusion, there should be mentioned a living novelist, who is also a poet and essayist, Rufino Blanco-Fombona, the Venezuelan, who has had a troubled career as a politician in that country. His novel, *El Hombre de Hierro*, is a brilliant sketch of contemporary Venezuela, and he shows considerably more skill in character drawing than is usual with his fellow-novelists.

Spanish America, then, has a literature that repays study; it has the graceful style, the Latin clarity of expression joined to the tropical beauty of the New World, and we find, as Matthew Arnold says, "a sympathy with intellectual activity for its own sake, and for the sake of its inherent pleasurable beauty," which has shown itself in the search after new forms and styles, and the impulses which it has received from, and given to, other literatures. It is a fair garden and not well frequented by Englishmen.

THE FUTURE OF TALKING FILMS

BY R. D. CHARQUES

IN the last six months, as everybody knows, an extraordinary change has come over the cinema. The advent of the talking-picture has very nearly turned the film world upside down, and in that position it presents an extremely interesting appearance. In spite of the almost hysterical jubilation of American enthusiasts—perhaps because of it—it was possible at one time to doubt whether the talking-picture had come to stay. The doubt is not permissible to-day. Money talks, as the saying is; and the enormous profits which have been made, and are still being made, on “talkies” like *The Singing Fool* and *The Broadway Melody* provide sufficient evidence of the popularity of the cinema’s new form of entertainment.

In the United States the cry goes up day after day, increasing in fervour, that the silent film is dead (“dead for all time,” in the cosmic words of Mr. Jesse Lasky), that there is no conceivable future for it, that the sound-film is the “most stupendous revolution” in the history of entertainment, etc., etc. The note of triumph (and of prosperity) is unmistakable, and it may be an advantage to mention some of the facts, beginning with the fact that the firm of Warner Brothers, the first in the field, which was financially very insecure before the coming of the talking-picture, has now placed itself in what seems to be an impregnable position. A lesson of this kind could hardly be ignored in the United States.

Accordingly, the Fox Film Corporation, one of the five largest of the American film concerns, has definitely announced its decision to engage in the future only in sound-production; two of the lesser companies have followed suit; and the rest of the “big five,” feverishly absorbed in vast plans of reorganisation, appear to be on the verge of a similar decision. It seems, indeed, that silent films are being made in the United States at the

present day only for the purpose of facilitating the general transition from silence to sound in what might be called the backward areas. According to the heads of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the Paramount organisations, the silent film is actually being produced at a loss in America to-day.

The same course of events is to be observed in Europe, although here it is marked by panic rather than triumph. Actual production, for reasons which I will indicate in a moment, is almost at a standstill; but the preparations for exhibiting talking-pictures, if not for making them, are prodigious. In Germany, where there is more genuine understanding of the artistic aspect of the film than anywhere else, the general production policy announced for the future is one of compromise; the Ufa organisation, the largest of all the Continental film concerns, proposes to make both silent and sound versions of all new films.

The situation in England may best be described in the words of Mr. Edgar Wallace, the chairman of the British Lion Film Corporation, now in grave difficulties. “You have to face the fact,” Mr. Wallace told the shareholders of the company a few weeks ago, “that the arrival of the ‘talkie’ in this country has momentarily swept the silent film industry out of existence. . . . No studio intelligently directed would dream for a moment of proceeding with the silent film.” A number of British silent films (“super-productions”) which were made almost a year ago have not yet been released for general exhibition, and there is little hope that they will ever be booked by renters or exhibitors; others, not yet trade-shown, are of as little marketable value at the moment, and desperate efforts are being made to proceed further with such of them as lend themselves to synchronisation. In addition, British companies like Gainsborough Pictures and British Filmcraft Productions, although not very active so far, have followed the lead of the Fox Corporation in announcing an exclusive policy of sound-production.

Renters, distributors and exhibitors clamour, indeed—

in the same breath as the public, of course—for “talkies”; they would infinitely prefer a relatively bad talking-picture to a relatively good silent film—it is a better commercial proposition. As for the attitude of the film-going public, it should be sufficient to point out that the cinemas in New York in which talking-pictures are seen and heard open as early as ten in the morning, close at midnight, and boast takings twice as large as they enjoyed a year ago. Precisely the same thing is happening in London. One by one the West End cinemas have capitulated to popular demand and shown talking-pictures, and the necessary apparatus for sound reproduction is now being installed as fast as possible in both central and suburban theatres.

I mention these facts out of fairness to the champions of the talking-picture in this country. My heart goes out in sympathy to them, but I believe there is an error in their calculations. There has never been much excuse for a “highbrow” attitude to the films, or, indeed, to anything else; and there is less excuse than ever at the present day. The cinema is designed to be popular, not to fathom new depths of artistic expression. But the amazing popularity of the talking-picture is not the only factor to be considered in the present phase of the British film industry’s fortunes. The change in the character and quality of cinema entertainment is of vital importance. The film-goer demands for the time being new pleasures and sensations; the mere novelty of sound reproduction in the cinema is wearing off; a new technique of production is growing up, and with it, it seems, a new psychology of cinema values. All this is of the utmost importance. But it is by no means the most significant aspect of the change which has come over the film world. The really tremendous thing which has happened in the last few months, and which is still developing at an alarming rate, has hardly been recognised at all by the general body of the public.

The chief effect of the introduction of the talking-picture has been in the sphere of international commerce and the industrial relations of Europe and America. The

“talkies” have intensified the industrial aspect of film production to an extent that makes all other aspects relatively insignificant; what was in substance still an art only a year ago has become, for all practical purposes, an industry pure and simple. And not merely that. The distribution of the world’s trade in the film industry is likely to resolve itself into a fight between two enormous combines—the one American, the other European. On the one hand are the film corporations revolving about the giant Western Electric Company of America and, in a smaller degree, the R.C.A. (Radio Corporation of America), which is supported by the General Electric Company; on the other are the European interests holding licences for various patented systems and processes, among them the Klangfilm-Tobis patents. It is in the clash of these two enormously powerful groups of interests that the chief problems of film production at the present day are to be found. The main problem is not in the least a question of the relative merits of sound and silence in the cinema; it is rather a matter of the exact force of the new axiom of industry—“Trade follows the films.”

It has never been easy to distinguish between the commercial and the artistic aspects of the film. In the first place, the dominant motive of those in authority, as in any other industry, is profit; in the second, the commercial ramifications of the industry have always been immense. The business of the films, after all, turns on much more than the making of them; given—as is eminently practicable in America—a minimum of capital expenditure, the actual work of production is in a sense the simplest part of the business. It is on the distributing and exhibiting sides that the chief burden of the industry falls; it is the control of the home market and the degree of access to foreign markets on which depends the progress of the national industries in both the United States and the countries of Europe. In brief, it is the purely economic organisation of the industry which regulates the artistic side of production, and which is the deciding factor in nine out of every ten questions of

artistic policy. I may perhaps cite as proof of this innocent statement the effect of the reorganisation of the German film industry three years or so ago. German films were once the best in the world. They were not the most popular or the most successful; so far as profits were concerned, it needed a Government subsidy to produce films of the type of *Dr. Caligari* and *The Last Laugh*. But losses were still concerned, the subsidy was discontinued, and the reorganised German industry, after passing through a phase of relative American control, set itself to compete with America and to find a world market. What happened? Nobody knows better than the person genuinely interested in the films that the artistic standard of German productions fell to a level pretty nearly indistinguishable from the American.

This, however, belongs to the history of the silent film. The entry of sound-recording into the technical processes of film-making has enormously complicated matters. Everybody knows that the film is virtually a monopoly in the United States, and everybody knows that this is due to the fact that the control of the exhibiting branch of the industry is almost entirely in the hands of the producing branch—the two branches, in fact, are one and the same. But the economic scope of the American film industry to-day is not restricted to its own activities; the talking-picture has brought the industry into close association with the radio companies, the gramophone industry, and the advanced side of the electrical engineering industry. The organisation of the American film industry, in short, has become amazingly intricate, and Europe has had no choice but to follow the American example in the complexity of its commercial and financial arrangements. Most American sound-films are produced under the patents of the Western Electric Company, one of the two huge electrical trusts in the United States, which provides the apparatus for sound-recording in the studio and—still more important—the equipment for sound-reproduction in the cinema, and which, at the present critical juncture, refuses to allow sound-films produced by what they consider inferior systems to be shown in cinemas which they have equipped. Europe is

much behind America in the production of the first kind of apparatus and has scarcely begun to produce the second. There are several European recording systems, but the one which seems most likely to be generally adopted is the recently marketed Klangfilm-Tobis, which is controlled jointly by the Siemens and Halske Company and the A.E.G. Electrical concern. The immediate future of the industry seems to turn on the trade policies of Europe and America in connection with these rival systems. The opposition of the American and the European combines does not resolve itself into a straightforward industrial contest. What is happening is that America, which, it must be said in fairness, is spending vast sums of money in the perfecting of technical apparatus, claims what amounts to a monopoly for exhibiting the talking-picture. The principal cinemas in England and France have had the Western Electric's equipment installed in them, and the work of installation is proceeding apace in every cinema which can afford the cost of it. So long as the Western Electric and the American film corporations, acting in agreement, persist in their decision to allow only sound-films produced by their own system, or by a system "substantially equal in quality of reproduction"—which means, in point of fact, only the R.C.A. Phototone's—to be shown on their own reproducing apparatus, they are completely masters of the film situation. European producers, with their limited technical resources, may make as many talking-pictures as they like, but they will not be able to exhibit them in the principal cinemas at home or, with only a few exceptions, anywhere at all in the United States.

I cannot discuss the subject as completely as I would wish for very good reasons. A legal battle, which is likely to be protracted and extremely complicated, is impending between the rival combines: the Western Electric is being sued by the inventors of European sound-film patents for infringement of patent rights. How much depends on the result of this lawsuit it is difficult to say; the American monopoly may be shaken or confirmed by the legal decision, and the present economic situation may be strengthened or partially—only

partially—destroyed. Meanwhile it is equally difficult to decide how much progress is being made in England and France and Germany at the moment with the talking-picture; those at the head of affairs are necessarily engaged in awaiting events, and present activities are inclined to be tentative. The request made by the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association in this country to the Western Electric Company to consider the appointment of a Trade Committee with power to decide which talking-sets should be granted "inter-use" has been met with a firm refusal—based, it must be said, on technical reasons which cannot be lightly dismissed. An emergency meeting of a joint committee of the Federation of British Industries and the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association was held towards the end of May, but no official statement was issued, although a brief paragraph in *The Times* of May 22nd announced that "a definite course of action to meet the situation was agreed on."

It is certain, at any rate, that the talking-picture will continue to find favour in the eyes and ears of the public. How long it will maintain its present high popularity there is no means of telling. For my own part, I cannot imagine the present fantastic pitch of enthusiasm lasting very long. Eventually a large section of the public will no doubt prefer sound to silence in the cinema, but the public as a whole cannot sustain a mood of fine frenzy for an indefinite period of time. Still, one is confronted with the tremendous influence of popular taste, which is in one sense the real arbiter of the film's destiny; and it may be worth while, in considering the prospects of the "talkie" as a form of entertainment, to enter into the general question of the psychology of the film audience.

Cinema entertainment, broadly speaking, does undoubtedly meet the requirements of the public. Whatever its precise quality, it still has an enormous intrinsic attraction for millions of people, the majority of whom are so grateful for the illusion of the screen that they have no desire to be critical of the methods by which the illusion is achieved. The average film satisfies the artistic sense of these millions in something of the same way that the

newspaper satisfies their sense of curiosity, providing them with the vicarious experience—the romance and adventure and so on—which is one of the major necessities of industrial communities. It is, in fact, the supreme expression of popular—indeed, of proletarian—art in our industrial age.

The talking-picture does not differ materially from the silent film as regards romantic appeal. It makes a sacrifice of one of the chief attractions of the cinema—the soothing and restful atmosphere induced by silence—offering in exchange the stimulus of mechanically reproduced speech, but in most other respects it pursues the ends the film has always pursued. Granted that the test of the cinema is in its popularity, not in its degree of artistic expression, it is hard to resist the temptation to put the "talkie" in its proper place. The synchronisation of sound and image has its uses. (Only one person, I think, M. Pudovkin, the most gifted of the Russian directors, has suggested a legitimate technique for the sound-film.) Properly used—in the fashion of orchestral accompaniment—sound effect is capable of heightening the dramatic tension of a film in a way which cannot be achieved by images thrown upon the screen. The "talkie," which diverts this synchronisation largely to the recording of human speech, is another matter. No doubt it was bound to come, this mechanical reproduction of continuous dialogue. Popular taste is impatient of the restraints of art; it is always apt to favour the maximum of naturalism, the crudest form of artistic illusion. The reproduction of the human voice in the cinema makes fewer claims on the imagination than silence; for most film-goers it adds considerably to the effectiveness of the "human story." In precisely the same way, needless to say, the public would welcome for a time, not merely the stereoscopic camera, but the substitution of colour photography for the black-and-white convention of the screen. And no doubt we shall not have to wait long for these further improvements.

Meanwhile the fact remains that the public has found nothing in the last few years so much to its liking as the "talkies." The new type of film is an unlovely thing for

the person who enjoys the art of M. Pudovkin or Mr. Chaplin, let us say; but, like revue and musical comedy and "crook" drama, on one of which models, indeed, almost all talking-pictures produced to date have based themselves, it can be undeniably effective in its brazen way. The theatre, the influence of which at one time threatened to ruin the silent film, is now being brought as fast as possible into the service of the talking-picture, and one prays it may help to ruin that, too. We have had chunks of musical sentimentality like *The Singing Fool*, mechanical adaptations of plays of the type of *Interference*, mechanical copies of glorified musical comedies like *The Broadway Melody*. We can now look forward to film versions of every stage success; we can have mechanical music to our heart's content; we can aspire to film reproductions of the operas of Mozart and Wagner. Is there anything in the way of entertainment, in fact, that the cinema will not be able to give us? Mr. Cecil de Mille, it must be remembered, has already given us a film New Testament.

The future, it must be confessed, looks as gloomy on the entertainment side as on the side of international industrial relations. There is a little hope, however, and, strangely enough, it comes from what many people may think an unexpected quarter—the public. It is common knowledge that the talking-picture was introduced to the public at a time when film production in America had become so stereotyped that cinema-going showed signs of flagging. The American magnate looked round for a fresh stimulus, discovered that a new invention was at hand, and, beginning with a few brief "variety turns" and passing on to Mr. Al Jolson, gauged public taste to a nicety. Since then a fantastic campaign of advertisement, coupled with remarkable technical improvements, has achieved a great deal. The public—least of all the American public—will not easily tire of the talking-picture, but I personally am convinced, not merely that the present extraordinary enthusiasm will not be maintained, but that in two or three years at the latest public demand for the silent film will reassert itself. Let me be quite clear on this point. I am a long way from thinking that the production of talking-

pictures will cease—that would be too much to expect from public taste. And I am reluctantly forced to admit that the industrial problem in Europe turns in the main on the immediate present, not on what may happen at the end of another two or three years. None the less, it seems to me, in spite of all prophecies to the contrary, that talking-pictures cannot, and will not, wholly eclipse the silent film. Their present popularity is analogous to the popularity of revues during the War; and, like the revue, the talking-picture, although it will continue to attract considerable numbers of people, will gradually lose ground. It can scarcely go on providing ever newer and intenser pleasures; its general convention is too monotonous, its distinctive matter too limited, its artistic illusion too shallow. It may offer more comfort, at a cheaper price, than the theatre on the theatre's own ground; it cannot hope to provide better entertainment. And the virtue of the silent film as a form of entertainment is, after all, that its medium is its own.

That is a point we should do well to bear in mind, if we can, in Europe, and more particularly in this country. The silent film, when it returns, will probably be more popular in Europe than in America; European taste, on the whole, is more sophisticated and more civilised than the American. Had the artistic standard of British silent films been higher than it was, or had the Quota really improved matters, it is probable that half the present difficulties would not have arisen. But they have arisen, and the result is that the British film industry is threatened with extinction. The unfortunate truth is that it is necessary above everything else to consider the needs of the moment and to realise that there is no immediate market for the silent film. The British industry is in a bad way—exactly how bad one can tell only by referring to the present market value of the shares of the producing concerns. If these are to survive, they must somehow play their part, handicapped as they are by their lack of resources, technical no less than financial, in satisfying popular demand for the talking-picture. But there is still something to be said for taking a long view of the situation. America may be a little too complacent in

insisting that "trade follows the film"; there is certainly reason for regarding the general process of "Americanisation" in Europe and elsewhere with less satisfaction than Americans themselves display. But there is no need to capitulate entirely to Hollywood's lead in cinema entertainment, or to mistake a temporary fashion, however drastically pursued, for a complete upheaval of popular psychology. There is much that is preposterous in the attitude of the United States to the talking-picture, as may perhaps be exemplified by the prophetic announcement of one gentleman, a director of First National Pictures, Incorporated, of "the day when the talking-picture will have sold the world the English language in its American form." That, indeed, is a boggy which should alarm no one who has heard the English language in its American form in talking-pictures.

The industrial conflict must be left to itself for the time being, and with it the commercial policy of the Western Electric Company. Once again it is necessary to say that the present situation is fraught with danger to Anglo-American industrial relations. Whatever the forthcoming issue may produce, the most hopeful thing to anticipate, apart from a general scheme of rationalisation in the entire European film industry—a subject on which I cannot touch here—is the reversion, on an increasing scale, to silent production. It seems to me to be a very likely thing, as well as the most hopeful. We shall have to wait for it, of course, and it is on our ability to wait, and on the manner in which the period of waiting is spent, that the future of the film industry in this country depends to a very great extent. So far as the quality of the entertainment is concerned, the two or three years ahead are likely to be lean years for those people who have already had their fill of the curious delights of the "talkies." It is too much to hope that questions of art will ever take their proper place in the making of films; the industrial aspect of the cinema will always be the dominant one in the future. But it is only reasonable to suppose that, as popular taste grows a little more discerning and a little more exacting, questions of art will become a trifle more important than they are just now.

HENRY VIII'S TENNIS-COURT

By H. M. WALBROOK

At the northern end of the garden front of Hampton Court Palace stands an elegant and much-windowed structure which puzzles many of the thousands of visitors to the lawns, flower-beds, and clipped yew trees on which it looks down. I have heard it referred to as a picture-gallery, also as a stable; and I was still more surprised when, on a picture-card sold in the palace itself, I found it described as a fives-court! It is the tennis-court which Henry VIII added in 1529 to the great palace which Wolsey, for prudential reasons, had presented to his Majesty three years before; and the four-hundredth anniversary of which is now drawing near.

It has, of course, been largely rebuilt since Henry's time, but a good deal of the original Tudor brick and stone are still incorporated in its walls, and it still occupies the exact site chosen for it by the Tudor King. The roofed corridor along which Henry was wont to walk to the court from the Royal apartments, shown in Wenceslaus Hollar's drawing of the palace's garden front "as finished by King Henry VIII," has its successor in the same place to-day. Indeed, whatever difficulty the ghost of Henry might encounter in making his way about the palace as Wren left it, he would have very few in finding his old tennis-court, and still less in recognising it as practically unchanged. He would, perhaps, find the "Dedans" (or spectators' gallery) looking a little bleaker than in his time, when it was probably rich in cushions, hung with tapestries, and in winter a little warmer than it is in winter nowadays; but otherwise he would quickly feel quite "at home" there, and as eager as ever to pick up a racket and start a set with any knightly shade who might happen to be hovering in the same neighbourhood at the same hour.

The chief "restoration" of the court took place in the time of William III as part of Christopher Wren's vast rearrangement of the palace, and is commemorated by the Royal monogram, W.R., which still glimmers handsomely in gold in the centre of the main wall just over the net. There is no evidence that the Dutch son-in-law of James II was as enthusiastic a tennis-player as so many of the English ancestors of his wife had been; but he certainly took an interest in the game, and thought highly of this particular court as a place of "our Royall Disport and Recreation." On the other hand, it is established that Henry VIII lost and won there not only many a set but also many a shilling, for he liked to have a small wager on the game; that his daughter, Elizabeth, watched many a game there from her seat in the "Dedans," and that Charles I and Charles II both played there frequently.

There, too, his late Majesty, King Edward VII, often played in his early years as Prince of Wales, taking his equerry, Major Teesdale, with him to form a four with the professionals, Thomas Stone and John Case. His Majesty's father, the Prince Consort, also played there, and his name on a brass plate is still attached to the locker in the dressing-room in which he kept his flannels and rackets. And although our present King, who was a keen player in his younger days, never played at Hampton Court, he has always shown a gracious interest in the club of which it is the headquarters, and his name has for years appeared at the head of the list of members, and is there to-day. Small wonder, indeed, that this is now called the Royal Court! No other tennis-court in the world can show an association with royalty anything like so distinguished and so prolonged.

Nor, passing from princes to their subjects, is anything likelier than that the greatest subject an English sovereign ever had watched many a tennis-match in this court. We know that Shakespeare acted with his company at Hampton Court; also, from the numerous allusions to the game in his plays, that he was familiar with tennis. The King's comment in *King Henry V*, Act I, Scene 2, on the

Dauphin's sarcastic gift to him of a basket of tennis-balls, is the most familiar of these:—

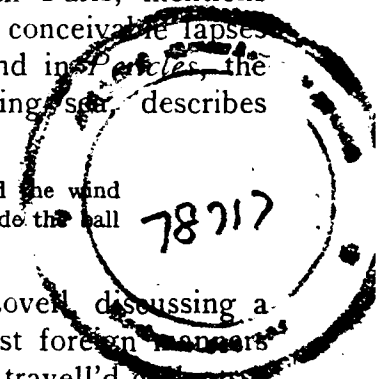
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.

Only a man who knew tennis could have written that. Then, in *Henry IV* (Part 2) we have the Prince chaffing Poins about his two shirts, "one for superfluity and one other for use; but that the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while." Here again we have the intimate touch—Poins devoted to tennis, and leaving his racket and tennis-shirt in the care of the tennis-court keeper, precisely as players do to-day. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, when Benedick has shaved his beard to render himself more presentable to Beatrice, Claudio laughs at him with the cry: "The barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls." In *Hamlet*, Polonius, discussing with Reynaldo the way in which Laertes is behaving himself in Paris, mentions "falling-out at tennis" as one of his conceivable lapses from the manners of a gentleman; and in *Pericles*, the Prince, cast on the shore by a raging sea, describes himself in a fine passage as:—

A man whom both the waters and the wind
In that vast tennis-court have made the ball
For them to play upon.

While in *Henry VIII* Sir Thomas Lovell, discussing a Royal proclamation just issued against foreign manners brought from France to England by "travell'd gallies," mentions "the faith they have in tennis" as a fault in need of correction. All of which shows not only the eminence of the game in Shakespeare's time but also his own familiarity with it.

That he ever actually played tennis in Hampton Court is unlikely, for, in his day, the game was a royal and



aristocratic preserve, and playwrights had to keep their place, in the background, bearing as best they could the sense of social inferiority which Shakespeare himself betrays so forcibly in his sonnets. But if he was never permitted to play there, or even to watch a game from a seat in the "Dedans," we may be sure he often mixed with the crowd of onlookers in the corridor which ran along the side of the court (and still does so) behind the netted openings called "galleries," watching the young nobles of his time laying and defending their "chases," and hearing the imperious voice of their Royal mistress encouraging or mocking them from her cushioned chair.

So much for the years gone by. While, however, this wonderful old court is crowded, as no other is, with thrilling memories, it is also happily as ringing with life as ever. The tennis club, of which for nearly a century it has been the headquarters, has welcomed nearly all the famous players of modern times to its floor, and most of the leading players of the present day are members. The late Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane, who died in 1915 in his ninety-first year, and who was one of the early presidents of the club, remembered seeing as a boy the greatest of all players, the French professional, Edmond Barre, play a match there in or about 1836 with the famous French amateur, Antoine Anselme Mosneron. Henry Case, who was the club professional in mid-Victorian times, also remembered vividly Barre playing there, and used to speak of him as "The Gaul." Barre was the W. G. Grace of tennis, the champion of champions. Many pages are devoted to his achievements, and to his remarkable and attractive personality, in the writings on tennis of Julian Marshall, J. M. Heathcote, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, and other historians of the game; and a fine engraving of his portrait in the act of "serving" appropriately adorns the walls of the club dressing-room, though the artist made an obvious blunder in depicting him as standing on a floor strewn with balls! No tennis-player, much less a Barre, would have risked life or limb by opening a game on a floor so littered!

The court's present president, Mr. J. J. Freeman, also has long and distinguished memories of the place. For instance he recalls Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey playing the famous American professional, Thomas Pettitt, there. He was also one of the spectators of the memorable match for the championship played there between Pettitt and the great George Lambert on May 11th, 13th and 15th, 1865, a battle in which only the Englishman's handicap of being about twenty years older than his opponent led to the championship passing for the time to America. Mr. Freeman also has memories of the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton there, one of the most light-hearted as well as brilliant tennis-players ever seen, and in the "eighties" the strongest amateur player in the world. No one could take a greater delight in the game than he, and the shout of joy he used to raise when he had won a set is commemorated in J. K. Stephen's well-known poem on tennis in the line "When Alfred's ringing cheer proclaims success." J. K. Stephen himself, who, like Lyttelton, learned his tennis at Cambridge, must also have played there during his years as a barrister and journalist in London. It is unthinkable that the man who wrote

To see good tennis! What diviner joy
Can fill our leisure or our minds employ?

did not run down from time to time to Hampton Court from his Lincoln's Inn Chambers to watch, if not to play, "the game of kings" on a court so kingly.

Among the amateurs with whom Mr. Freeman has himself played at Hampton Court were Herman Merivale, who wrote *Ravenswood* for Sir Henry Irving, W. H. Gladstone, "Cavendish" Jones, and the late Mr. Gibson Bowles. The last-named of these had learned his tennis not at Cambridge but in France, and, had he lived in the days of Henry VIII, would doubtless have had to endure some of the chaff of Sir Thomas Lovell referred to above, for, following the ancient custom of players in that country, he always prefaced his game at Hampton Court by making an elaborate French salute to the "Dedans." Neither he nor Merivale was a very accomplished player, but their

devotion to the game was as absolute as was that of the late Mr. Andrew Lang to cricket; and when, near the end of his life Merivale wrote his *Memoirs*, he confessed that some of the happiest hours of his life had been spent in "battles on the grand old tennis-court at Hampton Court."

The court is probably the model on which all the other existing courts in England have been built, though it is a foot or two longer and broader than most of its younger rivals. It has also one peculiarity in which it is unique—an oblong window in each end wall, doubtless of ancient date, and apparently once used by spectators. These windows are now, however, so filled with thick glass and protected that a ball in play hitting one of them (a very rare occurrence even in the case of a novice) is little affected. Speaking generally, the ball comes beautifully off the floor and walls, and men familiar with other courts who play here are generally agreeably surprised by the accuracy and liveliness with which the ancient structure responds to the stroke, though perhaps the penthouse is not quite so "lively" as those at Queen's Club and Lord's.

Tennis has, of course, never been what is called a "national" game in England. Even in Tudor days it was, as has been stated, more royal and aristocratic than popular; and at the present day the great expense of building new courts limits its spread. Its place in our literature is also a small one compared with that which it enjoys in the literature of France. Dumas, for example, makes repeated reference to it in his novels, and we have all read of the game played in a court near the stables of the Luxembourg in *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, from which D'Artagnan retired from fear of a blow from the herculean arm of Porthos, and, in the same writer's *Vingt Ans Après*, of the letter conveyed to the Duc de Beaufort in a tennis-ball to the chateau of Vincennes which helped to get his Grace out of prison. But in England to-day, even more than in France, the old game goes on. Like Galileo's planet, *eppure si muove!* There are now more tennis-courts in play in England than in any other country in the

world, and, both in numbers and in skill, our players are increasing year by year. The various club and university courts in London, Manchester, Brighton, Oxford and Cambridge are nearly always in use, and scores of young and enthusiastic players are proving themselves year by year not unworthy of the great amateurs of the past.

In this happy persistency the main factor, of course, is simply the game itself. Every ball-game has its own "thrills," and those of tennis are just as enchanting to the player—and also to the informed spectator—as those of cricket or any other pastime. To quote J. K. Stephen again:—

When Lambert "boasts" the superhuman "force,"
Or splits the echoing "grille" without remorse,
When Harradine, as graceful as of yore,
Wins "better than a yard" upon the floor . . .
When Heathcote's "service" makes the Dedans ring
With just applause, and own its honoured King;
When Pettitt's prowess all our zeal awoke
Till high Olympus shuddered at the stroke . . .
These are the moments, this the bliss supreme,
Which makes the artist's joy, the poet's dream.

What the Cambridge poet wrote in 1891 could be written to-day again with nothing changed but the names. Mr. E. M. Baerlein and Lord Aberdare, to name only two of our present-day amateurs, are not unworthy successors of Heathcote and Lyttelton; and we could all name two or three professionals who may ere long give the present champion, Pierre Etchebaster, a good deal to think about. And surely, after all, it is not the least pleasant sign of the times that in this ancient Royal Court, with its four-hundredth anniversary now upon us, the ball still rattles gaily and daily along the penthouse roof, and glides its cunning course along walls upon which Shakespeare himself has looked!

STANLEY WEYMAN

By E. E. REYNOLDS

EACH year but one from 1890 to 1908 brought its Weyman novel. The publication of *The Wild Goose* in the latter year seemed to be the end of the series, but in 1919, when the author was sixty-four, a second phase began with *The Great House*, and since then four more novels have been published; the last was published a few months after the author's death.

If the histories of recent literature are searched not more than a passing reference will be found to Stanley Weyman, for he belonged to no *coterie*, he was not spectacular, nor did he make any notable contribution to the development of the novel. But amongst the writers of well-constructed tales he has his place.

In spite of the achievements of Sir Walter Scott the historical romance did not gain a strong hold on popular taste. It is true that during the half century following his death there were brilliant isolated novels of this type, such as *Henry Esmond* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. But Lytton's attempts seem rather tawdry now, and of G. P. R. James's outpourings only *Richelieu* is readable. Harrison Ainsworth, in spite of his staginess, survived longest. Several reasons may account for this fall from grace. Scott was forty-three when *Waverley* appeared; he wrote out of the fullness of his knowledge of Lowland life and scenery; when he attempted to go outside this particular field he was less successful. An easy familiarity with the life of a period is the primary factor in the degree of success achieved by the writer of the historical novel. By this can be explained the high achievement of *Henry Esmond*, for few men have so absorbed the spirit of the past as Thackeray did that of the age of Addison and Steele. The others, the Lyttons and Ainsworths, wrote with the history book open on the desk, with the result that the reader is conscious of the writer's labour.

Another reason for the waning popularity of the historical novel may be that the commercial tastes of Englishmen during the 'fifties and 'sixties of last century were more favourable to the novel of contemporary life than to that dealing with the life of a former period. The impulse that made for a renewal of the old interest came from France. The year 1844 saw the publication in this country of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and of *Coningsby*, but in France of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. When the influence Dumas has exercised in English literature is considered the name of R. L. Stevenson immediately comes to mind. Readers of his *Essays and Letters* know of his enthusiasm for Dumas, "the brave old godly pagan, I adore his big footprints on the earth." Of the *Vicomte de Bragelonne* he wrote: "I would sit down with the *Vicomte* for a long, silent, solitary lamplight evening by the fire. And yet I know not why I call it silent, when it was enlivened with such a clatter of horse-shoes, and such a rattle of musketry, and such a stir of talk; or why I call those evenings solitary in which I gained so many friends . . . for no part of the world has ever seemed to me so charming as these pages, and not even my friends are quite so real, perhaps quite so dear, as d'Artagnan."

Stanley Weyman in his first phase was of the Dumas School, a fact quickly recognised by R.L.S., who wrote of *A Gentleman of France*: "My dear Colvin! 'tis the most exquisite pleasure; a real chivalrous yarn, like the Dumas', and yet unlike."

For some this praise may be no commendation; the name of Dumas makes them shake their heads; they talk of character development, of moral purpose and of style. They cannot understand this taste for the romance of cloak and sword; it is a little vulgar and should be kept hidden like a secret vice. The answer to such an attitude has been very clearly put by R.L.S. in a letter to Professor Meiklejohn: "When I suffer in mind stories are my refuge; I take them like opium; and I consider one who writes them as a sort of doctor of the mind. And frankly, Meiklejohn, it is not Shakespeare we take to when we are in a hot corner; nor, certainly, George Eliot

—no, nor even Balzac. It is Charles Reade, or old Dumas, or the *Arabian Nights*, or the best of Walter Scott; it is stories we want, not the high poetic function which represents the world. We want incident, interest, action: to the devil with your philosophy. When we are well again, and have an easy mind, we shall peruse your important work." But the distinction was clear in his own mind, as he expressed it to another correspondent: "I simply do not mention the *Vicomte (de Bragelonne)* in the same part of the building with *Hamlet*, or *Lear*, or *Othello*, or any of those masterpieces that Shakespeare survived to give us."

But if the historical romance of the d'Artagnan type misses the highest awards of literature it has other good things to offer which are not to be despised. Those qualities are well set out in W. E. Henley's note on Dumas. "The lesson of his greater books is one by which the world may well have profited. Love, honour, friendship, loyalty, valour, the old chivalric virtues—these were his darling themes; and he treated them with a combination of energy and insight, of good sense and good feeling, of manliness of mind and beauty of heart, that has ranked him with the great benefactors of the race."

"Doctor of the mind," "benefactors of the race"—these are high claims, but not exaggerated ones. The clear need in our own time of relaxation from mental and nervous strain finds its satisfaction in the detective story, but there are signs that the historical romance is coming back into favour. It has always had its following, who have been well served in varying degrees during this century by Raphael Sabatini, G. V. McFadden, H. C. Bailey, D. K. Broster, and others. How much these writers owe to Stanley Weyman only they can tell us; but the fact that G. V. McFadden's latest book is dedicated to him is suggestive. They have chosen different fields and have followed other paths, but it is all in the same gay land where adventures come to the bold, and those in high places are saved in ways unrecorded in the orthodox history books.

Most people if asked to select a typical Weyman novel of that first phase would probably pick out *A Gentleman*

of France, or *Under the Red Robe*, and much could be said for such a choice. Both tales are set in the author's favourite period and country, the France of Sully and Richelieu; but he by no means limited himself to France of that time. The eighteenth century in England is the background of *Shrewsbury*, *The Castle Inn*, and of *Sophia*; in *Francis Cludde* we are taken to the Netherlands during the Spanish occupation; *The Long Night* opens in Geneva in 1602, while *My Lady Rotha* deals with Germany during the religious wars. But after these wanderings the setting returns again to the days of Henry of Navarre and his famous ministers, Maximilian de Béthune, Baron de Rosny, Duc de Sully—the very names suggest the atmosphere of romance!

Perhaps in the future some earnest student may choose as a subject for his Doctor's thesis "Stanley Weyman's Debt to the *Mémoires de Sully*." The result would be as useful, certainly, as some which have been published on such matters as "Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers," or "Types of Weltschmerz in German Poetry." The aspirant to a Doctor's degree would in this case have chosen fascinating material to work upon.

Sully put his memoirs into the clumsy form of a narrative addressed to himself, with a title which may be said to summarise effectively his own services and character; unknowingly he even managed by the wording to illustrate one side of his nature, his want of a sense of humour.

Mémoires des sages et royales Économies d'État, domestiques, politiques et militaires de Henri le Grand, l'exemplaire des rois, le prince des vertus, des armes, et des lois, et le père en effet de ses peuples françois; et des Servitudes utiles, obéissances convenables, et administrations loyales de Maximilian de Béthune, l'un des plus confidants familiers et utiles soldats et serviteurs du grand Mars des François; Dédiés à la France, à tous les bons soldats et tous peuples françois.

Here in these four folio volumes was an inexhaustible store of material for any writer of an historical romance, and Stanley Weyman made excellent use of it, not so much by taking definite incidents to work upon as by creating a vivid picture of M. de Rosny. Often in this type of tale the historical figures move across the scene

like members of a pageant, not as individuals but rather as units in a pattern. Occasionally the writer finds himself in complete understanding with one of his characters, and then he draws some notable portrait like Scott's James I. This is the case with Weyman's portrait of Sully; his pride, his self-confidence, his strange impetuosity, his passion for economy and good order, above all his intense devotion to his master—all these are brought out not so much by description as in the accounts of contacts with people and events.

The portrait of Henry IV is good workmanship, but lacks the vivacity of the Sully. Another figure drawn from the *Mémoires* is that of Maignan, who was so useful to de Marsac. One extract may be permitted to show how all three characters appear in the original accounts. On page 200 of *In King's Byways* we read:—

I depended upon Maignan, my equerry, a man of lively imagination, and the same who had, of his own motion, arranged and carried out the triumphal procession, in which I was borne to Rosny, after the battle of Ivry.

The reference in the *Mémoires* is as follows:—

Maignan, garçon plein de gaieté et d'imagination, jugea à propos de donner à cette marche l'air d'un petit triomphe. Deux de mes palefreniers étaient à la tête du cortège, menant en main deux de mes plus beaux chevaux. (Then follows a detailed description of the heroicomic procession.) En arrivant sur le coteau de Beurons, nous aperçûmes toute la plaine couverte de chevaux et de chiens, et le roi lui-même, qui après un léger repas s'en retournait de Rosny à Mantes, en chassant dans ma garenne. Ce spectacle parut le réjouir; il en trouva l'ordonnance heureuse, et rit de la vanité de Maignan, qui avait l'honneur d'être connu de ce prince. . . . Le roi s'approcha de mon brancard et ne dédaigna pas, à la vue de toute sa suite, de descendre à tous les témoignages de sensibilité, qu'un ami, s'il m'est permis de me servir de ce terme, pourrait rendre à son ami. . . . Il craignit de m'exposer à parler trop, et finit cet entretien par sa protestation ordinaire, que je participerais à tous les biens que le ciel lui enverrait; et sans me laisser le temps de lui répondre, il s'éloigna en me disant: "Adieu, mon ami, portez-vous bien, et soyez sûr que vous avez un bon maître."

An author's sources are not very important except as throwing light on his methods of work. Holinshed wrote his *Chronicles*, but it took a Shakespeare to write *Macbeth*. Dumas was the prince of literary pilferers; he even lifted

Trelawny's *Adventures of a Younger Son*, and was only just prevented from signing a book of the *Iliad* as his work! But he turned unreadable stuff into narrative of the first order, "en y semant l'esprit à pleines mains," as About expressed it.

In like fashion, from these *Mémoires* Weyman gathered the material for painting what is undoubtedly the one masterly portrait in his gallery of characters. The others are efficient for their purpose, but, as we think over the whole series of novels, not one stands out so definitely in memory as that of Sully. The historical characters are mostly distinguished by a few well-marked traits only, with the result that some of them, such as Richelieu, remain conventional figures rather than personalities. As an example the slight sketch of William III in *Shrewsbury* may be considered:—

His entrance and words were abrupt if not awkward; they lacked the grace which all remembered in Charles, and the gloomy majesty which the second James had at his command. And men felt the lack. Yet, as he took his stand, one hand lightly resting on the back of the Lord Steward's chair, the slight sombre figure and sallow, bony face, staring out of its great peruke, had a dignity of their own. . . . On this day he wore a black suit, relieved only by the ribbon of the Garter; and as he stood he let his chin sink so low on his breast that his eyes, which could on occasion shine with a keen and almost baleful light, were hidden. . . . His face betrayed signs of disturbance; after which, his eyelids drooping, it fell into the dull and Sphinx-like mould which it could assume when he did not wish his thoughts to be read by those about him.

The portrait is efficiently sketched with a few strokes, but it remains unfinished. It, however, serves its purpose, and, as far as it goes, is true to history, a subject on which the author can always be trusted. The main characters, usually non-historical, are sufficiently distinguishable as members of types than as individuals, types to be found in this kind of romance—the needy but bold adventurer, the charming young lady who is so easily doubtful of her hero's constancy, the loyal and faithful servant, the villain whose schemes are of course frustrated—they all are to be found in the pages of these novels; we meet them again and again with changed names; they are old friends many of whom have stepped out of Dumas; indeed, it may be

said that the heroes in most historical romances are all of the family of d'Artagnan, some, it is true, many times removed, but still bearing traces of the parent stock.

It is a notable fact that few writers of romances are masters of style. Stevenson is an exception. Of Scott it has been said: "He wrote carelessly and genially, then breakfasted, and began the business of the day." Weyman can drop into a very slipshod style at times, and his dialogue is not always appropriate or convincing.

The fact that he was no master of characterisation or of style prohibits him from taking a major position in literature. It is, indeed, rare to find both these faculties in any one writer of romance. Scott was the creator of memorable characters; in thinking of his novels the people leap into recollection. Stevenson had the faculty of style highly developed, but only a few of his characters could join the Waverley company. One gift, however, is common to all three writers—the essential gift of romance. It is a dangerous term to play with, and discussions of it are unending; but for our purpose Stevenson's remarks will serve to indicate what is meant:—

There is a vast deal in life and letters both which is not immoral, but simply non-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life.

Or, as he puts the same idea into more colloquial language in writing to Henley:—

But I do desire a book of adventure—a romance—and no man will get or write me one. Dumas I have read and re-read too often; Scott, too, and I am short. I want to hear the swords clash. I want a book to begin in a good way.

It was this ability to write a book of adventure, to make the swords clash, that distinguished the work of Stanley Weyman. His tales move forward, sometimes with great pace, and the stages are marked by the kind of striking incident which is the secret of a successful romance.

When Thackeray was poking fun at G. P. R. James

he created the legend of the two cloaked horsemen who open his tales. A more typical incident of the romance would be "the fight upon the stairs." Indeed, if I were asked to select a single representative chapter it would be Chapter X of *A Gentleman of France*. Here are all the elements that make for success, the attitudes that grip the imagination, the danger that stiffens the sinews, and the bravery against odds that summons up the blood:—

A board jumped under my foot with a crack which sounded in the empty hall, and to my excited ears, as loud as a pistol-shot. . . .

I sprang to the head of the stairs and stood there, my arm by my side and my point resting on the floor, in such an attitude of preparedness as I could compass at the moment. . . .

They were four to one, but I laughed to see how, not abruptly, but shamefacedly and by degrees, they came to a stand halfway up the flight and looked at me, measuring the steps and the advantage which the light shining in their eyes gave me. . . .

"Good sword!" she cried again, and clapped her hands. "But better board, mademoiselle!" I answered gaily. Like most of the men of my province, I am commonly melancholic, but I have the habit of growing witty at such times as these. "Now, M. Fresnoy," I continued, "I am waiting your convenience. Must I put on my cloak to keep myself warm?"

All this is of the essence of romance.

The second phase of Stanley Weyman's work was foreshadowed in *Chippinge*, published in 1906. That novel was concerned with the great Reform Bill of 1832, and its picture of the condition of England, and its account of political circumstances indicated that the author's interest had shifted from the land of pure romance to that of economic facts. An established writer risks much when he attempts such a change in his subject matter and in his method, but *Chippinge* showed that Weyman could be successful not only in the tale of cloak and sword, but also in the social-political novel.

The full development of this phase did not come, however, for thirteen years, and the appearance of *The Great House* in 1919 came as a surprise not merely because one had reluctantly come to accept the author's retirement as final, but also because the new novel showed greater powers than had been suspected. But better was to come. *Ovington's Bank*, published in 1922, will probably be

regarded as his greatest achievement. The period he worked upon is one which has much to commend it to a writer of what may be called a social-life romance. The conflict between the old land-owning class and the rising commercial class supplies the necessary clash of interests and circumstances. In *The Great House* and in *Ovington's Bank* effective use is made of this struggle, and both books illustrate one of the author's powers which can also be observed in the earlier romances, the power to stage a crowd. The following passage from *Ovington's Bank* will not only supply an example of this, but will also show how the author had strengthened his style now that the need for pace in the narrative was not so imperative:—

They came in, three abreast, elbowing and pushing one another in their efforts to be first. In a moment they were at the counter, darting suspicious glances at the clerks and angry looks at one another, and with them entered an atmosphere of noise and contention, of trampling feet and peevish exclamations. The bank, so still a moment before, was filled with clamour. There were tradesmen among them, a little uncertain of themselves and thankful that Ovington was not visible, and one or two bluff red-faced farmers who cared for nobody, and slapped their books down on the counter; and there were also a few, of the better sort, who looked straight before them and endeavoured to see as little as possible—with a sprinkling of small fry, clerks and lodging-house keepers and a coal-hawker, each with his dirty note gripped tight in his fist. The foremost rapped on the counter and cried: "Here, Mister, I'm first!" "No, I!" "Here, you, please attend to me!" They pressed their claims rudely, while those in the rear uttered impatient remonstrances, holding their books or their notes over the heads of others in the attempt to gain attention. In a moment the bank was full—full to the doors, full of people, full of noise."

But if *Ovington's Bank* shows a firmer grasp of the problems of style, it also reveals a greater insight into character; of this fact Mr. Ovington may be cited as an example. He is a firmly drawn study, though others in the book, notably that of Squire Griffen, are well done.

Had anyone suggested that after eleven years' silence, and at the age of sixty-four, Stanley Weyman was going to start on a new career, there would have been much shaking of heads. "It is the fate of sequels to disappoint those who have waited for them." But the surprising thing was, not that he began a fresh series of writings, but

that he wrote with such an increased power both in characterisation and style, without any decrease in constructive ability.

It is a harmless amusement to place authors in order of merit, and to award the honours, but as taste changes and fashions come and go, so do the reputations of most writers flourish and decay. A few—the masters—survive all changes. Certainly Weyman was not of these; he was not a genius, nor even of conspicuous stature, but as long as there are readers who "want to hear swords clash," who appreciate the plain chivalric ideal of conduct, and like a good tale that swings along the highroad of romance, so long will Stanley Weyman have an audience.

FLEMISH DIVERSIONS

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

I FEEL sure that the Konincks made Belgium what she is. They were her one foundation; and a very solid foundation they were. They consisted of Madame and her sister who was known universally as Tante, four sons, a daughter and a son-in-law. Tante was enormous, but not so enormous as Madame. The folds of her chin settled comfortably into the splendid roll of her bosom; but there were not so many folds nor was the roll so splendid as Madame's. Between her bosom and her stomach lay a deep ravine into which she could fit her folded arms so that they became invisible, but not so invisible as Madame's. That was probably because she had less practice in folding her arms. Tante was pale and sweaty and breathless, but not so pale or sweaty or breathless as Madame. It was but right and proper that the elder sister, the married woman, should in all ways surpass the younger.

The eldest son, Pierre, was an officer, very official and formidable, and about five-feet-two high; the second son, Antoine, was at the University of Brussels, very elegant, very tight and pointed, very extravagant; the third son, Joseph, was at the University of Ghent, very musical and intellectual, *très rangé, très sérieux*; the daughter, Marie—ah! she was musical. She would sing you such ballads about dreams and love—which she pronounced *amiir* on the principle on which we in England sing *blew for blue*—and when the fit was on her she would sing you a *grand morceau*—my God! but something of the most touching, of the most tremendous. Such thrills, such *coloratura*, such *crescendo* and *decrescendo* and *diminuendo* and *accelerando* and *vibrato* and *appassionato*. In short, she sang from Thais and gave good measure, pressed down and shaken together and running over.

And there was her husband, Monsieur Théophile, whom nobody dared to call Théophile. He was administrative in some way or other, which accounted for his inner knowledge of all affairs of State and his perpetual frock-coat. There were a great many things Monsieur Théophile could not do "because of his position."

The whole of this Koninck ménage lived over the little lace shop which Madame had inherited from her husband. How they did it I never knew; from outside one could only see two windows.

I came to know them in this way. On my first visit to Bruges I wanted to buy lace. One does. This little shop, its window a whole cascade of lace—"English spoken. Laces for sold"—casually attracted me. I bought laces; I remembered aunts and I bought laces again. I became an *habitué*. One does.

When I announced my departure Madame said, "If it was permitted, would monsieur take a glass of port?" But yes, I would.

I was conducted through a glass door at the back into a minute salon over-furnished with two occasional tables, three chairs, a tripod for a fern, and a piano—the piano. Every flat surface was covered with an embroidered cloth. A strip of embroidered cloth was laid, even, on the curved surface of the keyboard-lid from which it perpetually slipped. Light and air were excluded by three layers of curtain.

Gradually the whole family drifted in, for it was vacation time; and we had a little music.

On my subsequent visits to Bruges we had a great deal of music. Then I was asked to tea.

This did not take place in the salon, but in the sitting-room which was mainly stove. My God, the fug! We ate pancakes—great towers of pancakes which Tante, for once out-sweating Madame, staggered up with from the basement-kitchen, letting through the door such blasts of greasy atmosphere as made that nether region incredible to my imagination. Coffee steamed; tea steamed; the Konincks steamed. There were more pancakes, more and more. I grew sick, I swelled, I sweated, I cried "No, no,"

in my agony; but Flemish hospitality beat me down, stuffed me fuller. Tante emerged again, wet and grey as a seal, with chocolate, a steaming great jug of chocolate. I could not do it. *I could not.* I was made to.

My mind became slightly deranged. We seemed to be swelling and swelling and then touching and melting together like drops of mercury. The whole room was filled with us, a composition of pancake and chocolate and tea and coffee and bread-and-butter and atmosphere and human fat with a little bone here and there like raisins in a school duff. I imagined that the Administration for which Monsieur Théophile worked would come along at the proper time and lift up the house and turn us out like a blanc-mange from a mould. On such solid foundation is Belgium built.

We spent a great deal of time in cafés, Antoine, Joseph and I, but not Monsieur Théophile; he could not be seen too often in cafés because of his position.

In the morning we would go to a café and drink bock and play Zanzibar, a game of dice. I sometimes lost as much as five francs in a morning. After lunch we would go to another café and drink bock and play Zanzibar. Before dinner, with that emotional recklessness which belongs to the night time, we would emerge and stand in the Grand' Place and look at the trams. Then one of us would say, "*On va se promener jusju'à la gare?*"

And one of the others would devilishly reply, "*Mais oui.*"

We would then walk to the station and look at the trains. And then one of us would say, "*On va boire un verre, hein?*"

And again—oh, we were devils—we would reply, "*Mais oui.*"

Then we went into a café and drank bock and played Zanzibar.

After dinner—ah, what would we not do, flown as we were with wine and play? Perhaps we would go to the café-chantant, the Lion de Flandre, or perhaps occasionally to the night-club, the Gaieté de Bruges.

And then next morning when we met our acquaintances

—*des copains, tu sais, hein*—we would exclaim, "*Mais, mon dieu, comme on a rigolé hier soir.*" What devils we were last night! *Hé, mon dieu, comme on a rigolé.*

The Lion de Flandre reminds me of old Pertwee. Pertwee was an Oxford don and a mystery. He had been to Bruges every vacation for twenty years, but we never saw him except after dinner sitting outside the Lion de Flandre in a black overcoat and a straw hat. I cannot imagine what he did all day.

He would sit down, call the waiter, and say, "*Un café, s'il vous plait,*" and then when the waiter was almost out of earshot he would suddenly shout "*Filtre*" at him, in a way that was at first very astonishing. I cannot understand why, after twenty years, he could never remember to say "*Filtre*" in time. Perhaps he always at the last moment hesitated over the extra centimes. But I think it was simply habit. It is men like Pertwee who have made Oxford what she is.

But, of course, the real episode that matters at Bruges was my great moment at the Gaieté, that Cyrano de Bergerac moment of mine. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent. I shall never see the like again.

It was all over that notorious rake, Monsieur de Saleté. One riotous night in the Gaieté—*mon dieu, comme on a rigolé*—we found ourselves drinking champagne with him—not, of course, Monsieur Théophile, whose position never allowed him to go to the Gaieté, nor Monsieur le Lieutenant, who was equally excluded, but Antoine, Joseph and I. The next afternoon, when I was changing to go skating with Monsieur Théophile—who, by-the-bye, wore breeches and gaiters with his frock-coat for skating—I was told that Monsieur de Saleté was in the salon. I went down to find him in conversation with my father. It was a call.

But it transpired that one was not called on by Monsieur de Saleté. Monsieur Théophile was so upset when he heard who had been that he fell down on the ice and compromised his position.

He made it clear at home that evening, and Monsieur le Lieutenant supported him.

"Ah, but no!" cried Monsieur Théophile, "one does not receive Monsieur de Saleté."

"But never, never, never, never," cried Monsieur le Lieutenant, like King Lear.

"Never in the life. That does not do itself."

"But assuredly not. He is a dirty type."

"A kind of dirt."

"A ne'er-do-well. But then a pig."

"What that man hasn't done."

"But what he has! That is not to be said."

"Ah, what he has done! That wouldn't be believed."

And so on for perhaps half an hour, from which we gathered that Monsieur de Saleté had a bad character, that he was in fact a dirty type, not to be received. Instructions were therefore given to our Flemish staff that we were not at home to Monsieur de Saleté. Our Flemish staff crossed herself at the name.

"Ah, no!" she cried, "one is not at home to such a gentleman. Truly, madame, he is a dirty type."

Monsieur de Saleté called four times and four times the Flemish staff repelled him. I saw her in the kitchen crossing herself and mumbling "*Heilige Maria, bid voor uns.*"

The next time I went to the Gaieté there was Monsieur de Saleté. This monster of iniquity was very tall and very fat. His hair was thin but he moistened it well and spread it to the best advantage. He had little bright eyes, a nose that was very loose and pendulous like a cow's teat, cheeks that hung in bags, and a wet projecting lower lip. His complexion was dead white except for the dull blue where he shaved. Hair sprouted out of his ears and nostrils and on his fingers above the knuckles. It was wonderful that he had the impertinence to be a rake.

That night he was a little drunk, and when I went in he was dancing clumsily with a fat girl of the people. He wore a paper hat and had a balloon attached to his buttonhole, which bobbed above his head like the ball on a fountain at rifle-ranges. He saw me over the girl's shoulder and glared. Then he thrust her aside and swaggered up to me.

"Ah!" he cried melodramatically, "you have insulted me."

One never does know what to say on these occasions. We in England live on such an unheroic scale nowadays. Anyhow, I hate public scenes and I'm afraid I only murmured "Excuse me" and made for a table. But he confronted me again.

"Ah, no!" he cried, "you do not escape me. You have insulted me, I say. Me."

"You?" I said. "I?"

"Holy thunder, do not mock me."

"But really . . ."

"But really. Yes, Yes. But really. You have insulted me, I say. Me. Me, who know your English aristocracy. I know," he cried, "Sir Ridaire Aggard."

"You surprise me," I said.

"I do? Ah! But I say you have insulted me."

"You have said that before," I ventured.

"You insult me again. Name of a name, that I cannot stand. You all heard him. He insults me again. Ah, no! That is too much."

It was. His violence burst the balloon, which reminded him of his paper cap. He tore it off and stamped on it crying: "That is what I do when I am insulted."

I thought how awkward it would be if an occasion arose when he had no paper cap handy, but I was afraid to say so. It might have insulted him again. Thrice armed is he who is insulted thrice.

"It's not my business," I said instead.

"I know who it is. They are liars. All liars. They tell lies about me. All the days they are telling lies about me. The sacred curates."

"The sacred curates?" I murmured.

"Do not deny it. It is the sacred curates who have told lies about me. And you refuse me the door. You. Me."

"Me?" I said. "You?"

"Yes. You. Me. Me, who have known Sir Ridaire Aggard."

I felt that it was a shame. And then it came over me,

that Cyrano de Bergerac moment. I smiled and shrugged my shoulders as they do on the stage.

"If Monsieur desires satisfaction," I said, "I shall be enchanted."

But that sort of thing never works nowadays. The result was most disappointing. He beamed and cried: "Ah, that is honourable! Behold how that is honourable! I am your friend. I am your friend. It is all forgotten."

He seized my hands and shook them warmly.

"You will take a bottle of champagne with me," he went on.

Who am I to judge my fellowmen?

THE ELUSIVE VICTORIAN WOMAN

BY HELEN GRIERSON

THERE is a revival of interest, just now, in things Victorian. We are always hearing of the "Victorian Woman" in particular, till we begin to wonder what sort of person she was, and wherein she differed from the woman of our own day.

Everyone talks and writes of her as a clearly marked type, yet it is curiously difficult to bring even her most ardent admirers down to concrete facts about her. The more we try to define her, the more she recedes into a sort of nebulous vagueness. Sometimes we find the title used as a term of reproach, sometimes as the expression of an ideal. Even a close study of the best authorities and of contemporary opinion does not help much, for those most interested in her differ acrimoniously about her probable characteristics.

Before long we are reduced to picking up hints and suggestions, here and there, or to noting down chance remarks that may throw light on the question. We put one thing with another, and try to reconstruct her, bit by bit, as if she were some kind of extinct mammoth.

We get the impression, to begin with, that she was particularly gentle and submissive, both as maid and wife. In the first-named condition she showed symptoms of playfulness, even of a species of "airy wildness," but that soon wore off when she married and settled down to be the mother of a large family. She was not supposed to have much education, and felt it incumbent on her carefully to conceal any she had as militating against her chances of matrimony. Perhaps that was why some people thought her sly, while others credited her with an adorable stupidity. Almost all authorities are agreed that she was very domestic in her habits, entirely subject to the dominant male, and quite dependent on his guidance. Very conventional and elaborately ignorant of all the less agreeable facts of life, or so some people tell us; admir-

able as a wife and mother, yet highly inefficient and helpless as a rule. She was fragile physically, and horribly afraid of draughts, yet she sometimes nursed her whole family through terrible illnesses, attending them single-handed, day and night, for weeks. We are also given to understand that she was more than naturally given to fears, to tears, and to fainting on all possible occasions. She had, above all things, charm, and she generally parted her hair in the middle.

It is all rather puzzling.

Take the quality of helplessness and inefficiency, for instance. It seems curious that when Mr. Lytton Strachey wrote of "Eminent Victorians," his representative woman chanced to be Florence Nightingale. And then Octavia Hill and Elizabeth Garrett Anderson were also women of the Victorian period.

If we consider the matter of large families we find that the Victorian mother's modest brood of seven or eight pales into insignificance before the vast families of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Her real distinction in the matter would seem to lie in the fact that she had somehow acquired the art of rearing the seven or eight children she brought into the world, instead of losing an average of sixteen or so out of a probable twenty, as was quite usual in the days of good Queen Anne or of Mrs. Thrale.

Then there is the matter of tears and fainting fits. Now it is easy to bring very respectable evidence to show that even before the Victorian era dawned these things were *démodé*. In Regency days, when Jane Austen wrote, heroines didn't necessarily faint, not even Marianne Dashwood. The worst pangs of unrequited affection brought her no more romantic ailment than a "bilious fever," which effectually cured her of excessive sensibility. (In the light of modern wisdom one presumes that the drains at the Palmer's place must have been out of order.) Henrietta Musgrove *did* faint when Louisa fell on the Cobb, but Anne kept her head and behaved as became a heroine.

Fainting had been common enough at an earlier time.

Macaulay, that insatiable novel-reader, once amused himself by reckoning up the number of swoons in some of the popular romances which he read by the dozen. The Julias and Selinas gave him plenty of material for his computations, but his tone makes it plain that before ever Victoria ascended the throne systematic fainting, like the "vapours" of the eighteenth century, had become matter for ridicule.

If the Victorian woman is to be found anywhere we may surely expect to be in her neighbourhood when we read the letters of the august lady who gives her name. Obviously, Queen Victoria accepted the current ideal of womanhood; she admired it, she believed in it, but somehow she never embodied it. We seek in vain for the Victorian woman either in the Queen's letters or in the contemporary accounts of her. What we do encounter is a remarkably determined, masterful kind of lady, with plenty of energy and initiative, a good woman of business, and more than a little obstinate. She is strong and healthy, devoted to fresh air and exercise, singularly regardless of bad weather or draughts. An attached wife, but with a devotion that grew out of a passionate, imperious nature. She had nothing of Patient Griselda about her. She demanded as much as she gave, and more. There would unquestionably have been trouble if her Albert had not conscientiously given her all she felt to be her due, in full measure.

She did not stand alone in her generation either. Older folk whose memory goes back some way have a disconcerting habit of recalling active and enterprising grandmothers and great-aunts, who were hardy and energetic in their habits, liked their own way and took it, and were altogether effective and dominating kind of people.

Fact seems to fail us. We must turn to fiction. But it will not do to find one woman here and there who suggests the type we are in search of. There must be enough of them to show that they were really a social feature.

Thackeray's Amelia comes to mind at once. (She is pre-Victorian strictly speaking, but she shows what her creator was thinking of.) She has the excessively soft

heart, the tendency to tears, the blind, unreasoning trustfulness, the super-abundant sensibility that we are on the look-out for. Perhaps she is a real live specimen of the Victorian woman at last! But then, to right and left of her stand Becky Sharp and Mrs. O'Dowd, with as good a right to be regarded as typical, if we may assign that character to anybody.

Emmy has one quality in common both with the Jacobean Lady Castlewood and the Victorian Helen Pendennis. They are all capable at times of a sort of cruelty that grows out of moral stupidity. Thackeray saw something of that in all his "good women" whatever their period, so it cannot be reckoned against the Victorians that he gave a special share of it to Helen Pendennis. She, certainly, is a possible candidate for the honour of representing her period, but if so she shows the Victorian woman as her detractors saw her. Whether he knew it or not, Thackeray has succeeded in making her a singularly unpleasant person. Her piety is as disagreeable as her cruelty, and we rebel against the sympathy we are expected to work up over her deathbed.

Ethel Newcome has no touch of time upon her. She seems rather a "modern" young woman, with her slim, brilliant beauty, her waywardness, and her vague discontent with things as she found them. She would fit quite easily into the social life of to-day, where she would find plenty of other young women very like herself to keep her company. The fool proper, like poor Lady Anne Newcome, belongs to no particular period, and we may say the same of her extremest opposite, the immortal Becky herself.

No, on the whole Thackeray is disappointing. He never seems aware that his women ought to conform to any particular type; they are hopelessly varied. He greatly respected the Victorian woman, but one suspects he did not seek her society, and he certainly did not show her the attention of putting her often, if ever, on his canvas.

We turn hopefully to George Eliot, and again we meet disappointment. Her heroines all seem rather "modern," as the term is commonly used. Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brooke, for instance, with their keen intellectual

and spiritual hunger, their warfare with conventional narrowness, their continual sense of inward strife, we can't call *them* Victorian. Such women are always "reaching forth to those things that are before," always "modern" whatever time they may chance to live in. The kind of absorbed, contented domesticity we are looking for, the timidity of the sheltered-life woman has nothing to do with them. They touch common things to put a kind of divine ardour into them, but they are always looking out beyond them with far-seeing eyes.

Dinah Morris is another of the same sisterhood, but with a difference. She has "arrived," has found and appropriated the spiritual satisfaction she needs, and that the others are seeking. But she, too, has looked out beyond the circle of domestic life. So far as we can understand what is meant by the term "Victorian woman," she is not of that company. Her marriage has been described as a "concession to Victorian feeling," and is, as a matter of fact, the least convincing thing about her.

As to Millie Barton, the divinely maternal type belongs to no one period or country, but moves through the ages with the human race. Mary Garth, with her sturdy independence and pride, her quick wits and uncommonly sharp tongue, is not the right person for us either. She seems to anticipate the best kind of working woman of to-day. Mrs. Poyser, God bless her, has none of the dependence, the amiable softness, the lack of initiative that would stamp her Victorian. She would be the last person in the world, as we know, to deny that her sex might be fools, God having "made them to match the men," and one doubts whether her opinion of the ideal Victorian woman would be favourable, had we the happiness to be able to ask it.

The Brontë heroines will fit no better. Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe are born adventuresses, with iron wills and sharp tongues, admirably able to take care of themselves, and with courage to meet and endure the worst that life can bring. Shirley belongs to the same school. Caroline Helstone plays a more passive part, but there is a certain tenacity and restrained force about her, and a fire of passion that would be apt, sooner or later, to disconcert

anyone who expected her to play a submissive and domestic part on all occasions.

The strange, wild type that Emily Brontë created in *Wuthering Heights* has a terrible beauty of its own, and most emphatically never was formed in the Victorian mould, or could submit to it for an hour.

We seem to be getting "warmer" when we come to Dickens. He offers such an enormous world of his own that we feel almost bewildered among the hordes of his characters. But surely the young women whom his heroes marry do come near to the kind of person we are in search of. There is a good deal of resemblance amongst these nice young women, like Kate Nickleby and Madeleine Bray, and there is some repetition among the charming little pussies, such as Bella Wilfer and Ruth Pinch. It is evident that Dickens had the typical Victorian woman in mind when he created them, and also that sweet, rather shadowy creature Agnes. But then we never come very near to any of them. Under the veil of a jesting manner, by which he tried to give himself confidence, Dickens was a good deal in awe of the nice young girl. He was apt to approach her in the attitude of *à quoi rêvent les jeunes filles?*

The real thrill of interest is reserved for Betsy Trotwood and Mrs. Gamp, for Mrs. Wilfer and Mrs. Nickleby, for Sally Brass and Mrs. Vincent Crummles. And *they* fit into no classification, they shout *ich bin ich* every one of them. When their maker has given us half-a-dozen lines about them we know more of them than we do of his heroines proper when they have walked genteelly through whole chapters, for only in his full vein of the "high fantastical" does he touch his full reality.

No. If Dickens has shown us the Victorian woman he has contrived to make her an almost negligible quantity.

At the first glance George Meredith seems to offer possibilities. His Lucy Feverel, for instance, is a soft, gentle creature, yielding to circumstances, abundantly and tenderly emotional. But then, there is only one of her. All round her are other women who stand in complete contrast to her. Mrs. Berry, for instance, is more Eliza-

bethan than Victorian. She has links with Juliet's nurse, and also with Mrs. Quickly of pious memory. In fact, she owes more to both ladies than her maker quite realised, probably. Then Richard's cousin Clare is a painful study, rather horribly modern. She seems properly to belong to some novel of psycho-analysis, written since Freud began to teach.

Rose Joscelyn and her mother are no manner of use to us, and still less can we reckon on the tremendous Mrs. Mel. Perhaps the sisters Pole would have been Victorians of the true pattern if they could, but Emilia Belloni and Mrs. Chump between them take care that these aspirations are not very thoroughly fulfilled.

Clara, of *The Egoist*, is placed in extremely Victorian circumstances. A great deal of water has flowed under the bridges since Clara's day. That engagement of hers that was so incredibly difficult to bring to an end seems to belong to a very far-past period, and the Georgian is apt to feel more exasperation than sympathy in reading of her troubles. But if the situation is Victorian Clara herself is not. She has an inborn aptitude for relations with the Comic Muse, and is in rebellion all the time.

In fact, Meredith often finds his drama just precisely in the struggle of the young of his day against the mould of their time. His interest lies in seeing how they escape from it and take their own lines of development. The Victorian ideal is in the air, but we see rebellion against it, not a concrete embodiment of it.

Then there is Trollope, and perhaps Lily Dale and Widow Bold suggest the type we are looking for. But beside them stand plenty of women who can't be fitted into the same class at all. If any one in Trollope has a claim to be considered typical of the author it might very well be Mrs. Proudie, and neither the friends nor the enemies of the Victorian woman would admit that that was a reasonable conclusion.

Neither fact nor fiction will render her up to us. What has poetry to tell us about the Victorian woman?

It gives us, at all events, some hints about her genealogy. Patient Griselda must have been her ancestress,

and Milton's Eve was in the family tree. We lose sight of her race in the subsequent centuries. Either a more frivolous or a more determined type of lady held the field till Tennyson came to evoke her kind again.

In his poetry we are always aware of her existence. She haunts him, but in a flitting, elusive way. In "Isabel" he made a great effort to put her down in black and white, but again we are bewildered by contradictory qualities.

Wordsworth's "phantom of delight" was obviously in Tennyson's mind when he wrote "Isabel." Some of the details are almost identical, but wherever Tennyson deviates from Wordsworth's line of thought it is to modify it in what we are accustomed to call a "Victorian" sense. Wordsworth's "phantom" was to be fit not only to warn and comfort, but to "command." Tennyson's Isabel is "a leaning and upbearing parasite," and has a "hatred of sway" that makes her submissive exceedingly. The emphasis is less on her individuality than on her fitness for marriage. We cannot, in fact, imagine her without a husband, if only that she may "suffer him gladly." Tennyson's ideal woman, as we are told elsewhere, was to have "no learning save in gracious household ways." We seem to be on the track of the real Victorian woman at last.

Patient Griselda comes to life again in Geraint's Enid. The old saying, "Go spin, you jade, go spin," finds an enriched and elaborated expression in *The Princess*. That, at least, is what the poem sets out for; we can hear it echoing all through the bewildering wealth of magical sound and colour that is assembled round it. Little Lilia, who hears the tale, is dissatisfied with the moral, and enters her protest. In the end the story takes a turn, almost, it would seem, in spite of its author, that does not lead to quite the true, expected Victorian conclusion. Something more in the way of learning than "gracious household ways" is to be left to the woman after all.

As for the Brownings, they are less helpful. Mrs. Browning has the Victorian woman hovering in her mind. She sometimes pays a kind of spasmodic homage to her, but somehow she does not lend her pen to the embodiment of the ideal. There is apt to be both too much brains and

too much passion in her work—the speaker in *Wine of Cyprus* is as little the woman we are looking for as *Aurora Leigh*. For Robert Browning, he knows nothing of the Victorian woman. He is on the look out for infinite variety, not for a type, and he finds it in every period he touches.

Coventry Patmore has moments of thinking, and almost of making us think, that he has expressed the Victorian ideal. But always, at the last approach, he produces some touch that changes the picture. "She's not and never can be mine" is his final conclusion at one point, and brings him nearer to Wordsworth's mind than to Tennyson's.

So the Victorian Woman continues to elude the seeker. There is no getting away from her; there she is, present in the dreams, waking or sleeping, of her period and ours. We are continually aware that she is just round the corner, and yet there is no such thing as actually meeting her. The more we seek her the less she will definitely take shape. Is it possible that she never *did* take bodily form at all, either in flesh or in print, and existed only as an Idea, begotten in the mind of a generation that never was able to find her after all?

One cannot help wondering whether, if they *had* found her, they would have been pleased with her. Or is it just possible that they would have thought her a nuisance? Perhaps she is better in the clouds!

ARMS OR FRIENDSHIP

By "AMICUS"

THE modern philosopher of history of the school of Spengler postulates the view that individuals, however great they may seem at the moment in war or state-craft, have but slight effect on the course of nations and humanity. They are the results, not the causes, of the forces that determine human history. From this point of view the French Revolution, to use only one illustration, was a result of the operation of fundamental human or organic forces, and not of the agitation of a few individuals. The examples could be—and have been—repeated endlessly.

But, even if we accept that view, it is evident that occasionally, even if rarely, in the course of the centuries an opportunity is given for a man, or a group of men, to make a decision which may affect nations and humanity, if not permanently, at least for centuries.

Such an opportunity offers itself at this moment. Last November a new President was elected in the United States, and quite recently a new Prime Minister took office in Great Britain. Both are absolutely opposed to war and to preparation for aggressive war.

Herbert Hoover is noted in America for his distaste for oratory and for his belief in frank and friendly personal discussions. Ramsay MacDonald, when Leader of the Opposition, suggested an intimate discussion instead of committees of political and military experts to reconcile certain differences in policy which have existed between the United States and England.

Now a new Ambassador, General Dawes, has arrived from the United States with a message of goodwill. Further, there is likely to be a third party to the discussion, namely, Mr. Mackenzie King, the Premier of Canada. Canada is especially significant because it has a boundary line of over three thousand miles contiguous with the United States, and it has had most friendly

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relations with the United States for over one hundred years. This despite the absence on either side of the boundary of soldiers, guns or fortifications.

The Prime Minister of Canada is as well equipped as his suggested *confrères* to join in an intimate round-table discussion. Canadian by birth, British in sympathy, educated first in Canada, later at Harvard—the oldest of the American Universities—he is ideally suited to represent the Dominion of which he is Premier, and to act as a sympathetic interpreter, if interpretation should be needed, between the United States and Great Britain.

Herbert Hoover, having seen the horrors of war at first hand, and having gained his first European fame in attempting to alleviate them, is a lover of peace. Mr. MacDonald is personally averse to war. Mr. Mackenzie King, by education and tradition, shares a similar view.

General Dawes' work in Europe has been too great and too recent to need recording here. Like the President, and the country which he represents, he is in favour of a friendly and perpetual peace among the English-speaking peoples as a precedent to peace throughout the world. Arthur Henderson, our new Foreign Secretary, has repeatedly expressed a like view. A succession of Secretaries of State in the United States of America have definitely initiated movements for universal peace.

All of the principals have another great quality in common: they are opposed to anything approaching old-fashioned diplomacy, and believe in direct and democratic speech; and this identity of attitude smooths the way to a round-table discussion of the simplest and friendliest kind.

Surely, then, this is one of those rare occasions in human history when a small group of men can help to determine the course of the world for centuries to come. The men in question have adequate experience and every necessary qualification. Life itself has set the stage for them to act. If they fail their failure will jeopardise the whole of Western civilisation. An English-speaking union may at present be beyond our hopes; but a complete English-speaking understanding based on friendliness and not fear

is an objective that is certainly possible of attainment. Canada has practically no army or navy, but Canada and the United States understand each other, and no guns or armaments are necessary on their border. Friendship counts for more than force. Canada's three thousand miles of international border could not be protected by the English Navy. But friendship makes Canada secure, and can do the same for the whole British Empire.

An Anglo-American understanding would eliminate all naval and military competition between the two peoples. It would also make for peace throughout the world. For no nation or combination of nations could wage war if America and the British Empire should agree to say: "There shall be no war."

Again we say this is one of those rare occasions when a few individuals can determine the course of human history for centuries ahead. If their conference is successful the world will honour them for all time. If it fails, God help our children and our children's children and the nations of the world!

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THOSE of us who do not happen to be English are driven to the belief that for some inscrutable reason Providence really does occupy itself with the fortunes of the English people. On the 30th of May last the British electorate was called upon to settle who should control the administration of some forty million persons at home—and of some three hundred million in British India, for they are in question. The electorate means twenty-five millions of persons, of whom about a quarter had never before tried their hand at voting. Plainly, this mass could not seriously direct its own action. There was no clear compulsion such as in a time of danger that would evoke the instinct of the herd—or of the line. It really might seem as if the persons who had to decide might as well have been asked to name the Derby winner—and that among all possible vociferation of strong-lunged persons calling on them to back—well, nearly every horse but Trigo.

Out of the qualified electors four-fifths exercised their right—say, twenty millions out of twenty-five for convenience in envisaging what actually happened. There is not the least reason to believe that the novice voters were bashfully backward and left the job to tried hands. Now, either we are to believe that the people acting under these conditions, through this machinery subconsciously knew what was best to do and did it, or that Providence saw a way to arrange that the right result should come out. It would be pleasant to believe that Providence said to the British people: if each one of you does his part honestly all will go well, and that in the result good faith was rewarded. There are people who believe that—there are also people who consider that the result is due to some collective sagacity inherent

in the British race. Of the two creeds the first is easier to accept, for no man can seriously credit that the electorate going to the ballot boxes saw its way to effect the delicate balance of parties which has been attained. So the rest of us, we Irish for example, must only throw up our hands, or shrug our shoulders like the continentals, and say that Providence does really pamper the conceit of these blundering and inarticulate islanders.

For, seriously, now that it has happened, how could it have happened better? Democracy is a progressive idea; but in 1924 by a sudden reaction the electorate put power (roughly speaking) in the hands of those persons who were educated at the public schools and the more expensive universities. This time a somewhat different electorate has decided that a very different team shall take charge—but has accorded to it a much more precarious tenure. The average elector, so far as it has been possible for me to consult that oracle, says, "Well, I'd like to see them have a go." But he also rubs his hands and says, "They can't do much harm." It has been arranged that if the average elector gets uneasy Mr. MacDonald can without difficulty be dismissed.

For the same complicated operation which made Labour the largest party in the House of Commons, and consequently brought a Labour Government into existence, it was brought about that power to get rid of the Labour Government at any crisis should be vested in the most astute politician living in these islands. Who is therefore the man best fitted to interpret the mind of this somewhat inarticulate oracle, my ambiguous neighbour—and yours—the man whose name is Everybody? Mr. Lloyd George has a better guess than anyone living at what "Everybody wants." So the electorate in its sagacity has arranged that if Everybody wants the Labour Government to go, Mr. Lloyd George shall give the signal.

Yet can we really suppose that the electorate in the exercise of its collective sagacity recognised and took account of the further fact that the most astute politician is also a statesman—indeed, if one may take courage so

far as to say it, a patriotic statesman. Some courage is needed. For in the working of this complicated machinery—which acts by setting its parts to neutralise each other, cancelling out till the desired margin is attained—one strong directing impulse has been the widespread distrust of Mr. Lloyd George. This remains one of the governing obsessions of the British mind; and here is one of the curiosities of politics. By general consent two men stand out in the House of Commons—for that matter in the whole range of British political life. Yet it would be a nice matter to decide whether Mr. Winston Churchill was more distrusted by the Tory Party or Mr. Lloyd George by the Liberal. Democracy deals out power to these two with a niggardly hand; they have literally to fight for the chance to be of service. At the present moment Mr. Lloyd George and the extraordinarily able group of men who work with him have accomplished this only. They have laid down a programme which must be carried out in its main lines, yet the task is left to other men acting under a somewhat different inspiration. But in the main the Labour Government can only remain in power if it adopts broadly the policy which was put before the country by the Liberals. Mr. MacDonald, in one of his utterances since the election, has made it pretty clear that this line will be followed. At a guess, Liberals will probably stipulate for a change in the system of elections, since we have been confronted with the result that more than a quarter of the electors voted Liberal, yet Liberals got less than a tenth of the seats. Those who applaud this feel, first of all, that it keeps out Mr. Lloyd George, and they are glad of that; but they also say that it will make Parliament workable by getting back to a state of two parties.

These good folk want in effect to give Great Britain a simple choice between Toryism and Socialism. Socialists have every reason to desire this simplification, and so Mr. Lloyd George will have to fight hard against the interest of the two larger parties for a plan of election which shall give the elector a second choice.

He will be confronted by the ingrained British belief that the only serious Parliament in the world is that which sits at Westminster. Since this Parliament has always worked on the assumption that the electorate need only choose, and must choose, between two parties as possible repositories of power, it is held that no reason exists for doing what is done in the choice of other legislatures.

At all events, after a Parliament whose proceedings were abnormally dull to watch, we are going to have a Parliament which should be of quite unusual interest; and yet we need not—not even the most apprehensive of us—feel called on to witness a desperate gamble. The King, whose retarded recovery has distressed his kingdom, will at least be spared the added danger of grave anxiety. At the worst, there can be another appeal to Providence working through democratic forms. But nobody wants this. "Everybody" desires that the Labour Government shall have a fair trial at coping with the problem of unemployment—and "Everybody" admires the courage of Mr. J. H. Thomas, who has undertaken this as his special job. This assignment of him implies recognition that Mr. Thomas holds in the Labour Party a position like that which Mr. Lloyd George enjoyed in the years when Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister. "Enjoyed" was the right word to use about Mr. Lloyd George during the period from 1908 to 1914; he worked with gusto under a leader who did not grudge him power or popularity. Mr. Thomas will have the same heartiness.

In speculating thus on the ebb and flow of parliamentary affairs, almost any man who has ever been in the House of Commons must realise how strong and how affectionate is the interest which an old member retains. That way of service, for all that can be said against it—and nothing else offers so easy a mark for satire—nevertheless does justify itself ever increasingly. It is a moving thing to see Lord Grey, tragically cut off from all that loss of sight can take away and then afflicted with a new bereavement, still coming forward to throw the weight of his personality

behind a policy which he approves. Looking at the facts with candour, one must perceive again and again in English public life the best men giving of their best loyally, or giving it with faith in the enterprise, although in the enterprise the cleverest must work with the stupidest. For that matter, the most honourable must work with the least honourable, and must be hampered by the qualities of their following. It is easy to be biting and ironical about it all. But the Greeks used the word "irony" to express the conduct of those who thought themselves too clever or too fine to take their share in public service. Perhaps some touch of "irony" in this sense made the limitation to the usefulness of the famous statesman who died since the last of these notes were written.

Very few men in the last century have combined such abilities with such opportunities as did Lord Rosebery; yet how little there was to show for it at the end of his career! He had lost the confidence of his own party; and some at least who had been his most cordial admirers could not but feel that he was to blame for the loss. It would be unfair to say that he did not care enough—though certainly he never had that driving passion for any cause which Mr. Gladstone had for almost all. The truth is probably that he never could quite bring himself to accept the conditions of the game. Foreign affairs interested him—and he did, perhaps, more than anyone else to establish that the foreign policy of England should be continuous, not varying with change of party tenure. But it bored him to make the effort by which a statesman in a democracy must exercise and retain the control of foreign affairs. Lord Salisbury had just as great a talent for being bored, and just as great a contempt for the intelligence of the crowd; but somehow he stuck to his work, in office or out of office, with a resolution that Lord Rosebery never showed.

To-day, perhaps, the most interesting of all possibilities in the new administration is in the sphere of foreign affairs. Mr. Henderson's chance lies with the United States—his longer with Russia. One says Mr. Henderson; but it is fully recognised that Mr. MacDonald will keep as closely

in touch with this department of the administration as Mr. Gladstone did, for instance, when Lord Granville was Foreign Secretary. There is no doubt that Mr. Hoover's ability and his desires offer a new opportunity, which has been improved by the agreement reached in the Commission on Reparations. America has been insistent that the European powers should come together for a reasonable settlement of their conflicting claims; and the experts of the various countries have reached a compromise—with an American in the Chair of the Commission. Assuming that the Governments ratify what has been settled, the flow of money from Europe to America will be made smoother than ever. It is possible that Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson may find Mr. Hoover and his Secretary of State willing to enter into other negotiations in which the United States may take a share in the business of making mutual concessions. The question of naval armament can be more easily raised again between two new administrations than if one of them which failed to settle it were still in power.

But Russia is serious: not because the question of resuming relations is urgent, for Russia has hardly yet reached the point at which relations must be resumed, but because a great part of the Labour following will press for this resumption whether it be right or wrong. At the same time Labour is anxious to stay in power and has not forgotten what trouble Russia made for it in 1924. Setting this apart, one may see reasonable grounds for hope. If the future of Europe really hangs on what happens at Geneva it is well to have a Foreign Secretary whose entire political outlook has a Genevan cast, and who never at any time had part in the old diplomacy. Sir Austen Chamberlain sought peace and ensued it, if ever man did, and he accomplished Locarno; but it is almost impossible that a man with his training should think in other terms than those of an equitable balance of power. There is nothing to prevent Mr. Henderson from thinking constantly how to replace that conception by another aiming at the creation of a central control which shall suppress the right to martial initiative even in the most virtuous and powerful of nations.

It seems worth while to note that in the course of May

a German Zeppelin was forced by engine trouble to land in the Rhone valley, and sent a call to French troops for assistance, which was promptly and efficiently given; and that the Zeppelin, after repairs, went on its way, with expressions of more than formal courtesy from both sides. A Zeppelin is a big straw; yet, perhaps, it showed which way the wind was blowing.

From Afghanistan King Amanullah and his Queen have escaped over the frontier to security in British India—a portent happily not tragic. But the result gives a new significance to what has gone on and is going on in Turkey. The Near East is evidently near enough to be Europeanised.

As to the Far East, one can only note that Feng has been in effect declared a rebel and has in effect refused to be subject to orders from Nanking. The phrasing runs otherwise in China, but these are the facts. If Feng goes under, the real supremacy of Nanking will approach being established—and Europe will have to consider its attitude in view of that fact.

Meanwhile there is India—Europeanised now to this extent, that it has English for the lingua franca of its educated people, and that its educated people profess a desire to be self-governed through representative institutions. This may be a veneer—or it may be an armour-plating: and the latter idea is worth considering. But the overlay is an overlay, not a natural growth. This India now has a new Secretary of State. Captain Wedgwood Benn before the War was one of the most promising on the Liberal ladder. I remember finding Redmond at his place in the House when business of no interest to Ireland was going on, and I asked what kept him there so unusually. "I'm watching this young Minister doing his work," he answered, "and he's doing it extraordinarily well." That was Wedgwood Benn for the first time in charge of a Bill in Committee. The War came, and he disappeared from the parliamentary scene with a completeness of which there were few examples, and his parliamentary career suffered. There was much profiteering in politics. Now he is in the Cabinet, still

young, though not quite so like a schoolboy as when he turned pink on hearing of Redmond's commendation. Between Lord Irwin, the Governor-General, and this new Secretary of State British India will be dealt with by two very honourable and gallant English gentlemen, fair-minded, conciliatory, and without the least touch of arrogance. One was a Tory, one was first a Liberal and is now a Labour member, yet on the essentials of any question they would probably think and act very much alike and in the best English tradition.

As to domestic matters, Lord Sankey, who signed the report on mining which the Coalition Government refused to adopt, has now his voice in the Cabinet as Lord Chancellor. Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Miss Margaret Bondfield at the Ministry of Health and Ministry of Labour represent the most seriously trained politicians in the Labour Party, Miss Bondfield being the first woman to sit in the Cabinet. An appointment of different interest is that of the Attorney-General, Sir William Jowitt, who enters Parliament dramatically, having won a seat for the Liberals (through an arrangement with Labour in a two-member constituency), and then immediately transferring his allegiance. It is taken as a proof that this prominent Liberal regards the third party as moribund and in need of a *coup de grâce*, which he felt called upon mercifully to deliver, disregarding the appearance of indelicacy. No doubt his presence will add piquancy to debates.

Mr. Baldwin's last recommendations for the list of birthday honours set one reflecting that the Order of Merit retains all its original distinction, and that no Prime Minister was ever better suited than Mr. Baldwin to make recommendations as to filling vacancies in it. The two new members, Dr. Bridges and Mr. Galsworthy, have been greeted with general acclaim. The Poet Laureate's muse has been always severe, never seductive, but his work has never detracted from the greatness of English poetry. How odd it is to think that, little more than a century ago, Scott was dissuaded from accepting what

then seemed a ridiculous office, and felt bound almost to apologise to Southey for putting forward Southey's name instead of his own—Wordsworth and Tennyson have made us forget all that.

Then there is Mr. Galsworthy, whose fame is already established with posterity, if posterity really begins at the frontier, for he is almost more read in Germany than at home. It would be tempting to draw a comparison between his Forsyte saga and Trollope's Barchester series; Trollope is so full of animal vitality—like the best and juiciest plain leg of mutton—and so little concerned about sex—simply taking the sex attraction as a man's driving power of life. Mr. Galsworthy is quite the other way round, studying with a certain remote detachment his full-blooded, coach-driving, port-drinking old city men, but rendering, with a skill that few have equalled, a woman's sensitive, swaying charm and the torment of a lover who sees such a woman ill-mated. It is hardly needful to say that Mr. Galsworthy's writing has in itself an appeal of beauty wholly lacking in Trollope's. The one moves with the grace and poise of a dancer; the other shoves along like a burly Briton, portmanteau-laden, in a railway station. But probably we all have a feeling that the Order of Merit is not only bestowed on the most accomplished and distinguished of successful novelists now living in England; it goes not less to the passionate champion of every under-dog—to the detester of cruelty, the man whose sense of defencelessness in those who suffer poverty brings him into revolt against almost any form of penal justice. Mr. Galsworthy would always be quite fair to the actual executioner, but he has a struggle not to misjudge those who set the executioner in action.

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

AUGUST 1, 1929.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS: A REPLY

BY "CARIBBEAN"

"AUGUR," in making his proposal that Great Britain should prove in an irresistible manner the resolve of her people never to enter into a strife with the people of the United States, pays a singularly left-handed compliment to the intelligence and knowledge of the American people. These people, he believes, see in the British islands in the Caribbean Sea, potential bases for a hostile attack upon the Canal, and the potentialities of this situation, he remarks, exasperate the Americans.

To make such a statement as this is to argue that the American people are not aware of the fact that the Treaty of November 18, 1901, neutralises the Canal, and completely debars the possibility of any British attack, at any time, upon it. The neutrality of any canal to be constructed in the future was first agreed upon in the Treaty of 1850. No fortifications were to be erected; ships traversing the Canal in case of war between the two countries were to be exempted from blockade, detention or capture by either party; and the contracting parties guaranteed the neutrality and security of the Canal. While the Treaty of 1901, which superseded the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, abrogated certain of these clauses—that, for example, of non-fortification—it distinctly reaffirmed the Canal's neutral character. Article 2 laid down that "the Canal shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised, nor any act of hostility committed within it." Article 4 provided that "no belligerent shall embark or disembark troops, munitions of war, or warlike materials within the Canal." Finally, Article 6, in terms of the utmost precision which leave no room whatever for doubt as to the position of the Canal in war and its liability to "Augur's" supposed attack, stated that "the plant, establishments, buildings, and all work necessary

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to the construction, maintenance and operation of the Canal shall be deemed to be part thereof for the purposes of this Treaty, *and in time of war, as in time of peace, shall enjoy complete immunity from attack or injury by belligerents, and from acts calculated to impair their usefulness as part of the Canal.*"

Thus, this nervousness which "Augur" so confidently ascribes to the American people, if it exists at all, exists only in consequence of ignorance of the terms of the Treaty in 1901. There are two ways, and two only, by which the use of the Canal can be prejudiced—blockade and direct attack either by bombardment or by occupation. Both of these are expressly forbidden: and Great Britain is not a country which, having made a Treaty, fails to observe with scrupulous accuracy its conditions. Does "Augur" suppose that the American people distrust the word of the British?

In the next place, whether or not the British were to agree to "neutralise" these islands, the United States have determined that they will possess what is termed "parity" in naval strength with Great Britain; and it is not to be supposed that any offer to neutralise the British islands in the Caribbean would affect that decision. That being so, any operations against the Canal become physically impossible. Before any such operations could be undertaken the American fleet would have to be defeated. This is an elementary condition of conducting any oversea expedition. That is to say, the British fleet would have to establish itself in some base in the Caribbean from which it could conduct the series of operations necessary to bring this numerically equal fleet, with all the advantages of position in its own home waters, to action under conditions unfavourable to the American fleet. Even if the American fleet were markedly weaker than the British the possibilities of creating such a situation would be remote in the extreme, as the merest tyro in strategy could inform "Augur." The opinions of experts may be as contemptible as "Augur" considers them, but on such a point as this they are at least worthy of consideration.

It may further be remarked that if the British word is

not to be trusted, and a British Government is expected to ignore the solemn obligations into which it has entered in relation to attacking the Canal at all, it would seem equally probable that if the "neutralisation" of the islands were agreed to, that Government would, with an equally light heart, ignore that obligation, which would be as valueless as the Treaty of 1901 is assumed to be.

Again, what is meant by "neutralisation"? Does it mean that no establishments are to be maintained in the West Indies? At present there is one, and one only—Bermuda—which, incidentally, is not in the Caribbean Sea. Are we to suppose that in a war with some other foreign Power Great Britain is to be denied the right to possess that base for the support and maintenance of her ships engaged upon the protection of her trade with the United States and Canada? That is the only possible meaning which can be attached to the word "neutralisation." The effect of this would hardly be other than disadvantageous in the extreme to the United States: for a high proportion of American trade is carried by neutral vessels, notably those of Great Britain. The dislocation and loss, therefore, that would fall upon the United States owing to the weakening of the British power to give the necessary security to its shipping would be considerable.

Thus, from whatever point of view this proposal of "Augur's" is regarded, it discloses itself as being as unnecessary and undesirable as it is impracticable. It would not remove the fears of the United States—if, indeed, such fears exist anywhere except in "Augur's" imagination; for those who imagine that this country would break its word with regard to the immunity of the Canal will equally imagine that it would break its word not to use the islands as bases. It provides for dangers which in practice have no existence, as the establishment of superiority in operations of the kind envisaged by "Augur" is not within the realms of practical possibilities. It greatly weakens the power of this country to defend one of its most important trade routes in the event of war with maritime Powers other than the United States, and would be injurious to the United States themselves.

"Augur's" attempt to justify this supposititious American "exasperation" at the existence of British possessions in the Caribbean Sea is not less unconvincing than it is unflattering to the American people. If Ireland were an American possession (as the West Indian islands in question are, and long have been, British; and its being so is the only condition in which America could possess "rights" on its coasts), the British people would philosophically accept the situation. They would be no more "exasperated" at the presence of American harbours, and potential bases, than they are to-day exasperated by the existence of actual French bases in the Channel in the approaches to an even greater port than Liverpool—London: or than the French or Italian people are exasperated by the presence of actual British bases at Gibraltar and Malta on the lines of approach to great centres of commerce like Marseilles and Genoa. The position would be accepted as these are accepted. To suppose a great people like those of America to be less capable, more fearful, or more jealous than ourselves or the older nations of Europe in accepting the existence of foreign possessions within a distance of several hundred miles from their coasts is indeed but a poor compliment to them. The implication of fear and distrust is more likely to be resented by intelligent Americans than commended. To a great people it can hardly be other than galling to be exhibited to the world as spoilt and pampered children whose every whim must be placated by political lollipops, whose every cry must receive instant attention at the hands of a nurse.

It is, of course, within the bounds of possibility that there exist some persons so profoundly ignorant and suspicious as to believe that which "Augur" supposes to be believed, just as there are some who believe in the Flat Earth theory or the possibility of perpetual motion. Such people can, like these last, with safety be ignored. Neither reasoning nor acts will convince them; they will remain like the man in Butler's distich:—

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.

RICHELIEU AND BISMARCK

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

WERE Plutarch to return he would find no better modern subject for a parallel of lives than those of Richelieu and Bismarck.

Each born in the nobility of his realm, each some distance from its highest ranks, each rose to be the chief in title.

Each served a dynasty, and each died leaving his crowned master at the very summit of power.

Each constructed and consolidated a realm, and each triumphed through a combination of diplomatic, political and military qualities.

Each left, as the immediate fruit of his genius, a great succeeding epoch: Richelieu, the "Siècle" of Louis XIV which directly inherited from his labours; Bismarck, that Prussian hegemony over Europe, and that rapid expansion in wealth and numbers of his "Reich" which expansion was the salient political fact in Europe over almost as great a stretch of time as the glory of Louis XIV. For the "Grand Siècle," beginning about 1660, is in full decline by 1710, that is, in fifty years; it faded out before sixty had passed. Bismarck's Prussian hegemony over Europe is apparent in 1866, fully established in 1871, and endures to near the end of the Great War in 1918.

But there is a significance in the juxtaposition of these two men far deeper than the resemblance of their careers. For the one founded what the other completed. There is a succession between them, and the link of common agency in a mighty effect which the first had not foreseen nor the second directly designed, but to which both acted, the one as an originator, the other as a concluser, under the direction of powers far above human purpose. That mighty effect was a twofold thing: the emergence of Nationalism as a chief motive for action in men, and the consequent or accompanying reduction of the Catholic

culture to the defensive under the supremacy of anti-Catholic and mainly Protestant forces.

The united and organised French State, given as a model by Richelieu to the world, was followed by the complete moral unification of England through the extirpation of a Catholic religious minority therein and of the Stuart dynasty protecting it. This twin example of French and English Nationalism slowly affected all Europe. The new Russian State of Peter the Great derived from that example. The idea of Nationalism became familiar, though not yet of effect, in the divided Germany and Italy of the eighteenth century. Prussia became almost as much a nation as a system. The Scandinavian victories leave a similar heritage for Sweden. With the French Revolution that idea took fire and became the religion around us to-day, and, as an effect of it all, the mid-nineteenth century is full of "nations struggling to be free" in regions where such a conception has hitherto meant nothing. The modern Italy is formed. Hungary asserts itself. The long-established partition of Poland does but emphasise the Polish demand.

At last comes Bismarck, who, with unique dexterity, uses the new ideal to strengthen what would seem its very antithesis—the Prussian Crown and the domination of Berlin over the lesser units of the Northern and Central German peoples.

He creates an artificial nation so successfully that we have come to call it "Germany" within thirty years of his death, although its very principle is the denial of German unity and the exclusion from that "Germany" of whatever among Germans could outweigh the power of the Hohenzollerns. He relies upon this new Religion of Nationalism to inspire, give unity and life, to what began as a mechanical and artificial arrangement. He amply succeeds; and the next generation will die gladly for their new "Reich," indifferent to the body of Germanism external to it. At the same time, by his treatment of the French after his victories over them, by his increased harshness to the conquered Poles, he inflames Nationalism to the east and to the west of his new frontiers.

In the concomitant reduction of Catholic influence the same process is apparent. Richelieu, by his toleration of the wealthy and numerous Huguenot body, renders familiar to the French mind the conception of religious division within the State and the continual adverse discussion of its established worship: hence the growth of the sceptics, the strength of their propaganda, the rise of the anti-clerical spirit, until the official dominance of the Catholic hierarchy in France and its privileges becomes an anomaly. The Revolution resolves the problem with violence. Acute moral division within the remaining Catholic culture of Europe becomes everywhere the rule, and Nationalism reinforces the quarrel. France, after her defeats in 1870, the new Italy risen on the abandonment of the Papacy, foster the decline of the Church, its morals and spirit. Meanwhile, eighteenth-century Britain, having extirpated Catholicism within her own boundaries, reduces Catholic Ireland to servitude; Holland is confirmed as a permanent Power keeping under its rule a large Catholic minority. Turn where you will in Europe, when this process was in full power during the nineteenth century, you find everywhere in the Catholic provinces profound moral dissension, in the non-Catholic the rule or supremacy of hostile powers over Catholic minorities; never the reverse.¹

Bismarck put the crown upon the edifice. He divided the Catholic forces of the Germans, swept into his net so much of the Catholic body as would cripple the rest without being large enough to endanger the moral mastery of their opponents. To the historical ideas and general culture of Protestant Prussia that Catholic body gradually conformed, so that now the Reich, with a third of its people Catholic, counts as a Protestant Power; the name "German" has come to connote such a Power, and the fact that one half of German-speaking families are of the old religion is lost, in effect, upon the modern world.

(1) A belated example of this system, probably the last we shall witness, was the precarious erection of the six counties in Ireland. There, by careful calculation, a Catholic minority was cut off and left subservient to alien rule; a Catholic minority withdrawn from the support of its fellows in the rest of Ireland made as large as possible compatibly with the maintenance of its subjection and impotence.

Thus we may trace the way in which the work of these two men followed and completed the one the other. The parallelism and the succession are apparent.

But the contrast also must be noted: the contrast in character and the contrast in the respective advantages and disadvantages which aided and hindered them.

In physical appearance that contrast is glaring. No two figures are more opposed than the square, full-blooded, blunt face of the one, the pointed chin and finely cut, pale features of the other; the subtle fire and readiness to restrain or spring which Richelieu's face conveys, the deceptive mask of brute simplicity which covers Bismarck's. The bodies are in similar opposition. It is the ox and the leopard.

In the one, Bismarck, the supple spirit is hidden under an external directness and rough assertion which are not all put on, but derive, in part, from the blood of East Elbe squires. In the other, a spirit as supple is expressed in every restrained gesture and in slight movements and glances of an exquisite delicacy. It has been said that the one might be likened to strong ale, the other to a rare brandy. It may be so to the taste, superficially, but in effect, in the nourishment of a political plan, both were like a profound and rich wine. There appears in the one no visible reserve at all; in the other all seems reserve. But, in truth, both were exercising with full power all the interior discipline required to achieve his full effect.

The advantages in common to both were many. There was for both the continued support of a royal master whom each so devotedly served. There was the incompetence of that master (a negative quality very valuable to a servant). There was also the recognition by that master of his own incompetence (a positive quality more valuable still). Both enjoyed good fortune at critical moments, but Bismarck more than Richelieu. For Richelieu created his own success in every crisis—as, for instance, on the famous “Day of Dupes,” or again at Casale; while Bismarck had sheer luck time after time. Thus Bismarck was able to use Bavaria at will because the King of Bavaria was mad, and Bismarck had, without having to manœuvre for it, the

neutrality of Britain; while Richelieu could count on no neutrality he had not himself engendered, and all his allies were on the alert for their own ends.

Both possessed an incomparable secret service which each had to create. Both had ample resources, though these could only be obtained by Richelieu at the expense of difficult and excessive taxation. Each stood in geographical situations central for his time, and each was aided by the increase of mechanical invention and science during his period of action.

Both had the service of good subordinates, but Richelieu had here far greater fortune than Bismarck. For Richelieu had ready to hand a whole group of competent and devoted men like Charnacé, and, above all, the invaluable inspiration of Joseph du Tremblay, whilst Bismarck had no lieutenant worthy of his great task. Both managed to preserve their loyalty and service unbroken through all the useful years of life.

Of common disadvantages there were many. Both had to deal with jealousies at Court, though this in Richelieu's day was a far more powerful obstacle than it was in the nineteenth century.

Both had to meet severe domestic opposition, both were hampered by religious and political differences in the area they intended to consolidate.

Both were condemned to considerable periods of apprenticeship and delay.

In other disadvantages they differed. Bismarck had the high advantage of physical health—at least, in all the active part of his career, while Richelieu was an invalid suffering more and more as the years drew on. Bismarck was secure in one frontier and could place reliance on Russia, the corner stone of his building. Richelieu was secure in none, but spent his life repelling and overcoming a ring of hostile forces.

Richelieu had to create from nothing and against fierce opposition the naval and military instruments of his policy, and each was doubtful in quality. Bismarck needed no navy and had inherited a superb instrument of war in the Prussian Army with traditions of two centuries

behind it. To this great gift of fortune he owed those two dazzling campaigns against Austria and France, which established his power, as by magic, in four short years.

But while Bismarck had over Richelieu the very great advantage of immediate overwhelming military success, with all the moral prestige it gives, and all the material power, he had one very bad handicap from which the Cardinal was free: he had to work under a secret divorce between his real and his ostensible aim.

Richelieu was impeded by no such spiritual chasm in his road. He openly desired the unity of his country, the strength of its central government, the attainment of its natural frontiers, the toleration of its religious divisions, the suppression, however, of a religious "State within the State."

In the details of Richelieu's diplomacy there was, of course, as there is in the details of all diplomacy, a great measure of insincerity. In order to over-reach his opponents he had continually to be pretending to desire this or that when he was really desiring something else. He had continually to be presenting to allies their supposed advantage when really he was following the advantage of his own people. He had, as have all such, to master enmity, foreign and domestic, by strategy as well as by force.

But all that sort of duplicity is an essential in any handling of men by methods other than direct authority. It remains true that on the large lines Richelieu could afford to be sincere, Bismarck could not; and to be compelled to insincerity in the large lines of your action is a heavy burden, a large tax upon energy. Bismarck had to appeal to the strong German desire for racial unity when all the while his whole effort was aimed at the destruction of that unity for the aggrandisement of one section over the rest, and for the service of Prussia alone. Again, from the fact that the military instrument was so essential to him, Bismarck, upon what was perhaps the most important point in the whole of his policy, allowed himself to be overruled. Richelieu was never overruled.

Bismarck was overruled in the matter of Metz.

He had proposed to draw the new frontiers, after the victories of 1870, so as to include whatever was (much as it detested Prussia) German speaking (and in social life and custom German) upon the eastern frontiers of Napoleon III's Empire. He would have taken all Alsace, but of Lorraine only the German-speaking portion. He would have left Metz unannexed and still attached to the French culture, of which it forms a part. For Metz in 1871 was as French as Canterbury is English. Its architecture, its social custom, its civic language (allowing, of course, for the fact that many German-speaking people from a few miles away would come into the town) were all French; and, indeed, there is no more striking example (within my experience at least) of the power of the modern state, with its crushing machinery of universal compulsory education, than the transformation of Metz into a German-speaking town. I have myself seen the process going on decade by decade during my own lifetime, and it has been of absorbing interest. For here you now have a population transformed in fifty years. Metz is to-day in the main German speaking and reading its papers in the German tongue, yet inheriting social traditions wholly French and living in houses and worshipping in churches as French in spirit and design as those of Amiens and Beauvais.

Well, it was a fact that Bismarck allowed his wisdom to be overruled by the folly of the generals which ultimately led to the German disasters after his death. For though the proposition may be vehemently denied, I cannot but judge (for my part) that if Metz had been left French and the Prussian annexation in Lorraine had been confined to the purely German-speaking districts, time would have consolidated these with the rest of the Reich; and this even when we have allowed for the incapacity of the Prussian official to govern. For he suffers, as do most good administrators, from a singular insuccess in ruling; ruling is based upon persuasion, but administration upon mechanical order.

Now, in nothing of such importance was Richelieu ever overruled. He was not overruled, for instance, in the matter of Catalonia. It is due to him that the south-east

of France has its frontier at the Pyrenees. He would not give rein to the dangerous jingoism which wished to stretch beyond the mountains, and it was through his influence that, long after his death, the Treaty of the Pyrenees established natural defensible frontiers for France.

He was not overruled in the matter of the left bank of the Rhine. He suffered sharply in taking the decision to restrain French influence there, and to restrict it to the frontiers of his choosing. He did not so decide until after consultation with Père Joseph, and perhaps at the suggestion of that other, but he was not overruled by that other.

He was not overruled in the matter of Gustavus Adolphus. He did not get all that he wanted, nor had he previously been able to get all he wanted, for he could not get the Swedish captain (any more than he had previously been able to get the Danish King) to work with the Catholic League. He had to take second or third best; but he had not to suffer the imposition of another will.

With that word "will" I am led to one last consideration upon these problems, which is not only curious but important to their comprehension. I have said that Bismarck's fatal decision in the case of Metz was due to his being overruled by the Army. Was there not behind that submission some defect of the will?

I think there was. Among the many and sometimes violent contrasts between these two strangely parallel lives you find a contrast in moral texture which extends to the region of the will. Bismarck's will had not that incisive, rapier quality, that quality of highly tempered steel—flexible, unbreakable, of mortal effect, decisive, a sword—which had Richelieu's. Bismarck's will had rather the quality of a crow-bar, sometimes to be used as a bludgeon. In the government of self Bismarck's will broke down from time to time, as Richelieu's never did, and, after all, the government of self is the supreme test of will. Bismarck quarrelled, often foolishly, in private matters; under rebuff he was even peevish. I am not

suggesting that his will was not strong: it was very strong; and the metaphor I have used of the crow-bar and the bludgeon does not suggest weakness. But it lacked temper. Of Richelieu I think you may say that his was the most highly tempered will in modern history.

But on another side of character Bismarck seems to have had the advantage. I hope I shall not be called paradoxical if I say that in the mere use of *intelligence* he would seem to be somewhat the superior of Richelieu.

Richelieu's judgments upon men and situations were excellent, his political maxims were wise. He admirably adapted himself to his needs. But I cannot help observing, in sayings of his which are authentic, and even now and then in deeds, a certain narrowness of thought—perhaps the inevitable result of so much concentration. With Bismarck, when the intelligence alone is at work, you are watching an instrument of somewhat more general power.

I come to a last consideration in my comparison of these two: the permanence of the structure built by each.

The permanence of his achievement is perhaps an unjust test of greatness in a man; but inevitably we ephemeral creatures born to an immortal destiny turn to permanence as a measure of success. We can but ask, "Has the work lasted?" The boundaries of Diocletian define Ecclesiastical Dioceses and Civil provinces to this day. The calendar alone is a testimony to Cæsar. The commandments of Mahomed are still obeyed from the Atlantic to the China seas—and we judge by such things.

It might be said of both men that at first sight their achievement was not of lasting quality. The absolute monarchy which Richelieu erected crashed, to all appearance, in less than 150 years, and the supremacy of the Hohenzollerns over the new state which Bismarck called into existence was destroyed in less than sixty.

But these failures are only apparent. The real work of both men has proved far more enduring. How long that of Bismarck may survive we cannot tell, but it is fair to say that after it had stood firm through the better part

of a lifetime its essentials have so far survived the mortal ordeal of the Great War. Bismarck's Reich may well prove to have taken root strong enough for indefinite duration. I will discuss this in a moment.

The Hohenzollerns have disappeared, perhaps permanently, but the Reich remains. And its specific character, its essential (which is the subordination of a large Catholic minority to a Government centred in Anti-Catholic Berlin) is as apparent to-day as it was fifty years ago.

In the same way the achievement of Richelieu was the consolidated unity of the French people, and not even the destruction of the Capetian monarchy has, as yet, appreciably affected that result. It is not time, therefore, to say that the work of either of these great men has been undone.

But there are present in the achievement of each certain forces which, if they continue uninterrupted and increase in power, will destroy either or both creations.

In the case of Bismarck's creation the destructive act would be the union of the German race. Even a loose federation would be sufficient to undo Bismarck's work. The inclusion of the Germans of the Middle Danube and those of the Alps into the same federal system as has hitherto been confined to the Germans of the Rhine, the Upper Danube and the Northern Plain, would be the dissolution of Bismarck's achievement. It would restore the old balance which he destroyed; it would restore the German Catholic culture; it would create at least three centres of energy, upon the Danube, upon the Rhine and in the Northern Plains, instead of leaving all dependent as at present on one pole in Berlin. It would probably reawaken that age-long instinct of the German people for separate local systems and for a sort of tribal diversity. But that Union of the Germans has not happened yet and it may not happen at all.

As for Richelieu's achievement, what would destroy it would be a pushing of the religious quarrel among the French to such a limit that either the sentiment of national unity should disappear or the Catholic culture

itself should perish from the land. To-day such an extreme seems impossible, but there are already apparent the symptoms of some such possible catastrophe. We have in these last few years seen the hatred of the Catholic Church among its organised enemies in France preferred to the financial and political security of the country. We have seen it nearly ruin the attachment of Alsace and destroy in a brief ten years the enthusiasm of the recovered province for its old comrades. We have seen the financial stability of the country grievously endangered by men who are chiefly concerned with the suppression of the Religious Orders because they know that the Religious Orders are the strongest force for preserving and protecting the Catholic Faith; and daily we can perceive compulsory State instruction in the schools eradicating from the mind of the French masses the roots of the Catholic culture. Now with the loss of that culture France will cease to be what, historically, we have known. The effects are already beginning to show in French architecture—which is growing repulsive—and in French prose—which is growing turgid. Such ulcers point to causes deeply affecting the whole body of society.

It would be a strange Nemesis, in the case of either Bismarck or Richelieu, if such a fate should fall upon their work. It would be a piece of historic irony of the first class, for it would be the destruction of a man's edifice by his own instruments of construction. What was Bismarck's chief moral instrument in erecting his "Reich"? Why, of course, the cry of "German Unity." And yet the one thing most perilous for his work would be the restoration of a real German unity.

What was Richelieu's guiding principle in the attainment of an indivisible France? It was the permission of deep religious cleavage in the French nation as the price to be paid for preserving that political union by which, as he thought, the national soul could be alone (and sufficiently) preserved.

In the one case as in the other, what may undo all the builder did is the very moral force he originally relied on.

A SOCIALIST LOOKS AHEAD

BY ROGER CHANCE

TEN years ago the Coal Commission associated with the name of its chairman was grappling with a problem which is still unsolved, and which will surely test the powers of the new Labour Government. And those who were fortunate enough to be present at the sittings of that Commission cannot help reflecting upon the complexity of politics when they realise that the reorganisation of the Coal Industry must probably be based, in most essentials, upon the recommendations which Mr. Lloyd George refused to carry out in 1919. For Sir John Sankey, and even Sir Arthur Duckham, were less inclined to the negative policy of the coal owners than to the proposals submitted by Messrs. Smillie, Hodges, Smith, Webb, Tawney, and Sir Leo Chiozza Money.

The Commission witnessed some dramatic moments. We remember, particularly, Mr. Smillie's cross-examination of the Duke of Northumberland, the uncompromising individualism of Mr. Harold Cox, and the astonishment among the coal owners caused by the evidence of Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who was then fired with ardour by his campaign for Guild Socialism. Mr. Cole was already well known as a scholar, as the author of *The World of Labour*, and as a Trade Union organiser; he had been one of the first to sense the coming demise of academic State Socialism; he founded the National Guilds League with the object of bringing Socialism up to date in a post-War world. But Guild Socialism was itself rather overweighted with ideology, and many of its ideas—particularly those connected with "self-government in industry"—have been proved unsound. Nevertheless, the movement served a useful purpose; it acted as a bridge between a Socialism which still moved in the realm of abstractions and a Socialism which has now been brought face to face with concrete reality by political power. The modern Socialist has not renounced his principles; but he realises that Socialist method cannot be summed up in the phrase "nationalisation of the means of production, distri-

bution and exchange." Ten years of thought and experience have widened Mr. Cole's outlook, and in the important book which he has recently published (*The Next Ten Years in British Social and Economic Policy*, Macmillan and Co.) he faces facts in a courageous manner. But he is still a Socialist: "I have been a Socialist," he writes, "for about twenty years, and am, if anything, rather more a Socialist than ever; but my conception of Socialism has changed perforce with a changing world."

This book covers such a wide field that it is impossible in a short article to deal with all the questions discussed by the author. He has chapters on unemployment, industry and trade, finance, education, agriculture, the Empire, foreign affairs and local government. From these a selection is necessary; and I shall attempt to consider only those points which appear to be of most immediate importance at the present time.

First comes the problem of unemployment. Mr. Cole takes the view actually held by the majority at the last election—namely, that it is absurd to spend fifty millions a year on unemployment pay and get nothing for it in return; that the Tory plan of de-rating and hoping for a revival of trade is inadequate; and that it is possible to organise work for the unemployed which can be economic and not merely a measure of relief. "A Government that means business," he writes (p. 51), "will have to begin by making up its mind that it is going to offer the chance of work to every unemployed man, and then, having taken that momentous decision, will have to devise the means of carrying it into effect." He admits that the reorganisation of industry and a revival of trade are obviously an essential condition for providing more employment, but he affirms that at present this is not enough, first, because the economic policy comprised under the term "rationalisation" is partially unsound, and secondly, because it is not correct to think (as some do) that the volume of unemployment to-day is largely the result of a trade cycle which will be followed automatically by a return to pre-War prosperity. Special measures are therefore necessary for dealing with unemployment—measures which are a matter of life and

death now, but which will probably always be required to provide for those who cannot be absorbed by industry in the normal way.

Mr. Cole demands the formation of "a National Labour Corps," which shall undertake clearing and constructive work in much the same way as work was organised for digging the Panama Canal or making the railways:—

This corps is to be conceived as primarily a great body of civil engineers, with the task of making the country as a whole both a pleasanter place to inhabit, and a more efficient, productive concern. . . . It would need to be a disciplined, but in no sense a military body. It would work, that is to say, under orders as a disciplined force; but the method of enforcing this discipline would be purely civil. The members of the Labour Corps would be all volunteers, who had chosen to work in it in preference to existing on unemployment pay or poor relief (p. 51).

The corps will apparently tackle the various public works which have been suggested by the Labour Party and Mr. Lloyd George or the authors of the Liberal Yellow Book. It must be combined with permanent training centres, so that the men may be properly fitted not only for their work in the corps but for normal employment when opportunity occurs. Payment is to be at the rate of £2 per week.

Mr. Cole is not entirely successful in meeting the violent criticisms which will probably be cast at such a scheme. He is aware of the unfortunate history of relief works, and explains satisfactorily, on the whole, why his Labour Corps need not suffer the same fate; he is prepared to deal with the objections of the Trade Unions; and he realises that the problems of housing and the transfer of labour are not easily solved. But on this last point he appears to under-rate, I think, the extreme difficulty of moving large bodies of men to different localities for special work. He says that men must be ready "to live under canvas or in temporary huts erected by themselves." But will they? If it is desirable, as he says, that the work to be undertaken should be carried out by men who live near by, so that they can return to their homes every day, it is extremely unlikely that such work will usually be found close to the areas where unemployment is most prevalent; and the planting of men in more or less permanent camps, without

proper social or home amenities, is an expedient which war has taught us not to repeat except in cases of emergency. Mr. Cole will reply, no doubt, that this *is* an emergency, and that to put up with unemployment, as we are now doing, is to choose death without glory. Perhaps he is right.

The chapters which discuss "rationalisation" are much more convincing. To-day the opponents of Socialism imagine that they can provide an effective substitute by turning the first "n" of nationalisation into an "r." But Mr. Cole successfully exposes some of the weak points in the armour of Lord Melchett and his disciples. Broadly speaking, rationalisation involves unification to control output, better marketing organisations, concentration of production upon factories able to produce at low cost, modern plant, and economy by the use of by-products—all excellent projects. But unless the rationaliser can deal with the problems of distribution and consumption as well he will defeat his own ends. Unemployment and low purchasing power among the wage-earners have hitherto created difficulties for the employer; and it is certain that in many cases rationalisation will result in an increase of unemployment. But those who are chiefly responsible for the new capitalism have not really faced these questions. Instead of cutting wages they now favour restriction of output, because they cannot find a market for the increased production which rationalisation makes possible.

Mr. Cole denies that this country can rely on its pre-War specialisation. That is to say, we must depend less for our prosperity on the great export trades. He thinks that "the entire economic policy of Great Britain during the coming decade turns on answering aright the question whether we have, or have not, to face the necessity of a drastic redistribution of the material and human forces at our disposal for the purposes of production" (p. 31). He disagrees both with those who desire a "United States of Europe" and with those who put their faith in "British Empire, Ltd.," as the only means of restoring our trade, because he believes we ought to produce more for the home market. This will depend, apart from other factors, upon

a better use of capital. He points out that, whereas at present we are accustomed to regard the provision of capital for industry and trade as a sort of automatic function carried out by the private investor, there is actually no guarantee that the capital so distributed will promote the welfare of the community as a whole. Capitalism depends on the existence of "a large number of rich men, who make large savings automatically out of surplus incomes which they feel no desire to spend" (p. 72). Yet it is extremely improbable that these men either put back—as capital—the right amount or that they invest it where most needed: "the advantage of the investor, measured in interest or profits, may fail to coincide with the advantage of society" (p. 73). Mr. Cole is surely right here, and he is not alone in realising that our present haphazard methods of obtaining capital are quite unsuited to cure the depressed state of industry, or, indeed, to serve modern industrialism at any time. The capitalist distributes labour; but he will not necessarily distribute it where needed, and he will certainly not provide distressed industries with the means of recovery. "It is the function of capital to set labour in motion; and, if capital unguided by society fails to serve this purpose adequately, society must intervene with definite measures of guidance and control" (p. 76). Mr. Cole arrives at almost the same conclusions as those to be found in the programme of the Labour Party or the Report of the Liberal Industrial Inquiry. His "Board of National Investment" has many features in common with an "Employment Development Board" or an "Economic General Staff."

"Guidance and control": this leads us gently to the new Socialism, whose method is described as "Socialisation," because "Nationalisation" has been turned into a vague slogan which most anti-Socialists attack fiercely without realising that their interpretation of it is entirely *démodé* among all intelligent Socialists. The modern Socialist condemns capitalism, but approves of the Trusts which have developed under that system because they have assumed a form which makes them suitable for public control. Mr. Cole is poles asunder from those who think

that Socialism means the "bureaucratisation of industry by its transference from private hands to public departments which will proceed to administer it along Civil Service lines." Yet this is the conception most prevalent in the popular mind, and still the ideal of some of the least instructed members of the Labour Party. "The vital factor for Socialism is not the direct administration of industries and services, but the control of policy." "Control" is the main point: the doubtful advantages which might accrue from "ownership" can be secured by other means, such as direct taxation. Mr. Cole stresses this fact time after time:

The Socialist attacks, not each and every instance of private enterprise, but the dominance of capitalism in the life of society. He wants to put in its place, not a system whereby each and every enterprise will be conducted directly by the State, but one that will ensure the dominance of social control in economic affairs. He wants Socialism to occupy the key positions in the economic order which are now in capitalist hands. Within the system of Socialist control, he recognises fully the need for a great diversity in the actual forms of enterprise, and for a wide freedom to experiment in new ways of organisation (p. 132).

Are critics aware that such views as these have been held for some time by many responsible leaders of the Labour Party, that they are almost in tune with some of the Liberal proposals, and that they have proved attractive to the young Tory Democrats? Socialisation on these lines is already an urgent necessity. If it is not possible to nationalise the mines "quite in the old way" it is certainly possible to place them under a "central organ for the control of economic policy" and to secure "mineral ownership by the public." Thus, in the hands of Mr. Cole, nationalisation as applied to industry becomes an administrative, rather than a legislative, problem.

But there is still the question of ownership. The standard of living depends as much upon distribution of income as upon the wise use of capital, efficient organisation, and increased production. We have heard a great deal about the "economy of high wages" in the last few years, but Mr. Cole evidently thinks that this is not enough to increase the purchasing power of the wage-earners. In addition to the proposals of the Labour Party to provide

—out of direct taxation—for more social services and a reduction of the National Debt, he puts forward a scheme for family allowances—a suggestion which has also, I think, received the approval of the Party. Next to that on “The National Labour Corps,” the chapter which outlines this scheme will probably receive more criticism than any other in his book. If we grant that it is desirable for income, and consequently purchasing power, to be more widely distributed, on grounds both of justice and economic prosperity, “the principle of distribution according to need” is an exceedingly dangerous one to follow without adequate safeguards; and Mr. Cole has not sufficiently considered the point of view of those who will say that such a method really involves a subsidy to idleness and inefficiency. Income as a social right must involve work as a social duty. And there is real force in the contention of anti-Socialists who say that the provision of “free” this and “free” that is encouraging the people to believe that the State controls an inexhaustible fund of wealth independent of human effort. Mr. Cole might reply, no doubt, that improved education will teach the wage-earners where wealth comes from and how to spend it wisely; but he will have to make his scheme more intelligible and cogent if he is to gain the support of the middle classes.

A policy which depends, in the main, upon increased taxation must prove its financial soundness. Here Mr. Cole argues with persuasive conviction. Critics of Socialist finance have usually begun by saying that the enormous sums which the Socialist Budget must require would “kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.” Mr. Cole asserts that the capitalist “goose” is actually a goose in thought and deed. She does not really provide the necessary amount of capital; she does not invest money where it is most urgently needed to promote national prosperity. It is true that a policy of high taxation for the purpose of redistributing incomes would produce “a fall in the supply of new capital arising from individual ‘savings’”; but so few realise that British industry is growing daily more dependent “on the accumulation of

capital out of reserved profits.” Actually, of course, profits do not enter into costs; and the evidence of the Colwyn Committee showed fairly conclusively that “nearly two-fifths of the total saving originates, not in the hands of individuals at all, but through the collective agency of joint-stock concerns.” Mr. Cole enlarges upon this as follows:—

British industry, then, is at present financed mainly, not by means of the savings effected by individuals out of incomes distributed to them, but by the collective “savings” of corporate concerns. The individual “saver” does relatively little to finance new private business enterprise; and even when, as commonly happens, he buys old shares in existing concerns, the money he pays over for them does not flow mainly into new industrial enterprise. Industry, to a large and growing extent, finances itself directly out of its own profits, and a very large part of the sums used for its development does not first become part of the disposable income, though it does become part of the capital wealth, of any individual (p. 216).

The Socialist believes that present tendencies, combined with a growing control of capital by the State, will guarantee both the requisite amount of capital and its more profitable use. But he is aware of the power of the Banks to make or mar such schemes: he is aware, too, that the Banks have been responsible in recent years, to no small extent, for our economic distress. Accordingly, Mr. Cole devotes an important chapter to “Banks and Credit.” He points out that the Bank of England controls the volume, and the joint-stock banks the direction, of credit. He remarks upon the relationship between the Bank of England, the Treasury, and the Government, and complains that the “sound finance” policy of the Bank has actually handicapped the revival of industry. For what is inflation? Expansion of credit is a wise measure if it encourages, and is accompanied by, increased production. The two combined will not result in a rise of prices. So, too, with the joint-stock banks: they naturally favour safe credit and “liquidity”—a policy which provides credit for speculation rather than for productive industry. “The chief count,” he says, “in the indictment of the joint-stock banking system, as it now exists, is that it causes money to flow in directions which are not the most desirable from

the social point of view." Great Britain has at this moment a mass of productive material which is not being used; and in order to remedy this waste it is necessary to pour the available capital into industrial development and to secure "the right direction of bank credits and an increase in their amounts." Mr. Cole proposes the "socialisation" of the Bank of England and, ultimately, of the joint-stock banks. He does not entirely agree with the policy outlined in *Labour and the Nation*, because it tends to place the control of the Bank in the hands of people "representing the various interests affected by its conduct." "Let us avoid," he says, "the enthroning of representatives." The right method is for the Bank to be placed, "subject to the final control of policy by the Government through the Treasury, under an expert commission including industrial as well as banking specialists, and working in close conjunction with the Board of National Investment." On all this comment would be superfluous, and detailed criticism demands more space and special knowledge. But it may be worth remarking that the Radical and Socialist Parties in France are pressing for similar reforms.

I have omitted any reference to Mr. Cole's chapters upon agriculture, local government, and foreign affairs because, though intimately connected with his book as a whole, they are not quite so relevant to the theme of this article. But I cannot bring it to a conclusion without mentioning his remarks upon "The Labour Budget." For if the Labour Party will not be strong enough to embody its full financial programme in next year's Budget, the Opposition forces have already begun their attack upon what they regard as the most dangerous portion of that "farrago of nonsense"—*Labour and the Nation*. They will get cold comfort from Mr. Cole; for his ideas are also based upon the principle of increased direct taxation as a means of redistributing income and placing more purchasing power in the hands of the poor. Let us consider the chief points in his argument.

"I am well aware," he says, "that the figures given in the preceding pages will stagger many people." They

certainly will. His policy involves expenditure on unemployment, family allowances, raising the school age, and de-rating, for instance, which will have to be met by new revenue to the extent of nearly £200,000,000. "If all the proposed expenditure were incurred the national expenditure would be increased from a net total of about £760,000,000 in 1928-1929 to £921,000,000." This increase does not include the money to be spent on the various State-promoted schemes to revive industry, because they would be financed by loans and not out of taxation.

Mr. Cole points out that over 70 per cent. of our present expenditure is absorbed by the National Debt, War and Civil Pensions, and the Fighting Services. He proposes, first, that the Sinking Fund be abolished and the interest charges on the Debt reduced by conversions; secondly, that the Services' estimate be diminished by a minimum of £32,000,000 so as to give a total saving on these two counts of £77,000,000. The balance must be found by direct taxation in the form of increased surtax and death duties. He admits the size of the burden; but he argues that it is unlikely that a Labour Government would have to find, in practice and in any one year, such a large sum. For, in the first place, the expenditure designed for the emergency relief of unemployment is put at a maximum, and will be immediately and progressively reduced by the effect of State measures to assist industry. And in the second place:—

The bulk of the new taxation proposed is to be raised, not for spending by the Government, but for direct redistribution as purchasing power among the members of the community. The sum provided for family allowances as a whole and the bulk of the money allocated to the prevention of unemployment, will become purchasing power in the hands of the recipients. It will thus serve directly to bring about an expansion of the demand for commodities, and will greatly help the operation of the other measures proposed for the revival of industry. The effect of this will be rapidly to increase the yield of existing taxation, and so to make unnecessary the raising of some, if not all, of the fresh taxes . . . set down on the highly unfavourable hypothesis adopted . . . as the safe basis of calculation (p. 411).

Mr. Cole would probably not bother to argue with those who cry "robbery of the rich," "unjust confiscation,"

and "national collapse" at the bare mention of such a scheme; but he is prepared to answer "the intelligent critics" who will say that "the fatal objection to it lies in its effect upon the supply of capital." His answer is twofold. First, though admittedly in the first year or two the volume of national "savings" available for investment will be diminished, he thinks that this can be set off by a conscious direction of the available supply into the right channels. Secondly, he suggests that his critics are "labouring under the delusion of an 'income fund.'" "The flow of capital," he says, "depends mainly on the prosperity of industry, which in turn depends mainly on the presence of an active demand." There will be no lack of capital if there is a revival of the national purchasing power and of the industry needed to supply it.

In this book Mr. Cole shows that he is still in the vanguard of Socialist thought; but he shows, too, that he has had the courage to renounce many of the vague slogans of Socialist theory, and to point out many of the dangers which must confront a Labour Government. He retains, and successfully defends, his principles; but, as we learn from reading his remarks on the Mining Eight Hours Act, for instance, his eyes move often from the heavens to the solid ground of practical experience. Taking his book as a whole, we should say, I think, that the uncertain element of his proposals lies in the fact that they are so linked together as to make the realisation of one, or perhaps two, in isolation a virtual impossibility. No doubt this will be some encouragement to those who think that the full policy of the Labour Party would "destroy the Constitution and the foundations of society." At least they will be better informed as to what is likely to happen when "Labour" gets a clear majority in the country.

SCENES FROM SOVIET RUSSIA.

BY NORAH ROWAN-HAMILTON

RUSSIA is a land of contradictions. From the moment that you arrive in Moscow this note confronts you. A beautiful eighteenth-century palace, the plaster peeling off its walls, stands beside a mud-walled hovel. A house of the period of Russian wooden architecture beside a cubist building. The streets, indescribably filthy, are cobbled, with deep holes into which the unwary fall at night. In the shops are delicious cakes and sweets, and next to them are bread queues. Beneath the high, menacing walls of the Kremlin, with its golden domes and minarets, are trams and Leyland 'buses. Everywhere a rather terrible attempt at speeding up activities to American ratio, side by side with that oriental passivity which gives the people their catch-word "Neechevo" ("it doesn't matter.").

Close on two hundred nationalities live within its vast boundaries. White Russians in the far north, a poor, almost illiterate race, living in a country of morasses and immense forests. Little Russians in the Ukraine, a plain of 400,000 square miles, at the time of my visit decimated by famine. In the Crimea a remnant of the once terrible Tartar hordes, and on the farther side of the Black Sea the wild peoples of the Caucasus—Georgians, Kurds, Abkhasians, Kalyshinites. At Tiflis, meeting place of East and West, I counted fifteen separate races. With this mixture of races, all at different stages of culture, the "greatest experiment of history," as Trotsky described the venture when he announced the fall of the Provisional Government, is being made. No two of these races share their mother-tongue, and despite the fact that the fundamental principle of Russian Communism is to unite all countries into one world-republic of "Workers," with Moscow as its centre, the Communist leaders are careful to encourage the use of separate languages and so prevent co-operation and possible revolution. For, in spite of twelve years of Bolshevik rule, the present rulers and

the principles for which they stand are none too firmly established. The people apprehend that the revolution overthrew one form of tyranny only to establish another, for with a logic of which few leaders have been capable Lenin and his followers realised that to murder the Czar and as many aristocrats as could be found would not suffice to establish Communism. Man himself must be recreated. Individual qualities, ambitions, desires must be suppressed—if necessary by force—so that a kind of communal being might be born that would think and work along the ordinary level of average ability, and develop a herd-mind.

So in Russia to-day play as well as work is organised, for this new man must be allowed no time to think. He must be doped with the tenets of the new religion—Communism—until he is content to become and to remain like his neighbours, neither better nor worse. To do mass work and receive mass pay, and to put nothing aside for his children; for they, too, must start from the common basis.

But even in Soviet Russia the worker appears ill-content to toil without individual reaping, and to accept social and economic equality. The State is not getting the best work out of him; it is discovering that Communism is costly. The trade of the country is reviving with difficulty owing to lack of capital, and foreign capitalists are wary of giving capital to a Government that both practises and preaches the disruption of all other States.

Soviet Russia, however, is determined to be self-supporting, and to this end factories and factory hands (the "Workers") have become of paramount importance, and the same system that destroyed "class privileges" is now busy creating a new privileged class, the "Workers." This, of course, is a flagrant betrayal of Communist ideals, and the peasants resent being exploited for the benefit of the townsman.

Twelve years ago they were told that the Revolution had freed them from slavery, and that the land now belonged to them. If that is so, they ask, why should all profits go to the State? Of what use to work hard if, so soon as you prosper, you are called a "Kulak" (a hard-fist), and your farm is taken from you, to be added

to the new State farms? Formerly it was the landlord who exploited you. Now it is the State.

Slowly but surely these State farms are devouring the peasants' holdings. For now that the landowners have been killed or exiled, and their vast estates cut up and divided amongst the peasants—so much land per head—returns have decreased. Without capital, handicapped by being forbidden to reap the benefit of hard work, the peasants cannot grapple successfully with agricultural problems. The land is deteriorating, and in many parts going out of cultivation. The peasant refuses to work by the sweat of his brow in order that the "Worker" may eat. In consequence there are food queues in all the towns, and Russia, formerly the granary of the world, was actually importing grain when I was there a short while ago. In the Ukraine, the centre of the famine district, the eleventh anniversary of Soviet rule was celebrated by the murder of a large number of Soviet officials and the execution of hundreds of the population. Moscow is becoming nervous, and is tightening its grip of the peasant, rounding up any persons suspected of leanings towards the "Right" movement, whilst every means is taken to stamp out individualism and initiative in both town and country. There is no room for either in a Communist country, and both the Kulak and the Nepman (private trader) are being crushed by taxation, their land and shops taken from them, and their children refused education, the schools being allowed to receive them only after all the other children in the district have been admitted. And somehow there is rarely room for the children of Kulaks and Nepmans!

Nevertheless, these people are putting up a very good fight all over the country, aided and abetted by a large proportion of the rest of the population. A Kulak is a useful individual, while the Nepman sells better goods than the State shops, and at only slightly higher prices. The Government systematically undercuts the private shops, and if one of the latter is opened in a village hitherto without any means of buying goods, a State shop is immediately opened in opposition.

* * * * *

The townsman appears less openly defiant than the peasant. He is not actually starving, he earns a better wage, and besides . . . he comes more directly under the eye of the Communist leaders.

All the same he has a dull, apathetic look which contradicts those stirring words of the Socialist Congress of December, 1922:—

“In the Capitalist Camp reign national hostility, inequality and suppression. In the Socialist Camp is peace, national freedom, equality and co-operation.”

The “Worker” has his own troubles. He is miserably housed. The wages are low and taxes rise out of proportion to the rise of wages. Besides, there is very little comfort to be bought even if there were money to buy it with, and it is dangerous to appear to have money.

Owing to the War and the Revolution the housing problem is acute. Ten foot square of floor space is all that is allowed per head, so that no individual can have a room to himself. He must be farmed out with strangers, which results in a good many forced marriages.

Quarrels are incessant, for it is trying people hard to oblige them to live in close proximity to those possessed of different ideas and standards of comfort, due perhaps to different upbringing, what is called “class” in other countries and which still exists in Russia—except in name. Trains are still divided into three “classes,” only you must say “International” if you wish to travel in a luxuriously upholstered compartment, equipped with large windows, a private “toilette” and an attendant. If your purse or your inclination suggests a humbler means of conveyance you murmur “*mjurski*” (soft), indicating that the seats are cushioned. But if you wish to study the peasant question at first hand travel “*zjoski*” (hard), a faithful description.

So with the occupants of the ten square feet of floor space—they are of all classes and dispositions. A judge told me that the largest proportion of cases brought to Court are connected with housing difficulties. Spitting into another’s tea is a very usual offence.

Those who are fortunate enough to secure a flat in

one of the workers’ buildings are comparatively well housed. Two bed-sitting rooms and a bath-room was the allowance for a family of three children and their parents whom I visited, and it was equipped with electric cooker and heating. Another family, however, whose rooms opened out of these rooms, shared the kitchen and bath-room, but some of the new buildings have communal kitchens where meals can be bought inexpensively. A committee collects the rents, out of which it pays for upkeep and improvements, but the rents (based on wages) are so low and many of the older houses are so dilapidated that very few of the flats can be kept in proper repair.

Applicants for the new flats are induced to contribute towards their erection by promise of ownership at the end of a certain number of years, but several of the tenants told me that they had been so badly built that they would be worthless when, finally, they became their own property. This is yet another instance of a gradual return to capitalist methods of government. In the factories now, piecework and overtime are actually encouraged, as they result in higher production, and there is a scheme for investing in the State banks that smacks suspiciously of the old wicked “bourgeois” methods. When I asked a Commissar how such things could be allowed in a Communist State he gave a wan smile.

“We have found it impossible to adhere strictly to the Communist ideal. Absolute freedom and equality are, of course, right in theory, but in practice . . . !” He made a deprecating gesture.

Had it needed a revolution to teach the Bolshevik party this elemental truth? Freedom! Equality! And I thought of the “white” Russians, the greater proportion as much “workers” as the factory hands, employed now by the Soviet Government at a miserably low wage as professors, doctors, lawyers, directors of industries (these last are better paid, as they are so necessary to the State). The moment their places can be filled by “Red” Russians they are dismissed, to swell the ranks of the enormous army of unemployed. Meanwhile they are carefully watched and their every movement reported.

But who is not watched and their actions reported? I have been told my own business, which I believed no one knew but the recipient of certain letters, and twice to my knowledge telephone messages were intercepted. Even the wives of Commissars must register their movements, and find the obtaining of visas difficult, sometimes impossible. Even the inner ranks of Communists are spied on. I suppose it is a case of "set a thief to catch a thief"!

* * * * *

It is not as easy to become a Communist as many people in this country imagine. Waving a red flag, making inflammatory speeches and denouncing all who happen to be better off than yourself is not sufficient. In Russia a Communist is less well off than many of his neighbours. However responsible his work may be he is not allowed to receive more than 200 roubles a month (£21), though outside the party a man of brains and experience could make twice that sum. Added to that a Communist must work for the party after his own work is done. He is seldom able to spend the evening with his family or at a cinema or theatre.

One of our Communist friends refused an invitation to a theatre as he had a sheaf of foreign newspapers to look through and report on. Returning to our hotel late that night we saw a light in his room, and one of the party suggested paying him an early morning call. We found him at a table littered with papers.

"Aren't you tired? You've been at it for hours."

"Very. But I must finish my work before I go to bed." Murmuring an excuse he took up his pen and continued writing.

This is no unusual case. Constantly, my question: "Are you a Communist?" would be answered: "I am in sympathy with the Communist ideals, but I have not the courage to become a Communist. It entails too many sacrifices."

Besides the hard work and low pay a Communist is closely watched, both by his own party and the "Whites." If he is suspected of taking bribes, or otherwise straying from the narrow path of Communist policy, he . . .

disappears. There are only too many people glad to be rid of one of the elect.

Even tips are forbidden to Communists. Everywhere in Russia this stupid practice of paying service already contracted for is discouraged. Tips should never be given to hotel servants, who, of course, are State officials, the hotels being in the hands of the State. Nor to tram conductors, or taxi drivers, for if a Communist takes a bribe he is definitely breaking a party law. A member of a local Soviet who had been exceedingly kind and useful to us during our week's stay in his town was asked to dinner. He accepted on condition that we would allow him to pay for his dinner. Otherwise, he said, to receive hospitality from foreigners might appear to be taking bribes.

On another occasion a chauffeur who had driven us many miles over the appalling tracks miscalled roads refused a tip because, he said, he was a Communist. I have had tips refused in hair-dressers' shops; at stations, by porters who had spent much time and gone out of their way to help me; by people who have opened museums and galleries specially for me, and sacrificed their own time to taking me round.

It is one of the amenities of travelling in Russia that your path is not encumbered by persons recalling services they have never, to your knowledge, performed.

* * * * *

The question naturally arises, why is anyone a Communist? Well, I believe that a certain number of Russians think that Communism will succeed. Others believe that the present form of Communism is doomed to failure, but that out of its ashes something will emerge which will content the country as a whole, and that if they keep within the magic inner circle they will be able to shape its course.

The remainder look on Communism as protection. A Communist, so long as he behaves himself and is not a fool at his job, is never out of work, and though his floor space may be restricted, a Communist gets first choice of the new buildings. Besides, it is the Communists that rule the country.

Soviet Russia is divided into six "United Socialist Soviet Republics," which are supposed to be self-governing, but it is the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party that really governs. It alone has the power to modify, alter, or remake the Constitution, to pass the Budget, discuss international policy, and elect the two bodies of officials—the Presidium (consisting of twenty-one members), and the Sovnarcom, the Council of People's Commissars.

The Soviets of the six republics are self-governing only in unimportant local affairs, and the people elect officials only to these local Soviets. The members of the Central Committee are elected within the Party, and only the members themselves can nominate or dismiss individual members of this inner group, therefore none but staunch Communists can belong to it and, in consequence, rule the country.

Each Commissar has under him a small band of advisers, all Communists, of course, who meet in the Kremlin, often daily. This amazing structure is a city within a city. Behind its high, rose-red walls are a mass of churches, palaces, prisons, offices. Its gates are guarded day and night by soldiers, and only Soviet officials may pass through its dim archways, except during the ten days' congress of the Central Executive, when hundreds of delegates from all over European and Asiatic Russia pour into Moscow and sit in the Czar's golden throne room. Many have travelled for weeks to present their petitions and state their difficulties. Some of them cannot speak Russian, and need interpreters.

They pass up the magnificent staircase—women with shawls over their heads, peasants in sheepskins, "Workers" in short leather coats or high-necked blouses. And where once stood the throne of "The Czar of all the Russias" is a platform and a red covered table, from which the speakers address their fellow delegates, and the Communist leaders deal out stirring speeches or soothing syrup. But occasionally someone in the audience throws a denial, or asks a provocative question.

For the most part, on the days that I was there, the

hundreds of delegates sat quietly listening, with stolid, expressionless faces.

Few Parliament Houses are palaces of truth, but I own that I was surprised to hear that the financial situation was most satisfactory, that the agricultural difficulties were disappearing under prompt measures of relief and distribution, and that the menace of famine was no longer feared. I looked round at the thousands of faces. Would there be a protest? Then I remembered how unequally the peasants are represented compared with the factory hands—five peasants to one "Worker" vote. But how reconcile those reassuring words on finance with the fact that this Communist Government is doing its best to induce capitalist countries to advance large loans? And why should there be bread queues, why should the peasants be killing off their livestock if there are no food difficulties?

"The children must eat the food which the animals used to eat," an old peasant woman said.

"And you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "The old do not need so much food as the young."

Why is the inner ring of Communists so apprehensive that there is a general "tightening-up everywhere," as it is called, and everyone is subject to the closest espionage, even "Reds" refused passports?

"The country has become one vast prison," someone said to me. "We are shut up within our frontiers and allowed to hold no intercourse with, and to know nothing of, the outside world. The least breath of suspicion and there is a visit from the G.P.U.!"

It used to be the "Cheka" that all men dreaded, and spoke of only behind closed doors. Now . . . the name has changed. That is all.

I know of my own knowledge people who have "disappeared." Some return. I have met a few of these more fortunate ones. They do not say much. They look unhealthy and a little dazed. They usually say, "I had not much to complain of."

Whether they had or not, it would not be wise to complain.

A BUDGET OF POLITICAL LETTERS

BY W. FORBES GRAY

SOME time ago, in searching an old and extensive collection of unpublished letters, I accidentally came across a bundle containing numerous epistles of outstanding political figures and publicists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Some of these are of exceptional interest, either because of the personages and events with which they deal, or from the fact that they are illuminative as regards their writers. The harvest, as one would expect, is richest in the eighteenth century—the age when the epistolary virtues were diligently and successfully cultivated. I propose to exhibit the contents of the more revealing letters, and, in so doing, shall follow as far as possible chronological order.

I

My selection begins with a characteristic note of Lord Chesterfield, who has secured a place in English literature by his mastery of the art of letter-writing. Posterity best remembers his Lordship as the recipient of a letter from Dr. Johnson, the withering satire of which gave the death-blow to patronage in English authorship; but his literary fame rests on those singular letters, couched in nervous and graceful language but expounding questionable morality, which he addressed to his natural son, Philip Stanhope. In 1728, by command of George II, Walpole reluctantly offered Chesterfield the embassy at the Hague, which was accepted. Queen Caroline, on the other hand, disliked Chesterfield. Still this did not prevent Her Majesty from requesting that a post in his *entourage* should be found for a “Mr. Sedgwick.” Chesterfield was well aware of the Queen’s hostility, but, dissembling his feelings, he played the courtier to perfection. On January 9th, 1731 (N.S.) he wrote from the Hague as follows:—

The Queen does me a great deal of honour by laying her commands upon me, and I shall always think myself very happy whenever I can

have any opportunity of showing with how much zeal and pleasure I shall obey them. Mr. Sedgwick shall certainly have the employment Her Majesty is pleas’d to order for him, though upon the great probability there was of Mr. Spicemaker’s death, I had promis’d it to another person.

A letter from Townshend, the brother-in-law of Walpole, recalls those far-distant days when British kings periodically visited their Hanoverian dominions. It is dated Whitehall, May 20th, 1723, and is addressed to “Mr. Dayrolles,” probably that James Dayrolles who was King’s Resident at Geneva and the Hague, and uncle of Solomon Dayrolles, the diplomatist. George I was then about to leave for Germany in order to arrange a marriage between the Prussian Princess, Wilhelmina, and Frederick, eldest son of the Prince of Wales. Contrary to custom, His Majesty was attended by both Secretaries of State, Townshend and Carteret. Here is the letter to Dayrolles:—

Sir, The King designing to set out very soon for Hanover, and I being to attend His Majesty in this Journey, this is to acquaint you therewith that you may direct your Letters which are to be laid before His Majesty to me at Hanover, and send Duplicates of these Despatches to Robert Walpole, Esq., whom His Majesty has appointed to be one of his principal Secretaries of State, to be laid before the Lord Justices, who are entrusted with the Administration here during His Majesty’s absence. I am, Sir, Your most humble Servant, Townshend.

II

By far the longest and in some respects the most interesting letter bears the signature of the first Lord Lyttelton, a liberal patron of letters and the intimate friend of Pope and Thomson of the *Seasons*. Lyttelton himself composed verses, including a passable monody on the death of his wife. Writing on June 23rd, 1757, to his brother, then Governor of South Carolina, Lyttelton first of all sketches the political state of England, as he saw it.

In my last letter I told you that Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge¹ were not only Ministers but the Favourites of the People, particularly of the Tories, which Favour and Honour has since been confirmed to them in a most glorious manner by their receiving the Freedom of the City of London. . . . But it is hard to be at once the Favourites of the People and of the King.

(1) Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Devonshire Ministry, 1756.

George II's *bête noire* apparently was Temple, First Lord of the Admiralty, who was relieved of his post in April, 1757. This is Lyttelton's version of the incident :—

Temple's behaviour to the King in his Closet gave so much offense that His Majesty declared he never had been so treated by any servant or subject since his Accession, and that he would rather give his Crown to my L^d than live with him another month. In consequence of this, upon the Duke's going abroad, his R.H. persuaded the King to turn him out. It was supposed that Mr. Pitt and the whole Grenville connection would immediately have resigned, but as they did not, a day or two afterwards Pitt was dismissed, and then the rest followed.

After referring to the machinations connected with the reconstruction of the Ministry and the return of Pitt to power, Lyttelton chastises the Great Commoner, whom he had never forgiven for his part in the debate on his (Lyttelton's) motion for a vote of credit for a million. How Pitt can take Newcastle and Fox (men whom he had roundly abused) into his Cabinet is for Lyttelton an enigma.

Pitt must either say that when he called them in the House (as he did often last Session) Destroyers (*sic*) of their Country, bad Heads or bad Hearts, incapable Ministers, Children in Go-Carts, and other such appellations, he wronged them extremely, or that he can serve with Knaves and Fools without scruple or shame. . . . He fears, indeed, that He and his Family are not able to govern this Country *alone*, as he supposed at first that they could, and so denounced War against Fox and the Pelhams with no allies but the Tories. That Error he has seen ; but how will he now deserve the Gold Boxes which were sent him for having turn'd out those vile Ministers? I suppose he will have thanks from the same deep Politicians for having now brought them in.

Still, Lyttelton admits that if the reconstructed Ministry can retain power even for a year, it may bring the country triumphantly through the war, though personally he is glad to be "out of the scramble." His Lordship next reviews the military operations on the Continent and in Canada.

We are in hourly expectation to hear of a Battle between the Duke (of Brunswick) & the French. They have 50,000 men, he but 30,000, perilous odds, but he is encamp^d in a strong Post. Some think he will quitt that Camp and repass the Weser ; but he cannot easily do so, as the French are so near. The Gazettes will tell you as well as I can what situation the King of Prussia is in before Prague. His Bombardment of the Town may destroy it but will not make Prince Charles and his Army surrender either that or themselves. Famine may force them to both, if they are not relieved very soon.

As to the contest in America, Lyttelton expresses the hope that the thousand men sent from England have saved Carolina. He continues :—

God send us some luck in our American war, but I fear our Fleet will come late and perhaps not strong enough to overpower the French, if they have such a strength in those parts as we hear.

The long epistle ends on a bantering note :—

I suppose the Rascals (*i.e.*, French privateers) have taken the Caroline ducks you promised to send me, and not made a Present of them to any Lady in France, but eat them up like Barbarians. However, don't be discouraged, but send me more till some arrive safe, for I have made a Duckpool in my Hayley shrubbery on purpose for them.

III

From the polished, statesmanlike Lyttelton we pass to a personage who raised more political dust than any other man of his time—John Wilkes. It is only a scrap that falls to be presented, but such as it is, it shows this notorious character in a light as unexpected as it is pleasant. On "Saturday, May 8th,"¹ Wilkes wrote :—

Mr. Wilkes presents his compliments to Mr. Sharp, and should be happy in the favour of his company to dinner next Wednesday *at two*, and to the Fair at Brading in the afternoon if the weather permits. Mr. W. desires to acknowledge the favour of a brace of delicate trout, the flavour of which exceeded even that of his landlord's verses.

Was the recipient of this invitation, one wonders, that William Sharp who in his callow days avowed republican principles and consorted with Tom Paine and Horne Tooke?

Edmund Burke, the bicentenary of whose birth occurred in January, is represented by a rhetorical letter, written from Beaconsfield on August 1st, 1785, in which he disillusiones an unnamed correspondent who supposes the great political thinker not wholly disinterested in his attempt to disentangle "the unhappy affairs" of a common friend—"Mr. Burke." This personage probably was the happy-go-lucky William Burke ("his intimate if not his kinsman," says Lord Morley), who about this time returned

(1) The year is not given.

from India, and who, on the score of old friendship, looked principally to Edmund Burke to rescue him from a crushing load of debt, the result of his own recklessness. Be that as it may, Burke acknowledges that he is "very strongly affected" by his correspondent's "generosity in entering so warmly" into the misfortunes of their friend. Then he proceeds:—

But you dropped a hint about a supposed connexion in Interest which I might have in his concerns, which would so totally disable me, if it were credited, from serving him or anyone else, and would so exceedingly animate those who persecute a man who never offended them, only because I have served him, to accomplish his destruction, that I find myself now, as I did yesterday as soon as I clearly understood you, obliged utterly to deny any such participation of Interest in any sense whatsoever, and to entreat that you will not make any use of my name in the affair; no, not even hypothetically and argumentatively, or as disclaiming such an Interest, except the supposition should be first started to you as an objection to your suit in favour of a man whom you knew, and esteemed, and served on his own account and as you would probably, if no such person as I existed.

Burke fears that "the inference drawn from the mutual confidence and regard" between him and his friend may go "a great and mischievous length," since others have lived "on the same, or nearly the same footing, of mutual attachment." Consequently he should be sorry to be thought in serving them to have in view only self-interest.

Rather than countenance in the remotest manner the injurious opinion which has been conveyed to you, I must beg leave to withdraw my application. Tho' if you should, from your own old acquaintance with Mr. Burke and from your own generous and enlarged sentiments, take up his affair and enforce it to any other person in power, who has formerly known *him*, and entertained sentiments of kindness for him (as some have done), it would be improper, indecent, and unnatural in one, from mere motives of delicacy that regarded myself, to prevent the effects of your kindness to my friend.

With Burke's name may be coupled that of his great contemporary, Charles James Fox, who, in the following brief note, written from Downing Street a few months before his death, declares his mind to his close friend, Dennis O'Brien:—

Dear O'B., I think as you do exactly about the Election, but it cannot now be prevented, nor, I fear, altered. I will appoint a time to see

Lord Milford, as soon as I can, for half an hour, probably Friday or Saturday. You need not tell him so, but there are at the least twenty Claimants for (the) Peerage whom I should prefer to him. Thank you, my dear O'B., for your patience in what relates to yourself, and be assured it will not be the worse for you, and if I have it in my power (which I still doubt) much better. What a fool that Wishart must be. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

IV

One of Warren Hastings' intimate friends after his return from India in June, 1785, was George Johnstone. A former Governor of West Florida, Johnstone achieved notoriety through being attacked by Wilkes in the *North Briton*, an incident which led him to challenge his antagonist to a duel. In 1783 Johnstone was chosen a director of the East India Company, which probably was the bond of interest between him and Hastings. Anyhow, a considerable interchange of correspondence took place, and Johnstone's letters contain some curious matter. Here, however, is an epistle from the great pro-Consul, in which he exhibits tender solicitude for the health of his friend; albeit in rather pompous diction:—

Tunbridge, 2nd Oct., 1785.

My dear Sir,—I had daily Means afforded me while I was in Town of knowing, and from Authority, the state of your Health. I have been deprived of this Advantage since my Residence at this Place, and regret it the more, not only on Account of the Interest which I feel, and ought to feel equally perhaps with my Friend that you have, in your Recovery; but because, in my Ignorance of the State of it, my Mind almost reproaches me with something like the Appearance of Indifference concerning it. This is impossible, for I have a Heart as susceptible of Gratitude as yours of that superior Virtue which excites it. I beg therefore that you will add to your Kindnesses by letting me know, and for this a Line will be sufficient, how you are. Mrs. Hastings, who will be equally gratified with the Information, if favourable, which the last Reports give justifiable ground to expect, joins with me in her good wishes, and in Compliments to yourself and Mrs. Johnstone. I am, with equal respect and affection, dear Sir, Your obliged and most faithful servant, Warren Hastings.

The second war against the wild tribes of the Rohillas (the first had been subdued by Warren Hastings) and Sir Robert Abercromby's tactics as military commander in connection therewith are dealt with in a letter by Hastings's

successor in the Governor-Generalship of India—Lord Cornwallis. The communication is dated “London, Jany. 24th, 1796,” and is addressed to “Dear Scott,” who appears to have been serving with the British forces in India. Cornwallis begins by saying :—

Altho’ the Rohilla contest was attended with some disagreeable consequences, yet I think the termination of it was wise and advantageous to the (East India) Company’s interests, and indeed, as far as my information has gone, it has in general been esteemed so in this Country, where Sir R. Abercromby’s conduct has been in general approved. It has been thought by some Military men that if, instead of marching in line in a plain, with both his flanks exposed, to attack the center (*sic*) of the enemy’s army, which was so much more numerous than his own, and which is certainly a very hazardous measure, he had moved very early in the morning in one or more columns, and by a circuitous march had brought his whole force on one of the enemy’s flanks, he would have gained a more decisive and a cheaper victory. I know that all this must depend on circumstances, and I mention it only to yourself, who were on the spot, and who are capable of reflecting on these matters and of turning them to your own future advantage.

The “disagreeable consequences” to which Cornwallis refers was the mutiny of the East India Company’s officers in Bengal, which occurred towards the end of the year 1795, and was chiefly caused by their being regarded as inferior to the King’s officers, who secured all the staff appointments. Matters became so threatening that in little more than a year after the writing of this letter Cornwallis was sworn in for the second time as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. But Abercromby’s tact and good temper, together with certain concessions by the Court of Directors, brought peace, and it was not found necessary for Cornwallis to leave England.

In another part of his letter Cornwallis alludes to Abercromby’s impending return from India owing to the state of his eyesight, and mentions that he will be succeeded by General Clarke, “whom you will find to be a very good man, and who will arrive with every prepossession in your favour.” This was Sir Alured Clarke, who rose to be a Field-Marshal. Clarke reached Bengal in April, 1797, where he served as Presidency Commander-in-Chief and Senior Member of the Council. Cornwallis ends his letter thus :—

The military arrangement (?) is now going out, and you will easily see that it has not been detailed by the pen of a soldier. But on the whole it certainly gives very substantial benefits to the Company’s officers, and will therefore, I hope, put an end to that disgraceful and dangerous spirit which has prevailed so long in Bengal.

V

The reasons for Canning’s resignation in 1820 are discussed by that stalwart Whig, the third Lord Holland, in an epistle written from Old Burlington Street on December 21st, 1820, to a correspondent now unknown. Having expressed the view that the Liverpool Ministry was highly unpopular, and that if the Opposition were “well-directed” it would “accomplish a change of councils,” his Lordship proceeds :—

Mr. Canning’s resignation gives rise to a thousand speculations. If one were to judge of his intentions by the language of some of his partisans *not in office*, we should pronounce his separation with his colleagues an act of positive hostility, but the silence of himself and of his more intimate friends hitherto, and the uncontradicted assertion of the *Courier* that he is going abroad, seem to favour the conjecture that he goes out to save his own honour only, and without any intention or even wish to disturb his former colleagues. All, however, on this point is at yet conjecture and speculation, and you know as much of it at a distance as we do on the spot. When his successor is named the consequences of his resignation may be guessed at with more certainty. His friends would unquestionably consider the nomination of Mr. Peel as decided hostility.

As a matter of fact, Canning resigned for two reasons. The first was that the state of his health precluded him from attending to his duties in Parliament. Secondly, he felt he could not be a party even to the unobjectionable measures which the Government had still to carry out in connection with the affair of Queen Caroline, because hitherto he had been on friendly terms with Her Majesty.

When Lord Durham was rising into fame, and some years before he addressed his epoch-making Report on the affairs of Canada to the Colonial Office, an article appeared in *Tait’s Edinburgh Magazine* (October, 1833), in which the writer stated that Lord Durham had been the victim of “that licensed swindling, which is one of the unenviable privileges of high life,” and that his Lordship was known “to have owed large sums to a Royal High-

ness who, a few years since, escaped from his creditors to the grave." The letter I have unearthed is a reply from Lord Durham, dated Lambton Castle, October 4th, 1833. It is in the following terms:—

I have no right to complain of your notice of my political conduct—or even of your speculations as to the motives by which you assume that it has been influenced—however much I may lament the existence of some unfavourable impressions in your mind. But I cannot permit a calumny affecting my private character to pass uncontradicted I never had any pecuniary transactions, even to the amount of a single shilling, with the illustrious Duke, to whom you allude—nor have I ever been the victim of "licensed swindling" on the part of any individuals of either high or low station in society.

The next letter exhibits Daniel O'Connell at the height of his influence. In December, 1834, Peel came into office, and in the new Parliament O'Connell held the balance of power, Whigs and Tories being almost equal. His popularity, already high in Ireland, was still further increased by the assistance he rendered to the English Municipal Corporations Bill. Having become a hero with the people, O'Connell, in the autumn of 1835, toured the country in order to stimulate agitation against the House of Lords. Among the places he was invited to visit was Edinburgh, and on August 18th he wrote to James Aytoun a letter of cordial acceptance. After a graceful reference to the sympathy of the Scottish people with the sufferings and oppressions of "the loved green Isle of my birth—that land on which God has bestowed every blessing and man has inflicted every curse," O'Connell expresses the hope that

The day is not far distant when the combined exertions of the friends of rational liberty in England, Scotland, and Ireland will succeed in destroying the principle of misrule in Ireland, and in giving to her now wretched population a participation in British rights and in British prosperity. In the meantime, we must not lose sight of the impediments now thrown in the way of all amelioration of our institutions by a factious majority of the House of Lords I cannot hesitate to say that liberty is an empty name and constitutional rights are vile delusions if any two hundred men can prevent every improvement in the social system and continue every abuse. If this power shall remain in any irresponsible body of men—free from any direct or efficacious control of public opinion, we may as well write ourselves down Slaves at once as bear about us the mockery of political rights.

VI

Though the repeal of the Corn Laws was not accomplished until 1846, a motion for their abolition was brought forward in the House of Commons twelve years before by Joseph Hume, the Radical politician. The Grey Ministry was divided on the question, but Sir James Graham, as spokesman of the Government, opposed the motion in a speech that carried him beyond the limits of the actual question. In the following letter, dated March 8th, 1834, and written to Colin Dunlop, of Glasgow, Hume gives his impressions of the debate:—

Altho' the overwhelming majority of 2 to 1 has for the present settled the Corn Law question, you will see that the argument and the justice were entirely with us. It is very lamentable to think that the Reformed House contains so much of the Aristocratic leaven & so little honesty or firmness in the few members of the Cabinet who think with us. No Ministers ever made a weaker show than yesterday when they approved by their speeches of the change, but by their votes & influence went against me.

Hume then deals faithfully with Graham, who "fairly put forward the principle on which the people are to view the Landed Aristocracy."

He says that they must be kept up; but, being landed with family settlements, mortgages, and debts, they will be ruined unless they have the protection of these Corn Laws to keep up prices and rents that they may pay their way . . . The cheers with which that doctrine was received would really have surprised you in a Reformed Parliament It was understood that Lord Grey had been writing letters to the members of Parl^t to attend & vote ag^t my motion—so Lord Darlington was understood to state. Yet Lord Howick, Sir Geo. Grey, the nephew, Chas. Wood, the son-in-law, & Mr. Elliot, the brother-in-law of Lord Grey, voted with me.

Hume, however, is not to be turned from his purpose by the vote of the House of Commons. "I shall presume on all fit occasions and by every means in my power to enlighten the mass of the people to a sense of their suffering by these laws; and I feel confident that the speech of Sir James Graham, if properly taken to pieces, will have a good effect in enlisting converts."

The collection also contains letters written by the two chief spokesmen of the Anti-Corn Law League—Cobden

and Bright. In 1840 the League was making good progress in England, and Cobden was anxious to extend its operations to Scotland. Writing on January 18th to John Hill Burton, the historian, he suggests a gathering in Glasgow, to which "Manchester would send a strong deputation," including himself. "Such a meeting would doubtless serve to infuse a new spirit into the Scottish mind, and rouse Glasgow to be, what it ought to be, the centre of agitation upon the Corn question for West Scotland." In another letter to Duncan McLaren, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, dated October 7th, 1853, Cobden writes:

You need not fear my attacking too roughly the combativeness of your countrymen. I know what it leads to. When my friend H. Ashworth accompanied Bright and me on a free trade mission to Scotland in 1844, we held a great meeting at Haddington in the Church—and *there*, in that temple of the Prince of Peace, our friend was hissed, because he spoke rather strongly against the prevailing military hero-worship! So you may be sure I shall be cautious. But I suppose your countrymen would suspect me of irony if I were to assert to their beards that they were more peaceable than their English neighbours—or more sober!

Lord Provost McLaren also was the recipient of a letter from John Bright (a relative), written from Rochdale on December 17th, 1851. Bright mentions having received a discouraging letter from Mr. Hastie, M.P., from Glasgow, and adds: "Amongst other indifferent or objecting people are not a few who don't like what emanates from the Manchester School! It is a pity the Glasgow School does not offer something that is as good, or better."

VII

Here is a racy letter of Robert Owen when he was working at high pressure to promote the co-operative movement and those "Socialist congresses," of which there were fourteen between 1835 and 1846. On January 21st, 1840, the propagandist wrote from London to a correspondent in the provinces:

On my travels I rec^d yr letter of the 31st ult., & from that time to this have been from early to late daily, incessantly occupied in pushing on with vigor our great and glorious cause. I have the pleasure to inform you that it is making what the old world would call

a *miraculous* progress in very many parts of the kingdom east, west, north, south. There as well as in Yorkshire and Lancashire the battle rages. In various parts of London there are lectures almost every night for . . . Socialism . . . Our opponents are bringing forward all their power & energies against us, but to their surprise they discover from some cause which they cannot comprehend that they are powerless.

One of Owen's antagonists was that Lord Winchelsea who sturdily opposed all Whig measures and fought a duel with Wellington over Catholic emancipation. Owen therefore adds, for the benefit of his correspondent: "You would see the attack upon us, and myself in particular, made in the House of Peers by Lord Winchelsea, and perhaps my reply to him in the *Morning Chronicle* and other papers." Further, Owen is sending his correspondent "a printed copy of the authentic outline of the rational system of society"—an outline which will meet the views of "all rational minds." The reference doubtless is to Owen's *Book of the New Moral World*, which was appearing in parts at this time, and which contains the fullest statement of his doctrines. But the flowing tide was not, as Owen supposed, wholly with him. There was at least one failure, as we learn from the following announcement:—

The *Social Reformer*, which was to advocate our principles to the extent I thought would be most beneficial for our cause, and to be continued at all costs for ten weeks, provided I could obtain subscriptions to the extent of one hundred pounds . . . died at the end of the tenth number.

In a postscript Owen sketches an interesting development:—

I had almost forgotten the most important intelligence. I have matured superior plans for Home Colonies that must bring over all parties to our practical views. The results are to those who know something of extended combinations and unity almost incredible, for £11 per year, or £55 for a family of five—the two parents and three children, and more or less in proportion, I can give advantages in dwelling, food, clothes, & education that cannot now be obtained by the working classes for any sum, & for annuitants at £50 a year each advantages that families cannot now possess for a thousand a year—and *no mistake*.

VIII

The final letter is from the pen of that picturesque figure Sir James Brooke (Rajah of Sarawak), and was

written shortly before his visit to England in 1847, when he met with such a cordial reception from all classes of the people. Queen Victoria entertained him at Windsor; London presented him with its freedom; and Oxford University conferred the degree of D.C.L. The Rajah's letter is dated Government House, Singapore, May 1st, 1847. It begins: "My dear Maurice," and declares his intention of returning home "by the packet which leaves this next July."

The thought (*i.e.*, of revisiting England) once allowed to enter my head grows daily in intensity, and I shall be sorely disappointed should any very important event occur to prevent me. My health will be benefited by the change. I may get matters posted on a little faster than they have been. I shall see my friends, renew old associations, and unite a thousand fine links of affection or habit which are separated by long absence. My friends urge me to return—my own wishes point that way, and I see no danger to Sarawak from following their prompting—so come I will unless some big reason prevents me.

The Rajah then states that he is concluding "a definitive treaty with the Sultan," and that he has "dispatched the *Nemises* steamer to look for a large fleet of Pirates cruising not far from this." But in another week he hopes his labours will be ended, the steamer returned, and himself on the way to Sarawak. The Rajah adds that he has been very comfortable at Singapore. "I am living here most luxuriously and comfortably with the Governor, Colonel Butterworth. I find a little luxury of bed and board does not disagree with my constitution." The letter concludes:—

My kindest regards to Mrs. Maurice and my "tabre" (which is a Malay word) to the younger ones. I hope Old Carlo is still pointing at the white stone, and that . . . the black dog (is) ready to play his pranks for Mr. Thomas's satisfaction—or, if they be gone to their rest, some descendants or likenesses both of the keeper and his dog. Farewell, my dear Maurice, and believe me in haste, brought on by laziness, your sincere and affectionate friend, J. Brooke.

This is the kind of letter one would expect from the first Rajah of Sarawak—the man who inspired his native subjects with affection, and who told Queen Victoria that he found it easier to govern thirty thousand wild Borneans than to manage a dozen of Her Majesty's subjects.

FRANCE AND GERMANY

By "AUGUR"

IT happened in 1923. Not so many years ago, but from the point of view of historical perspective it may have been a century back, for it was the time of the Ruhr occupation by the French and Belgians, a business which to-day has ceased to be a reality. M. Poincaré was discussing one morning the international situation with a few people in his study at the Quai d'Orsay; the German Separatist movement, or what was supposed to be it, was then in full swing, and it was confidently expected that the Reich would not be able to withstand the storm and would be transformed into a federation of republics, allied with France. Those who were present at this conversation certainly have not forgotten it. We refer to it as a remarkable example of the way in which events, more often than we are ready to confess, give the lie to human speculation. The Separatist movement came to nothing, and to-day we are surprised at anybody having been able to take it seriously, much more to have admitted the possibility of its influencing the fate of the German State. Instead of a French hegemony in Europe, we see Germany and France side by side as equal nations, discussing not the consolidation of the conditions of the Treaty of Versailles, but the liquidation of some of the most important among them.

Let there be no mistake about it. The conference, which is about to meet to settle the question of German reparations, of the occupation of the Rhineland, and several other problems created by the execution of the clauses of the Peace Treaty, will be concerned with the abolishment of the situation created after the War by the document mentioned. For the acceptance of the Young Plan for reparation payments instead of the Dawes schedule in force at present, coupled with the withdrawal not only of the troops occupying the German provinces on the Rhine, but also of all form of financial control by the

Allies, certainly is intended to bring about a radical change in the relationship of Germany with the conquerors of 1918. In lieu of an active control by Allied agents supported by British, French and Belgian bayonets in the Rhineland, there is to be complete reliance in the good faith of Germany as a voluntary signatory of the new arrangement. The process which started by the admission of Germany as a full member of the League of Nations is now to be completed by the cancellation of all measures contrary to the status of Germany as an equal nation among equals.

Returning to our parallel with 1923, we must admit that the most wonderful change of all which has taken place is in the attitude of the French themselves. In August, 1928, when Herr Stresemann came to Paris to sign the Kellogg Pact, M. Poincaré told him that the occupation of the Rhineland was linked up with the question of reparations alone. Here we see how far the French mind has travelled from the original conception of the occupation as a guarantee for the security of France. In July of this year, after the meeting in Madrid of the Council of the League of Nations, M. Poincaré saw Herr Stresemann again on the latter's passing through Paris on his way back to Berlin. On this occasion the statesmen amicably discussed the agenda of the coming conference, and it was agreed that Herr Stresemann should take steps to ascertain the views of the other Powers interested on the question of the meeting place. In 1923 the idea of the French entrusting a German Minister with such a mission would have been preposterous, and this, too, shows the extent to which the whole situation has changed in the sense of producing an atmosphere of goodwill. In this particular case, unfortunately, the German Government was placed in a difficult position towards M. Poincaré by the simultaneous arrival of the British proposal that the conference should take place in London. Between two fires Herr Stresemann was embarrassed and tried to keep the balance by declaring in London that he had no objection to the British suggestion, and in Paris that he would side with the majority

of the Powers interested in the question. Nevertheless, he tried to make it clear to M. Poincaré that he had no intention of actively opposing the French point of view. It is not the first time that we have remarked this German solicitude not to offend Paris. This solicitude is never lost sight of in spite of the great temptation to take advantage of the kindlier disposition towards the Germans of the party at present in power in Great Britain. All this is to the good, because we have to remember that in the coming settlement France, as the principal creditor of Germany and as the Power principally interested in the Rhineland occupation, must take the leading part in the coming negotiations. This point has been well understood by Sir Austen Chamberlain during his whole term at the Foreign Office, and the new Secretary of State, Mr. Henderson, acting in close co-operation with his chief, Mr. MacDonald, the Prime Minister, in spite of electoral promises and of natural inclination, clearly takes the same line. A realisation of this dictates among others the British attitude towards the question of a separate evacuation of the occupied territories, that is, of the British troops leaving whilst the French remain.

The public should be told that the political settlement between France and Germany, if busybodies and trouble-mongers do not intervene, is made easier by the existence of a healthy understanding on financial and especially on economic lines, as is proved by the existence of the powerful steel Cartel and of other international syndicates, like the one for the potash industry, *et cetera*. The community of essential material interests thus created has become a powerful factor in producing in France a *détente* of the spirit of distrust of Germany, the existence of which until now has defeated several well-laid plans to bring about an international agreement in Europe. For this again should be made clear: that the final settlement of Europe is impossible without French participation. By her geographical position, by the fact of her military predominance, and by her economic power, France has attained a position which makes her participation inevitable in any practical measure for the regulation of the affairs of our continent.

It would be, therefore, futile, as some short-sighted people in this country suggest, to have an Anglo-German agreement without the French being a party to it. In consequence, as before, the Anglo-French *entente* remains the corner-stone of constructive politics on this side of the Atlantic. For, apart from other arguments, let us always remember the wise words of one of Britain's most experienced diplomats, about the power of French diplomacy to sabotage any agreement made against its will or without its participation in the negotiations. Mr. MacDonald was right when, as one of the first steps in diplomatic relations after he had taken power, he sent a message of goodwill to M. Briand expressing the hope of being able to co-operate with him in a common cause.

In view of the need for an *entente* with France, a need so pressing that no British Government, whatever its colouring, can escape from it, it is all the more regrettable that the new *régime* at the Foreign Office seems to have brought back a return to the policy of endless pinpricking to which we were accustomed during the term in office of Lord Curzon, who seemed to take particular delight in provoking M. Poincaré to fury by well-thought notes full of splendid arguing, but which carried us not a step nearer to a peaceful solution, as some of us still remember. Mr. MacDonald, when he took power in 1924, wrote to Paris that famous letter in which he offered more human relations. The result was the great success of the London Conference which gave birth to the Dawes Plan for German reparations. Sir Austen Chamberlain acted in the same spirit, and this "subserviency" to France, as his political opponents chose to describe Sir Austen's determination to understand the French point of view, resulted in the signing of the Locarno Treaties, which since the War still remain the greatest political achievement in the international affairs of Europe. We do not know if it is under the influence of Mr. Snowden's trenchant dislike for the Latin mind, or if it is for some other reason equally unauthorised, but a note has crept into the relations of London with Paris which jars upon those who have been accustomed to more suave expressions during the preceding

régime. M. Poincaré is not an angel by far, and his temper has been sorely tried by the reference in an article ascribed to the British Prime Minister in which allusion was made to the unfair treatment of Lorraine. Now, if M. Poincaré has an *idée fixe*, it is that of the holiness of the ties which link the redeemed provinces with Mother France, and to allude even to the possibility of any weakening of these ties sounds to his ears like an unpardonable sacrilege.

Nevertheless we are certain that the principles governing the foreign politics of both countries are sufficiently vital to outweigh any mistake which is or may be made in the choice of the method by the parties to put forward their respective views. Before the year is out we shall witness a new agreement, which, by sweeping away the last vestiges of the Allied control over Germany, will serve finally to reinstate the latter as a member of the family of nations of Europe. Thus will come to an end a phase in Franco-German relations. The settlement of all questions concerning the Rhine will leave Western Europe singularly free from serious political problems. France and Germany, much to the satisfaction of all other nations, will be able to move forward in a peaceful collaboration. But this pleasing prospect may be delayed or obscured and the brilliant possibilities thus offered may be thrown away if the Germans, freed of anxiety in the West, think the moment suitable in earnest to start an aggressive policy against Poland and the Central European States. The French, who to-day are tired of politics and especially of all international complications in which they may have to intervene as a Great Power, will again be full of anxiety and, as usually happens with peaceable people, will re-enter the fray with all the greater display of temperament. It is therefore in the interest of Europe that the Germans should be given to understand in time that privileges in the West do not include an encouragement to begin trouble anew in the East.

THE NEW EPOCH

BY J. D. WHELPLEY

ON the surface, events in the relations between England and America have moved with startling rapidity since the new American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, Mr. Charles Gates Dawes, landed in England on June 14th. Mr. Dawes' somewhat spectacular jump to Scotland to see Mr. MacDonald, his straightforward statement of the policy of the United States Government a few days later, and the simultaneous agreement in principle with this policy by the head of the British Government: these left the world rather breathless and wondering whether the vital questions over which their national Governments have laboured so long were not going to be disposed of with ease and simplicity.

Then came the inevitable lull, and slowly but surely the old difficulties and stumbling blocks, which have survived all previous efforts to remove them, began to reappear in all their menacing reality. Again we have the talk of "naval parity," "the freedom of the seas," economic and financial differences and jealousies, and the declared intention of the United States Government to adhere to its traditional policy of refraining from making any agreement with another Government which savours of a dual alliance. This last-named inhibition is the one strong and persistent thread upon which has been strung the foreign policy of the United States Government through many Administrations of the most varied political complexion. Whatever may be European or even incidental American opinion as to the ultimate wisdom of maintaining this principle, it must be accepted as still dominating the situation. Every effort made in the past to modify or weaken its hold has failed; ignominiously, in many instances.

There is every reason why complete accord upon all the larger issues of international intercourse should and

can be reached by the United States and Great Britain. There is no reason why the two countries, in a discussion of mutual interests, should ever reach a point where there was any danger of a serious break, to say nothing of armed conflict. The American Ambassador, in his speech on June 18th, suggested that the Governments of the United States and Great Britain should come together to discuss international relations unhampered by the presence of experts. In other words, statesmen, governed by humanitarian and common-sense motives, should make the final decisions, ignoring, if necessary, at least some of the conclusions of the technicians.

As to the vexed question of "naval parity," there is no such thing possible as an actual naval parity between two great nations. Given ship for ship, gun for gun, and man for man, one nation would always be stronger than the other. Supremacy in such a case would come from discipline, marksmanship, training, necessary distribution of strength, naval bases and resources for supplies. No "yard stick" yet devised can measure all navies alike. For the sake of argument, allowing that there is no great discrepancy, the question of naval parity between the United States and Great Britain can be regarded as unimportant. If the intelligence, the goodwill, and the common sense of the two peoples cannot prevail, then the case is hopeless, and all technical precautionary measures will be of no avail. Of far greater importance than a discussion of the comparative effectiveness of the instruments of war is a discussion and final conclusions as to the principles which shall govern both countries in the settlement of disputes between themselves, and their conduct in case either of them is engaged in armed conflict with a third party. In fact, the "third party risk" is more to be feared than a possible disagreement between the two principals, however serious that may appear to be.

Here enters that "skeleton in the closet" in Anglo-American relations, the question as to the rights of neutrals on the high seas in time of war, usually referred to under that misleading caption, "the freedom of the seas." Nothing is impossible, but it is surely beyond the bounds of

probability that the United States and Great Britain should go to war against each other within the life of the present younger generation. It is not impossible, nor yet not entirely improbable, that either the United States or Great Britain may become involved in armed conflict with some other country. The moment this arrives the spectre of the rights of neutrals will raise its head, and to what this might lead is indicated in the experiences of both countries during the recent War. It was this question, in all its ramifications, which kept the United States out of the War for so long. It was this that led to the severity of the submarine warfare, and in the end it was a phase of this same question which finally brought the United States into the War.

At one time it was possible for Great Britain to "rule the waves" single-handed. No one will claim that this is now possible. But, as with many other conceptions inspired by nationalism, the passage of time and recent violent changes in world conditions have made necessary a revision of policy. No country can now stand alone against the world. To rule the waves is now a matter for a coalition government, for all nations are now in a minority. A general agreement that war should be outlawed such as has now been accepted, and complete and heartfelt co-operation between the Government of the United States and that of Great Britain would guarantee stability for the last-named accomplishment, and would set the seal of truth and finality upon the pact for peace.

A new President sits in the White House in Washington; a man who is more familiar with foreign affairs than any President ever elected in the United States. He has chosen to send as Ambassador to England a man who is identified with the making of the financial "peace pact" which bears his name, which was the first great step taken towards the liquidation of the War. The Dawes Plan came into being when Mr. MacDonald was the Prime Minister of England and M. Herriot the Prime Minister of France. The experts worked out their complicated problem, and the two Prime Ministers, aided in no slight degree by the American Ambassadors stationed in the countries principally affected, gave it life. Had re-

actionary political forces been in power in England and France at that time perhaps their task might never have been accomplished.

The setting of the stage at the present time is more or less familiar. Again we have an internationally minded Government in power in Great Britain. The experts who devised the dry details of the Dawes Plan have evolved a new scheme to meet conditions which have arisen since 1924. Again this child of their wisdom will be presented to a Labour Government in England, and to a French Government with Socialist leanings. The attendant nurses, without power but with great experience, will be the American Ambassadors to the principal countries concerned with stability in Europe. The United States is deeply interested in the German reparations question in its many ramifications. Having sent hundreds of millions of dollars to Europe to assist in reconstruction, the lenders of this money have as their only real security the peace and progress of that section of the world. They will not be represented by a signature in the final reparations agreement, but its successful outcome is of vital importance to their peace of mind, their hopes for mankind, and their pockets. With this new reparations agreement coming up for consideration, and the proposed reduction of armament well to the fore in all international discussions, it is indeed a crowded hour in the diplomatic world and one of tremendous significance to all.

Without being pessimistic as to the final outcome of current agitation and the apparently rapid progress that is being made, it is advisable to sound a note of warning to those who expect immediate conclusions. Notwithstanding the knowledge and high purpose of Mr. Hoover, speaking and acting through the dynamic personality of his Ambassador, Mr. Dawes; and notwithstanding the laudable ambition of the present British Government to mark its accession to power by such tremendous accomplishments as an Anglo-American agreement, a world-wide disarmament compact, and a final settlement of the financial controversies incident to the War, there is still a long and difficult road to be travelled.

Mr. Dawes quite naturally deprecates the apparently

sensational features of his appearance upon the European stage. He is a man of quick intelligence and of wide experience in public and financial affairs. He knows that things do not go with such a rush as might be expected by the uninitiated from the rapid succession of events in the first week after his arrival in England. It is a far cry from a disposition on the part of both sides to come to some arrangement, to an actual compact for further naval limitation. No one knows better than Mr. Dawes that the completion of the experts' reports upon German reparations is only the first step, however important that step may be, towards an acceptance by the nations concerned of a financial plan to succeed the agreement which has worked with considerable success for the past four years. If the matter rested upon finance alone the difficulties might not be great. But after the experts have done their work the politicians enter the field in the effort to agree upon the many other matters which are inextricably concerned with this same settlement. In the matter of a naval agreement even the "yard-stick" has not yet been exhibited or applied to the measurement of navies. This does not mean that desired results are not to be anticipated. It does mean, however, that all of these matters must be handled with tireless patience, optimism, and the best of goodwill to bring full fruition to the vast labours already performed.

Slowly but surely the shattered economic system of the world is being restored to its pre-War strength and smoothness of operation. Slowly but surely humanity is recovering its courage and poise. Those who are left of the shell-shocked generation that carried on the War have bound up their wounds and readjusted their mentalities to normal conditions as best they may. New generations are taking their place, although these newcomers are unfortunately more inclined to blame their predecessors than to profit by their mistakes. But it is the survivors of the War who have done, and who are still doing, the work of reconstruction. They bring to their task experience and a spirit tempered by passage through the fiery furnace. No credit is due to any Government that civilisation did not dis-

appear from Europe in the years immediately following the armistice. It was the individual man and woman, creatures of habit and convention, who carried on. With a dogged spirit and a dazed mind they went the daily round as before the cataclysm. This became a great mass movement which held the peoples of Europe more or less steady until those into whose hands power had been given could collect their forces, exercise their authority, and lay the foundations for a new structure to be built upon the ruins of the old.

The foundations were still there, strong, stable and persisting. The old fundamental traditions and conventions, now so attacked and derided by a young and inexperienced cult without background, have formed the cement which holds each relaid stone in place as it is put back where it belonged. Grievous errors have been made, much work has been misdirected and proved worse than useless, but on the whole it may be said that greater progress has been made during the past ten years than seemed possible when it was first realised what had really happened to the spiritual and economic fabric of civilisation in the years 1914 to 1918. It was in the height of the War when the late Frederick Harrison, then well on his way towards becoming a centenarian, said that people did not realise what the War was going to do to the world. It is doubtful even to-day whether all of us fully grasp the significance of the spiritual and physical changes that have been brought about. But at least it is a partial realisation which is now impelling humanity to safeguard itself against a repetition of the grosser mistakes of the past.

The nations build monuments to great soldiers who have been skilled in handling the instruments of war. It is possible that in the future the nations will build monuments to the men who have made the instruments of war superfluous, and have shown skill in handling the instruments of peace for the good of all mankind. Most of these men are still alive. The names of many of them are hardly known to the public. But from the day the church bells proclaimed the armistice they have been at work, foreseeing the need for years of persistent labour against

tremendous odds. Politicians have come and gone, but these men in the comparative obscurity of private life have worked on to the ends the nations are now beginning to realise were the ultimate goals of all the conferences, discussions, and agreements of the past ten years: the spiritual and economic stabilisation of human affairs.

There are many tremendously important international affairs yet to be solved in addition to those of German reparations and the question of armaments, but at the moment public attention is centred upon these. The restoration of Russia to full membership in the diplomatic world is a matter calling for attention. The position of the British Government is that actual diplomatic relations have not been broken, that the treaty is still in force, but that diplomatic representation has been suspended. It is apparently only a matter of agreement for this to be resumed, and it is expected that it will come to pass before long. The United States Government has never given diplomatic representation to the Soviets, although the American courts have accorded full legal status to the Moscow Government. There is no question but that Washington would welcome a feasible plan calculated to bring about a Russian-American diplomatic *entente*. Business relations between the United States and Russia are in a more or less satisfactory state, for, with the exception of the Germans, Americans are now taking a greater part in Russian economic life than the citizens of any other country.

The Russians have more to gain from diplomatic equality with other peoples than others have by giving it to them, but if this could be brought about it would be for the good of all. It can be said on excellent authority that before Mr. Hoover became President he leaned strongly towards recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States. In his present position of great responsibility he is necessarily cautious, and must bide his time, if only because the supreme power is held by the Senate in all such matters. In the last Congress Senator Borah, the outspoken champion of the recognition of Russia, expressed his belief that, given a lead by the President, a

majority could be secured in the Senate for such an action. There is now a new Senate, however, with many new members, and its attitude towards Russia is as yet undetermined. It is possible that the situation remains as it was, and that, with a strong lead from the President, favourable action will be taken in course of time.

The question of Customs tariffs is just now in a less favourable position for international harmony than ever before. The United States Government, in its effort to regularise national affairs and assist the farming industry, has recently increased existing import duties and imposed others in such a way as to further alienate foreign trade. One result of this policy is already in evidence in the increased British agitation for Free Trade within the Empire, and for an Imperial stand against outside industrial forces. The Customs situation on the Continent is almost hopeless from an international point of view. Efforts are being made to bring about a Continental combination for lower Customs within the Continent and higher barriers against imports from America. It is the newly devised and smaller States on the Continent which have carried Customs discrimination to an extreme, both for reasons of revenue and in order to foster infant industries sorely beset by lack of resources and overwhelming competition from the larger industrial countries. There is nothing to indicate any relaxation in these restrictions within a reasonable time. Those who carry on the trade of the world will have to adjust their business affairs accordingly. It does not seem improbable that the next General Election in England will be fought out largely on this question, for the spirit of the late Joseph Chamberlain now hovers over the councils of the British politicians. Through sheer weight of economic law, mass production, capital investment and intimate proximity, the United States gains annually in its Canadian trade. But the recent action of Congress in augmenting the discrimination against Canadian produce has unquestionably strengthened the bonds of Empire.

On the other hand, the United States Government has demonstrated its desire that a majority of the immigrants

into the United States shall come of British stock. On July 1st this year the new quota arrangement came into effect whereby Great Britain is allowed to send annually nearly twice the number of people previously allowed to come to the United States to establish a residence in that country. Germany and the Irish Free State are the only other countries allowed any considerable privilege in this respect, and both together can only send two-thirds as many as Great Britain.

The new American Ambassador in London, in the few speeches which he has already made, has said the usual nice things about the country and the people to whom he is accredited, sentiments such as all Ambassadors are expected to express, but beyond all this there is a directness and a sincerity in his expressions, and a passion for accomplishment in his words and his manner. After Mr. Dawes had made his first important speech in England a British politician of high standing and old associations remarked to his companion: "That is a dangerous man." He was right; not, however, in the sense he meant it. Charles Gates Dawes has always been dangerous to those who believed that "red tape" and precedents were necessary to the conduct of Government business or to the getting together of those who are striving for like purposes. In this case there is a common purpose—the establishment of a sound and understanding Anglo-American friendship and the lessening of the burden of armaments.

"GONE NATIVE"

BY ALEC WAUGH

IN Tahiti, where American and English mails arrived simultaneously once a month, mail day invariably found the tourist waiting outside the post office. In Martinique, where mails arrived at frequent and irregular intervals, one left the shipping office to forward one's letters as they came. I had no idea that a boat was even in when my dusky cook appeared one morning carrying an envelope across which trailed at varying angles Inez Holden's incredible calligraphy.

"As you know" (it ran), "I never begin or end my own letters or answer other people, though sometimes I just write. 'What is it like in the West Indies, and are the natives nice?' This is a true quotation of a remark I heard fall from the lips of a *débutante* during dinner the other evening, her hostess having put her next to a young man from 'foreign parts.' Actually I have no idea what your life can be like. The tropics to the un-geographical are, of course, as much of a mystery as the whole of modern life must always be to the unscientific. I might imagine you as having 'gone native' to the tune of barbaric tom-toms, fuzzy hair, and prancing niggers, degraded to 'white cargo,' or whatever it is. However, I am quite open-minded, and for all I know it may be much worse still, for you may be doing your best to be a 'white man' to the last, clinging to conventions and dressing for dinner stuffed in a stiff shirt every evening in your tropical 'oubliette.'

"Of London and your friends what have I to tell you? I am a very bad medium for news, and have become more misanthropic than ever. The other morning the fog lifted and I walked in the park, where I encountered Harold Acton. He was altogether witty and enchanting from every aspect, but so like my imitation of him which once amused you that it seemed as if my own words were echoing back to me."

It was a longish letter; there was talk of London, of

our friends there; of her first novel, *Sweet Charlatan*, that was in the press.

"I am filled with horror at the idea," she wrote, "with all the swooning affectations of an actress at her first night, except that mine is not only affectation. Did you feel like this about your first novel? or were you too young to feel self-conscious? or is it so long ago that you've forgotten? And do you really like *Sweet Charlatan* as much as you said you did? Write and encourage me. Write, even if you can't encourage me. It would amuse me to read of your vast life in the tropics through the diminutive medium of your neat handwriting."

It was the first news that I had had from England for many days. London had begun to seem a very great way off. With a direct vividness that letter brought it back to me. Just as clearly I could see Inez herself, loitering into Boulestin's in a scarlet coat, or hurrying back to her flat from a day's flying at the aerodrome, or laughing under the light of candles across a dinner table, just as clearly as I saw her could I see the world she wrote of: its parties and its personalities, its sights and sounds, its many-coloured stir of contacts. It was clear because it spoke of what was familiar. Language is a form of algebra. There must be a comprehended reality at the back of symbol. But what would that letter have conveyed to one who had never left Waikiki? And, wondering that, I wondered whether the travel sketches I was working on would convey any clear impression to the untravelled English and American.

For the tropics are completely different from anything that one expects. Out of plays and films and novels, out of the conversation of our friends, we build a picture of what life is like between Aden and Sourabaya. We go there and it is not like that at all. When I first sailed for the tropics forty months ago I had a mental picture of them very much like that of Inez Holden. On the one hand there was the white man with his dinner jacket and his stiff shirt; on the other the "gone native" cabin, the emptying bottle of rum, the naked half-castes. I pictured the tropics as one place, in the same way that politically

one talks of America and Germany as though one were speaking of a single person. I thought of the natives as white people with brown faces. The reality was completely different.

Certain aspects of that reality it is impossible to convey. Climate, which is a series of physical sensations, can scarcely be made real to anyone who is virgin to those sensations. You cannot explain what snow is to a Marquesan. Nor can you picture equatorial heat in terms of English heat—a heat which is just as trying but of a different texture. Nor can the qualities of landscape be conveyed with any exactness. You can do little more than evoke in the reader's mind a conventional image of tropic scenery. No one, for instance, who has not been both to Malaya and Polynesia could appreciate the skill with which Somerset Maugham has differentiated their separate landscapes. Much there is that cannot be conveyed. But the chief difference between what one expects and what one finds lies in the fact that, had one gone there without any preconceived impression, one would not have found anything particularly surprising. Novels are a bad guide. Or rather, the novelist who has written of the tropics has been misread. Perhaps because he has dabbled in sociology so much the novelist would appear to be regarded nowadays as the producer of unofficial blue books. He is adjured at the same time to tell stories and to portray the ordinary everyday life of ordinary people. If he describes a married woman in Penang arranging an illicit week in Singapore he will be met with the criticism "But that's not true of Penang. How many women have done that, do you think?" Which is sociological but not literary criticism. He is expected to draw studies of society from which principles may be deduced. He is expected to entertain, but also to fulfil a function. It is by this standard that the majority of novels seem to be reviewed. You might as well say to Edgar Wallace: "What percentage of people do you think are crooks?" It does not matter in the least whether any woman from Penang has or has not gone to Singapore to meet a lover. All that the novelist has to do is to make the reader believe

that the particular woman he is describing in a particular story, did. You cannot make a story out of the ordinary lives of ordinary people. Stories are made out of exceptional people in ordinary circumstances, or ordinary people in exceptional circumstances. The background of ordinary life must be accurate: that is the only restriction that is laid upon the novelist. Because, however, the idea of the tropics is strange to the Western mind, the combinations of exceptional characters and circumstances out of which the novelist has made his stories have been regarded as the normal routine conditions of tropical existence.

In one of his best stories, *The Outstation*, Somerset Maugham has portrayed a district officer in Borneo leading, a week's journey from the nearest white man, the same life that he would have lived in his club in Pall Mall. Every evening he wore a stiff white shirt and patent leather shoes. It is true. Everything that can be put across is true. You know that that particular man in that situation would behave in that way. He is, however, exceptional. I have not yet met a man who wore evening clothes in the tropics out of the towns. In the towns one wears evening clothes as one would in London, a white coat taking the place of the dinner jacket. On the plantations and in the bush one wears what is most comfortable. Usually one wears the native dress: a sarong, or Chinese trousers. The stiff white shirt character is as rare as the "gone native" character. For him, too, I have never met. I have heard stories of men recognising in native *kampongs* or troupes of itinerant musicians the features of men they were at school with. But such stories have always reminded me of those anecdotes with whose example at school one's housemaster used to exhort one to good behaviour—anecdotes of the shabby, drink-sodden creatures coming to beg for half a crown. "In the whole of his lying story the one thing I could verify was the fact that once he had been captain of this school." In the tropics, as elsewhere, people have gone to pieces. But the men who would go to pieces in the tropics would go to pieces anywhere. And in the popular imagination the "gone native" myth has

become identified with that very different, very real problem of the tropics: the white man and the brown woman.

How considerable a problem it is only those, I think, who have lived in the tropics can appreciate. The situation amounts to this: that a man during his first ten years in the tropics can scarcely afford to marry, and that for the unmarried man there is no practical alternative between chastity and the brown woman. The white man outnumbered the white woman by fifteen to one. The white women that are there are, for the most part, the wives of residents. There are no unattached or unchaperoned young women. Occasionally there are scandals. But if only for lack of opportunities they are rare. Privacy is difficult in a community not only where everyone knows everybody and whatever one is doing at any given moment, but in which there are neither locked doors nor doors to lock, and where every verandah is open to casual scrutiny. There is no semi-underworld. Occasionally the town will be visited by a troupe of singers. Occasionally a French saleswoman will arrive with Paris fashions. But that is all; for the most part the white life of a tropical town is extremely moral.

In French colonies the situation presents no difficulties. The French have no colour feeling. Their Empire is a black one. They have, moreover, the mistress system. They expect a young man to have his *petite amie*, till the time for a prudent marriage comes. The British Empire, however, is a white one. Its young men are officially expected to remain chaste until they marry. Whatever is done by the Englishman has to be done secretly. And it is idle to pretend that vice in the East is anything but a very squalid business. Orientals, even when they love, are matter-of-fact. Over vice they throw no glamour. It would be impossible to throw any over the whispered message to a head boy on a lonely evening, the impatient pacing of a dark verandah, the silent tread of a half-seen dusky figure, the attempt to create a companionable atmosphere with a gramophone and cakes and *stengahs*, the hurrying back before dawn to the waiting rickshaw. That

ordinarily is what it is. Sometimes the experiment of a second establishment is made, and a man is told jocularly that he speaks Malay too well. But it is furtive and unsatisfactory. There is no sense of liberty, no sense of companionship. It is expensive. The white man suspects with good reason that he is being deceived by all his servants. As often as not the experiment is abandoned.

"The trouble," a young business man in Penang said to me, "is that there's no place where you can get friendly with the girls. One would thank heaven for the kind of night club like the '67, that in London one wouldn't put one's nose inside." To the young bachelor that side of life cannot be anything but profoundly unsatisfying. Any averagely attractive white girl arriving in the tropics will be deluged with proposals of marriage.

In the plantations, and in towns that are not British possessions, the situation is slightly different. In Bangkok, for example, it would be possible for a white man to have a Siamese girl living in his bungalow, and on the plantations there is fairly often a Malay girl who disappears discreetly when visitors arrive. There the relationship has a certain dignity. There is faithfulness on both sides. Custom creates affection. But in neither case is there any approach to the "gone native" picture. In neither case has the white man done anything that involves loss of caste. He observes the customs of the country. To many Westerners, of course, the idea of a white person living with a brown girl is repulsive. But the average Westerner thinks of the coloured races in terms of negroes.

I was discussing Robert Keable's novel, *Numerous Treasure*, with a woman who had lived a great deal of her life in the Antilles.

"It's good enough," she said. "But when you think of what it amounts to really: a white man living with the kind of girl you see about the villages."

"But that's not the type of girl at all," I said, "that Keable's writing about. He's not writing about niggers. He's writing about Polynesians."

"I suppose they're a bit different, really," she admitted.

The Eskimo and the Hindoo are not more different. The Laos, the Malays, the Polynesians are proud, free-

born people with a culture and tradition. They are completely separate from one another. But they have in common a heritage of personal dignity. They cannot be compared with the African negro or the Australian aborigines.

At the same time I believe that it is extremely rare for a profound relationship to exist between a white man and a brown girl. The Polynesian, sweet-natured and tender though she is, is in too simple a state of development to attach permanently to herself a modern Westerner. While though the Malays and Siamese have an old and complicated culture, it is invariably with Malays and Siamese of the coolie class that the white man allies himself; under conditions which preclude romance. Into whatever these relationships may develop, they begin as a business transaction with the parents of the girl. There is no process of selection. It is arranged through the headboy. You might just as hopefully expect a profound experience to come from the answering of an advertisement in *Le Sourire*.

In most novels of the East written by men who know the East no attempt is made to disguise this fact. "The exceptional circumstance" that is introduced to make the story interesting is spontaneous feeling on the girl's part. Usually it is the story, as in *Spears of Deliverance* and *Sepia*, of a man who resists the ordinary situation to yield ultimately to a girl's wooing. These novels do not attempt to pretend that this situation is anything but exceptional. Novels are written out of dreams. It is in this way that the white man in the East dreams of things happening. They rarely do. Ninety-nine times in a hundred there is the discussion with a headboy, the bargaining with a parent. There is no glamour. There is no selection.

"It's a bit difficult at first," I was told. "You've nothing to talk to her about except the price of paddy. After a while, though, you come to have things in common. You get pretty fond of her after a while."

It was a teak man in North Siam who said that to me.

"We can't take them up into the jungle with us," he went on. "And we're in the jungle ten months of the

year. Perhaps that's why we're so faithful to them. They don't have a chance of getting on our nerves. And it's nice after all, when you're out in the jungle, to feel that there'll be a welcome waiting for you at the station, that your house'll be neat and clean, that there'll be somebody to talk to, somebody who'll be pleased to see you back."

It is very much in that spirit that the majority of white men in the Far East regard these establishments. In Europe, on the other hand, such relationships are exercising at the moment a powerful appeal on the popular imagination. The success of plays and novels dealing with the subject is a proof of that. It is an expression, that interest, of the desire to get a thing both ways. The European imagines that in such a situation he will know the excitement of illicit love and the comforts of domesticity.

But it is not like that. He is free. He has domesticity. But love he has not got. I have yet to meet the man who will say that he has really loved a coloured woman. In the work of no writer except Kipling—and women are a side show in Kipling's mental make up, in many of his greatest stories women do not appear at all—is there any attempt to pretend that love as the moderns know it can exist under such conditions. Only twice does Somerset Maugham make a relationship with an oriental binding upon a white. It is a relationship with a Chinese woman. Love, as we understand it, is foreign to these people. "Son désir tout sensuel," wrote Maupassant, and it was of the Arabs that he spoke, "n'est point de ceux qui dans nos pays à nous montaient aux étoiles par des nuits pareilles. Sur cette terre amollissante et tiède, si captivante que la légende des Lotophages y est née dans l'île de Djerba, l'air est plus savoureux que partout, le soleil plus chaud, le jour plus clair. Mais le cœur ne sait pas aimer. Les femmes belles et ardentes sont ignorantes de nos tendresses. Leurs âmes simples restent étrangères aux émotions sentimentales et leurs baisers, dit-on, n'enfantent point le rêve."

Tahiti has been called the country of love, but love as we understand it does not exist there. The Tahitians set no store by the things we value highest. "I suppose,"

I once heard it asked, "that the Tahitians make love as readily as a modern girl will kiss?" But the answer is, "Much more readily." The kiss is to the Tahitian a proof of affection. She will kiss no one of whom she is not fairly fond. Love-making she regards as a kind of dance. An adequate partner is all she needs. She regards that partner as the English girl regards a dancing partner. You do not kiss every man you dance with. The Tahitian who is ready to make love with a complete stranger might be offended if that stranger spoke of love to her. To an American who was leaving for San Francisco for a couple of months his Tahitian mistress said on their last evening: "Whatever you do don't kiss any other girl."

Tahiti is love's land. Love there is freely given. There are no discussions with headboys; no bargaining with parents; there are no responsibilities. No girl will be reluctant to have children in a country where children are well loved, where life is easy and life is happy. For the believer in free love Tahiti will seem the realisation of all his dreams. And I am not sure that Tahiti's lesson to the white man is not the disproof of that theory, is not the discovery that there is no such thing as free love; that where love is free there is no love. That he neither loves nor is loved who has no bonds laid on him. That it is not the person who gives to you, but the person to whom you give who matters. That to the person to whom you have given something of yourself you are bound for ever, since you must return to that person if you would be complete, which is a thing that the person who has divided himself between many loves can never be. The Don Juans declare that they are searching for the ideal mate. They are not. They are searching for themselves; they are unsatisfied because they are incomplete. Nor is it vaingloriousness but the desire that her whole life and being shall be in the hands of her new lover that drives a woman to confessions that will cost her in the end that new lover's faith in her.

Tahiti is love's land. It warms and softens; it lays the heart bare in readiness to love. The Tahitians exert a charm that no other race has got. But I have not met a

single white man who has found love there, with a Tahitian, "Leurs baisers n'enfantent point le rêve."

Between brown and white there can be only a brief and superficial harmony.

Such, at least, is the universal experience and the universal testimony of those in a position to judge accurately. Between brown and white there can be no relation interesting in itself. The interest lies in the situation that such relationships create. There are the half-caste children who have to be educated; there is the problem of the white wife who may come to a district in which her husband as a bachelor had a coloured mistress; there is the problem of leaving the brown woman when it is all over. Those situations are interesting. But the actual relationship between two people I do not believe has ever gone very deep. And the greatest surprise to the traveller in the tropics will be to find how very little store is placed upon that side of life.

MAMSELL FREDRIKA

BY ANGELA THIRKELL

THERE must be somewhere a little temple of fame where anonymous translators have their glory. As unknown painters all belong to the family of "Pictor Ignotus," so do most of the good anonymous translators belong to the family called "A Lady." Again and again you can find her accomplished handiwork in translations (more especially from the German) in the first half of last century. It was she who translated the Household Stories of the Brothers Grimm and made a nursery classic of them. She was a poet, too, and to her we owe the immortal words of the wicked goat:

I'm satisfied quite;
No more can I bite,

and the cat servant's answer to Mrs. Fox's suitors:

She sits in her chamber,
Weeping so sore;
Her eyes red with crying—
Mr. Fox is no more.

She was a scholar, for she was equally at home in the pure German stories and those in dialect, and her resourcefulness in finding equivalents for nonsense words is unbounded. Who can forget the magnificent peroration of "The Family Servants"?

"Have you got a man? How do you call your man?"

"Do-as-well-as-you-can."

"My man Do-as-well-as-you-can, your man Do-as-well-as-you-can; my cradle Hippodadle, your cradle Hippodadle; my child Grild, your child Grild; my husband Cham, your husband Cham; I to Walpe, you to Walpe; so, so, together we go."

Sometimes "A Lady" emerges from obscurity and becomes Mrs. Austin, or Lady Duff Gordon, or Mrs. Howitt, but the school is always evident. She knows her original with fine sympathy, and to her intelligent, well-

read, rather impish mind the right phrases come very naturally. Her anonymity may leave her unsung, but she is sure of a welcome in a great many hearts. I think she is very like the "I" of Fredrika Bremer's tales, some of which she translated so charmingly; a quiet, shrewd person, sitting a little apart from the general company, making her reflections, and tempering her romantic feelings with a dash of witty common sense.

Do people read Fredrika Bremer now? They were reading her in the eighteen-forties when Mrs. Howitt and others were translating her from Brockhaus' German edition. Charlotte Brontë read her. She said, according to Mrs. Gaskell, "that when she read *The Neighbours* she thought every one would fancy that she must have taken her conception of Jane Eyre's character from that of Francesca,"¹ the narrator of Miss Bremer's story.

Miss Alcott read her; for Amy March's nose "was not red like poor Petrea's; it was only rather flat, and all the pinching in the world could not give it an aristocratic point." And Amy, emulating Petrea, put a clothes pin on her nose "to uplift the offending feature" the night before the picnic with Laurie and the Vaughns (*sic*).

In her native country she must still be read, for Dr. Carl Benedicks (who is spoken of in the scientific and metallurgic world with such awe that I always thought he must be dead until I had the pleasure of making friends with him and singing French songs in his company up and down the long gallery at Haddon Hall) writes to me from Stockholm:—

"Pour ce qui est de 'Mamsell Fredrika,' en Suède ce n'est qu'une petite élite d'intelligence qui lit encore ses livres—je suis content de pouvoir vous incorporer comme membre correspondant—mais elle est hautement estimée à cause de son *pioneer work for women*."

Dear Mamsell Fredrika, how you would like to know that *les âmes d'élite* still think of you in Stockholm.

Fredrika Bremer was born in Finland in 1801. Her father, whose family had acquired some wealth as ironmasters, possessed an estate near Åbo, but foreseeing and

(1) Francesca (*sic*) in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.

fearing the political enslavement of Finland by Russia, he sold his lands and moved to the south of Sweden, where he bought the estate of Årsta.

Fredrika as a little girl was extremely mischievous and hated sewing and knitting, and for some years had a passion for cutting pieces out of her frocks and the chair-covers, and for throwing things into the fire. She was a romantic creature, too, and "in humility I must confess," she wrote, "I always thought of myself as a warlike heroine. I longed with impatience for adventures: a conflagration or a tumult were real refreshment to me: the 'Battle of Prague' and the 'Battle of Fleury' were my favourite pieces of music: I wept that I was not a man that I might enjoy a campaign: in a sort of craving for excess I drank five cups of watery tea at Chamberlain Arbelt's, whereupon his wife, in a frenzy of generosity, would insist on making me take the sixth." On one occasion she planned to run away from home to fight Napoleon. She was to disguise herself as a page and take service under the Crown Prince (afterwards Charles XIV), who was commanding the Swedish troops in Germany. But the young adventurer only got as far as the "Red Gate" on the edge of the estate and was ignominiously brought home.

Her favourite authors were Walter Scott, Cooper, of course Byron, "whom I love because he speaks to the heart," and the respectable Tegnér. The worthy Bishop of Vexjö seems, by all accounts, to have been fully as dull as the translations which Longfellow made from him; but there was something in him very sympathetic to young Fredrika, probably the sincere piety which informs his laborious verse. Balzac she stigmatises as "clever but impure," and Hugo as "wild and chaotic." She also read largely among the German romantics, who had a marked influence on some of her work—not altogether for the good.

Every winter the family moved to Stockholm, and here she received several proposals of marriage; but Fredrika, who was already writing, felt that marriage would interfere with the career in which she could do most good to others, and refused them all. The offer which seems, from

her autobiography, most nearly to have touched her heart was from an older man who thought to regain with her the happiness which he had lost at the death of his wife. I feel that he is in part the original of the Viking, whom Sophia learns to love in *A Diary*. However, love and marriage were very definitely put out of her life by Fredrika.

After the family returned from a tour abroad the tedium of life at Årsta became more insupportable than ever to Fredrika. She went through a phase of religious depression, bordering on melancholia, which lasted for several years. She herself says that she lost all faith and lived in hell. However, this unhappy period of depression gradually passed away, and at the same time, to her own great surprise, she found she possessed and could exercise a charming wit which had hitherto lain dormant in her.

I have known Mamsell Fredrika now for nearly thirty years, and I find her as charming as ever. Perhaps my heart beats less fondly for the dark mysterious Bruno Mansfelt (concerning whom his creator had waverings whether she should make him have been a murderer or have engaged in the slave trade, finally deciding on the latter because, as she very truly observes, "there is something so horrible in a murder"); perhaps Adelaide's angelic patience, including fainting fits and a broken blood vessel, under Count Alaric's harsh treatment, moves me less than formerly. Edward Hervey I have always disliked: "his presence never produced any restraint, whilst at the same time it prevented every excess. His countenance was bright, his walk irreprovable, his will strong, and his heart that of an angel." But when Mamsell Fredrika describes the life of a family I am her devoted slave.

Fredrika Bremer in all her writings is a champion of the rights and duties of women, though not in the sense of their needing votes or power—that came later. For her the perfection of woman is comprised in the exercise of the most ordinary, and yet perhaps for that reason the most difficult virtues: unshaken piety, unselfishness, truthfulness at any cost, kindness to those less happy, a serenity

of mind only attained through humility of spirit, and a heart which can give unaltering affection to those it loves and yet have courage to tell them if they are doing wrong. But I notice that Fredrika will not allow humour to her most perfect heroines. That, I think she feels, is not suitable for married women. The humour is kept as a sweetening gift for all her delightful old maids and governesses, and for Franciska Werner, who seems to me to represent what Fredrika might have been.

It is entrancing to talk about Mamsell Fredrika's world with those who already know it. Perhaps it is now time to say something about it to those who have not had the good fortune to live there.

Fredrika began her literary compositions at the age of eight, when she apostrophised the moon in the following verse:—

O corps céleste de la nature.

Among her other compositions were a tragedy, *Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe* and a poem entitled *The Creation of the World*. From these high epic aspirations she gradually descended and began to describe people and scenes of a more familiar kind. In 1828 she published anonymously her first volume of *Sketches from Everyday Life*, containing short stories and sketches. Three years later appeared *The H. Family*, which received the gold medal of the Swedish Academy. Her anonymity, never very seriously kept, was now dropped, and she continued to produce tales and novels in rapid succession. In 1841 Brockhaus, the Leipzig publisher, had most of her works translated for his *Ausgewählte Bibliothek der Classiker des Auslandes*, and an English edition appeared in 1844.

Mamsell Fredrika's first acknowledged work, *The H. Family*, bears marks of immaturity, but her charm is already at work. The *Cornet* was intended for a portrait of her beloved younger brother August, who died in Berlin in 1832, and if it is like him he must have been a delightful, impetuous, romantic creature, rather like Fredrika herself, but with a naturally happy disposition.

In 1834 appeared *The President's Daughters, a Narrative of a Governess*. The story is told by Miss Ronnquist,

who arrives as governess in the house of President von G., a widower. He has a step-daughter Augusta, the Countess U., now a widow, and four daughters, Edla, Adelaide, and the twins Nina and Mina.

"And, my excellent young lady," added the President, laying his hand very earnestly and expressively on my arm, "remember this well—for God's sake make no prodigies of my daughters, no prodigies. I wish for no shining or vain girls, learned, proud or pedantic ladies; simple, sensible women, good housewives and mothers, is what I wish to have. Above all, they must not read more than is requisite to enable them to converse easily and on subjects which are likely to be brought forward in common society. All greater reading, all curious learning, is hurtful to a woman, and draws her out of the sphere in which alone she can be useful in common life."

The main theme of the book is the development of Adelaide from a careless, coquettish girl to a woman of deep feeling and the transfer of her affection from Otto, her early playmate, to Count Alaric, the serious lover. Poor Adelaide has much to suffer at her Alaric's hands. He blamed her for enjoying parties and going to balls, and then himself fell in love with her step-sister and was jealous of her friendship with Otto. The wicked Augusta got possession of a portrait of himself which Alaric had sent to be framed, and showed it to Adelaide, saying it was a love token. Adelaide believed that Alaric loved Augusta, and Alaric refused to marry Adelaide because he saw Otto kissing her hand. Adelaide, distracted, wandered through woods and fields followed by the faithful Miss Ronnquist, and at last fell exhausted to the ground by the side of a brook. The equally distracted governess had her carried to a neighbouring farmhouse, and stopping a passing cow milked it and gave the fresh milk to Adelaide. She was taken home and lay between life and death till Alaric, convinced that it was all a misunderstanding, returned and pressed her to his heart. "O love! sweet, wise madness!"

After Adelaide's marriage Edla, partly through Miss Ronnquist's efforts, is allowed to continue her studies and begins to feel a real affection for her father.

The story of Edla and her friends is continued in *Nina*. It is supposed to be in a manuscript communicated to

the authoress by Miss Ronnquist shortly before her death from cholera. Edla and her father have become friends; Mina is dead, and Nina, the surviving twin, who is very delicate, is loved and cherished by Edla. She is betrothed to Count Louis, whose business it is to exercise on her the same blighting effect that Count Alaric had on her sister Adelaide. The President announces his own engagement to Countess Natalia whom we have met before. "And the dear Otto, and the bad Countess Augusta, and the lovely Baroness and His Excellency her husband? They have all died of the cholera." Brava, Mamsell Fredrika; that is the way to get rid of superfluous characters.

The whole party then journey to the baths of Ramlösa in the south of Sweden, where Nina meets "a very handsome young man with the features of an Apollo and the smile of Cupid. What is his name? We will call him Don Juan, a cousin of Richardson's Lovelace and like him renowned on account of his power over the WEAK of the fair sex." I regret to say that Don Juan "quoted texts from the Gospel of St. John. His words were pure, his voice agreeable beyond expression; his language poetically beautiful. Nina saw not the serpent that lurked under the flowers." He also played the guitar and sang "a wild romance of unhappy love; the expression of passion, crime, wild happiness, frenzy and death. The singer grew pale at his own tones and pale also his hearers." (What fun, Mamsell Fredrika, you must have had letting yourself go over Don Juan.)

After this everyone goes to Norrland, and here Nina, having barely recovered from Don Juan, meets Edward Hervey (romantic name!) the pastor, "the favourite of his country." Some years before Hervey had eloped, platonically and from the kindest motives, with Count Louis' sister, and had taken her to a desert island, where unfortunately she had died of hunger and thirst and fever, though Hervey had done his best and "punctured his breast so that his blood flowed warmly over her parched lips." This led to a misunderstanding between the two men. I am sorry to say that Hervey's presence "always

gave an exalted tone to all." Of course, Nina could not but fall in love with him, and the rest of the book is a phantasmagoria of high romantic outpourings of love, philosophy, theology and autobiography. Everyone concerned is obliged to relate his own story at great length, or hand it in manuscript to someone else to read, and after a journey to see the midnight sun (chiefly remarkable for the sketch of the German traveller who becomes "pale with cold and *erhabenen Gedanken*" at the sight), they all meet again at the Countess G.'s country house, and there is a flood, and Edla is killed in rescuing Nina, and on her deathbed makes her promise to marry Count Louis. So she does; and immediately Hervey is cleared of the suspicions that rested on him. Nina then dies and Hervey lives for many years as pastor, while under his guidance "waste meadows and pusillanimous despair, bogs and rudeness of manners disappeared more and more. Taste for literature, love of art, clover and beans gradually took root."

Strife and Peace is a short tale of a Swedish girl who comes to live in Norway as housekeeper to an elderly lady, Fru Astrid. Susanna and Harold, the bailiff, quarrel perpetually about the rival claims of Norway and Sweden, and marry in the end. There are charming descriptions of country life in Norway, and we must forgive Fredrika for making Harold turn out to be Fru Astrid's long-lost nephew.

The Neighbours, with its successor, *The Home*, are, I think, the high-water mark of Fredrika Bremer's invention. The "I" of *The Neighbours* is Franciska Werner, the newly married wife of Lars Anders Werner, known as "Björn," the doctor of a country district. The story is told in a series of letters from Franciska to her friend Maria, and begins with her introduction to her step-mother-in-law, the widow of General Mansfelt, called by her family *ma chère mère*. Franciska describes with impish humour and real affection the household at Karlsfors. *Ma chère mère* "reminds me of Götz von Berlichingen. She has a rough voice, speaks loud and distinctly, often makes use of singular words and is always ready

with a number of sayings; she walks with great strides, often wears boots, and throws her arms about; nevertheless she can, when she likes, be very polite and genteel. But sometimes I fancy that gentler feelings dwell in this austere exterior and then indeed I feel I love her."

The earlier part of the book consists chiefly of visits among the neighbours; the Stalmarks at Adam's Rest, with their riotous family the Adamites; Miss Hellevi Hausgiebel the old maid, with her museum of birds, stones, shells and engravings; the von P.'s, who have recently acquired a title and cannot bear commoners—"one ought indeed always to rejoice and thank heaven that one is not called Backström, or Wallquist, Löfgren, Sjögren, and so forth"; the Dahls, an aged couple with their granddaughter Serena, whose "hair was light brown, incomparably beautiful and radiant; her complexion white and transparent." At all these houses there is talk of a new neighbour who has lately bought the estate of Ramm. Some say he is Portuguese—which his name, Mr. Romilly, might not encourage one to believe. Madam von P.'s contribution is:

"He is called Romanus or Romulus, and is an Italian of princely race. He assassinated his first wife and eloped with a handsome English lady to America. There he fought a duel with her brother, whom he killed, upon which his beloved died of grief. At present he is wandering over the world to drown his sorrow and do good."

I sat with my mouth open.

"Such adventures," continued Madam von P., speaking very affectedly, "are so extremely suited to our eccentric and passionate times that we cannot judge them according to the laws of a rigid morality. Deeply sensitive, passionate, and, if I may be allowed the expression, Byronish natures demand a standard of their own."

It is clear almost at once that the mysterious Mr. Romilly, who rides a splendid black horse and plays the organ, is Bruno, *ma chère mère's* long-lost and rebellious youngest son, and here our Fredrika's incurable romanticism flies away with her as usual, and we have to believe that of his mother, step-brothers, friends, and Serena Dahl who had loved him, not one recognised him. After a terrible scene in which Bruno shoots the black horse because it would not leap a ditch—"Farewell. This is

the third time we have fought together. Farewell!")—Björn finds out who he is. *Ma chère mère* refuses to be reconciled to him, and Serena will not marry him until his mother receives him, and the whole family is in confusion till luckily *ma chère mère's* horses take fright while she is driving Franciska home after dark, and the carriage is overturned. Bruno is wounded in trying to help them, and the mother and son are reunited. Bruno and Serena are betrothed (after a mysterious woman called Hagar who had accompanied Bruno in a friendly way to Ramm has altruistically stabbed herself) and Franciska closes her narrative:

"What has become of my daughters? They have changed into a son! There he lies in his cradle under a green taffeta cover, majestically red and fat, and the great Bear is on his knees before the little Bear. I am proud of my little boy, but (such is human nature) I had surely expected a little girl, and I almost miss it. But 'postponement is not abandonment' was *ma chère mère's* comforting remark to me."

The Home is the story of the "Family Cares and Family Joys" of the Frank family. We first make their acquaintance at breakfast on a June morning: the Lagman Frank (a kind of magistrate), his wife Elise, the children—Henric, Louisa, Eva, Leonora, Petrea and Gabrielle—the family coffee-pot, "Madame Folette," and the old servant Brigitta, who gives the children their bath once a week. They live in a country town in Sweden. In summer they make excursions to the country; in the winter evenings they have reading and games and talk with their friends. Madame Gunilla, the Assessor Jeremias Munter, Evelina and her adopted daughters, and the children tease their good-humoured tutor, "the Candidate." When a poor writer who lives in a garret opposite dies, they adopt his little dark-eyed girl Sara, and make her one of the family.

After some years misfortunes overtake them. Sara marries her music-master Schwarz against their wishes, their house is burnt down, and Henric, who has been ill, dies within a short time. Eva has an unhappy love affair, and Jacobi, the tutor, who was to wed Louisa, has to postpone the marriage, having too altruistically given up a

promised living to a needy friend. Everything is very dark, but Elise confesses that she has earned some money by writing a novel (for which her husband very kindly forgives her); Sara, ill and outcast, returns to them with her little girl and is warmly received by them all; Eva, rather to our regret, marries the old family friend Munter; Jacobi receives another living, and he and Louisa are happy with eight children. Only Elise is sad, thinking of her first-born, and the book closes on her, alone in her room, praying to be allowed to join him.

When this book was first translated great exception was taken in the American reviews to the last chapter, where the whole family and all the relations, including the eight grandchildren, celebrate their renewed prosperity with a day of feasting, drinking white beer in the morning and punch at night, with seven *Skals*, and throwing their glasses on the floor after the last.

A Diary contains many of the types to which Fredrika Bremer has already introduced us. The "I" is Sophia, who returns after a long absence to live with her step-mother and her step-sister, Selma, the young heroine. The whole of the action takes place in Stockholm in the winter, and the descriptions of the snow-covered country and the sledging expeditions and the warmth and light of home are very delightful. Through all this tale there is a quiet romance in which I think Mamsell Fredrika's own voice speaks. Sophia becomes the friend of Commodore William Brenner, "the Viking," and gradually a very deep attachment springs up between them. He is a widower with five children, whom he is obliged to leave in the care of a housekeeper—"she is the worst rattle-tongue in the world, and keeps the coffee-pot always boiling"—while he is away on his voyages. He loses his fortune through the treachery of a friend, and, while confessing his love for Sophia, feels that he cannot offer her marriage with poverty and five step-children. Poor Sophia—"I feel so desolate," she says, "but I dare not murmur. He does what is right and manly. That tender but proud heart will not complain nor show his wounds. He is so noble and high-minded. But I? . . ." Did Mamsell

Fredrika so let some one very dear to her depart out of her life? Sophia does what her creator could not do; she summons up her courage and goes to Brenner's house. He is on the eve of departure for a long voyage, and Sophia tells him she will live with his children and take care of them till his return.

"Sophia," cried Brenner passionately, "you are an angel! and on my knees I thank you for this proposal; but, nevertheless, it cannot be—it is a sacrifice and is indefensible—irrational."

"Very well then; let us dispense with reason and argument; is it worth discussing when one's heart is fairly given away?"

Now I was lying on the breast of the Viking, encircled by his arms. He called me his, and challenged the world to part us. He placed his ring on my finger—he brought the children to my arms, telling them I would be their mother—he introduced me to Frau Tröllman, who let fall the coffee-pot with surprise, as his bride.

I think Fredrika's heart was in this middle-aged love story.

As for her drama, *The Bondmaid*, all I can say is that, once you lay it down, nothing is more difficult than to take it up again. It is written in all earnestness, but the *dramatis personæ* are in themselves enough to put one off.

FRID. A Princess betrothed to King Dag.

KUMBA. A Slave.

FEIMA. A Slave.

GRIMGERDA. A Sorceress.

A LJUS-ALF. (Light-Alf, or Spirit of Light.)

A SVART-ALF. (Black-Alf.)

The short stories can be very briefly noticed.

The Twins is a thoroughly morbid little story of Edward and Ellna, who die at sixteen of consumption, beloved by all around them.

Axel and Anna is a little love-story in letters.

The Solitary One is the diary of a lonely woman who is companion to a lady of fashion. She loves, vainly as she thinks, then finds her love is returned, but resigns her lover's hand to a younger bride and dies, with considerable pleasure to herself and at great length.

The Consoler is a tale of a sister's love which helps an unhappy brother.

Hopes tells the hopes and fears of a poor young clergy-

man who finds friends and preferment when least expected.

Stockholm Suppers is a brilliant little sketch of the ennui of social life, and has in it the germ of many of the parties which we have attended in the novels.

As time went on Miss Bremer's home circle had broken up, and she spent some years in travelling, visiting England, America, Switzerland, France, Italy, Palestine and Greece. She had also done much work for the emancipation and advancement of women, and had organised societies for visiting prisons and for helping the orphans left by the cholera. But that does not greatly concern us at the moment. It is the Mamsell Fredrika of early Stockholm days that we care to remember, the lady with the observant eyes, the warm, romantic heart, the cool judgment, the ready wit, and, occasionally, the sharp tongue.

If ever you return to earth, Mamsell Fredrika, as you wished to do, you will find that Stockholm has erected (or at any rate was talking in 1925 of erecting) a statue to you. I think you would laugh at it a little, but your heart would be glad at the thought that you still have friends in the town you loved. And, well wrapped in your furs, you will go quickly on to the Norr Bridge over the swirling Norrström, where William Brenner once in his emotion knocked your reticule out of your hand into the river (he gave you a bouquet of myrtle and roses to make amends, and you laughed at him, Fredrika), and so along the quays. And then you will find—as once you did and knew not how—that your arm is resting in his. As once before you will walk together, watching the ice breaking up in the Knights' Bay below the stately Riddarhuset, and you and he will say "thou" to each other. Be happy, Mamsell Fredrika.

NATURE AND ART

By H. C. MINCHIN

Nature I loved, and next to nature art.—LANDOR.

If of the two you can love one only, then let it be nature.—RUSKIN.

THE interactions of Art and Nature have been a matter, since the dawn of reflection, for curiosity, speculation, assertion, and contradiction. The mere existence of such terms as realism and idealism demonstrates the diversity of opinion which has prevailed, and their history is eloquent of the fervour and tenacity with which different schools of thought have upheld different principles. The struggle to-day is as lively as ever, the interpretation as various. But a new factor has emerged. Disputants have hitherto agreed that whether Art or Nature be the more engaging, each has strong claims on our admiration and (Ruskin would say) our love. The claims of Art, indeed, are universally admitted; but there are certain thinkers with whom Nature is in disgrace. They put her in the dock, and arraign her, and their verdict is that there is more of ugliness than beauty in her composition, more of terror than of charm. Thus it has recently been argued that if Wordsworth had been an inhabitant of the tropics he would not have entertained the view of Nature that he did; which view, moreover, as a consequence of his having lived in one of the fairest regions of the temperate zone, is undermined and vitiated. The implications of this theory are far-reaching, for if Nature is to be discredited, Art can hardly escape being discredited as well. Any endeavour to speculate on the relations of the two is therefore bound to deal, as a preliminary, with the status of the elder.

The impeachment of Wordsworth, were its truth admitted, would brand him as the shallowest of thinkers. It would charge him with unawareness of

The wind, the tempest roaring high
And tumult of the tropic sky;

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it would overlook the inference he appears to draw in *Ruth* that, while an uncurbed and exclusive devotion to Nature, even as envisaged in the temperate beauty of the Quantock Hills, may prove the ruin of character, Nature is not therefore to be contemned:—

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still,
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

Nor did Wordsworth need to leave his native country to learn that Nature has a darker side. Anyone who knows the English Lake District, which was the setting and inspiration of so much of his poetry, knows that it can frown as well as smile; that on its loveliest meres sudden storms arise which are apt to capsize sailing-boats and drown their crews; and that to attempt to traverse its high passes in a snowstorm is to court destruction. With these facts Wordsworth must have been perfectly familiar. His poem on the climber who fell from Striding Edge will be remembered. His own favourite brother was lost at sea, but that did not make him turn against Nature. He could still retain his faith that

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her,

not indeed supposing her to be compact of beneficence, but holding, on balance, that she is more healer than destroyer, that the good and joy she promulgates are more widespread and more significant than the ill and sorrow.

This is the view which now is challenged; but it is hard to see how those who challenge it seriously can bear to live. One would expect them, like Calverley's hero, to die of disgust. If inclined, on the other hand, to waver, let them take heart of grace from Margaret Fuller's lofty ejaculation, "I accept the universe," and Carlyle's comment, "Gad, she'd better!" But what should the attitude of less desperate persons be? While neither pretending that "everything is for the best in this best of all possible

worlds," nor affirming the vileness of creation, should they not frankly recognise, with all the cheerfulness and courage they can muster, that in Nature, as in human nature, good and evil exist and energise concurrently? For it is certain that if we are to live at all we must come to some sort of terms with our surroundings, and such recognition seems the most practicable way. Or shall men surrender the sense of joy and solace which they have been wont to derive from some splendid prospect, because, forsooth, Nature is not devoid of cruelties and imperfections? Is one, for the same reason, to turn aside with bitterness from the beauty of some flowerful Alpine pasture, or from the unseen violets which betray their nearness by their scent? Or let us take a homelier test. If anyone is weighed down by what seem to him the iniquities of Nature, let him pluck an apple and bite into its sun-kissed side. This miracle, too, is Nature's; perhaps, in the face of it, his condemnation will be withheld, or cancelled.

It is undeniable that in the last few years Nature has given us, in Japan, in Florida, in Sicily, some sharp reminders of her twofold aspect. Nay, our own Thames, whose stream the poet sought to take for his great example,

Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full,

has laughed at man-made restrictions and shown itself, to our surprise and discomfiture, capable of roughness and of tigerish play. But what we have to do is to repair damages and take the rough with the smooth. In the heroism, too, that is bred of these calamities there is a subtle suggestion of recompense. If life were made soft in all respects, and conditions always easy, the fibre of humanity would deteriorate. It is by struggling with difficulties that the race has emerged from wretchedness and barbarism, and if we cease to pull against the current we shall drift back towards the perils of the weir. The opposition of Nature conduces to the progress of humanity. Such conquests as Sir Ronald Ross's over malaria, and the renewal of Egypt by the harnessing of its river, are as tonics to mankind. In the wastes of Arizona the prickly

cactus most relieves the monotony of the arid soil; but Luther Burbank, at the cost of infinite pains and patience, succeeded in producing a spineless variety of this rugged plant, upon which cattle gladly browse, so that the blossoming of the desert may yet prove something more substantial than a dream!

A composition, then, thus reached with Nature, of which the reader's acceptance may, for the sake of argument, be presumed, what is the relationship of Art to this tremendous entity, so gracious yet so formidable? Nature, it is suggested, is the raw material of Art. . . . But what a *ridiculus mus* is here! Why, it will be objected, this is the merest truism. Without Nature neither Art nor anything else accessible to human reason could exist. Exactly, but it is equally certain that this truism has at various periods been neglected, questioned, and travestied beyond recognition.

Not, of course, in the beginning. The friends of the first artist found him scratching with a sharp stone on the wall of the cave. They watched in silence; presently, when he stepped back to survey his finished work, they grunted in appreciation. Why he had done it they did not know; he was always unaccountable; but what he had done they recognised as a likeness of something with which they were familiar. It was a reindeer, beyond question. True, it wasn't remarkably like one, but it was liker that than anything else, and no doubt he had made it as like as he could. Now that is precisely what he had done. He had no idea beyond making his copy resemble the original as closely as might be. He was a realist, as all early artists were. We see it in the Italian primitives and in the earliest examples of portraiture among ourselves, such as the naïve representations of the Yorkist and Lancastrian princes. There is no subtlety, only a desire for exactitude. The principle is sound, to start with, however faulty the performance. "I had rather see a portrait of a dog that I know," said Dr. Johnson, "than all the allegorical paintings they can show me in the world." This is a reasonable view, though not the only one. It was perhaps the poverty of the results of stark

realism which drove Raphael to the conclusion that "the artist should make things not as Nature made them, but as she *would* make them." Here, at any rate, is a variant from the "raw material" theory, though one which has not, despite the pre-eminence of him who gave it utterance, gone unchallenged.

There is none of the fine arts which can disclaim indebtedness to Nature, but there is great variety in the amount of the debt. Perhaps that of architecture is the least, for when man started to build houses for himself and for his gods, he had nothing to guide him but the idea of shelter derived from his discarded cave. The construction of the temples of Egypt and of Greece must therefore be regarded as among the greatest original triumphs of human minds and hands. The pyramids, by the way, resemble nothing in Nature, and are held to have been modelled on the prevalent shape of a sacrificial cake. Some have thought that the aisles of Gothic cathedrals may owe their conception to the over-arching and conjoining branches of some beechen grove; and it is not too fanciful to wonder whether the rainbow may not have suggested the idea of the arch. But in general the skill of the architect is most shrewdly tested by his ability to harmonise his structure with its surroundings, and to choose materials suitable to the locality. To-day his worst temptation is to that grandiosity which encumbers our cities with monstrous buildings reminiscent of Asiatic glooms and splendours, but quite out of keeping with Western civilisation. What musicians owe to Nature, they only are in a position to estimate; but lay listeners to the "Moonlight Sonata" may get an inkling of the debt. Such persons may have also smiled over the verisimilitude of a modern composer's "Farmyard Symphony," which is believed, however, to have horrified the elect as a too immediate imitation of Nature. And the subject-matter of sculpture, the forms of living creatures, is such common property that its triumphs and failures are rapidly apparent to all who possess even a small share of æsthetic perception. An unspoilt and unsophisticated taste is as immediately subjugated by

the Venus de Medici as it is instantaneously repelled by Mr. Epstein's "Rima."

It remains to speak of poetry and painting, those emanations of fine art which seem to stand in so sisterly a relationship, and whose kinship with Nature should, it appears, be more readily discernible. The naturalism of the older poets, such as Homer and Chaucer, is at once obvious and instinctive; but with the Renaissance came in a questioning spirit, which would sound all depths and take nothing for granted. Shakespeare seems to have been impressed with the dependence of Art on Nature, and with the latter's pre-eminence. Perdita will have no gilly-flowers in her garden, because she has heard that

There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature,

but, Polixenes tells her,

Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean.

It is Nature, in short, who creates the means to her own improvement. Perdita, by the way, has the last word, and is only half convinced, but that is nothing to the point. Again, Hamlet assures the players that their purpose should be "to hold the mirror up to Nature"; and if that of the players, then of the playwrights also, and consequently of poetry. For when Shakespeare wrote his plays, he was presumably as well aware as we are that he was writing poetry too. Dryden's superb compliment, "he (Shakespeare) needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he look'd inwards and found her there," may partake of hyperbole, but it shows a coincidence of opinion. For the French critics, however, Shakespeare was natural in excess, because in his zeal for his mistress ("thou, Nature, art my goddess") he was careless of such established rules and conventions as the unities of time and place.

When the Court returned from France at the Restoration those conventions were part of its baggage. The

supremacy of Nature was threatened, and classic models usurped its place. In literature there set in a period of hard and glittering brilliance which culminated in the Augustan age and the supremacy of Pope. Pope himself made his *Homer* "a pretty poem," but something very unlike the original. Art was now definitely enthroned. When Pope wished to apologise for the irregularities of Nature, he did it by begging his reader to remark that

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee!

For a generation people accepted the inferences of this dogma. Pope was regarded as the last word in poetical perfection, and those who would excel as poets were obliged to look, not to Nature, but to him. Yet there were, even in his lifetime, signs of change. Thomson's *Seasons* struck a more natural note. Mountains were still regarded as wild and savage, and what pleased in the landscape was cultivation. Yet Addison saw things in a truer proportion. "If we consider the works of Art and Nature," he wrote, "as they are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall find the last very defective in comparison of the former. . . . There is something more bold and masterly in the rough, careless strokes of Nature than in the nice touches and embellishments of Art." It must have buzzed from one to another in the coffee-houses next day that Mr. Addison was grown vastly heretical. What! Some barren, beggarly hill-side preferable to Hampton Court? Some petty streamlet to one of Lely's beauties? Preposterous! But the change was coming.

Since the romantic revival the wind has blown steadily from one quarter, only veering a few points now and again. The question has not been one of belittling Nature, but of how to read her countenance aright. To read it was equally the object, to mention two schools of painting, of pre-Raphaelites and Impressionists, and, to contrast two English painters, of Turner and of Morland. Not the purpose has differed, but the methods employed. The pre-Raphaelites, in a righteous revolt against the vicious

habit of copying others instead of going direct to Nature, got, perhaps, too near to her. They were over-conscientious in their representation of details, and in the elaboration of particular traits a general effect is apt to be lost. While the same certainly cannot be said of Turner, Ruskin managed to be the prophet both of the pre-Raphaelites and of him. But Turner's influence, one supposes, has been greater and more lasting than theirs. The danger inherent in their theory was that of becoming photographic, of forgetting the ideal. Turner's pictures, on the other hand, whatever their occasional perplexities and even eccentricities, are, at their best, triumphs of idealism. If we cannot always see Nature quite as he did, his genius constrains us to believe that his vision is a true one, and makes us feel that he has not abused that liberty to be daring which Horace claims to be the right of painters and poets. At the other end of the scale is Morland, whose realistic farmyards have delighted some and satiated others. He, too, may be thought to have got too close to his subject. In this connection there is an illuminating passage in George Darley's review of *Modern Painters*. (Darley, be it said, was a good critic as well as a good poet):—

Landscape-painting must not be reduced to the mere portraiture of inanimate substances. If people want to see Nature, let them go and look at *herself*: wherefore should they come to see her at second-hand on a poor little piece of plastered canvas? We disapprove the "natural style" in painting, not because we dislike Nature, but because we adore her. Ancient landscapists took a broader, deeper, higher view of their art; they neglected particular traits, and gave only general features; thus they attained mass and force, harmonious union, and simple effect, the elements of grandeur and beauty.

The critic has Claude and Salvator Rosa in mind. Now, the idealism of Constable may not be that of Claude, nevertheless Constable brought to his canvas a gift of imaginative vision which was lacking in Morland. His landscapes may be thought to possess (unless that be pronounced impossible) that combination of the real and the ideal which gives the most satisfying results.

It becomes clear, then, that with painters, as with poets, the mirror held up to Nature must be a magic one. Mere reflection is not enough. When a modern bard tells us

I know a farmer in Camden Town
Killed a brock by Pentonville

(brock poetical for badger) he may be speaking the exact truth, but his experience does not enrich us. Our only feeling is one of disgust at the needless slaughter of a harmless beast, whose kind is in danger of extinction. The shorthand reporter is out of place as poet or painter, whom we expect to possess the gift of vision.

Even so it is not all plain sailing. Poets and painters may and often do seek to impose upon the public visions of Nature which are in fact unnatural. It is not a sufficient defence to say, "That is how I see it." Not long ago two persons of average intellect and taste were looking at a collection of modern French paintings. One was of a cottage interior, and on a table stood a china bowl whose contents appeared to have burst into flame. Look as they would, from every angle and from various distances, they could make nothing else of it. But a catalogue was proffered, by which it appeared that the bowl contained a bunch of scarlet poppies. This particular painter, we have since been told, saw all red flowers as flame. But he was probably unique in so seeing them, and it is not other people's fault if they fail to see his flames as flowers. It will not suffice to dismiss such observers as Goths and Philistines; may not their mistake be caused by the artist's having "overstepped the modesty of Nature"? Similarly, certain "poets" in our midst who affect to see the external world as wooden when they want it to be rigid, and as glass when they want it to be brittle, must have nearly reached the limits of their readers' patience. So, too, with the discords of Cubist draughtsmanship, which set one's teeth on edge, and which it is difficult to escape, now that they have reached the advertisement columns. It is impossible to believe that those who perpetrate these things really do receive on their retina such images of Nature.

What, then, are the gifts which the artist should bring to his endeavour, not to improve, but, as Ruskin held, to explain, to interpret Nature? Surely, the "consecration and the poet's dream"; the conviction of the sanctity of Art, and "the shaping spirit of imagination." Without these his work will be of little value. With them he may be numbered among the hierophants of Nature, may behold, and cause others to behold,

The light that never was, on land or sea;

may even aspire to wrest from Nature some of those secrets with which, to the brooding soul, she often seems laden, and which she only just does not communicate.

The reader of these random speculations hardly needs to be told that they claim no authority. They merely represent an honest attempt on the writer's part to clarify his own ideas on a fascinating subject. Conceivably they may, not necessarily by agreement, conduce to a like process in the minds of others. As such he offers them:—

Si quid novisti rectius illis,
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.

THE LITTLE DANCERS

BY EDWARD SNELSON

Move on your gentle thoughtful way
And leave these streets
Whose dust was never meant to stray
In your new world and stay
Your dancing feet.

Go, tell us some of April's lies,
Nor once forget
You dance upon a floor of sighs—
Change life and us, devise
Some fresh regret.

For in the air's blank mysteries
We see you stayed
Wistful between this world and his,
By one whose whole earth is
A tune unplayed;

And we grow sad that there should be
One from our side
Who dares to venture far and see
The immortal boundary
And is denied.

THE SABINE FARM

BY ALBERT BUHRER

"I IMPORTUNE the gods for nothing more, and of my friend in power I crave no larger boon, happy enough in my cherished Sabine Farm."

How many generations have been touched by the immortal gratitude of Horace? When we read the eighteenth ode of the second book we are curious as to this felicity of mind, and we want to know more about the Sabine Farm which inspired it. Many poets have been unhappy in their circumstances and fate. Horace is one of the great exceptions, and his happiness, as he indicates, was due in a large measure to this gift of Maecenas, a gift that honoured him that gave and him that took.

The Sabine Farm has come down to posterity and its lease is interminable. Whether we have the good fortune to visit it and linger amid its by no means inconsiderable ruins, or whether we only see it through the eyes of the poet, this precious property in the Sabine Hills is part of the heritage of mankind. Horace was thirty when he received the estate from Maecenas. He had had his share of misfortunes. The defeat of the Republicans under Brutus had left him in a precarious position. Whatever he might have inherited from his excellent father had been confiscated in the proscriptions. The task of earning a living as a Government clerk must have been tedious and distasteful to Horace. But when Maecenas placed him beyond the cares of supporting himself by making him a proprietor, the poet could devote himself entirely to the difficult but delightful art of poetry.

No more for him the trials and humiliations of the unsuccessful verse-maker. Poverty may have awakened his Muse, but it could not be certain to hold her. Horace had not the temperament which expresses itself best in misery and melancholy. He was too fond of the good things of life. His mind full of ideas, his heart responsive to the beauties of a physical world, and yet so aware of years fugitive, the poet rejoiced to find himself inde-

pendent in a pecuniary sense, and relieved of those worries that render time sterile and waste the riches of inspiration.

"I take my meals before household gods that are mine," he says, with discreet hedonism. For more than twenty years Horace was the squire of the Sabine estate. In later life it won him entirely from the rival attractions of the city. When he died and was buried next to Maecenas on the Esquiline his name was famous throughout the world, and his house became, perhaps, a literary rendezvous, and certainly a legend later. It was the ideal of poets just as Maecenas was the ideal patron. How long did the place survive his death, and what vicissitudes did it endure before sinking into the chaos of the Dark Ages? There is no actual record. The estate may have been used as a museum or tenanted by a wealthy admirer who loved to haunt the scenes made memorable in the poet's work.

Suetonius, who has left us the earliest sketch of Horace, for he wrote within eighty years of the poet's death, mentions the Sabine Farm. But he refers also to another villa which became a show place at Tibur. This has been described by Mr. G. H. Hallam in his charming book *Horace at Tibur and the Sabine Farm*.

Perhaps investigation, which is now proceeding, will enlighten us as to the fate of the Sabine Farm during the early centuries of the Christian era. After the death of Horace we hear little of it until the Renaissance, when a few scholars, attracted by the reviving grandeur of classicism, went in search of it. Their way was arduous, and the results of their pilgrimage conflicting. At that time there was enough evidence to place a score of villas belonging to Horace. Nearly every village in the Sabine Hills would boast the shrine of the author of the odes.

The credit of identifying the Sabine Farm eventually fell to a Frenchman, Abbé Capmartin de Chaupy, scholar and archæologist, who went to Italy in the latter part of the eighteenth century and fell in love with the country and her wonderful traditions. He travelled far and wide, collecting knowledge and many diverting experiences. His book *Découverte de la Maison de Campagne d'Horace* was published in 1767. Among other things he tells us

that his horse was by way of being an antiquary. Accustomed to resting on some ancient way, or being left to graze in the campagna near a temple, pavement or tomb, the animal would travel to ruins as by instinct. Immediately he discovered something Roman he was happy and refreshed. Such is the pleasant picture of the Abbé and his four-footed companion on their leisurely jaunt through Italy. De Chaupy, knowing Horace by heart, used the poet's works as the only sure guide.

Starting from Tivoli he found that many of the place names mentioned in the odes and satires, with slight variation, were still extant. Reaching Vicovaro he was within easy distance of his goal. Having fixed the position of Mons Lucretilis by Mons Lucretii, marked so on old charts, the problem became excitingly near solution. To the learned Abbé's enthusiasm, in the first place, we owe the solution of this delightful secret.

If we are going to the Sabine Farm to-day it is as well to get into the appropriate mood. Let us go in the Horatian spirit of

O rus, quando ego te aspiciam?

Let the clamour and the dust of Rome become intolerable. Induce a feeling of divine discontent. Desire a change of wine, food and scene. For such a journey a motor car is surely not the right conveyance; but since we cannot saddle a mule in the manner of Horace, or even an equestrian antiquary as did the French Abbé, there is a compromise in the steam tram, a remote enough engine running from Rome to Tivoli.

The route is uphill. After passing the imposing ruins of Hadrian's villa, the olive woods shade us from the sun. Many happy days might be spent in Tivoli, a town noted for an antiquity deeper than that of Rome itself and for the beauty of its women. We should be ready for lunch at Tivoli, for it is wise to go out to the Sabine Hills with a tranquil stomach as well as an enquiring mind. One way to the farm is a slow one, but the only way if we are to imbibe the atmosphere. Italy still offers us that strange anachronism the horse-carriage. We may find a driver

who looks like a villain but has the manners of a *gran' signore*, who will drive us out to the Villa di Orazio. He will tell us eloquently that it is far; he will look with feigned affection at his horse, and ask us twice as much as we need pay if we can argue in his own language. But having settled ourselves in his vehicle our troubles are over.

We can loll back in Victorian complacency. We can, indeed, go to the farm as did the Romans, on or behind horseflesh. The younger generation of Tivoli will look at us in amazement and think that all the English are mad, millionaires or lords.

The carriage bumps over the cobbles. We catch a glimpse of the temple of the Sibyl perched high on the cliff overlooking the falls of the Anio. Beyond Tivoli the river is our guide, and we follow its course along the valley. We are now in the hill country, peak after peak standing sentinel before the eternal traffic of civilisations. Occasionally we startle a herd of bullocks or a flock of sheep, or pass an old friar or mendicant who might have stepped out of a canvas by Strozzi. By the wayside some ruin will remind us of the sombre grandeur of an engraving by Piranesi. In contrast the countryside is in its prime. Young willows and poplars rising from the white bed of the river, as if from a bank of snow, bend their slender forms to the breeze. There are flowers and songs and the promise of harvest.

The horse takes it easy up the incline to Vicovaro, the Varia where Horace was wont to sell the produce of his farm. Science has done little to change the landscape. The railway has come, and here and there a power station is significant of modern industry. But they are details in the immemorial beauty of nature. Our eyes are attracted by the little mountain villages, and we wonder how the inhabitants reach their homes, or if they ever come down into the valley. Passing through Vicovaro, it is difficult to believe that we are living in the twentieth century. When I was here last there was no vehicle of any kind save our ancient *carrozza*, and the streets were deserted but for one or two old gossips. The place had a blend

of paganism and mediæval Christianity. A small round church, which may at one time have been a temple, contained a few women immovably at prayer. The houses were venerable and silent as if dreaming of other days.

Descending from Vicovaro we approach the Digentia, tributary of the Anio. On our right the hill village of Mandela, clear cut against the cloudless sky, is a perfect subject for the etcher's needle. On our left the tower of Rocca Giovine, the identical spot of "Vacuna's mouldering shrine," comes into view. About four miles from Vicovaro, on the road called the Strada Licentina, there is a signpost indicating the position of Horace's villa. The ruins are situated some distance up the hillside. We pass through a wood of chestnut trees which screen the estate from the east.

When, with all the eagerness of Cortez, staring at the Pacific, we confront the relics, we are surprised to find them so numerous. The plan of the villa is intact, and we can make out with ease the various apartments and gardens; the surrounding mountains, including Lucretilis to the west, confirm the poet's descriptions. The house faced south and the garden still catches the full splendour of the sun.

Standing on the verandah or by the cryptoportico the line of the 16th Epistle comes to mind:

continui montes, ni dissociantur opaca
valle.

We learn that when Horace first went to his farm it was neglected, barren and overgrown with brambles. His was the task to make it habitable. Looking at the remains of the estate we can realise with what pleasure he set to work to create the place of his dreams. About an acre is allowed to the villa and the gardens. The rest must have been of considerable extent, since it supported at least five farmers and their families.

The ruins reveal various styles of architecture from Republican to mediæval times. There is much *opus reticulatum* work, which definitely dates part of the house to Augustan times. The last structure on the site is thought to have been a church.

The garden is a feature of the estate, being nearly ninety yards long by fifty yards broad, at the southern extremity of which was the main entrance. A colonnade ran round three sides of the garden. On the fourth or northern side, near the house, was a verandah which was approached by three flights of steps.

Immediately in the centre of this verandah stood the atrium or entrance hall. Here, too, we find the impluvium. The atrium measures thirty-two feet by twenty-seven. On the right, facing the house, next the atrium, are three rooms, paved with black and white mosaics in conventional design.

These chambers must have been the very hearth of the poet, the place where he sat with his friends discussing some philosophical problem or reading the ancient sages. Behind these rooms is a passage running east and west across the house, and beyond the passage is a second smaller garden facing north. In line with the atrium is a nymphæum, but this is of later date than the general structure. Other rooms, bath chambers and a probable kitchen can be traced.

The plan is obvious. To the archæologist, the poet and scholar, the charm of reconstructing the whole according to their theories. Having sated our reverent curiosity on these relics and remarked the wealth of olive, peach and fig-trees that now adorn the estate, the natural enquiry is, Where is the Fons Bandusiæ?

The neighbourhood is so rich in springs, all finding their way through the flowers and grass to the Digentia that the most appealing fountain in the whole *répertoire* of poetry has been difficult to locate. If we proceed north-west of the villa we encounter two springs which almost encircle it. They are called the Cascata and Fonte Oratini, and we like to think that one of them is the spring numbered among the far-famed fountains, *dulci digne mero non sine floribus*, the spring to be honoured with a firstling of the flock. We dip our hands in the cool waters and drink a libation. But the real Fons Bandusiæ, discovered by G. W. Dennis and confirmed by Mr. Hallam, is at least an hour's difficult climb up Monte

Lucretilis. In describing his search fifty years ago G. W. Dennis says, "I have been seeking far and wide for the Fons Bandusiæ, and have taken the trouble to trace every streamlet for several miles round, and in one only can I perceive the requisite analogy, and that answers so perfectly to the description that I have no hesitation in asserting that if the Fons Bandusiæ was in the neighbourhood of the farm, it is the said spring; moreover, it is now commonly called the Fonte Blandusia." This spring rises at the head of a narrow glen which opens into the broader valley of the Digentia just beyond the farm, and stretches up two or three miles into the heart of the mountain. This is evidently the "reducta vallis" to which Tyndaris was invited (*Odes* I, 17). "I ascended the course of the stream," says Dennis, "by the path which Horace must have taken to the Fountain. It flows over a rocky bed, here overshadowed by dwarf willows and wide-spreading fig-trees, and is flanked for some distance by vineyards. Then all cultivation ceases, the scenery becomes wilder, the valley contracts to a ravine, a bare, grey-sided rock rises on the right, schistose, rugged and stern; another similar cliff rises opposite, crested with ilex and over-topped by the dark-wooded head of Lucretilis. In front, on the mountain side, was the fountain. The spot is exquisitely Arcadian: no wonder it captured the poet's fancy. During the noontide heat the vast Lucretilis throws its grateful shade across the scene."

We have still time to seek these waters brighter than crystal. Nor will the true Horatian hesitate to follow the stony track of the stream, known to-day as the Fossa delle Chiuse, for at every step we are rewarded by scenes which the poet knew and loved, some mossy boulder, a tree that broods over the chasm. The air is full of sounds, birds and insects offering a lively treble to the insistent and changeless murmur of various waters. Goats, with their faces reminiscent of Pan, turn lazily to watch our difficult progress. The sound of water deepens, as if imperiously calling us to hasten before the sun sinks too low. Then, where the two mountains Lucretilis and Cornazzero meet,

we see a fine silvery cascade falling headlong sixty feet on to a rocky basin, whence it hurls itself down into the stream a distance of another hundred feet or more. The peasants now call it the Fonte Brondoso.

Surrounded by ilex and oak trees, the spirit of the ode is enshrined in this grotto, for the fierce season of the blazing dog star cannot enter here, and well might the bullock, after labouring at the ploughshare, welcome the spray-cooled air of the campagna in the vicinity. Truly this is the scene worthy of those sixteen imperishable lines.

We leave it with regret. The new moon is climbing the sky. We think of rustic Phidyle, who will raise her hands to heaven at harvest before crowning the tiny images of her gods with rosemary and myrtle.

Time is calling us forward to other worlds, to other duties and creeds. We must stumble down the ravine, turning back again and again to say farewell to that lovely waterfall.

We have been the guests of Horace for a day. May we hope and pray that our presence has not been unwelcome to our immortal host.

PROSPECT

By F. V. WELLS

THOSE quiet, cool meadows are at journey's end.
The rusty field-gun on the village-green,
And the imperturbable quiet of the meadows,
The village where naught happens year on year
Save an occasional birth, a death, a marriage,
Or a chance visit of disturbing strangers
From the notorious town, to break the long
Monotony of unexciting days,
Filling all heads with scandal.

Though at times
Magnificent news, the peasants think, of wars,
Filtering through their file of guardian hills,
Calls every lad adventurous, out of tune
With the narcotic slumbers of his mates,
To accept the sergeant's beery bonhomie
And tales of martial splendour; comfortless tales
For the few wanderers who return to hold
Precipitate conclave with their forefathers,
Having won nothing but a line or two
Of easy eulogy in the local Press,
And sorrow for the wives that bore them.

But we,
Surfeited with adventure, grown too old
For fame or women, colours or noble wars,
To quicken our pulses as they once could quicken :
When age has shrunk our sinews, thinned the torrent
Of young, impetuous blood—left us alone
With our own thoughts to weave a warm illusion
Over the empty days; after we've sailed
The boisterous seas and culled in many lands
Beauty that lingers on when love of woman
Seems but a Pan's ideal, a fool's belittlement
Of that great striving for the perfect love
And high nobility that flickers through
Glad hours and friendship, music and poetry,

Like carp in a deep pool : when we have driven
 Hot-foot through life, gathered our store of golden
 Experiences against old age ; existed
 For good or ill, we'll come at last to rest
 In some such port as this, perchance, to huddle
 Contentedly over a cheerful fire ;
 Counting our yesterdays, and telling children,
 Our grandchildren, maybe, of marvellous things
 That happened in our hey-day.

And they will laugh
 At the old white-haired man in carpet slippers
 Who tells such silly tales. But he, enwrapt
 In his own thoughts, shall be aware of nothing
 But a dream-world where men are always young ;
 Where needless hours are lost, and loves long vanished
 Wistfully glimmer through a mist of dream.

MR. KENNEDY IN CHARGE

BY L. A. G. STRONG

WE were to spend the evening fishing for conger. Mr. Kennedy, the lame fisherman, had seen a big one in the neighbourhood of Kelly Shore, and had suggested that we lose no time.

"A fine big blue lad," he proclaimed impressively, "about thirty-wan pound weight."

The precision of this estimate did not betoken unusual skill or even love of accuracy. Mr. Kennedy, if he were asked the number of people present at a football match or a hurling, would always give a definite answer on principle. He knew that the business of a narrator is to convince, and that a round number is not nearly so impressive as one which seems the result of expert calculation.

It was a lazy, benign evening, with promise of richer beauty when the sun sank lower on the sea. True to his time, Mr. Kennedy was sitting on a rock near the Round Tower, with all the apparatus of the chase beside him : a thick line, which looked more suitable for tying up packing-cases than for fishing, and a newspaper bundle, much the worse for wear, which contained fresh herrings. Not far off, with elaborate unconcern, loafed a tall individual in a dirty yachting cap.

Mr. Kennedy greeted me with enthusiasm, yet his manner showed constraint. I did not help him out, but waited for the next move. He stood irresolute.

"I—I wonder, Master Leonard—ah . . ." he coughed, and spat violently. "I—I was thinkin'——"

"Yes, Paddy?"

"This fella." He jerked his thumb towards the tall one, who was whistling and regarding the hills. "This fella : he fished much for conger with a gentleman down in Merino Villas beyant. I thought maybe we'd have a right to bring him along with us. He'd be a help. Handy like."

He paused, sweating extremely, and spat again.

What had happened was plain enough. The tall one,

finding himself with a thirst and no immediate prospect of slaking it, had attached himself to the expedition in hope of gain: and Mr. Kennedy was torn between a natural compassion and his loyalty to me. I could not make things too easy, or all his indigent acquaintance would be gathering for their share.

"Very well, then," I decided, "let him come. What's his name?"

"Mike Hogan. Long Mike Hogan."

"What does he do for a living?"

"His mother sells fish."

Long Mike being now formally engaged, Mr. Kennedy lost no time in allotting him his duties.

"Hel' on to these," he said briskly, handing him the herrings, "and don't be lettin' them fall out o' the bag."

Mike took the parcel, eyeing it with gloomy disfavour, and we proceeded to the rock from which we were to fish. The whole West was gradually filling with gold, and the hills behind us were drenched with an amazing richness of colour. The sea, more mysteriously radiant than the sky, was calm and full, and lapped gently on the rocks as though charged with incommunicable happiness.

Long Mike tipped the herrings from their covering.

"Will I gut them?" he enquired.

"Ye will not," replied Mr. Kennedy. "Whoever heard of guttin' herrin's is for bait? Cut them in three bits, now."

"I thought Mike fished much for eels?" I asked.

"The man he did be with liked them that way," answered Mr. Kennedy hastily. "He was a quare wan altogether—wasn't he, Mike?—it's a wonder to me they ever got an eel betwixt the two o' them. Go on, Mike—cut up them herrin's: what are you waitin' for? Have ye no knife?"

"I have not, only the one I use for me tabacka," replied his assistant apologetically.

"Holy Mother, don't be getting a smell o' that stuff on them herrin's, or ye'll turn the stomach on every eel in the Bay. Here—catch this, now."

The fish were duly cut up, and we proceeded to bait our lines. We passed the big hooks once clean through the steaks of fish, and drew them back again so that nothing showed; they were fixed upon swivels at the end of a foot of twisted brass wire. Nothing else can defy an eel's teeth, and if there were no swivel he would thrash round and round until he had untwisted the brass wire and freed himself. We had two lines. The rock where we sat was extra convenient, for on top of it was the rusty stump of an old iron stanchion, to which we could make fast the butt end of our lines: a necessary precaution when there is a big eel about.

I flung out my line first, only a little way in front of the rock, and the water received it quietly. Mr. Kennedy gave his to Long Mike, with instructions to clamber down to a lower rock just above the water line and "peg it west." He then busied himself about lighting his pipe, while Mike, slithering and slipping, reached the place of vantage. It gave him little foothold for his throw, but after several tentative manœuvres he made ready and swung the line. As he let it go he slipped, and sent it too far to the left, across mine. Mr. Kennedy did not see, and I was too lazy to bother, for to put the matter right we should have had to pull in both our lines and throw them out again.

Long Mike, his equilibrium regained, settled himself on his rock and gazed gloomily at the sea. Mr. Kennedy puffed, hummed a tune, and took a businesslike hold of his line. So we sat for a long time. The sun sank in the haze over Dublin, the Bailey light grew stronger with every blink, and the sea, each minute more mysterious, began to hold itself aloof from the land.

A line is a living thing. Along it, as one holds it crooked upon one's finger, trembles the stirring of the water. Draw it an inch towards you and you can feel the instant movement of the lead upon the sea's floor, over rock or sand, or weed, with a delicacy of touch heightened by the taut length between. Our heavy conger lines were clumsy compared with the handlines to which we

were accustomed, but even their slithering drag could not blur the sense of contact with the bottom of the sea.

Suddenly, faint but unmistakable, came a new quiver along my line. The eel is very cunning by nature. Taking care not to pull on the line, he will chew the bait carefully until he can spit out the exposed hook. An eel was now chewing at my line: and, apparently, at Mr. Kennedy's also, for he had likewise stiffened to attention.

"I've a nibble, Paddy," I said.

"I feel'm chawin', too," he whispered in reply. "Lord defend we get two o' them at once. I don't think he'll be long chawin'. I seen no one fish this place this long time."

He was right. The eel, grown impatient, was shaking and chucking at the line. This was the critical moment: at the first distinct tug one must strike, and strike hard. Either the hook is driven home, or torn free, and the eel scared beyond recall. I gripped the line, and waited.

"Aise it to'm, aise it to'm. Aisy, me Daniel. Oho, boy!" Mr. Kennedy was talking to himself.

"Will ye whisht?"

This to Long Mike, who had become restive, and was scrabbling about his rock in the gloom.

"There bee's a power o' louses here," he answered apologetically.

"Ah, whisht, you and your louses. Sure, aren't they always on the rocks of an evenin'? What are we better up here? Hei' up!"

Mr. Kennedy and I struck simultaneously, and the next moment I was straining back, my heels dug into the rock, against a savage tugging that threatened to pull out my wrists.

"Hang on, Paddy!" I gasped. "I can't hold him long."

"Sure how can I? Haven't I one, too?"

He hauled on his line, bringing it in fast, and presently dragging mine sideways; then voiced with much profanity his conviction that the lines were crossed.

"Bad cess to ye, Mike, ye gomach, ye're after crossing the lines!"

He rolled over and took a grip of mine.

"Rush'm now. Don't give'm time to lay hold, for the love o' God!"

If the eel could clasp his tail round a rock and grip fast he would hold for hours: and it was not too easy to prevent him. Together, rolling and slipping about the rock, we hauled him towards us, hand over hand, with the full power of our bodies and bent arms, against a tugging that shook us like the pulses of an engine. We hauled him in close, and then the real struggle began. An eel seldom exerts his full strength till he feels himself near the surface: he is sluggish, and will not bestir himself till danger stares him in the face. We hung on and strained, but could do no more than hold him.

An idea struck Mr. Kennedy.

"Mike," he yelled, "get a holt on that other line, and pull it towards ye. That's right. Fast, now."

Slithering sounds indicated that Mike was doing as he was bid. We held on and waited for what seemed an age.

"I hope the lines—is still—crossed," panted Mr. Kennedy. "Have ye'm, Mike, for the love o' God?"

"I feels the weight of'm," replied the melancholy one, with a touch of excitement. "I feels the weight of'm on the line. Will I pull?"

"Pull like hell!"

And Long Mike pulled. The effect was startling, for the sudden flank attack took the eel completely by surprise, and the double strain jerked him half out of the water against Long Mike's rock. Mike's blood was up: he pulled like grim death, and the eel, with no purchase for resistance, was held fast, splashing outrageously. In the half light one could see the broken water, and the occasional gleam of a white belly, with the dark figure of Mike, blaspheming aloud as he sought vainly to crouch out of range of the splashing tail.

"Aisy, aisy, Mike, for the love o' God!" bellowed Mr. Kennedy. "Ye'll pull him off o' the line altogether. Now, Master Leonard. Get a close holt. Near him as ye can go. Have ye it? Now, Mike—let go when I tell ye, and we have'm. A' ye ready? HAIVE!"

We heaved for all we were fit, and the eel, before he had time to resist, was dragged across the little strip of water between Mike and ourselves, and was leaping madly on the dry rock below our feet.

"Aisy, aisy now! Stop yeer flappidations and come up to hell out o' that."

I started to climb higher up the rock, dragging him farther from the water's edge, when a sudden jerk flung me flat, nearly tearing my arm from its socket. The eel had braced its tail around a rock.

"Are ye hurted?" Mr. Kennedy's face, a broad, anxious pallor, was upturned to me in the gloom. "No? Make fast the butt of the line to the iron, and let'm drag away. Sure he can't get back on us now."

I strained on the line and twisted it round the stanchion, then clambered down to find our electric torch, giving the writhing shape a wide berth.

"A'ye right, Mike?" Mr. Kennedy's voice was jubilant. "Mike—where are yez at all?"

"I'm drowned," replied the voice from the darkness, with melancholy conviction; and Long Mike appeared, scrambling up the rock beside us, and peering apprehensively for the eel. I had in the meantime found the torch, and turned it on. The brute recoiled from the light; he had ceased his furious struggles, and was straining silently and sullenly on the line, his great broad tail gripped round a rock. Patches of white slime stood out upon him; his eye was malignant, senseless; he writhed slowly, turning up his dirty white belly, and worried at the hook with choking, coughing sounds. A big black eel, thick, savage, and strong.

"Aye, ye devil, ye!" Mr. Kennedy contemplated him with satisfaction. "I'll fix ye."

He groped in the old piece of sailcloth with which he wrapped the lines, and produced a hammer.

"Go up now, Mike," he commanded, "and put a strain on that line. I want his head across a rock, d'ye see. Ta' care, now, he wouldn't get a grip on yeer leg."

"Oh, damn the fear!" said Mike, with sardonic humour. He climbed carefully up and seized the line; but the

eel, as if it divined the coming attack, flung itself hither and thither—sheer wicked energy let loose—and he scrambled hastily out of range.

"Take yeer time." Mr. Kennedy grinned amiably at the leaping brute. "Flap away. That's me boy."

Presently the eel's convulsions slackened, and we crept near again. I turned the torch upon him; he had wriggled most of his body into a crevice, and sulked, gasping and choking, with one eye staring upon the light. Gently Mike pulled on the line, trying to manœuvre the flat head into a suitable place. There was a broad ledge of rock quite near; he had almost coaxed the head into position, when the eel coughed and jerked aside, and the business had to start all over again. I held the torch; Mike, full of animus against the eel, huddled himself over the line, watching the head intently, and cursing in whispers; Mr. Kennedy, with half-shut eyes, his right hand behind his back, waited his chance, whistling softly between his teeth. There was little movement. No one seeing the three figures crouching on the rock could have guessed what we were at.

Then Mr. Kennedy saw his chance. With almost terrifying suddenness, uncoiling himself like a spring released, he crashed the hammer on the back of the eel's neck with the full strength of his arm; once, twice, thrice. The brute writhed frantically; Mike, straining on the line with all his might, yelled oaths at it, and savage curses came from Mr. Kennedy too, as he supported himself on his knees with his left hand, dealing a terrific blow at every chance.

The eel loosed his grip, and was dragged out limp from the crevice.

"He's done. He's jairked," panted Mr. Kennedy. He took the torch almost roughly from me, and held it close to the eel with shaking hand. Long Mike came down and gazed malevolently.

"That lad 'll splat ye no more, Mike," observed Mr. Kennedy at last, rising to his feet.

"Bedamn!" replied Mike, with great feeling.

We dragged the eel across the rocks. He was a heavy

brute; Mr. Kennedy's estimate for once cannot have been far out. As soon as we reached the sea wall we stopped, and Mr. Kennedy passed the hook of the second line through the tail, so that the weight could be divided evenly. The moon had risen, and once we were clear of the shadow of the rocks we no longer needed the torch. When we reached the Round Tower, enormous in the moonlight, we stopped. I gave Mr. Kennedy his accustomed money, and Long Mike no less, for he had earned it well; and after cordial good-nights they shuffled off, one carrying the eel's head, the other his tail, the dark weight sagging between them. They would not eat him themselves, as they think conger eels kin to serpents, but in the morning they would sell him to a fishmonger.

The night was so still that for a long time I could hear the low murmur of their voices, even after I had lost sight of them among the rocks. They paused, and a tiny point of light showed that one had lit his pipe. Then they went on again, and at last all trace of them was lost, and there was no sound but the contented whisper of the sea.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS AND THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

BY ROBERT SWANN

WHEN one hears the English countryside mentioned one does not immediately think of the coast scenery of England. The countryside suggests rather the interior of England, and the more English but, perhaps, less spectacularly impressive parts of it—the country itself, rather than, for instance, the Lakes and the Broads and the New Forest: Kent and the Vale of Evesham rather than the Wye Valley and Dartmoor. This is an arbitrary distinction, certainly, but it is one the ordinary man makes when he is choosing somewhere for a holiday. If he confines the choice to England it will be a question of one of the three alternatives I have named: the seaside, the so-called "beauty spots," or the parts of the country that are just plain rural England.

The ordinary man does not take long to make up his mind on this matter. He leaves the beauty spots to foreign tourists and chooses the sea, with the whole-hearted approval of all his family. The claims of the rest of England, the humble unheralded glorious countryside of England, are ignored. Or, rather, they—that family and thousands of others—think they have done the country. They have a car. They go out for picnics on fine Sunday afternoons. They have tasted all the country can offer them. Naturally, when the opportunity arises, they prefer the sea.

The seaside certainly has many attractions to offer nearly everyone, but its present popularity has not been long established. Holidays themselves, it should always be remembered, are a comparatively new invention. Bank holidays do not date back further than 1871, and it was not till twenty years later that any Early Closing Day regulations came into force. Industry is kept under control now; not long ago it was a spontaneous and rampant

growth. The drivers of the old London horse 'buses started out at daybreak and threw down the reins only when every street was empty of all prospect of passengers: they were at their job all day, and much of the night, and every day. The present-day employee of the London General Omnibus Company has a working day of eight hours and a week of five and a half days. This is the practice to-day in most industries in this country. In America the seven-hour day in a week of five working days is now the rule in all healthy organisations. It will be adopted in this country in time. It is popular already with the men who direct businesses and with those professional men who can subject their work to a definite scheme of hours.

Machinery may have brought Man some ills, but it has certainly given him more leisure. And every year it is giving him more still, so that some day soon we may reach the position which Bernard Shaw conjures up in *Back to Methuselah*—the position of all leisure and no work and the whole human race sitting about and indulging in vast orgies of pure thought. One never knows. It may not come about in our day, but our grandsons should be prepared. We are advancing rapidly. It has become a truism to say that it is difficult for us to adjust ourselves to altered conditions. Most people now have a generous amount of freedom granted them every year. They do not quite know what to do with it. They have not acquired the art of taking a holiday. They do not think. They accept the first idea that comes into their heads and rush one after the other, like the Gadarene swine, headlong to the sea.

It was not always so. The typical Englishman has always been rather ashamed of taking a holiday. He is ashamed of it because he loves being busy so much that he does not know quite how to behave when he is not busy. And planning a holiday is to him like singing a song: he will oblige if necessary, but he would far rather it were someone else. If he consents to go away it is only because he must: the children need the change. Not so very long ago it would have been for the sake of his own

health. He would have gone away somewhere, probably by himself, and taken a cure.

Holidays even now are valued for their medicinal qualities. At the sea one gets ozone and ultra-violet rays as nowhere else. And sea-bathing drives impurities out of the system because salt water and blood have the same specific gravity. That is what the doctors say. They recommend the seaside as their predecessors used to recommend taking the waters. There is nowhere like the sea now; but it was the "waters" that established the first real holiday resorts in England.

One could watch these places springing up all over the southern counties. First it was Bath, then Tunbridge and Epsom and Cheltenham, then Malvern and Leamington and little places in Wales like Builth and Llandrindod. Treatment was the excuse; wealth or fashion, the real attraction. The towns grew prosperous. Visitors became their chief trade. But the good times did not last. "Oh, yes," says Henrietta Musgrove to Anne Elliot as they stroll down to the sands at Lyme, "I am quite convinced that, with very few exceptions, the sea air always does good." *With very few exceptions.* Oh, shrewd Jane Austin, who loved Bath! The sea was not a thing to be meddled with. The exceptions might be very few, but who could be quite sure whether he or she were not one of them, and what evil might not the sea air do to the unfortunate who really was one? George IV is not generally reckoned to have been a very prudent sovereign, but caution certainly dictated the building of the Pavilion at Brighton. He chose a site some distance back from the front. With the effect of sea air on man still insufficiently known, he did not want a Craigweil House.

It is not easy to discover when people first began to look upon going to the sea as a pleasant as well as salutary way of spending time. The references to sea-bathing in literature are very few. Chaucer makes none, and it would be absurd to contend that in his day people naturally did not go to the sea because they did not go anywhere. The country was certainly in a fairly barbarous condition, but people took holidays on occasion, and travelled. If

they could get without mishap, and indeed in good spirits, from London to Canterbury they could surely have gone on, had they been so minded, to Margate or Broadstairs. They were not so minded. One took one's pleasure differently in their day. The seaside had yet to be invented.

The Elizabethans valued the coast of England, but not for this reason.

This precious stone set in the silver sea
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house. . . .

Shakespeare came from the Midlands and loved the fair inland country so much that he had few words to spend in admiration of what was to him only its setting, only the means whereby England was preserved for the English. The sea fills him with romantic thoughts; but not the sea shore, not that English "moat." It is Bohemia, or the island of Prospero. The sea, in fact, only helps him to get away from England into some country where his imagination need know no leash. It is shown nearly always in an angry mood. His characters do not bathe; they swim, more often than not for their lives. Ferdinand, we are told, was seen to

beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him.

Yet when he has made his peace with Prospero and is free from bondage, he does not take to the water again for his pleasure, as many a lesser swimmer might to-day, but goes and sits in a cave with Miranda, playing chess. Shakespeare had no conception of the kind of recreations which the seaside was some centuries later to inspire. It is a pity. He would have loved Brighton beach.

The fact is, until the privilege of holidays was extended to the poorer classes, there was no one to whom the sea could appeal. The Quennells, in their fascinating *History of Everyday Things in England*, state that "there is a print of Scarborough sands in 1735, showing quite a

nice bathing machine, and people swimming in the sea." But one bathing machine does not make a seaside resort, and it is interesting to contrast the appearance of Scarborough at that date with David Copperfield's impressions of Yarmouth more than a century later.

"If the land," he says, "had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said we must take things as we found them"

Yarmouth in 1850 was merely a fishing village full of sailors and smelling of "fish and pitch and oakum and tar." So were all the places that are now every summer one vast hotel. Their future patrons were not getting sufficient holidays to enable them to go about the country unless, like George Borrow, they adopted a vagrant life, and even the early Victorians who did not need to work were too practical and industrious to think with anything but disdain of sun bathing and deck-chair indolence. Ruskin was taken to the sea as a boy, and he complains that his nurse gave him no chance of doing all the multifarious things he wanted to do. He was not allowed to row, far less to sail, nor to go anywhere near the harbour, where he could have learnt something. He had to stay on the beach, presumably making sand castles. "It was a frightful loss of time," he says.¹

To-day we do not regard a week, a fortnight, or even a month at the sea, spent in bathing, sitting about on the beach, playing tennis and going expeditions, as a loss of time. If one is enjoying oneself, one is spending one's time profitably. That is the modern idea. It would have shocked John Ruskin, it would have shocked all true Victorians, but really there is far more sense in it than sin. If people are happy by the sea, let them go to the seaside in their swarms. It would be ultra-puritanical and absurd to denounce either the indolence or the fatuous energy that occupies them as bad for their characters. And yet, while the habit of going to the sea is definitely not immoral, it has an influence upon the

(1) *Praeterita*, I, Chap. IV.

ordinary Englishman's feelings towards the ordinary English countryside which is to be regretted.

People rush for their holidays straight from the towns to the sea. They spend by the sea what little time in the year they are allowed from their work. The country they do not know at all. It will be argued that no one can escape knowing the country, and knowing it well, now that practically everyone has his own car. But this only means that everyone now can see the country from a car any week-end and any summer's evening, weather permitting; which is not the same thing as knowing the country as, say, Constable knew it, or William Morris.

To this accusation many will complacently reply that it is not within everyone's power to be a Constable or a William Morris, and that, speaking for themselves, the country does not interest them, and they have no desire to see more of it than they can help. This attitude is commoner than might be supposed, and leads to a number of abuses. There is no reason why the people who have the misfortune to hate the country should be any less worthy and upright than the people who have the misfortune to hate music. It remains a fact that they have worse manners. The music-haters do not have a kick at every piano they come upon, and even if they want to remove a mendicant brass band from their own street they go about the business politely, and with no more show of violence than a policeman's figure necessarily suggests. But the people who hate the country are not content with simply hating the country: their hatred must take some practical form. The Air Ministry is now preparing the ground for an aerodrome near Oxford. Venerable oaks are being rooted up, hedge-rows razed to the ground. The whole scene will soon be bare and hideous as a barrack yard; yet already there are in the neighbourhood two convenient but derelict aerodromes, monstrous reminders both that Government offices have money to spend and can afford to be lavish of their hatreds.

This is one small instance of what happens when the direction of affairs gets into the hands of those to whom the country is no more than a site—to be tried and subse-

quently discarded as readily—for a factory or a jerry-built suburban "estate," or at best a golf course where no one may walk without his or her burden of clubs. This type of person is far too common to-day. He can do a great deal of harm because he is generally a man of influence who has no consideration for anything but personal gain. Questions of taste do not weigh with him because he has no taste. He is sometimes a coward, and if he is not a coward he is nearly always vain, and his vanity makes him respect public opinion. It is well, then, that public opinion should be enlisted against the likes of him, and this can only be done if the public is encouraged to take an interest in the country as a whole and to spend its holidays in the country and not always at the seaside.

With this view I imagine most town and village authorities will heartily concur. They want visitors. They do, many of them, all manner of things to attract visitors, and they are, nearly all of them, acutely disappointed with the number of visitors that their methods net in.

I am not now speaking of the great resorts like Bath and Harrogate and Buxton, nor of the districts like the Lakes and the Broads, which have certain specific attractions to offer people. I refer to the ordinary country towns of England. They could all, by taking a little thought, provide the British public, and indeed foreigners as well, with amenities which are now rare and in great demand.

A certain town in the Midlands is blessed with one of the most impressive sites to be found anywhere in the United Kingdom. It is set on a hill, and this hill is but one of a range that bristles up from the surrounding plains like the back of a dinosaur. To walk on these hills is to walk on the roof of three counties. It is all common land; one can lie in the bracken for hours at a stretch and never be disturbed. A common covering as many acres would be intersected by roads, but here there are no roads. You would think that the town which has these hills in its charge would be content with the knowledge of its wealth; but no. It must build a cinema of unparalleled hideousness and an enclosed promenade with theatre attached and rooms for I know not what else, and it must appeal to

potential visitors through these urban amenities rather than through the natural charm it really does possess. It used, in fact, to have far more charm because it lacked popular "attractions" entirely. But this the authorities cannot understand. They are anxious to push the place. It does not enter their heads that places are as often spoilt as made by visitors. They were just petty tradesmen before they became members of the Urban District Council, and they are petty tradesmen still. They think the prosperity of their town can be reckoned in charabancs and excursion trains and the weight of waste paper left lying about after bank holidays.

There are, however, some places that are not run by petty tradesmen. There are some even that are not run for profit at all. But taking commercial considerations into account, one must surely admit that far more could be done to attract people into the heart of the country. Though roads have once more come into their own, the average roadside inn remains a sorry place. There are capital hotels in most of the main towns of England, but the motorist doing a tour of England or getting away from city life for a brief week-end wants for a change to spend the night anywhere but in a town. The quiet of the countryside is never more welcome than at night time and in the early morning.

The countryside cannot compete with the sea in any but a whale-and-elephant encounter. But what the seaside lacks the country can give, and of all the qualities that the seaside lacks the most desired of man at the present time is seclusion. Everywhere at the seaside there are crowds now. In the country man can still be alone.

The birds already have their sanctuary in Hyde Park, and the beasts in the Zoo. Man surely should not have much longer to wait. For this is a thing that country places definitely can provide. Less than a century ago, when railways were coming into their own, a number of towns held out against what was generally considered the fortunate privilege of being on a main line. Many of them have since regretted their lack of foresight on that

occasion. But now their chance has come. They have kept small and out of the way, and if only they take a little trouble they can be of extreme service to modern England, simply because they are small and out of the way.

But as the prospect is only one of attracting a few visitors it is doubtful whether they will feel inclined to take any trouble at all. The reward would not be great, unless they aimed solely—as certain Cotswold villages do now—at entertaining millionaires. Let us, however, postulate the not impossible existence of a man with a number of acres in his possession and a desire in his heart not to squeeze every atom of profit out of them, but to put them to some use that may benefit others as well as himself. Such a man might employ a leading architect to lay out somewhere on his acres an entirely new village, consisting of an hotel and a number of auxiliary cottages, a cricket field, tennis courts and a swimming pool. These things are not costly to set up, and they would be enough to give pleasure to as many as the hotel and its cottages could house. Some may deny this, but if the majority of people are not attracted by the idea of living in a beautiful village in the heart of the country, away from crowds and esplanades, it will be all the better for the rest of us. And a scheme of this sort would prove a tremendous success even if it did only appeal to the intelligent few.

For it has been tried. Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, not content with writing one of the few books that have ever tried to teach people how they ought to treat the country that belongs to them,¹ has converted a country house and some old cottages in Wales into a holiday village which is a work of art.

It is now an interesting place, and a popular place. It happens to be on the coast, but there is no reason why Mr. Williams-Ellis should not build another one, as beautiful and as popular, inland. One can only hope that one of these days he will.

England's population has ceased to be pastoral, but

(1) *England and the Octopus* (Geoffrey Bles).

its instincts remain. "Get what you like," Bernard Shaw has said, "or you will come to like what you get." England has come to like trams and electric signs and Cup Tie Finals, but it still watches sometimes the shadow of the cloud across the grass, and has not entirely forgotten that the sun does not always set behind the gas works. Television may some day, and soon, serve the country up to us town-dwellers in tins. Meanwhile let us hold out just a little longer. Let us try by all the means within the power of co-operation to frustrate those who would better William Blake and build not Jerusalem but Blackpool all over our still partially green and not wholly unpleasant land.

RED CURTAINS

BY E. M. MARTIN

THICK red damask curtains hanging from a gilt pole, eagle-topped, shut out the full measure of light and air in many a Victorian home. With their air of solid well-being they hung as a symbol of lives that had made for themselves a desirable abiding place, and asked for nothing better than this assurance of stability; of eyes that had not dared to look too closely on the outside world for fear of a rude awakening to reality. In the memory of all to whom such times are not merely a legend, the heavy red curtains must find a place. They mean more than the framing of a half-forgotten picture. For though the setting may be strange, though there be a difference in degree, there is a certain monotony in the story of the birth and growth of nations and of peoples. Every civilisation goes through the same experience, the experience of the apple tree—blossoming, budding, ripening, rotting, until the axe is laid to the roots and the orchard reset: what does history teach but the power of violence, the futility of gentleness?

It is but vain labour to go back to the beginning of things. Poets may sing of them; scientists trace from the alphabet of the rocks the story of progress; anthropologists argue from the rude survivals of mystical belief the existence of a common source of faith or legend: we can but say it may be so. But when the gravers on stone left behind them definite records of lives not all unlike our own, history (as we understand it) began; and the note that is struck recurrently throughout this epic of the nations is the note of struggle, of violence, of death—the last act of the play is always set against the red curtains.

In the old "moralities" an upper place was often raised on the rough stage for the person of the Deity; God was set high in His heaven, and in this we find an echo of what the men of those days held for truth. Whether they called it God or Fate, this power that played with life, as the king's Fool played with cup and ball, was throned

high above them, looking down on them, and ready to cast confusion among them so soon as ever it should tire of their little frolics, games and dances. For by this time men had learned what to expect; they had read history, had looked round at the world (a thinly peopled world as we reckon), and knew peace to be a dream that even the poets rejected; yet it has persisted in spite of disappointment and disillusion, and from its very impossibility of fulfilment the dream has become immortal. Men fought with dogged patience and courage, and shed their blood ungrudgingly for something they knew they could never have, for something the more honest among them knew they did not want. What they did want was to keep the dream, like Jonson's bright lily "unsmutcht," safe beyond their hand grasp, yet close enough to serve as the excuse for unending effort. Nearly every war has been fought with the ultimate aim of securing an abiding peace between conqueror and conquered.

The new philosophy denies that man is by nature a fighting animal. He is, it says, a child who loves to be ruled and is grateful to those who will tell him what he must do; a child who does not wish for freedom because he would not know how to handle it; a child who should be kept from ranging the world and be held prisoner to one little spot of earth, there to be fed and tended with his fellows like chickens on a poultry farm for just so long as his rulers may deem fit. A perverse theory that like many topsy-turvy gospels is in a measure true, for man in taming nature, as the old phrase had it, has all unconsciously himself been tamed. His handiwork, instinct with the life he has given to it, has turned and faced him; he himself has become a very part of the machine he has created and has lost his original pride of stature—the individuality that made him a man and not a dumb beast stamped with his master's punching mark.

But is this blotting out of individuality something for which we have cause to be thankful? Let the red curtains answer.

Men have fought for many things since the world, as we know it or guess at it, began; for a strip of barren land,

an inhospitable rocky island, an empty title, a right of way, a throne, a shrine or a sepulchre. But it may be that the greatest fight of all will be not for place or power but for man's very self, and the battle cry, "the right to live," come to mean that we are willing to risk the body to save the soul. It would be no new cry. Banners have fluttered in its defence all through the pages of history, the worshippers of many gods have given their lives gladly that their children might kneel at the old familiar shrines. Yet in this old cry a strange note would be heard, an undertone of something more personal than any that has gone before it; a protest against the domination of that newly set pattern men would be forced to form by its designers and weavers, who, having alike the will and the power, would not hesitate to use the shears should it show any deviation from their carefully planned arabesques. There have been in less highly organised times ways of escape that are closed to us. Once a man with but little difficulty could leave his home and country and go adventuring into strange solitudes; now his comings and goings are scheduled, and he is made to feel that he is no longer a free lance but a numbered unit in a carefully shepherded flock. It is no new thing to drive men like sheep; what is new and sinister is the threatened attempt to weld together peoples and nations into one compact whole on a carefully planned, inquisitorial, systematised form of government. Would any sane man accept life on such terms either for himself or his children?

In the past at such times as these impatient hands have flung apart the red curtains and set the stage anew for a war of rebellion on the one side and oppression on the other. Those men of old days were masters of pageantry, and grim though the struggle might be, coloured their scenes with a splendour that still lights up the dull pages of history: Alexander and his elephants; the Persians with shining blades and damascened armour; the red cross of the Crusaders; the gold-embroidered banners that flung defiance from walls and towers in the castle warfare of the Middle Ages; the blazoned shields and flying arrows of Crécy, Poitiers and Agincourt. Behind it all was the

violence, bloodshed and misery of war, but masked in magnificence, having the sinister beauty of some great fire that a man may watch with the enthusiasm of an artist even while he knows that among those shining streets and crashing roofs, transformed out of all recognition, is his own home.

After every great struggle, when the dead were buried and some semblance of order brought back to a tired world, philosophers, scientists and theorists have taken the stage to tell of their conception of an ideal world; but there is a dreary sameness in these fantastic theories with which men will while away the idle, profitless days that are the leasings of war. A world made to the measure of a carpenter's rule; each square of the chess-board pattern filled with groups of carefully chosen people of a new and docile breed ground to one level, who will be content with this strange setting and ask for nothing better; yet this drab ideal is not without a possibility of fulfilment. For all that men have been saying could never be, has actually materialised in this wonderful century of ours and the immediate years that came before it; the wildest imaginations of long ago are now proven facts; the barriers that barred us from wonderland are broken down; the red curtains closed.

But are they closed? Have they ever been closed for more than a breathing space since men first sang of the glory and the splendour of war, and, when they had had their fill of it, of the beauty of peace?—though this came only as an interval to help the time along until their sons should be old enough to join in the old triumphal battle chant. Nicholas de Chamfort tells the story of a certain Monsieur de — who once asked a bishop for a country house of his that he never occupied. Said the bishop with all the gracious urbanity of the eighteenth century: "Don't you think a man should always have some place to which he never goes, but where he believes he would be happy?" The discomfited Monsieur de — answered: "Yes, it is quite true—that is what has made the fortune of Paradise." It has always seemed to me that this tale deserves a longer lease of life than most of

the sayings of the wise or the unwise that have come down to us from a more coloured past. Rightly understood it explains alike both the permanence of the dream of peace and the impossibility of its realisation.

The place where a man believes he would be happy will never be found in any fixed star, but with swift-footed Mercury will steal along the heavens, now near to us as the warmth of a summer moon, now showing coldly on the far horizon seen against the darkness of night. The centuries slip behind us and we know that the golden age itself was but the first of the fairy tales: there never was a golden age, there never will be. But as the earth shrinks and foot-space lessens, man's need for this golden age, whether in some near or far future, grows ever more insistent, and it is this need that keeps alive the dream of peace. Diogenes' honest man might tell us we do not really desire peace; we want instead the fierce struggle with only brief intervals of rest and inaction. Life like a film reel stretches out before us and, watching eagerly for its ending, we forget the beginning of the story. History repeats itself, we say, and this is both true and untrue; true for there must always be war and disquiet, untrue because when the struggle is over nothing is ever the same. Our bodies change, dying daily, until at every seventh year we are remade into something new and oddly unfamiliar, so more slowly does the earth change, too; she buries her dead, we walk on their ashes and each newcomer thinks to find a new world, but it is the same earth that fed Adam and will give to each of us a grave. Possibly we realise this more clearly than the men who went before us. We have learned most of the secrets that lie hidden behind the earth's scarred, seamed face, and can look down upon it while we wing our way "by the stars' empty street" as on something we once thought to be a mystery, but that has long since ceased to move us to wonder or to worship. It is at this moment when we are pinnacled on pride that the red curtains open, and once again the stage is reset for scenes of violence, bloodshed and disorder.

War was accepted in the past as the price a nation must pay for its existence, and it was reckoned a wise

policy to "busy giddy heads with foreign quarrels" that the worser evil might be avoided of quarrels at home. To-day we mint our coinage with a new superscription; war wears another face and men are not ashamed to say they fear it; if the glory of war were ever a living thing and not merely a fable of the poets, it has passed away with other glories that will never come back to us. Yet the nature of man is unchanged, and he will struggle on until the end of time through unrest and discontent to disillusionment.

People are busying themselves to find a reason for this changed outlook on life, but so far the quest has only led them into blind alleys. The world must be remade they say, but when and how? Two books give the answer, and though they are divided by nearly three centuries, though at the first glance their ideas may seem utterly opposed one to the other, seen in juxtaposition they sometimes show a hidden unguessed kinship. When Thomas Burnet in 1684 published the Englished version of his *Telluris Theoria Sacra* it startled the thinkers of his day by its boldness; when Leon Trotsky in 1925 gave to those who cared to read it his theory of the earth and its future it aroused but a faint interest, for we know to-day that revolution is only a turning of the wheel that brings us round in an unending cycle from civilisation to chaos and from chaos back to civilisation. To Burnet, the man of the seventeenth century, the Bible was still a sacred though a sadly misunderstood book: "There is nothing great in the world if you take God out of it," and the antediluvian globe was for him the world of an all-wise Providence. "In this smooth earth were the first Scenes of the World and the first generations of Mankind; it had the beauty of Youth and blooming Nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar or fracture in all its body; no Rocks or Mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping Channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the Earth made the face of the Heavens so, too; the Air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours which the Mountains and the Winds cause in ours." This is the world he so pas-

sionately regrets and would give back to us, this flat smooth earth with its "continual summers and equable airs" that came to an end with Noah's flood (of its magnitude he makes no question), and whose broken, battered ruins form the world we now know.

Trotsky is seemingly as dissatisfied with the physical complexion of the earth we live on as was Burnet; but he does not look back to a mystical past nor intend to wait the last bonfire for the coming of his paradise: "Man will make it, and will make it without God. The present distribution of mountains and rivers, of forest and of sea shores cannot be considered final. Man has already made changes in the map of nature that are not few nor insignificant. But this is merely pupils' practice in comparison with what is coming. Faith merely promises to remove mountains; but technology, which takes nothing 'on faith,' is actually able to cut down mountains and move them . . . in the future this will be done on an immeasurably larger scale, according to a general industrial and artistic plan. In the end man will have rebuilt the earth, if not in his own image, at least according to his own taste."

The two ideals touch one another on the surface, though at bottom they are as wide as the poles asunder. Trotsky's paradise may soon be with us for he is confident of its realisation. Have not men's hands wrought beauty in the past, and why should we think they have lost their cunning? Burnet, as true an artist as the writer of the Apocalypse, has set his paradise very far off to keep hope from dying. Thus each writer makes his appeal to the temper of the times he lives in, but Burnet is the better judge of men's hearts; he knew that no state of well-being can give us lasting pleasure, for have not the later poets found it as impossible to paint the beauty of the Christian's heaven as the older singers to hymn the joys of Elysium?

That, like the heralds in some great court pageant, violence and upheaval must come before the golden age, is insisted upon by both writers, and here Trotsky is the surer guide. But how many more idols must be broken before the world is remade "according to a general and

artistic plan" he does not tell us, any more than Burnet has told us when, after the "final conflagration," the new chaotic mass, terrible in its desolation, will become again a smooth earth with the beauty of an endless springtime.

The beginnings of all the chapters in the history of our world have been violence and destruction; men are born with itching fingers, and if they may not make, will unmake. "War," says Heraclitus, "is father of all and king of all," and war to-day, many faced and many handed, leaves behind it more changes than was possible when the barriers dividing men and nations were set farther apart. This shrinkage of the earth threatens our happiness; for what was far off, beyond the horizon line, had a subtle enticing beauty that is all but lost to us now no horizon is too distant for our searchlights. We are brought to the edge of the world by easy stages, but it was the roughness of the journey, the doubtful ending that gave to adventure most of its joy. When all the land is laboured and there are no waste places left it may even be found an imperative duty to root up what we have sown so that the earth may keep her true balance, for perfection is but another name for death as ripeness is for rottenness.

This is why the red curtains will open and close many times before the coming of either the new paradise or the old.

EVENING ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST P. FEWSTER

TWILIGHT. The prairies in midsummer bloom,
Dim miles of gold and purple, ridges lone,
The closing birdsong and the violet gloom
With Night descending from her starlit throne.

A wind comes faintly from the brooding North
Bending the blossoms in great waves of shade.
Its chill, fine fingers touch my lips, as forth
In unset music doth it sweep and fade.

The mystery of the untrodden world is here,
Calm, quiet, strong, and strangely pure and high.
'Tis as some white and unseen altar where
Earth kneels to whisper to the listening sky.

Against the fading afterglow I see
A bird poised clearly ere it sinks to rest.
Mysterious whispers seem to compass me,
A sense of wings and unseen things that bless.

The peace of tranquil evening as a dew
Upon my feverish spirit falls and stills.
Its own majestic silences pass through
My human soul that with their whiteness fills.

As though a Presence, calm, imperial,
 Whose eyes are as a night of stars, whose life
 Is all eternal, both reach forth and still
 All trouble in my life, all fear, all strife.

The night-wind o'er the grasses, soft and fleet,
 In thin sweet music seeks the waiting South.
 The flowers that quiver round my loitering feet
 Are whispering gladness to my spirit's drouth.

The keen horizons melt and fade away.
 Stars sparkle in the purple deeps. The light
 Hath passed. The prayer of silence follows day,
 And lo, my soul hath heard it—Music—Night!

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE King's return to Buckingham Palace occasioned such a display of rejoicing as London has scarcely seen since the Armistice. Proceedings in Parliament had been attuned to the mood of that occasion. The spokesmen of each party concerned themselves to show—and, indeed, succeeded in showing—that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. If the advent of a Socialist Government has made a revolution, the extent of it is typified by a photograph which went the round of the newspapers to the delight of His Majesty's lieges. It displayed the three new officers of the household (one being an ex-policeman, another a sometime taxi driver) arrayed in the uniform of their new offices. They were a jovial group.

In the House Mr. J. H. Thomas at once disclosed the extent of Labour's plans for dealing with the main problem of unemployment. He has been criticised for undue haste. Yet this very shrewd politician had probably a double purpose—to reassure those elements in the Assembly and in the State which might have felt uneasiness, and also to take a firm stand in face of the other element which is represented by Mr. Maxton. The programme sketched seemed anything but ambitious; Tory speakers were able to show that a good deal of it meant no more than carrying out schemes already launched by the Tory administration; at the same time it was elastic. But the main fact which emerged was that Mr. Thomas, set to grapple with this huge affair, had instantly applied himself to consider what could be done by starting in the field most familiar to himself. Through the railway he saw his way to benefit steel; and to increase the output of steel meant helping the coalfields. Transport, engineering, and mining had made a Triple Alliance whose power was once used to threaten the whole community; it had occurred to Mr. Thomas that through the same union

the whole community could be helped. The impression which he left was that this railwayman, thinking first in terms of railways, thought large and thought with vision. That was a useful impression to create at the outset of a new administration.

There are other reassuring symptoms for such as desire to be convinced that England is not treading the path which leads to Moscow. The writer of these notes, having gone in to observe the new House, found Sir Oswald Mosley in possession of it. It was at once evident how much this rising statesman has learnt from the study of his distinguished father-in-law. G. N. Curzon himself at the same age could not have been more suave, more immaculate, more eloquent, or more at ease in the zion of the Treasury Bench. It was of interest also to note on the upper benches below the gangway Lord Curzon's daughter, vividly recalling the beautiful and gracious American girl before whom the least easy doors in Washington flew open forty-odd years ago. The whirligig of time surely brings its revenges, but they are not always vindictive, and there is only a pleasant irony in this evolution.

Something of this must have been in Mr. James Sexton's mind when he made a long speech of good-humoured reminiscence which traced the beginnings of "the respectability of Socialism"—slowly emerging from days when he and others used to put up parliamentary candidates and get scarcely so many votes as they had nominators. He quite admitted that what they had obtained was very different from what they had aspired to, but he liked it none the less because it was less subversive. He expressed hopes that Mr. Maxton also would mellow with age into acceptance of what the other side could conceivably agree to. Sir Herbert Samuel, returning to the House after an absence of eleven years, and speaking with a power, freedom, and authority which he never possessed in old days, pressed from his standpoint the same desire for a period of constructive collaboration rather than destructive opposition. No doubt these are the slightly Utopian dreams of a Parliament in its first

session. But it is plain that as compared with late years the House of Commons will count for a good deal more, and the Government for a good deal less, in shaping policy.

Meanwhile it has been made plain that the change of Government is not unwelcome to America. There have been friendly gestures. General Dawes has spoken more than once with that finish which makes American oratory so acceptable, and his generalities were of a kind to be inevitably welcomed. But the President of Princeton University, following him on one of these occasions, did what none of the Ambassador's English hosts could have done, and added dots to the i's. The Kellogg Pact, he pointed out, is of little value so long as it remains a mere gesture. Unless the United States joins in the guarantees necessary to transform it into an enforceable compact no other nation or group of nations is likely to do so. Further—unless we are to maintain an attitude of bated wrath and whispering humbleness—it is proper that Europe should point out to the United States exactly how matters stand. America heads the world in a choric movement, a sort of peace-ballet, which may possibly herald in some reduction in the preparations for war. But it will certainly not lessen America's relative preparedness for a conflict. Further, if this reduction is achieved, indebted Europe will be the better able to reimburse its creditor. In no other way is the United States assisting the post-War world, and by reduction of armaments the United States would be the chief gainer. Further, at the very moment when America invites us to put aside all thought of war in the military sense, economic warfare is pressed harder than ever from across the Atlantic. The new tariffs proposed are framed with a complete disregard for humanity outside the ring-fence, which they make steeper and closer; it is even a question whether they may not dangerously weaken the power of America's debtors to pay what they owe. This suggests again other possibilities which might lead the United States to regard further armament as necessary, finding that its economic

prosperity had become an actual menace to other peoples. America is well within its rights. Nobody should expect philanthropy when he is playing poker, but nobody should profess philanthropy while he insists on the rigour of the game.

French politicians, disregarding M. Poincaré's stern practical wisdom, have shown a disposition to look for philanthropy in business, and have earned trouble by it. They wanted somehow to get something out of the general debt adjustment, and since their own arrangement with the United States has never been ratified by them, they insisted that as the price of ratification the States should concede a further delay in the settlement for war stores left by Americans in France. But America refused severely to postpone the claim for this debt of eighty millions—due for payment on August 1st. The only result has been to add confusion to what was already confounded by the Young Plan—which M. Poincaré wishes to accept and ratify. Vehement opposition to acceptance has been expressed by the League of Ex-combatants, who have probably a double dose of the feeling, common to all the French people, that their Allies of the War now show too much concern for Germany and too little for them. France is a puzzling country. The foreigner, when he finds it possible to live (as the writer did last month) for the equivalent of five shillings a day, including not only wine of the country but frequent strawberries and asparagus, actually thinks the French a well-off people—all the more when he sees working men partaking of the same fare. He does not always realise that thirty francs means to a Frenchman something quite different from what five shillings is to us; and that if these luxuries can be provided cheaply (even within ten miles of such a market as Aix-les-Bains) the reason is that the French work desperately hard, and direct their work with concentrated intelligence. Yet, look at it as one may, France at present gives the impression of abounding and increasing prosperity; and as compared with two years ago (even with one year ago) a sense of confident energy diffuses itself; and the average

Frenchman does not deny this. But the basis of that confidence has been a continued period of stable values, and a sharp realisation of escape from the very brink of ruin. This confidence and even optimism seems to be everywhere until one touches the fringe of a political circle, and then all the cry is indignant lamentation. No doubt it is a great deal to ask of a people who, being highly individualist and critical of authority, are not easily led, and still more to ask of politicians who have little instinct for solidarity with an administration that they shall support the judgment and the leadership of the statesman to whom France owes stability. But none the less, these temperamental outbursts in the Chamber threaten to knock away the scaffolding from about much that is being hopefully built in France. The mischief is that every Frenchman is an investor, and every investor easily fancies himself a financier. Nobody need envy Mr. MacDonald his post; but it is a bed of roses compared with M. Poincaré's.

Another perplexing symptom in France is the foreign invasion. The great industrial activity largely depends on use of imported labour, and troubles result; for instance, in June a small but typical incident at Vichy, of all quiet-sounding places. Poles and Algerians, as such, attacked each other; knives were freely used, casualties were on a scale proper to Chicago. The French themselves say that some of these races are responsible for most of the violent crime. In its way France is coming to be like America, where a highly educated people uses less educated immigrant labour for the rough work. Will France, like America, be able to convert immigrants into citizens? Certainly in Savoy, which was Italian within living memory, and where Italian is spoken in some side valleys as the home language, the French show no fear of bringing in countless Italians for different kinds of labour. Probably one ground for confidence is that France remains in essence agricultural, and that the land is held by Frenchmen. But the young generation of Frenchmen are drifting to the towns, and in Haute Savoie they must hire Swiss for the summer work with mountain hay and cattle. Yet on the whole the French are justified in their lack

of apprehension. They have the gift for assimilating peoples. Louis Napoleon's grab at Savoy was unconscionable enough, but Savoy has been contentedly French so long that the world forgets how recently it was Italian. The contrast with Alsace-Lorraine is striking. In forty years Germany could not persuade two German-speaking provinces to abandon French nationality. There has, indeed, been trouble since France took over these provinces; yet it looks as if a long step towards appeasement was achieved in June. M. Roos, one of the accused Separatists, was brought before a jury in Besançon, and after eloquent declaration of his essential loyalty to France was acquitted. It is indicated that an amnesty for all these charges of Separatist propaganda will follow. Clearly this is a problem which has to be met, for the French genius is centralising and demands universal application of certain general principles, especially in education, and these principles are not easily reconciled with others to which Alsace and Lorraine hold fast. But the French will probably work out a settlement. The most significant fact in the trial was M. Roos's address of gratitude to the jury. He thanked God for having been brought before "real Frenchmen," not folk like those of Alsace and Lorraine, "whose instinct is to tear each other to pieces."—An Ulster Catholic, or Protestant, might hold in the same way that his only chance for fair play would be to get before a tribunal in Cork or Dublin.—It is probable that all the accusations of Germanism against M. Roos and his like originate with bigots of their own parish or township.

Ireland, another puzzling country to the observer (though by no means so important a riddle) has been mildly in the limelight—and, thank heaven, not unpleasantly. The centenary of Catholic Emancipation was celebrated in Dublin with rejoicings which were more than commonplace. Very little money went to make the pageant impressive—yet a drab old city was transformed, every street, even the poorest, competing against every other street in display of bunting, and the green, white and orange of the tricolour has a gay effect. But the impressiveness came

from the Mass and the devotion of the attendance. A French priest who looked on from a window on the quays could scarcely believe his eyes: he made a careful computation as the procession of men marched past in two parallel columns, each eight abreast, on either side of the Liffey, and he reckoned that a thousand to the minute passed and went on passing for an hour and a half. A detachment of the Irish Army headed the march, then came the canopy, escorted by soldiers and followed by all the clergy; then the Governor-General, the President and Ministers, and then, county by county, the men from all Ireland. The French priest's cry was eloquent of much: "*Cette jeunesse! mais voyez donc, cette jeunesse!*" In the wide expanse of the Phoenix Park the women and the children were mustered. When Mass was said there in the open, under a sky of sunshine, with racing cloud shadows across the grass and away up to the purple hills five miles off, a quarter of a million people knelt, silent and devout. There was no mistaking the force of Catholicism in Ireland, and it should always be remembered that throughout the English-speaking world Catholicism is in the main directed by an Irish priesthood and episcopate. In that sense, Ireland has claim to be regarded as a world force, and it is only natural and reasonable that the Free State should recently have appointed a representative at the Vatican.

The coming and going of the crowd and all the day's proceedings were decent, orderly and good-humoured. In front of Trinity, Burke's statue had its wreath and an inscription recalling what he had done towards emancipation. Also in the college chapel a sermon was preached expressing a Protestant standpoint which, by its tone and sentiment, gave much pleasure to the Catholics of Dublin.

There was the more regret for one of those unhappy incidents which inevitably occur after such changes as we have seen in Ireland. In South Africa it was the flag; in Ireland it is the National Anthem. We all know now, or at least have been given means of knowing, the Irish Government's attitude. If the Prime Minister of Great Britain came to Ireland he would be received with "God Save the King," exactly as the President of the French Republic would be received with the "Marseillaise." But

if King George came he would be greeted with the "Soldiers' Song," for King George is King of Ireland, and the "Soldiers' Song" is the national anthem of Ireland. Unfortunately this had not been publicly explained when Trinity College invited the Governor-General, as the King's representative, to the College races, and the committee were told that he must be received not with "God Save the King," but with the "Soldiers' Song." Discussion followed, which led to some breach of relations. It is generally agreed that if the matter had been more carefully handled an arrangement satisfactory to both sympathies could have been reached.

Meanwhile these controversies have been eclipsed by preparations for a great international motor race in the Phoenix Park, which will bring a very different sort of crowd to the scene of the centenary demonstration. It should be noted, however, that the Emancipation commemorations are in no way limited to Dublin, and they have taken one admirable form. Mass was celebrated for the first time these three hundred years on the cathedral altar at the Rock of Cashel; and this noble historic building is to be reroofed and restored to purposes of worship. Presumably, also, Cormac's Chapel, the jewel of Hiberno-Romanesque architecture, which stands beside it, will also become once more a living church, and not a monument regulated by the Board of Works.

China grows more and more bewildering. The War Lord Feng has, under pressure and inducements, decided to leave China. He is not sentenced but is ostracised. In this form of ostracism Government, which decides that the too-powerful citizen shall go, makes it worth his while to go. The sum mentioned is handsome, but still is cheaper than a civil war; we may admire the Chinese practical philosophy. Unfortunately, another War Lord, Yen, destined to replace Feng, declares that he must follow Feng across the seas, to mitigate his exile. Presumably it will be made worth Yen's while to stay. The price of peace rises by a series of such transactions, but who shall say that peace is not worth it?

Nearer home is very bad news: two submarines manœuvring on the surface came into collision, and the one which was rammed very nearly carried down the other in its dreadful plunge. We were spared this horror, but a vessel with twenty-six on her went down to that horrible end. The British Navy stands for the abolition of submarines, a form of craft which can work nothing but destruction. It is probable that America would agree; not improbable that Japan also might be of this mind. France is the special champion of this armament, since otherwise she might in case of war be cut off from her African reserves by a superior surface fleet. Nevertheless, here is one of the ways in which civilisation can by joint action rid itself of a horror. Man really cannot move in the fishes' world for any exalted purpose, except to serve his country by means which it would be better if all countries disclaimed once and for all.

The air is different; for in that new element man has at least attained a speed never before possible to him. Yet at what cost does man attempt to disregard essential limitations! A recent happy event was the rescue of Spanish aviators who, seeking to cross the Atlantic, had missed their goal. H.M.S. *Eagle* had the pleasant triumph of discovering them, and received a well-earned ovation in Spain. But the French Government, apparently alone of the Atlantic-facing States, has taken the strong line of forbidding all such flights from its territory, and its action will have the approval of Commander Bernard Acworth, R.N. This officer, who holds the Distinguished Service Order, and has eighteen years' experience of flying, has written one of the most suggestive and provocative books of our time. *This Bondage* deals in the first place with the laws of flight; but also it runs full tilt at the theory of evolution, and reaffirms what at least used to be the Christian position. Each living thing is in perfect adaptation to its natural environment, each, except man: "a breath of free will, and perfection vanishes." This thesis—that of conscious creation by an omnipotent Creator, is probably that which Commander

Acworth is most concerned to assert in a book which, like all real philosophy, constantly borders on poetry. But his practical conclusion is a seaman's. Navigation of the sea is not an exact science but an art, difficult yet fully practicable because it deals with the ascertainable. Navigation of the air is impossible because all values are relative, and man is not provided with that which the birds must be assumed to possess—a sense of direction. Yet, even possessing it, birds fall victims, inevitably, by multitudes to the conditions of aerial voyage for which they are designed, yet they never undertake voyages except in accordance with atmospheric currents. The whole hypothesis of modern "airways" is that machines will be able to escape from "this bondage." Commander Acworth refuses to believe it, and he is highly sceptical even about the value of flying machines as major instruments of war or as possible vehicles of commerce.

Over and above these topics he opens up a whole field of observation on the migration of birds, the ebb and flow of bird life. A characteristic passage describes how swallows which feed upon the wing, their food being airborne, may drift with their food to a distance from the home of their birth which they cannot recover, and so, without intention, are made migrants "by the hard necessity of remaining on the wing in ceaseless pursuit of food which is passing away with the moving air." "Migration as a purposeful movement is non-existent. We shall all, however, continue to speak of migration, just as from habit and happy association we continue to speak of the rising and setting of the sun."

Is not that a touch of real poetry closing up a passage of really philosophic thought?

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 2, 1929.

IS SOUTH AFRICA ANTI-BRITISH?

BY L. E. NEAME

At a first glance the trend of South African politics gives some support to those who fear that the country is becoming more and more anti-British and will soon be outside the British Empire, in fact if not in name. The dividing line in public life has become more definitely racial, and the dominance of the Dutch is now complete.

The last two General Elections provided a good test. In the Union Parliament chosen in 1924 General Hertzog's National Party, which is almost exclusively Dutch, and when in Opposition was largely Republican and secessionist (at least in ideals), was in a minority of nine against all the other parties combined. In the new Parliament, elected last June, the National Party has acquired a majority of eight over all other parties combined. Its accession of strength was produced by a poll upon racial lines. General Smuts's South African Party, now largely British, won seats in the English areas, such as Natal and the urban centres of the Transvaal and the Cape; but it lost more than it gained in the rural districts, which, outside Natal, are chiefly Dutch. Even the mainly British Labour Party, though it supports the Hertzog Government, was reduced in the House of Assembly from eighteen members to eight.

Thus the outstanding feature of the latest General Election in South Africa has been the triumph of the Dutch. It is true that the Hertzog Government, which was again returned to power, remains a Nationalist-Labour coalition. But Labour's influence in it is weaker than it was between June, 1924, and June, 1929. Labour (mainly British) no longer holds the balance of power. Its representation in the Cabinet has been reduced from three members to two. Hertzog's Nationalists could now, if

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necessary, govern without any Labour backing at all, whereas in the previous Parliament they were dependent upon Labour support for a majority.

So Afrikanerdom is in the saddle in South Africa, and, unless some new dividing line emerges in politics, seems likely to remain there. Smuts's South African Party claims that it polled more votes in the country than the Nationalists; but in representation in Parliament the towns are at a disadvantage, and the House of Assembly is clearly in the grip of the Nationalist Dutch. The hard fact is that the Dutch rule South Africa, and as long as the Dutch vote Dutch it is difficult to see how they can be displaced.

In their first term of office after 1924, even though they did not possess a clear majority in the House of Assembly, the Hertzogites barred the giving of any further British titles to South Africans, swept away most of the tariff preferences granted to British manufacturers, flew a new National flag in place of the Union Jack, negotiated a separate trade treaty with Germany, and insisted that a constitutional status had been acquired that gave the abstract right of declaring neutrality in a war in which Great Britain was involved.

In the second period of power, upon which they have now entered, they will enjoy a clear majority in both Houses of Parliament. And . . . "if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Not unnaturally many British people regard the future with misgiving, and fear the development of further anti-British tendencies.

Anti-British feeling has influenced politics in South Africa for a century. What reason is there to think that, with new opportunities for aggressive action, it will not be a motive force in the future? That such a danger does exist in South Africa is obvious. Yet not, I think, to the extent sometimes assumed. It is easy to over-emphasise it. What appears to many people both in England and in South Africa to be anti-Britishism is often only pro-South Africanism. The slogan that seems to be "Great Britain Last" is in reality "South Africa First."

Dutch sentiment alone is not the driving force behind the Hertzogite Dutch. There goes with it the spirit which used to be called Colonial Nationalism, though, owing to race conditions in South Africa, it is not exactly the Colonial Nationalism which influences politics in Australia and Canada.

There is one preliminary basic fact that should never be forgotten when studying South African politics. It is that the country is not, and never has been, British from a population point of view. It is not, and never has been, British in the sense that Australia and New Zealand, and even Canada, are British. Taking it as a whole, it has always been a land in which the majority of the white people are Dutch. In the territory that is now the Union of South Africa the British population has always been in a minority. In such a community one cannot expect to find precisely the political temperament revealed in the more stereotyped British Dominions.

Anti-British feeling first appeared in South Africa when English rulers overseas began to govern a Dutch colony at the Cape. There was no racial hostility in the first century and a half of white settlement, because the Dutch were ruled by the Dutch and were in an overwhelming majority. Writing of the 1780's, Le Vaillant said that the English were adored at the Cape and the French hated—everyone copied the English.

Nor did the British occupation in the early years of the nineteenth century immediately cause ill-will. The colony was poor and depressed, and the lavish expenditure of English gold gave the farmers and traders a much-needed market. But gradually English policy antagonised the Dutch population. The arrival of the Albany settlers in 1820 roused suspicion that there was a desire to deprive the Boers of their land. Lord Charles Somerset's proclamations making English the only official language were resented as an attempt to Anglicize the Dutch. The conditions under which slavery was abolished, and the pro-native policy of the English rulers caused additional discontent and led to the Great Trek. Race hostility sprang from political, administrative, and social causes.

Stockenstrom's autobiography dealing with the 'thirties and 'forties of last century notes also "the hatred instilled into the minds of the Cape Dutch against British rule by the systematic misrepresentation of an unprincipled, grasping, noisy faction whose main object was to get rid of the Boers, and to get hold of their lands." Major Charters, writing to the *United Service Journal* in 1840, regretted that at Capetown and elsewhere the friendly intercourse between English and Dutch no longer existed. In its room, he declared, were substituted political animosities, mutual doubts, and religious fanaticisms. In 1848 Bishop Grey, after travelling by wagon from Capetown to what is now Port Elizabeth, wrote that the Dutch disliked the English: "The two races, in fact, do not associate. The English look on them with contempt, and they feel their inferiority and are jealous of those who are their superiors."

There sprang up among the Boers that antagonism to oversea rule which arose in the early colonial days of America, Australia, and Canada. It was embittered by the difference of race, and by the "social disdain" in which the English held the Dutch. The Keate Award, which deprived the Orange Free State of the diamond fields, and the first annexation of the Transvaal, gave the impression that nationally there was not fair treatment for the weaker race.

In the next generation the relations between the two white races became more friendly. The restrictions on the use of Dutch in the Cape were removed. The grant of responsible government to the Cape eased the strain of Downing Street rule. The discoveries of diamonds and gold put new life into a poverty-stricken country, and in years of material prosperity the old quarrels died away. In the north Krugerism became a disturbing force, but, broadly, the 'eighties and early 'nineties of last century witnessed a dwindling of racialism in South Africa as far as the bulk of the population was concerned. Lord (then Sir Henry) de Villiers, the Chief Justice of the Cape, noted during his Canadian tour in 1894 "how much more aloof the French Canadians were from their English fellow-

citizens than were the Dutch at the Cape." At that time racialism was softening into Colonial Nationalism. British and Dutch alike were prepared to co-operate in order to secure larger powers of self-government. With a generation of peace the two white nations would have drawn very close together.

Unhappily the madness of the Jameson Raid, followed by the harshness of the second Boer War, hurled the whole country again into a maelstrom of racial hostility. The Boers became more definitely anti-British than they had ever been. There emerged the bitterness which followed the American War of Independence, and for so many years was the curse of Southern Ireland. The English Government made an honest attempt to get rid of the past by granting responsible government to the ex-Republics in 1907. It was hoped, too, that the merging of the four colonies into the Union of South Africa in 1910 would give the sub-continent a fresh start upon less racial lines. At the National Convention that brought about union the spirit among the leaders of the two races augured well for happier years.

And for a time the conditions did indeed seem to be favourable. The "convention spirit" had not entirely died away, despite the outcry raised against Hertzog's language policy in the Free State. Botha and Smuts, the dominating influence in the Union Government, desired a conciliatory policy. They had grown accustomed to considering a powerful British minority in the Transvaal, and they were anxious to work in sympathy with the British Government. Jameson, the leader of the British section, was well disposed towards them. Had they had a free hand politically they would have done much to damp down racial hostility.

But the disturbing element in the situation was Hertzog, whom the British had been led to regard as a racial fanatic. Botha had taken him into the first Union Cabinet with reluctance, after trying to side-track him with an Appeal Court judgeship. Hertzog, it is true, specifically declared that he was prepared to work out South Africa's destiny under the British flag. But his upbringing had been more

narrowly Dutch than that of his principal colleagues in the Government. He had taken his legal degree in Holland, and had before the raid become a judge in the Orange Free State under the racial President Steyn. Smuts had won distinctions at Cambridge, while Botha's attendance at two Colonial Conferences in London had widened his outlook. Thus what Botha and Smuts regarded as a policy of conciliation Hertzog viewed suspiciously as weakness and a sacrifice of Dutch rights. He sneered at the Botha-Smuts educational compromise in the Transvaal as denying absolute equality between English and Dutch. When Botha toyed with the idea of a larger contribution to the British Navy, and alluded sympathetically to State-aided immigration, he denounced the former idea as a folly and the latter as a crime. He preached the gospel of South Africa first, declared that the Afrikaner must be "baas" (master), and bluntly said that the British Empire was of value to him only as far as it was of value to South Africa.

The political faith of Hertzogism which he began to propound in the dorps was at first little more than the demands of Colonial Nationalism so often put forward in Canada and Australia. But the British in South Africa were inclined to be super-sensitive; while the Dutch welcomed the ultra pro-Dutch tone which Hertzog gave to some of his utterances.

The end of the quarrel was that Hertzog was ejected from the Union Cabinet thirty months after he had joined it. He went out alone, and appeared to be doomed to defeat. He was beaten in the party caucus, and in Parliament only five Dutch members sided with him. Even Abraham Fischer, his Free State colleague in the Cabinet, condemned his action. Practically the entire Press of the country denounced him as a racial and anti-English fanatic.

Many of the Dutch were gravely perturbed at the ejection of their champion from the Ministry, but the dispute dragged on for a year before Hertzog and his supporters finally marched out of a South African party congress and formed the National Party in opposition to their former colleagues. The closing stage of the quarrel was almost

forgotten in serious industrial upheavals, and then came the outbreak of the Great War, and of the rebellion, or "armed protest," within the Union.

The Great War provoked another recrudescence of racial antagonism in South Africa. A frank appeal to race became of more value in politics, and the result was a tendency among the Dutch to drift to the side of Hertzog, who was more racial in his outlook than were his political rivals. Botha and Smuts courageously stamped out the rebellion. They were pledged to a policy of seeing the War through, and naturally all the British in South Africa rallied to their side. As the War dragged on and gave rise to all kinds of semi-racial political issues, Hertzog and his followers gradually became more and more anti-Empire, anti-Imperial and anti-British. A formal demand was made for the restoration of the old Republic. Every War inconvenience and restriction was magnified into evidence of the fact that Britain was exploiting South Africa for her own ends. There was Hertzogite propaganda in favour of republicanism and secession from the Empire, and feeling ran so high that more than once the country seemed to be heading for civil war.

Long after the Armistice the political problems to which the world conflict had given rise were discussed with bitterness. In these years of turmoil and strain there was no mistaking the steady growth of Hertzog's National Party. The first test came at the General Election of 1915, and, despite the War appeal, there were 27 Hertzogites returned to the House of Assembly. At the 1920 General Election the National Party won 44 seats, and so became the largest party in the elected Chamber. In fact, the Botha and Smuts Ministries from 1915 to 1924 only remained in office by the votes of the Unionist (or British) Party. Their South African Party dwindled as Hertzog's National Party expanded. Before the 1921 General Election the Unionists merged their identity in the South African Party, which then obtained a clear majority in Parliament.

But the Nationalists never ceased to grow in strength in the House. At the 1924 General Election they had 63

members in a chamber of 135, and by a coalition with Labour overthrew Smuts, thus allowing Hertzog to become Prime Minister twelve years after he was ejected from Botha's first Union Ministry. Then, in the election last June, they gained 78 seats in an Assembly of 148, and though the coalition with Labour continues they could rule alone. Nor is it certain that their maximum strength has been revealed even now. As long as their special appeal to the Dutch is effective they can obtain a majority in Parliament, for the Dutch in South Africa outnumber all the other white races put together, and the electoral system gives an advantage to the rural districts in which the Dutch predominate.

That the response to a racial appeal has made Hertzog Prime Minister of the Union is obvious. In the reconstruction period after the Boer War he became known as the most uncompromising advocate of Boer claims. As Minister in the Orange River Colony he fought fanatically for the Dutch language and Dutch rights. After Union, though he often used the terms of Colonial Nationalism, and sometimes broadened his appeal, he addressed himself chiefly to the Dutch.

Botha and Smuts were then the leaders also of a Dutch party, but in the competition for Dutch votes they were handicapped by the British support they received. The Hertzogites denounced Botha's English friends as Jingoists, Imperialists, and foreign adventurers who were temperamentally incapable of ever becoming good Afrikaners. Hertzog always had a tactical advantage. It was he who made the converts.

To-day the Nationalists deny that their politics are racial. Each side in South Africa charges the other with racialism at every election. But at bedrock the appeal of the Nationalists has always been one of race. It was the racial nature of the appeal that gradually drew the Dutch away from Smuts. Blood is thicker than water.

And yet, admitting all this, it would be unfair to say that the Dutch vote, given to-day with machine-like obedience to Hertzog's party, is wholly an expression of hostility to Great Britain and the British. It is racial to

the extent that those who cast it want the Dutch to rule South Africa. Also among the poorer and more ignorant Dutch there is still some personal anti-British feeling.

But taking them in the mass, Hertzog's Nationalists are not anti-British, either in a personal or racial sense. They are anti-Imperial. They are anti-Empire building. But mainly they are intensely pro-South African—or perhaps it would be better to say pro-Afrikaner, as expressing a rather more narrow spirit. They would prefer an independent Republic outside the British Empire, because they believe a Republic to be the best form of Government, and they hold independence to be safer even than the loosest association with an Empire. But they are not prepared to secure a Republic at the cost of civil war. The secession movement in South Africa is dead, and will remain dead as long as equality of status within the Empire is conceded—or until the British South Africans are converted to republicanism.

The Hertzogite Dutch are inclined to be touchy in racial matters. They are easily roused by any suggestion of British superiority or of Dutch inferiority. The assertion that South Africa's independence exists only by reason of the protection of the British Navy irritates them—nor is the assumption accurate from a purely military point of view. They dislike the idea of Empire tariff fences, or anything limiting their entire freedom of action. Their quarrel with many British South Africans is that they are apt to be British before they are South Africans. Upon such issues the Dutch flare up with a vehemence that surprises the Englishman, who is somewhat inclined to ignore the feelings of other races.

But these are troubles which time, and an effort to show consideration for the feelings of others, will gradually eliminate. There will be no maliciously anti-British policy in South Africa under the Hertzogite Dutch. But there will be a strong South Africa First policy. Those who expect something less than that may regard South Africa as anti-British.

CHINA AND THE POWERS

BY W. E. LEVESON

THE Chinese machine is working. Rustily, no doubt, and grating harshly on the listening ears of friend and foe. But undeniably a framework of governmental machinery has been set up and wheels are groaning round. Though many critics are over-ready to put in their spokes, while old hands wail and draw on their reminiscences, our tolerant modern world as a whole, *videlicet* Mr. MacDonald and Sir Frederick Whyte, Mr. Lamont, and Baron Shidehara, stands expectant, encouraging with huzzas and offering lubricants.

It was said after the War, and at Washington in 1922, that China should be left to work out her own salvation. But in the throes of the period of conflict China gave no sign. Incident succeeded incident, and the specious pleas of interventionists, backed, as such demands can always be backed, by selected chapter and well-chosen verse, came very near to bearing fruit. In these hapless times the wisdom of the long view was difficult to maintain. Maintained it was, however, and at the end of 1926 His Majesty's Government was able to detect "the growth of a powerful Nationalist movement which aimed at gaining for China an equal place among the nations," and resolved to meet that movement with sympathy and understanding. Sir Austen Chamberlain's famous Christmas Memorandum did not imply that salvation was achieved, but only that the process of working out had made a beginning.

The following two and a half years, from Christmas, 1926, to now, have not been idle. The movement has developed dynamically. The Nationalists have really a first-class record of achievement. They have coaxed Manchuria under their umbrella, jockeyed Japan out of Shantung, nursed Feng into complacency, and settled, at least for a time, the ancient feud between Kwangse and Kwangtung. They have displayed their hereditary gift for pilotage through tortuous negotiations, performing

diplomatic feats which bear evidence of unity, purpose, and imagination. This evidence is to be found in their dealings with foreign nations, in all State papers of importance, in public and private conversations, and in the occasional speeches of their representatives abroad. And throughout there appears one salient aspiration, the desire, detected by His Majesty's Government in 1926, for an equal place among the nations. This simple expression of an idea, more frequently denoted in the cacophonous jargon of the day, the demand for the abolition of extra-territoriality, governs every phase of the national movement. It blocks the path of progress, it taints the most cordial asseverations of friendship, and its persistence is ample proof that China will not work out her salvation as a suppliant or pensioner, but only on a basis of complete equality, as man to man.

When addressing himself to this crucial subject Sir Austen Chamberlain expressed readiness to amend the system now in force by the elimination of abuses and accretions, and by the removal of unnecessary limitations on China's sovereignty. An amiable pronouncement when it was made, the palliative offered merely serves to-day to provoke enquiry as to what limitation on China's sovereignty is, in fact, necessary. China seeks by peaceful negotiations what Mustapha Kemal secured for his country by rattling the scabbard; she asks only for the liberty enjoyed by even such little States as Bulgaria, Guatemala, and Siam.

An analysis of China's case for abolition with certain "constructive suggestions" was made by competent authority in Shanghai as long ago as 1925. The published Report bears particular legal impress, and the suggestions are exclusively confined to modifications of legal procedure, some for immediate adoption, and others for gradual application as circumstances may direct. Without dissent, either on fact or argument, from the substantial purport of this Report, it is in 1929 patent that proposals of this nature go no way at all towards meeting the Chinese claims. Neither these recommendations, nor even more liberal proposals for abolition by stages, will be found

acceptable to China in her present disposition, for they offer no gain in national status till the final stage is reached. I venture to think that they may be dismissed at once from practical consideration.

The Report of the Extraterritoriality Commission of 1926, fuller in detail of the history of the past and of the practice of the present, recommends a programme of amendments leading to a progressive scheme which in turn would bring about abolition in time; but exact compliance with the conditions laid down would seem to postpone fulfilment to the Greek Kalends. It is evident that these official proposals will no more meet the case than those of the Shanghai Committee, and they, too, may therefore be discarded by any purposeful negotiator.

Closer scrutiny of the limitations of China's sovereignty which are necessary leads to the conclusion that the question is one not of degree but of domain. The exercise of consular jurisdiction in the Province of Shansi, for example, confers an honoured privilege upon foreigners, but is of no practical importance. Foreign criminal offences are, I should judge, few, while commercial suits involving any appreciable sum would seek trial elsewhere. It is incontrovertible that the limitation of China's sovereignty in Shansi is unnecessary. On the other hand, in Shanghai, the wealthy metropolis of foreign trade, where suits before the higher foreign courts continuously call for the exercise of eminent judicial ability, the most ardent Nationalist could not but admit that his country has as yet neither the knowledge nor the personnel to assume the functions now performed by the British and American Supreme Courts in the Foreign Settlement. Somewhere between these two extremes lies the limit of which we are in quest.

In the Reports both of the International Commission and of the Shanghai Committee is to be found the germ of a regional method of settlement. The progressive scheme of the former is qualified in parenthesis by the words, "whether geographical, partial or otherwise"; the latter suggests Mixed Courts of Appeal at Shanghai, Tientsin, Hankow and Canton. Assuming, therefore,

that a regional solution has possibilities, and recognising that the overwhelming preponderance of foreign population and interest is centred at these four ports, the line of limitation leaps into view. I suggest that, after acceptance by China of new conditions of administration for these towns, extraterritoriality, and all that it involves, may fittingly be abandoned throughout the rest of the country.

It is true that the Chinese Code of Laws is incomplete, and that even those sections which have been promulgated are not in general practice. Completion, however, need only be a matter of months, for, if necessary, China may borrow by choice as a makeshift any current code from Europe, America or Japan, while there may well be a stipulation that jurisdiction over foreigners be exercised only where modern courts and the new code are in operation. It is alleged that in China the courts are liable to interference by politicians or the military. The criticism is just, but the evil is not basic. It may be expected that the growing body of lawyers trained on modern lines will be able to resist improper political influences, while the power of the military is lessened and still lessening. The expectation is advanced that our trade will be subjected to excessive taxation and interference with shipping. Admitting, as we have admitted, that foreign residents and firms should be liable to such regular and legal taxation as is in fact imposed on and paid by Chinese citizens, and that our shipping should conform in a similar way to regulations made for and observed by Chinese merchantmen, fear of discriminate treatment is a denial to the Chinese of that minimum of good faith which has justified recognition of the Nationalist Government. The allegation of consular jurisdiction does not imply the withdrawal of consuls; and difficulties and abuses, when they arise, will still be susceptible of settlement by ordinary diplomatic processes. No doubt the Consular Service in China will require development, following the expansion of their actual consular duties. Such development has been demanded on other counts; indeed, it has been represented that the importance of our trade with China, and the unique conditions under which it is operated, justify the equip-

ment of the consulates with the ablest brains we have, coupled with commensurate emoluments.

The heart of British influence and interest in China lies in the colony of Hongkong, and for this reason it is questionable whether the Committee of 1925 were right in including Canton in the list of special areas. A rigorous test would seem to deny that the island of Shameen, our small concession in the Canton River, situated less than a hundred miles from British territory, furnishes adequate evidence of the necessity for a limitation of China's sovereignty. Canton is one of the first cities of China; it was the cradle of the Nationalist movement, and the retention of foreign privilege there, more perhaps than anywhere else, would be justly resented. I am disposed to think that the special areas should be reduced to three. Of these three Tientsin and Hankow are, in fact, Shanghai in the making, and, setting aside small questions arising from the present maintenance of separate municipal regulations for each foreign Concession, it may be said with truth that any new form of administration found suitable for Shanghai could be made applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to her lesser sisters. This leads me to the conclusion that the first essential step towards composing the present differences between China and the Powers is the negotiation of a Convention for the better government of the town of Shanghai.

Advocacy of a new administrative system for Shanghai does not rest alone on its expedience as a prelude to according China an equal place among the nations. The project of reform has local claims, and very urgent claims, to the attention of the Powers arising from the unsatisfactory conditions now prevailing. The handful of gentlemen merchants devoting their ample leisure to local affairs, building up usage and precedent as they went along, was a Victorian idyll comparable with Attica or the Shires. But to-day, with acute racial rivalry, stupendous industrial development, a huge population, and with the merchants themselves a new race of preoccupied agents engaged in severe commercial competition, the machinery of government breaks down again and again at ever-

recurring crises. The once "Model Settlement" is now a malignant danger spot, liable to sudden outburst with results both far-reaching and deplorable. Apart from the salutary check upon disorder due to our small temporary army of occupation, for such indeed is the real nature of the Shanghai Defence Force, an outbreak similar to that of May, 1926, might be engineered by a group of hostile Chinese officials at a week's notice.

It is impossible within the bounds of this article to advance more than the merest sketch of what the Convention should contain. Its negotiation would logically be between China and England, France and America, the original grantees, with, possibly, the collaboration of Japan in recognition of her important stake in the Settlement. The new administration would be in form Chinese, with foreign co-operation proportionate to foreign interest. The defence of the town, naval and military, would necessarily remain as at present, international. A single international judiciary would be set up with its base at The Hague or Geneva. The present municipal service would require a large infiltration of trained Chinese. The question of area would be a thorny one, for it has been made clear in the past that fair taxation and effective policing cannot be achieved when an evil-doer has but to skip over a boundary to attain immunity. The Chinese would be well advised to throw the city and suburbs into the pool, adopting the programme of Sun Chuan-fang, whose vision in 1926 of a Greater Shanghai was swept aside by the advancing tide of militant nationalism. A division of the town into wards would secure Chinese control in purely Chinese districts. I would give the Convention limited duration, or provide for its revision every ten years, not without the hope that in twenty the Chinese will be in a position to enter upon complete control.

The picture is unfinished. There are great gaps in the canvas for expert and technical filling. But if the work is attacked with energy and judgment, and if peace and commerce with modern China ensue, their hopes fulfilled and our fears dispelled, the thing required will have been done.

HARD TIMES FOR HOME RAILWAYS

By J. A. DUNNAGE, F.S.S., A.M.INST.T.

FOR a variety of reasons the problem of our British railways has in recent years occupied an important position in the foreground of the political as well as the business arena. In the nature of things railways occupy something of a "key" position in every civilised community, and their welfare is bound to affect in a measure every denizen of such communities. British industrial and commercial history during the past century reveals a fairly frequent record of friction between those who subscribed money for the construction of railways, those who wished or were impelled to use them for personal transit or the carriage of goods, those who were engaged in and drew their subsistence from railway operation, and those whose diverse interests were impinged upon, or might have been impinged upon, by railways.

Possessing, as railways do, certain strongly monopolistic characteristics even when they are in unbridled competition between themselves and with other transport services, this peculiar position has probably been inevitable. What, then, are the special factors in the situation that to-day confronts us in regard to our British railways?

Is there, first of all, a state of affairs now actually existing when some new intervention from without is imperative if the railways are to continue to function in the best interests of the nation? An impartial student of the facts would probably have to find that point not adequately proven. Yet since so many of the interested sections of the community insist that such a situation *does* exist, and that "something must be done," any judicially impartial view which would advocate letting well alone is likely to be hustled out of the way by the strident appeals to "do something," and the nation is in danger of finding itself committed to "doing something"—and perhaps something costly—in a situation which it does not fully under-

stand. Hence the importance of looking quietly at the facts, unmoved by interested clamour.

No very lengthy examination of the views of the various interested parties need be undertaken in order to be satisfied that there is before us, if not exactly a "situation," at any rate the active tendencies which may go to make one, and that at any moment. Railway shareholders are dissatisfied with the financial returns from their holdings, and say so whenever an opportunity arises. Labour is unwilling to continue to sacrifice the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. which a year since it agreed for a time to forgo, and gives notice that it wants the matter reviewed at once. Economists see in present methods of railway operation very serious elements of waste. Leading railway officers, by their repeated public assurances that the railway methods are being reformed out of all recognition and remarkable new plans are being introduced, give ample proof that they realise something is wrong. Railway users, both passengers and the senders of goods, are insistent in their complaints against delays, inequitable rates, indecision, careless handling, etcetera, and many are busily finding alternative means of transport wherever possible. The most cursory examination will convince one that there is a basis for many of these complaints, and will warrant the conclusion that preventable waste of national resources is going on, month by month, on a most serious scale.

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Let us, then, go a little further and seek to get the situation into focus. The country's railways, which until recent years attended practically to all the passenger and goods movement of the country except short-distance movement within a radius of perhaps five or ten miles, are finding their monopoly endangered. Mechanical road transport has begun in this twentieth century to look after traffic which the railways considered "theirs," and very naturally the railways feel annoyed. Various attempts so far made by them to prevent the loss of traffic have not been very successful. The loss continues and, in some places, increases. The new system of transport develops on its technical side much faster than do the railways, so

that the latter have to see traffic which they still pathetically call "theirs" passing regularly and happily by road. The radius over which most goods can be moved by road better than by rail is now computed by traffic men at from seventy to a hundred miles, and with more efficient inter-working between road haulage firms it may be still further increased. Since the average length of haul of goods traffic over the railway is computed not to exceed fifty-four miles, and is shortening, the just concern of railway managers can be understood.

It is to be noted, too, that three-quarters of the revenue of each of the three northern railways—the London and North Eastern, London Midland and Scottish, and Great Western—has hitherto been drawn from goods traffic, and one-quarter from passenger. So that, with industry slowly but yet perceptibly moving southward, those companies are obviously gravely troubled as to their future.

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Undoubtedly the railways are suffering a steady loss of traffic; consequently they are restive and troubled. They turn, naturally, to what they regard as their chief aggressor—road transport—and launch long and involved arguments to prove that they are handicapped in matters of local rating as against their competitors, and that the competitors do not pay their fair share towards the upkeep of the highways which enable them to menace railway revenue so effectively. They are especially bitter, and perhaps understandably so, at proposals for the spending of public money upon new arterial road plans. They argue very plausibly that such expenditure, wherever made, will merely put down at the nation's expense splendid highways whereon free-lance road hauliers, practically unhampered by restrictions, can carry more traffic which at present the railways carry on roads paid for by themselves, with signalmen and staffs paid for by themselves, and operated under conditions of rigid government inspection as to efficiency of track, vehicle and personnel.

Granted, then, that at least all the elements of a "situation" exist, and that matters warranting the nation's attention are in question, we next have to ask ourselves

how and in what measure Government intervention can assist towards solving the problem. Closely involved must be the consideration of whether or not national funds should be devoted to the carrying through of any plans—constructional or administrative—which may be lighted upon. Decisions are not possible until the true situation has been examined in still greater detail, and the disabilities (if any are proved to exist) have been laid bare and classified as to

(a) Those which national tendencies and broad economic movements have laid, as it were by *force majeure*, upon an efficiently managed and tirelessly alert railway transport service, which has always operated to the maximum of its powers and with the best of commercial acumen; and

(b) Those which may have descended upon an undertaking which, dreamily somnolent to the tendencies of the times, has been rudely aroused to find itself in difficulties, and is now wildly looking around for help.

Disabilities of the first kind we might fairly place before the nation for relief; those of the second order might not excite much practical sympathy from the general body of taxpayers and ratepayers.

Because of their close relation to national development our railways have always come in for a considerable measure of legislative control. Some argue that this control has unduly hampered them, and that, freed from it, they would be free from their troubles. Such a view is to-day untenable. Since railways as statutory undertakings required unusual powers from Parliament—powers of compulsory acquisition of land at a fair price, for instance—it was logical that some limitation should be put, from the start, upon the charges they could extort from the community. Thus, until the end of 1927, they have operated under statutory maximum charging powers, and have had to get Parliamentary authority when they wished to charge in excess of these statutory maxima. But that such authority was, when necessary, very readily given, and that as a general rule the railways, for commercial reasons, found the maxima adequate and voluntarily charged many rates well below those maxima, are matters of common knowledge.

As to Government supervision in respect of safety precautions and efficiency of equipment: these, one imagines, will readily be endorsed as essential by every thinking person, and no evidence is offered by the railway companies that the supervision is exercised in any vexatious manner.

As to national "interference" in the railways' labour problems there is, perhaps, more to be said. It is true that under stress of war-time difficulties, when maintenance of transport services was especially vital to the nation, the companies were made to grant certain increased wage rates to their labour staffs; and that in consequence the railway unions have achieved a powerful position and considerably improved the financial status of their members. But it is also true that the railways received a good round sum (£60,000,000) in compensation for the war-time national control; that their wish for increased charging powers always had the Government's ready attention, and that a very friendly relation between railway unions is now being cultivated in which, as was proved last year, the industry's financial outlook gets fair consideration from labour. Hence it is distinctly out of place to relate any fractional percentage of any existent railway situation to happenings during Government war-time control.

Railway officials and directors, therefore, have no adequate ground, it is suggested, for attributing any of their troubles, whether imaginary or real, to any action of the nation through Parliament. Therefore they have no *prima facie* claim for national help. Last year they came to Parliament and said that they were suffering under unfair limitations in respect of the user of the public roads by railway vehicles, and that if such limitations were removed they would be helped to keep their heads above water. Their case was a honeycomb of special pleading, their true intentions were by no means frankly explained, yet the powers they sought were readily granted.

Early this year the railways had a glorious opportunity to set out before the Royal Commission on Transport full details of any disabilities from which they might be suffering. What could Sir Josiah Stamp—most capable and plausible of witnesses—urge on their behalf?

Apart from touching briefly upon the extent to which the railways had to operate under statutory limitations with regard to rates, safety and efficiency, while at the same time, both frankly and by implication, admitting that some such limitations could not fairly be objected to, the only points to which he could draw specific attention were (a) the payment of railway passenger duty, (b) liability for maintenance of roads over railway bridges, (c) the fact that, while railways suffered these said statutory limitations, road transport was not supervised by Government Departments *to the same degree*. Point (a) has already been conceded in the 1929 Budget; (b) has been eased by new legislation; and (c) is rather a matter for closer supervision of road transport than for lessening the responsibilities of railways. The most Sir Josiah could say in summary was that "the preferential treatment of road transport as compared with rail in the matter of Government regulation and control . . . has the effect of *minimising the natural advantages of rail transport over road*." A telling sentence which its originator might well wish forgotten!

Certainly here were no grounds for thinking the railways inequitably dealt with by the nation! To agree, as one can, that they are unfortunate in finding themselves facing competition carries with it no suggestion that the railways have any right to a share of the national funds in order to help them meet such competition. To even breathe such a suggestion is to be guilty of an audacity which would not be tolerated for a day had not the public been already so thoroughly bemused by railway propaganda as to fail to perceive things in their true bearing. Did the village blacksmith get Government help when the incursion of the motor car spoiled his trade? No; he opened a garage or worked in iron for decorative purposes. Truer to their better selves, the railways, too, are already working hard to compete by improving their facilities. This better self should sway them rather than the plaintive weaker self which cries for help instead of turning to face the situation. In any case the road transport operators are also citizens, and they deserve well of the country. Their industry is computed to employ more men in total

than do railways, and if one means of transport gets Government help why not another?

The only way to get past this argument is to prove that the railways are so peculiarly valuable to the nation that if they are in danger every thought of ordinary fairness to others must be cast aside in their interests, and every possible step must be taken—legal, financial, administrative—to see that they remain with efficiency unimpaired. Is this, indeed, the actual situation? Thirty, twenty, ten, even five years ago it certainly was so, but to-day the claim of the railways to be *essential* is not such a valid one. Things are happening so quickly. Even three years ago, although the railway stoppage caused serious trouble, it by no means brought the nation to a standstill, as had been intended. To-day such a stoppage would be felt even less, for road transport has had three years more in which to gain strength, and roads are still more perfect. Whatever national inconvenience would follow the decline of the country's railways, therefore, there could never more be serious danger of a hold-up of movement of supplies so thorough as to force the Government to intervene. If this be admitted—and it cannot be escaped if facts are impartially faced—any demand for special measures of financial support by the nation must utterly fail.

It remains to see what can fairly be done by legislative action without trespassing upon justice to other interests, and, still more, what the railways can do to work out their own salvation, in the free exercise of powers already theirs, and by the use of technical skill and commercial acumen to the full measure in which they possess them. Broadly the problem divides itself into (*a*) facilities and (*b*) rates and fares, although the two are much interwoven.

In respect of passenger traffic, whereon losses are steadily continuing, it is difficult to trace how Government intervention could affect the situation. A passenger usually wants speed, comfort and economy. The first he often gets on rail, although except for a few "show" trains the general level of speed does not seem to be increasing as might be expected. The standard of comfort is rising, though again, outside a limited number of

"good trains," further improvement is needed. Economy is *not* now obtainable from the railways, at least by the average passenger, and that fact principally explains the steady loss of traffic. The advantages to the short-distance and country traveller of the ubiquitous 'bus which passes his door or lane, and puts him down in the shopping centre of the nearest town, are obvious, and nothing is likely to persuade him back to the railway. But the longer-distance traveller and the busy suburbanite making frequent regular journeys need not be abandoned to road transport. The railways' efforts to attract business by specially reduced fares have had some success, but it is widely felt that in this regard they are over-reaching themselves, and that the bewildering variety of special fares causes the person called on to pay full fare to feel aggrieved. Benefit would certainly follow a general all-round reduction of ordinary fares; many minor facilities and improvements in the way of through bookings, tourist tickets available over more than one railway, simpler use of alternative routes, while actually costing nothing would do much to regain some of the lost traffic.

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The problems surrounding the conveyance of goods are much more complex. They are more important, too, for where passenger movement is often for non-essential purposes and could easily be dispensed with, only a very small part of the total movement of goods tonnage could comfortably be done without. Critics roundly assert that British railways, which pioneered the whole wonderful development of carriage over iron rails throughout the world, are out of date in respect of their goods workings.

This extreme view can be heavily discounted, but there does remain a modicum of truth in it. Yet the recuperative power, the growing resiliency of mind in railway circles during past months, give ground for hope that movements within, as well as without, will have their effect. The rapid growth of railhead distribution, whereby goods move in full truck loads at the most advantageous rail rates to depots in the railway goods warehouses, whence

retail distribution is made by road, is an excellent attempt to use each service in its proper place. It is meeting with the success it deserves. The "container" system, too, is proving popular with some trades despite the limitation imposed by the one-ton minimum and the "percentage differential" on rates. In a score of minor ways known to the consignor of goods the conditions of carriage have been made more logical. In many more points the traffic manager who has regular dealings with the railway officials finds them more willing to meet his needs than ever before.

Two classes of complaint are frequent among traders. First, slackness on the part of the railways in quoting rates in response to special enquiries, particularly when awkward, unusual transits are involved. Second, the inevitable delay which arises with goods which have to be transhipped once or more during their journey. With the recent speeding up of goods services there can be little complaint against the movement of goods traffic in full truck loads, or even of small consignments between any two principal towns on one main line. It is the odd lot for the small town off the main route which gives trouble to all and accounts for much of the animus felt against the railway by some traders.

As to rates, traders and many railway officials express in private conversation the view that the whole rating structure and classification, built up at such cost of time and trouble between 1921 and 1928, is now so much waste paper, and that the sooner it is ruthlessly scrapped the better. Road transport firms, it is pointed out, get on very well without a classification, or with only a very rudimentary one. They fix a tonnage rate between "A" and "B" based principally on their cost of working, and charge that rate to all comers, taking the rough with the smooth. The Post Office has no classification.

During the recent changes the classification was revised and extended from eight to twenty-one classes, it being hoped that all the many exceptional rates quoted over a period of many years to entice traffic to the rails could thus be merged in with one or another of the new classes. This plan is a proved failure, for there are now more

exceptional rates than ever there were, and fresh ones are being feverishly added by the companies in their efforts to hold traffic. Some of these new special rates ignore classification altogether, and grant a given rate for "all goods" moving from a certain firm's siding to a given port, etcetera. When this is the case it is foolish to go through the solemn farce of retaining the classification and applying it to the goods of the small man who has no trained traffic manager to help him understand and grapple with railway technicalities. Certainly the case for a drastically simplified classification is a strong one.

In the same way the logic of the standard rate mumbo-jumbo, when over eighty per cent. of the country's traffic moves on exceptional rates, and the percentage is increasing, is hard to defend. Such an abuse of the idea of exceptional rates must surely lead, between industries, to further inequitable treatment, which it was an important purpose of the Railways Act, 1921, to remove. Since it has been tacitly admitted by the railway companies and the Rates Tribunal that the standard revenue is unlikely to be attained, why keep these fictitious figures, with the resultant complications of rates and calculations, on the books at all? The situation is now such that the railways are unlikely to increase rates against traders. Why not either (1) convert the present standard rates back into maximum rates and leave the railway companies free to charge what they wish within those maxima, so that they may deal commercially with the situation that now faces them, subject to the traders' right of appeal to the tribunal in case of injustice, or (2) decide upon an heroic cut, say, of twenty per cent. in the standard charges, thus trying once again to abolish the trouble and inequality caused by multifarious exceptional rates, and still more stringently limit the conditions under which further exceptional rates can be granted? In other words, why not do for goods traffic what has already been suggested for passenger traffic, and bring the rating system down to a simpler basis in closer relation with actuality? The traders of the country would probably prefer the second alternative, and it is likely that the small amount of revenue sacrificed (on

paper) by such a step would easily be saved by the definite fillip given to reviving trade, and the great reduction of costly clerical and administrative labour in the offices of the railway companies and the traders.

Even bolder plans are talked of in some quarters. Leading manufacturers, regular daily users of railways for carriage of goods all over these islands, ask why the railways should not arrange with them as they do with the Post Office, and contract to carry all their tonnage, to whatever destination and in whatever quantities, for a round sum of, say, £5,000 or £10,000 each year? The sum would need to be based, of course, on the actual average sendings and payments during recent years by the consignor. It having been agreed and paid, there would be no further trouble during the year in respect of rendering and checking accounts, or in following out disputes over rates or weights. It is not quite clear whether the railways could act upon this suggestion without special authority from the Rates Tribunal, but it is obvious that, directly there are signs of a sincere desire to test the system on the side of the railways, necessary powers can easily be secured. The tribunal will not stand in the way of a business-like proposal for which there is the highest precedent.

However, to the amateur reformer these appear points merely of detail, and perhaps unwelcome detail, though the copybook can be turned to for confirmation that from a proper grasp and a smooth handling of detail success should come. Reformers are more concerned to-day with the bolder problems, such as the bringing under common ownership of the 600,000 privately owned railway waggons which run on the railways, the more general adoption of the high-capacity waggon, the electrification of further larger sections of line, the construction of city-avoiding lines, the linking up of London terminal stations so as to permit more through running, the adoption of one or other of the several big schemes designed to centralise or drive underground much of the goods traffic problem in London and other large cities.

Not one of these plans, in the writer's opinion, has yet

shown itself sufficiently attractive to warrant the expenditure of public moneys upon it, though all should be studied by the experts at the Ministry of Transport in case some one or other of them may with justice to the country be recommended for encouragement. There is no doubt that under the new *régime* at Whitehall the active scrutiny to be expected from new brooms will indeed be given these vast plans. But between scrutiny and acceptance there is a wide gulf fixed.

A strong word of warning should be voiced against heavy expenditure for such plans as the London underground goods railway, which depend for their financial wisdom upon the immobility at their present locations of the London port, goods station, market and industrial districts. These things are *not* permanent. Each and all may change radically. Seeds of change are already being sown, and a north orbital road, a London-avoiding goods railway, a further serious movement of liner berthage down the river, an alteration in the customary marketing conditions for perishable products—all of which are quite feasible—would result in the addition of many million pounds' value to the already heavy weight of capital sunk in costly stationary physical equipment which has become obsolescent long before it has worn out.

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The problem of the private waggon is, admittedly, more contentious, but the great factor seems to be that the opinion among the leading traders directly concerned is definitely against a change over to railway ownership, however brought about. By far the larger proportion of privately owned waggons are employed in the coal industry, and the conditions of their operation were fully explored by the Royal Commission on that industry in 1925. It was shown that the use of waggons for storage purposes, both near the collieries and at ports, had become an integral part of the marketing conditions in the industry, and there was no wish to change merely to satisfy some theoretic ideal of efficiency. Sir Ralph Wedgwood, Chief General Manager of the London and North-Eastern Railway, giving evidence for the railway companies on the

same occasion, testified that the average economy in sight should all waggons be taken over and pooled did not reach one penny per ton to the companies, and that their charges on goods were so assessed that it was very doubtful if any of this saving would, in fact, be passed on to the traders. It is significant that the Railways Act, 1921, gave to the Minister of Transport all the powers he needed to order the compulsory acquisition by the railways of all these privately owned waggons, and that no step has been taken to use these powers. Whether the Standing Committee on Mineral Transit, whose report is still awaited, will throw any fresh light on the problem remains to be seen; but for the present any interference with that part of the situation would be most unwise, and it will not be attempted by the Government until the findings of that Committee are made available.

The high-capacity waggon proposal is another one which, to the superficially interested observer, has strong attractions. Comparison with the freight cars of North and South America is constantly made, to our detriment; but the conditions of movement are overlooked. There was a time when special trains carrying three or four hundred tons of goods for a single firm were fairly common in British railway practice. To-day the average weight of consignments is less than five hundredweights, and the average load carried in the normal ten-ton waggon is but three tons. Ours is not a new country, and industrial areas and premises could not, in very many cases, accommodate the fifty- or one hundred-ton trucks so dear to the theorists, even were some bold company to build them in large numbers. Development along this line must come gradually, as it has, in fact, been coming, and the Great Western Railway system of granting a small percentage reduction from the normal rates when traffic moves in full lots in twenty-ton waggons is the most practical way of hastening progress. Improvements in the average loading of waggons should also be possible, and that is a matter for the operating officials of the companies.

To sum up: in the writer's view the main contentions of the many would-be reformers who have sweeping plans

to wipe out this or that are not proven, and until they are adequately proven no public money should be allocated to their sponsors. More electrification of railways may or may not be desirable; in any case it is well within the capabilities of other companies to follow the lead of the Southern should they so decide. Whether or not the railways must be regarded as having passed their zenith, also, is not yet definitely proven, though many indications favour that view. The future progress of aerial navigation in Britain holds unknown possibilities in this regard, apart altogether from the more immediately competitive forces to which attention has been drawn. What does seem to emerge, however, is that the railways are no longer essential to the country's survival, and that, therefore, they have no claim to any special favours. They are entitled to expect from the nation a consideration only equal to that accorded to any other transport concern. This may fairly allow of the guaranteeing of interest on money raised by railways for new works passed by the appropriate Trade Facilities Committee *with its mind freed from the railway complex*—a condition difficult to secure in an atmosphere where the older psychology of "save the railways" has become almost second nature. It should mean nothing more—except a very strong hint to the railways to reform their own methods by the internal processes sometimes unpleasantly forced upon other business houses—unless or until the railway officials give up the struggle and ask to be nationalised.

All the arguments used in favour of grouping can equally be validly used to urge unification; and unification of control under a small board of technical experts responsible on financial matters to the Government may very possibly be the solution eventually found. But the trading community are still strongly against this step, fearing the further elimination of the spur of competition. Probably, despite a good deal of renewed propaganda, it is still a question for to-morrow rather than to-day.

THE CAR MIND

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

THE highway authorities of all kinds, from policemen on point duty to the Home Secretary (with endless councils and officials sandwiched between them), are becoming seriously concerned about the problem of the motor car. There is every reason for their anxiety; for it seems possible that if any more cars are put on the road none of them will be able to move—unless the skill of the police may extricate the ambulance vans which carry away the dead and dying. It is even suggested that no cars should be allowed to approach within a few miles of large cities—a rule once applied to lepers. But the solution of the traffic problem by the abolition of transport scarcely seems an ideal remedy.

However, this is only the superficial part of the problem of the motor car. The policeman and the engineer are very useful persons in the small details of life; but they are not philosophers concerned with the higher thought; and if anybody for one moment imagines that the chief danger of the motor car is that it will kill people, or not get along the road at a high speed, then he is only playing with the matter. It is very distressing to read that street accidents are rapidly increasing; and it may soon be as adventurous to take a walk as to go tiger shooting. But the population is exceedingly abundant; and if we have become crafty enough to dodge small-pox and malaria, it may be necessary for stern Nature to find another way of reducing numbers in her undisciplined schoolroom.

A total abolition of speed limits and police traps for a year would leave us with a residue population from which the mentally unfit had weeded themselves in blissful ignorance of their heroic social sacrifice. If intelligent local authorities deliberately set "traps" (of a fatal kind if approached above twenty miles an hour) then the weeding out process would be hastened. A healthy competition could even be encouraged between the county

highway committees; a prize—in a State subsidy to the rates, for example—might be offered if Surrey could encourage more road-hogs or lunatics to kill themselves than Sussex. It would certainly be a more intelligent sport than shooting tame pheasants.

But the difficulty of blocked traffic and street accidents is only a trivial side of the problem of the car. A motionless car or a dead victim cannot do much serious harm in an overcrowded world that is already moving too fast. The real problem of the motor car is the effect of its excessive use on the survivors.

The car is a machine which affects the life of almost every member of the community in an intimate way that has scarcely followed any invention before. The railway engine was never an intruder in every village street. If one did not like or need railways there was no need to walk on their lines. But to-day the car comes on our public road. A railway line is now one of the quietest and safest spots.

The motor car peril—it ranks with the yellowest, the reddest, and the blackest dangers—is essentially a democratic affair. In the Middle Ages, when every lord had his castle, it was often inconvenient to the neighbourhood; but there were not so many castles that much irretrievable harm was done. It is altogether different in these modern ages of democracy. When we introduce anything new, however bad, everybody has to possess it. The result is that every man is coming (as already in the United States of America) to possess his own motor car. That is why the car is so much greater a peril than the castle. Railway companies possess their own railway engines and drive them by their own engine drivers on their own lines. Now each car owner drives himself, or has his own chauffeur, and uses all the roads. The difference between this anarchical modern practice and the older organised limited railway system is obvious.

Anarchy is the only term which exactly covers the case of the motor car problem. That sound human quality of individualism has here run to excess. Mankind has been put in possession of a new power—one might almost

call it a new toy; and few people can yet play the game of the car as it should be played. Few know its legitimate possibilities and the intelligent use that can be made of it; few realise the methods which will draw out its finest capacities.

The car is at present rather in the condition in which gin was immediately after its introduction to England in the seventeenth century. London in particular went mad over it. It began to interfere with social development, just as a block of motor traffic interferes with our life to-day. People had then no self-restraint in the use of gin; they drank it at frightful pace, as they drive at a frightful pace now. It was necessary for the Government to interfere, and control the gin drinkers who had no power of controlling themselves.

Now, restrictive laws are dangerous as a method of social hygiene. They often do more harm than good. It is not wise to treat grown men and women as children. Most healthy people are better left alone; and even if they are unhealthy it is sometimes just as well to allow them to go to destruction, if that be their natural end. There are doctors who maintain that it is unwise to restrict the use of cocaine; for only degenerates will become addicted to its use, and the sooner degenerates are finished the better for everybody. But we must note that whereas excess in cocaine only kills the drug-takers, excessive motoring as often kills the innocent passers-by.

There is a legitimate use for the motor car, and an excessive use which is entirely illegitimate. Just as there is a proper use of cocaine as a local anæsthetic and a very improper use as a drug for degenerate persons. At the present moment the new petrol-driven transport vehicle has not yet found its balanced place in the social system. The car is being used in the same reckless, unbalanced way that charwomen used gin in the eighteenth century, and as over-excited neurotics use cocaine to-day. People now rush about in cars, at excessive speed, as other generations, or other people, have passed their leisure standing motionless at bar counters or lying in opium dens. The motor car is the most fashionable modern drug for restless nerves.

An abnormal amount of time is now passed in the process of transport in all departments of life. For example, whereas not many generations ago most manufactured goods and foods were produced in the neighbourhood of the consumer, now almost everything is made or grown in some far-away part of the world and delivered after thousands of miles of travelling. This may be all to the good in many cases. Thus, it is perfectly sound to carry coffee from Brazil to Brighton, because coffee cannot be procured anywhere in Sussex, or even in the whole British Isles. On the other hand, it may be approaching the verge of stupidity—or worse—to bring wheat from the centre of the United States when it could be grown in the Sussex Weald, where farmers, in return for its purchase, might take a holiday at the Brighton hotels that had bought their corn. But this is only an incidental example of the growth of transport. The amateur transport drivers are our present subject.

The limit of the ordinary range of the normal citizen has in these last few years been enormously extended; from a minimum of the garden-gate to a quite ordinary daily maximum of two hundred miles. Instead of playing early-Victorian croquet on our lawn we now motor a score of miles to play golf in the next county. Instead of strolling in the park on Sunday afternoons we go down to the South Coast for lunch.

All these new possibilities may have many advantages. But the point to note is that the price that we must pay for them is a very great consumption of time in travelling to find them. This time-factor in the price is being ignored. Still worse, a large number of persons are making the process of travelling an end in itself. The mere sensation of movement appears to satisfy many owners of cars, just as a few years ago it was a popular pastime to rush up and down switchbacks. So it is with a large number of motorists. Lunch at a Brighton hotel is not so much better than any other lunch as itself to recompense travelling a hundred and twenty miles from London and back in order to procure it. What, then, is the advantage of going to Brighton?

Of course Sussex, which is the main part of the ride, is one of the most lovely places in the world. But its very subtle beauties can no more be seen by flying past them on an overcrowded highway than one can appreciate the beauties of a great writer by letting his pages slip between a finger and thumb. It would be possible to see something of Sussex if one crept respectfully along its byways at, say, four miles an hour. But then one would never get to the Brighton hotel in time for lunch or even a late supper. By the discreet use of a motor car it would be possible to discover and absorb the charms of Sussex, or anywhere else, more completely and more quickly than without the convenient car. But such a rational use has nothing or little to do with the great majority of motorists who rush up and down main roads.

Instead of increasing the possibilities of life by extending its range it is probable that the motor car has done the exact opposite. By rushing over a hundred miles of road in a car, instead of more quietly covering ten on foot, one does not see ten times as much. On the contrary, one probably sees one-tenth. It is only the cruder minds that measure the worth of the world by the number of mile-posts, as it is only the sodden souls that measure the use of wine by the quart. One of the most serious diseases of the "car-mind" is that it tends to measure the success of a day by its mileage.

The car, with its high speed and superficial glance, instead of calm deliberation and peaceful enjoyment, is perhaps the most symbolic thing in modern life. It is influencing the whole human mind in a more profound manner than almost any factor in the history of civilisation. Even the invention of gunpowder probably had a less penetrating effect on the social structure than the motor car has had. War is only an occasional event, even in the most militant circles, while the car is everywhere and all the time. War produces a psychology of its own, and is followed by the wrecks of shell-shocked and maimed men. But the car is producing a new psychology also, which is more serious and wider spread than any remnants of war.

Take what is really a remarkable fact, if one weighs

it carefully. It is now considered polite behaviour for a driver to make the most amazing noises with his horn if any foot passenger or any other car should dare to use the highway so long as the hooter wants it for his own purposes. When this fact is calmly realised it is obviously a very serious social development. It surely cannot be allowed to continue without fundamentally modifying for the worse the whole social code. If the individual is allowed to hoot (or, in other words, yell) at any fellow-being who dares to use the road when he, the hooter, wishes to use it, then it will not be long before he begins to believe that the rest of existence can be conducted on the principle that the highway of life is for the man who can push most people out of the way. The prizes of life will then go to the biggest bounders.

Of course one cannot believe that there are as many bounders in existence as the signal of the motor horn would at first hearing denote. So far things are perhaps no worse than that a crowd of very thoughtless people have found themselves—by the aid of science, which is so often thoughtless—for the first time in possession of a vehicle which is capable of high speed; and, further, with a little hooter which allows them to make a piercing noise with no more exertion than a slight pressure of the thumb; the most incompetent fool can set it in action without a moment's thought.

But if that becomes the accepted law of civilisation the results of human progress will have been thrown on the dust-heap; and mankind must start its career over again.

Incidentally, the motor horn is also a blot on our standard of intelligence. Only the dullest of dull bureaucrats could ever have imagined that the horn was a way of preventing accidents on the roads. It is merely a temptation to a motorist to drive at a high speed on the assumption that other users of the highways will hear and be scared out of the way. To suggest to the thousands of thoughtless creatures who drive cars that their responsibility to their fellow-citizens can be discharged by pressing a horn bulb with their thumb or foot is a licence to take risks. To insist on every car carrying a horn is almost as

stupid as if the education authorities insisted on every boy carrying a packet of T.N.T. in his pocket. Both horn and explosive are incitements to crime. Probably the first step towards safety on the roads, for both cars and walkers, would be to make the use of a motor horn a criminal offence. Drivers would then take reasonable precautions at corners instead of gambling chances.

There is a most legitimate place for the motor car in a rational society. Used with discretion and for the right reason it may become one of the most valuable factors in civilisation. But it is necessary to realise that it is precisely on the same footing as electricity and gas, chloroform, drugs and all the other powerful forces which science has placed in our hands. Used with proper precautions and for the right reasons electricity and the rest of these powers can be most valuable aids to man. Used improperly they can blow us up or fatally injure us in one way or another. It is the difference between handling a sword by its hilt or its blade.

There is the same distinction between using the motor car as an intelligent man and a gentleman, or as a fool and a criminal. The roads are maintained at the public expense in order that they can be used for rational purposes. That elementary principle of law, *sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas*, puts the present case very concisely. It means that you may use your own car as you please, but not beyond the limit where it does damage to other people. Thus you may ride round the stream of circular traffic in Trafalgar Square, but you may not turn it into a Brooklands racing track. Again, one can use the public parks for walking, and even, by late regulations, for many ball games. But the police would be instructed to interfere if an enthusiastic militarist set up a private rifle-range in public gardens. A wandering bullet might find its billet in that other person's body or property which the wise law says we must respect, at whatever personal inconvenience to ourselves. It is, indeed, the basic principle of civilisation.

Thus we begin the consideration of the legitimate and rational use of the motor car with the assumption that it

must never endanger the reasonable safety of every other user of the road from excessive speed, unnecessary noise or dust. Put into concrete practice these legal principles would, roughly, forbid more than twenty miles an hour or any hooting after a normal bedtime. But in a rational system—as already suggested—the hooter would be abolished altogether.

Of course there will be a howl of indignant protest that the motor car would be killed by any such drastic restrictions. It will be said that it is useless having a car if it cannot be driven at high speed. It is probable, on the contrary, that such restrictions would put the motor on its right lines of advance, and decent people would begin to consider it was time to have a car when it was no longer an object of danger, suspicion and ignominy. It was once necessary for all Europe to rise in arms against Napoleon Bonaparte because he wanted the whole world to himself. In the same way it is becoming necessary for society to combine to prevent the high-speed motorists having all the roads to themselves, and turning life into a noisy and dusty peril for the bulk of decent citizens. There will be nothing that will hamper the intelligent motorist; just as the defeat of Napoleon did nothing to injure the rational citizens of France. Indeed, it was greatly to their advantage, as it will be to the greatest advantage of the motorist to rid the road of the socially criminal classes.

But so far we have been rather considering the duty the motorist owes to his fellows, to society at large. This is only the more superficial part of the problem. The most important duty the motorist has to consider is that which he owes to himself. If the motor is to develop on its present lines as the chief hobby of mankind then life will cease to be an affair of the intellect, though it may end by having solved the problem of perpetual motion. Man will be always moving, and rarely doing anything except oiling his wheels and cranks. It has not come to that yet; men still get out of their cars to play on golf links, and there is still the happy possibility that they may look at the surrounding countryside while a tyre is being repaired. But these imperfections of machinery and inclination for

physical exercise will not long resist the drug of movement; and the ideal man of the engineering future will have a non-stop life on the road. There are already competitions of this kind, just as there were once other enthusiasts who tried how long they could stop eating. The wit who recently discovered that the Englishman's home is his garage aimed his shaft at too stationary a target. The active "minds" of to-day now live not in castles but in each other's dust. This is a dangerous reversal of social traditions. A man of dignity always needs a permanent address. The tramp has always been the outcast.

There are limits beyond which it is not worth spending time in travelling. The distance will vary with the value of the thing pursued. For example, it is worth devoting more time in reaching Winchester Cathedral than the best racecourse. It may be replied that this is entirely a matter of opinion. Agreed, it is a matter of the right opinion against the wrong opinion, and the sooner the right can be distinguished from the wrong the sooner will mankind increase in civilisation. But that cannot be argued here. The motorists are so engaged with the factors of speed and distance that they are forgetting the ends for which they are used. Indeed, in the worst cases there are no ends in view.

If motoring is not to become a national debauchery, in which speed and distance will take the place of the older and more cultured pursuits of wine, women, and song, then the owner of a car must deliberately restrain himself and sternly refuse to use his own time and the public road in travelling without a rational excuse.

In the ideal world the policemen on point duty will all be scientists and philosophers of the highest academic distinction. When motorists have become ladies and gentlemen, and not road-hogs, there will, of course, be little necessity for regulating the traffic in the ordinary sense. So when the philosopher on point duty holds up his arresting arm it will be in order that he may ask a profound question: "Have you, sir, or madam, any sufficient reason for travelling in your car? For, as you will have learned from the works of the gravest thinkers, motoring is in itself

a merely useless consumption of fuel and roads. Have you any plausible end in view as the excuse for your ride? If you cannot give a good reason my orders are to arrest you as a public nuisance."

Of course, there are scores and hundreds of good and sufficient answers that will allow the traveller to pass on his way. It will even be enough to say that the ride is for the simplest relaxation, as one smokes a pipe or plays patience without any subsequent intention whatsoever. But the motorist will severely tell himself that this form of relaxation—unlike the pipe or the patience—is a more definite infringement of the rights and pleasures and conveniences of his neighbours, and, therefore, must not be indulged in except with the strictest restraint. Mad emperors have relaxed their minds by burning Christians, and hysterical Inquisitors have soothed their criminal lusts by torturing the better educated classes; but these hobbies have been kept within reasonable limits by the consequent inconveniences to others. The motorists, also, must seek the forms of relaxation which give least trouble to their neighbours.

There are many better reasons which the motor traveller will be able to give for his excursion. This is the more constructive part of the problem of the car. It is clear that if motoring is to become a civilising factor, and not a universal nuisance, it must be linked up with some form of mental activity in which its great powers of transport will be an advantage. Many such activities occur to the mind in a moment. For example, the student of geology might make his journeys into most engaging scientific adventures. That is a convenient example of a way in which the car can be turned from an aimless producer of motion into an object of use. It is the difference between firing a gun at a target or into the air; the difference between use and disuse.

There is a sound case for the car owner who uses his car not as in a point-to-point race at top speed, but rather in a sober survey of the countryside; as, for example, a geologist, a botanist, ornithologist, artist, or some other hobby or profession of an intelligent kind. It may be

replied that all this is merely priggish and highbrow affectation. The answer is that one knows by experience that the man whose chief hobby is poker is not nearly as agreeable a companion as one who has more intelligent pastimes. One would always choose as partner for a country ramble a man who knew something about archæology rather than one who had merely a passion for shooting pheasants. To prefer a student of some science or art to a follower of foxhounds or a road-hog is not highbrow affectation. It is merely the dislike of being bored.

On the simple ground of health, excessive motoring is obviously an anti-social pastime. It seems an appalling pity if we rescue civilised people from slums and insanitary workshops and factories, only to allow them, without protest, to waste their bodily tissues by reclining on motor cushions. The evils of too much work are being dealt with in Factory Acts and other social legislation. It looks as if the crime of too little exercise may have to be handled by an Eight Hours Act to restrain motor fanatics. The self-starter has taken away the only hope that a car owner will get any exercise out of his new toy.

Therefore, on physical, intellectual, and every other cultural ground it is becoming an urgent social problem how to suppress excessive motor driving. By recent legislation in both Italy and Spain the most drastic steps have been taken. Motorists are being taught the elementary rules of gentlemanly behaviour by the penalty of long years of imprisonment—up to twenty—for an accident which would not have happened if they had driven more reasonably. It is said that motorists in Madrid now raise their hats to pedestrians with an "After you, sir."

When the motorist, also, murmurs, "After you," to the laws of a well-balanced intellect, then the car will have begun to be the servant of civilisation, instead of a danger as terrible as the Black Death. It is not the dead and maimed victims of the motor traffic who matter most; the chief tragedies of the Transport Age are the empty-headed creatures who are spending such a great proportion of their lives in rushing about—doing nothing.

POINCARÉ AND THE HAGUE

By "AUGUR"

THE Romans, when they were alive, ate, drank, fought among themselves, slept and made merry exactly like other mortals. But they also had "principles," and this spiritual asset more than anything else helped them to their place in history. In the memory of Europe, M. Poincaré will endure for quite a time, because of his spiritual Roman quality: he has strong convictions. The difference between a statesman and a politician is that the latter, to attain his ends, will go to any length of compromise, while the first is limited by what he believes to be right or wrong. M. Poincaré will be remembered as a statesman, for among modern Frenchmen he is noted for his civic conscience. Illness laid him low immediately after he had scored a Parliamentary victory in obtaining from a reluctant Chamber its too long delayed consent to the ratification of the War debt agreements with Britain and the United States. He had to withdraw from public life just before the opening of the Conference at The Hague which was called to produce a settlement of post-War problems in Europe. As the principal spokesman of France he should have been matched with Mr. Snowden: the most French of all French statesmen against the "man from Yorkshire."

As friends of France we wish M. Poincaré a return to good health, so that he shall be given further opportunity of serving his country, even if in a less strenuous post than that of Prime Minister. In this country we have not always seen eye to eye with him, and he has antagonised us no less than Mr. Snowden has antagonised of late the French by taking a narrow nationalist point of view. Moreover, he does not radiate charm, like some of his less deserving colleagues. Yet we all want what we have not, and M. Poincaré is no exception to the rule. During the Ruhr crisis we had an appointment to see him. It was

an anxious time, so that, not unnaturally, the reception was brusque.

"What do you want?"

"Monsieur le Président, to-day it was the more necessary to see you, because I have just been asking several chauffeurs their view on the Ruhr——"

"——?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Président, and they said that it was the business of *Papa* Poincaré to look after the Ruhr——"

"——they really called me *papa*?"

After this the conversation went on smoothly. M. Poincaré, who for many years has coldly dominated politics by the sheer weight of a mind ruled by logic, the same M. Poincaré would love to walk in the warm valley of sentiment. As things have worked out it has been lucky for France that her statesman was possessed of a wisdom begotten from a cool brain, and that, in spite of his own propensities, M. Poincaré put duty and fact in front of inclination and phantasies. Otherwise he could never, as he did, have saved France from bankruptcy in 1924, when the Radical Cartel managed to throw the franc into the slough of inflation in which the mark had already been engulfed. The French currency was snatched away from the brink of a disaster, and under M. Poincaré's administration the finances were so consolidated that in New York prominent bankers consider France to-day as the most solvent country in Europe.

In addition to his principles M. Poincaré possesses, however, a sensitive conscience which has acted all his life as a brake. People accuse him of cowardice, pointing to the occasions when, byfunking, as they allege, the issue, he let slip occasions to save his country. For example, there is the case of the German capitulation under the pressure of the Ruhr occupation, when it depended on M. Poincaré to declare and call in his winnings. In that case there would have been a *Plan Poincaré* instead of the Dawes Plan for the payment of German reparations. People say that M. Poincaré was afraid to accept the surrender offered. We think differently: at the decisive moment a too sensitive conscience overwhelmed him with doubt about his right

to take an irrevocable step, and the moment of victory fled. Then, again, there was the stabilisation of the franc—the need to take a decision binding on a future generation. M. Poincaré was not afraid, but he was lost in a scrupulous examination of the moral position, so that the favourable time was on the point of being lost. A similar case happened in respect of the need to arrange for the ratification of the French War Debt Agreements. Keenly aware of a responsibility towards the France of to-day, and especially of to-morrow, he delayed the decision until the sands had run dangerously low. The Romans had principles but were not troubled by a conscience; in this respect life is hardest for M. Poincaré, who possesses both in a large measure.

In any case the existence of this supersensitive conscience has helped to make M. Poincaré not only a statesman but an honest statesman at that. Add to this an amazing capacity for work, a colossal memory, a gift for precise wording, and an intellect equally brilliant for analysis or synthesis (a rare combination); remember the man's steadiness in his likes and dislikes, his faithfulness to the given word, his strong link with the soil of France; take into account also his affection for details, his inability to delegate work, his preconceived notions of the historical mission of France in Europe, and his abysmal ignorance of many sides of modern life. Do all this and you will have a foundation for creating a live image of one of the most remarkable Frenchmen of our days.

In view of what has been said above, we reiterate our regret at the absence of M. Poincaré from the Hague. Not only would he have provided a livelier match for Mr. Snowden than is the case with the benign M. Chéron or with the nonchalant M. Briand, but he would have presented the French answer to Mr. Snowden's case in a more complete form. This, in view of the importance of the conference, was desirable if a final settlement of relations was aimed at. The time is not yet to disclose the inner history of the preparation and of the conduct of the meetings at the Hague. We leave Mr. Snowden to enjoy his reputation of a defender of the interest of the British taxpayer. Time, the pitiless judge, will duly give its

verdict on this point. But against one thing we raise our voice in protest: that the British Government was not bound to accept the Report of the Young Committee as undisputable. But was it necessary to make out what was practically a case against Sir Josiah Stamp and the other British experts, who for more than three months have worked in Paris under the eye of the Press of their country? When the Young Report at last was published it was acclaimed in London. Since then a change has occurred in the Government, and the plan has been deemed unacceptable without serious modifications. Was this sufficient reason to treat the British experts as if they had suddenly become lepers? The statement that these gentlemen had acted in absolute independence of the Treasury is wrong; the public should know that Sir Josiah Stamp and his colleague were given the assistance of two officials of the Treasury who were to act as secretaries and advisers. The minutes of the Young Committee show that usually both these gentlemen, always at least one of them, assisted at all the deliberations. Those who observed matters day by day from London could not fail to see how carefully the Treasury—and quite rightly—watched over the proceedings in Paris. We say this: Sir Josiah Stamp was as independent a member of the Young Committee as he was when he wrote his famous Memoranda for the Dawes consultations in 1924; and in the case of these documents, people in the inner circle of knowledge are well acquainted with the name of the talented official who collaborated at that time with the chief British delegates. We have the right of being surprised at anybody declaring that Sir Josiah Stamp had not been authorised to give up the British claim for arrears in German Reparation payment, or that his acceptance of an alteration in the Spa percentages was a surprise to London. The future, perhaps, will bring out the fact that Sir Josiah's chief mistake was in putting too much reliance on the spoken word. But independently of the outcome of the Hague Conference, the treatment meted out to the British experts by their own Government is as undeserved as it will be proved, we think, to have been impolitic.

THE MASCULINE MONOPOLY OF GENIUS

BY LUCIE SIMPSON

ALTHOUGH we are long familiar with works of genius and the word itself is often on our lips, the precise meaning and origin of genius have never been satisfactorily explained. It implies so much, its manifestations are so variable, its emergence so uncertain, the qualities contributed to it by parents and forbears so elusive, that it remains a constant challenge to the scientist no less than to the genius himself.

Biologists, physiologists, psychologists, alienists, writers on æsthetics, have all in turn attempted to define it. The fact that men geniuses are greatly in excess of women geniuses (if the latter exist at all—a point round which, at times, great controversy rages) seems to indicate that its possession depends on, or is closely related to, conditions peculiar to man, which are not so pronounced in woman. This is partly confirmed by the fact that though women are often highly talented, they do not attain genius. That Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Beethoven, and Goethe were geniuses, all agree, as that no woman's work has ever been characterised by the super-excellence exhibited in the work of these men. Sappho, the oft-quoted in this connection, may have been a genius. The fragments of poetry ascribed to her testify to exceptional ability. But we doubt if they justify her being called a genius of the calibre of those mentioned. Even if they do, one swallow does not make a summer nor one exception prove the rule.

While the type of man who seems to derive the greatest satisfaction from reminding woman of the limitation—if, indeed, it is a limitation—may be as far removed from being a genius himself as any of his women acquaintances, yet it is to his sex that genius appertains. Therefore he has a right to be proud. On one occasion a man was overheard to say to a woman, "With all your talk you women

have never produced a Shakespeare?" "If woman didn't produce him who did?" was the reply.

Herein is the difficulty, perhaps the most baffling, in arriving at a conclusion on genius. All geniuses are born of woman, but the question arises as to how far and in what particulars the woman transmits qualities which, while not culminating in individual genius, yet constitute, or help to constitute, genius in her offspring. When all is said hers is the supreme act of creation. It may be because of his inability in this respect that man has been obliged to content himself with creating in the material world what woman does in the physical.

In view of these things the honours seem to be fairly divided. Certainly there is nothing that justifies reproach of women on the charge of inferiority. It will be time enough for that when we know of what genius consists and to what extent it is affected by, or dependent on, qualities transmitted by the mother, known as womanly qualities. Again, if genius were hereditary, and the father transmitted it to his sons, there would be some ground for thinking it exclusively masculine. But he does not. One cannot recall a single instance where a great genius has bequeathed the quality to his offspring. Instances of the transmission by genius of high intelligence, of taste and inclination, of mediocrity in plenty, and even of insanity are frequent. On the other hand, many known geniuses have had mediocre fathers, and some have ascribed the quality to the intelligence of the mother. Invariably the parents of genius are found to be of ordinary average intelligence, a fact which seems to indicate that rather than any prescribed, or prescribable, qualifications, it is the accidental crossing of characteristics and attributes in them which result in the birth of genius.

There is another consideration. The term genius is so often loosely employed that it includes a great many forms of natural ability. Oftener than not it indicates not genius so much as highly cultured talent resulting from industry and perseverance. By right the term only applies to men of that intensely susceptible temperament which in art or poetry works by inspiration rather than by reason.

Geniuses of this kind are men who, in the particular development of a faculty, will sometimes sacrifice much general ability, proving that what is called genius may be an unbalanced or even an unwholesome condition of the mind. A noted alienist in this connection writes that "In families where there is a strong disposition to insanity one member may suffer from one form of nervous disease, another from another form. One perhaps has epilepsy, another hysteria, a third may commit suicide, a fourth be melancholic, and it sometimes happens that the fifth evinces remarkable artistic talent."

As against the opinion of the pathologist we have the less biased verdict of men of letters. Buffon said that genius was "infinite patience." Carlyle declared that "when sensibility and insight marry, the child is genius," which suggests his having arrived at this conclusion in contemplation of embodied genius—himself—and does not help very much as to what constitutes it. He also said it was "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Newton, when asked how he had found out the law of gravitation, replied, "By continually thinking about it." Veron, the writer on æsthetics, declares that "genius considered in itself is but superior perceptive power arising from exaggerated excitability and elasticity of the nervous centres." If it consists in this it should be commoner among women than it is. "Zeal, ability, and capacity for labour," according to another authority, are the essentials. Weininger, whose book *Character and Sex* roused some little attention a few years ago, while denying genius to women, was less satisfactory than anyone when called upon to define it. Unless we know of what a personal, human quality consists it is illogical to assert that half of the human race has it not and never will have it. Weininger gets over the difficulty partly by saying, "It is by suffering that genius understands; . . . only by suffering that a man knows." Later he supplements this by declaring that "genius is the highest duty and therefore it is everybody's duty" (this in spite of saying woman is incapable of it). "Genius is something which 'men of genius' take upon themselves; it is the greatest exertion

and the greatest pride, the greatest misery and the greatest ecstasy to a man. A man may become a genius if he wishes." From this opinion most people will dissent, especially those who consider geniuses are born and not made.

There is a modicum of truth in all the definitions. Yet one may be a monument of patience, possess an infinite capacity for taking pains, think and think and think about a thing, have an exaggerated excitability and elasticity of the nervous centres, go through an inferno of suffering, and yet remain intellectually the most average of mortals. If any one word could meet the situation, it would be that genius is impressionability, because impressionability, in its widest sense, implies not only excitability, nervousity, capacity for suffering, perception, receptivity, but the requisite emotion and sympathy which artistic manifestations demand, and withal the faculty of reproducing impressions.

Genius also implies a greater physical ability for sustained effort than many women possess. The physical strain of composing the *Seventh* or *Ninth Symphony* of Beethoven, of writing any one of Shakespeare's tragedies, of painting the Vatican frescoes of Michael Angelo, must have been tremendous.

An outstanding feature of genius appears to be the imperious necessity under which it labours for the externalising of emotion—for some manifestation—into which, as a rule, reflection and calculation only enter later for the purpose of ulterior development. That woman has the desire as she has the emotional capacity for artistic work is evident from the brilliant novels written by her from time to time—fiction being an art in which she may be said to have attained a higher standard of general achievement than in any other. The difference between woman's talent and men's genius seems to lie, then, in the nature and intensity of emotion under which works of art are undertaken.

Admitted that the greatest art is poetry, and the greatest poetry that of love, let us consider the matter from this standpoint. The incentive which inspired the *Vita Nuova*

of Dante, the sonnets of Shakespeare, practically all the poetry of Byron, Keats, Rossetti, and much of Shelley, was evidently very great and urgent, subjugating everything to itself and indicating the white heat of emotion from which only the finest gold emerges. In each case woman was the incentive. Each poet was profoundly in love when he wrote the poems referred to. Impassioned love it seems is the indispensable, the *sine qua non* for poetry of this nature. And because woman is never dominated to the same extent as man by the erotic sense she is debarred apparently from genius. We have purposely confined ourselves to works of poetic genius. The lives of artists and musicians would, no doubt, furnish evidence that their genius is inspired by a similar impelling force.

That the poets mentioned were among men possessed of the greatest capacity to love is evident from the nature and quality of the work they produced. The question arises as to what extent genius, at present a more or less exclusively masculine ebullition, is a "showing off" analogous to what takes place in the animal and insect world at the mating season. The theory that it is, finds additional justification from the fact that certain correlations are known to take place at the period of puberty between sexual maturity and the development of the phonetic or language centres of the brain. During experiments in the study of phenomena which favour the development of literary genius, made some little time ago, the question as to what relations might possibly be apprehended between the development of the higher forms of language and the sexual functions received attention. Correlative manifestations between the annual phases of the reproductive forces and the appearance of certain qualities and physical embellishments are apparent in the animal world and provide some ground for assuming that corresponding correlations exist in the life of man. In the human race it is only at puberty that certain secondary characteristics develop in the sexes. The most important in the male sex is the modification or "breaking" of the voice, indicating that a close connection exists between

the development of sex and the phonetic organs. Analysis of the conditions of this change may ultimately discover what actual degree of connection exists between the two great functions, one of which determines the intellectual development of the race, and the other its continuance.

Language is the most distinctive characteristic of the human race; also it is the most recent acquisition of animal life in the slow ascent to the human type. Animals most akin to us are capable of giving expression to certain states which, indicating emotion, may be termed psychic, the centres controlling these in the animal corresponding to centres of the human brain which control emotion. It is by language man is best able to externalise his emotion and express his wants. Music, drawing, writing, speech, mimicry are all the outcome of this function, and the same anatomic centre of the brain directs their mechanism. It should be pointed out that the development of the language centres at puberty differs somewhat from what happens when a child first commences to talk, in that during the pubertal stage the sensory and motor centres become connected by the most superficial of the cortical areas known as the plexus of Exner, showing that the relation between the language centres and those of sex are closer. This is a late and slow organisation, and while the most active period corresponds to the first years of adolescence, it continues to evolve till somewhere about the fortieth year. The locality of the left frontal lobe of the brain has been defined as that of the series of organs which both in man and animal are in close relation with sexuality on the one hand, and with psychic externalisations on the other. What is most remarkable, and what justifies one in assuming that physiological conditions have much to do with the works of so-called genius, is the fact that the connection between these centres seems to be all the stronger and more distinct where sexuality and intellectuality are most highly developed.

In recurring to what we have said to the effect that language appears to be the male's ornament, in the peculiarly sexual sense which the term acquires in the animal world, it follows that the highest manifestations

of language, that is, those which imply the highest intellectual development, are precisely those which refer to love.

In the animal and insect worlds the singing of birds, the music of the grasshopper, the cicada, the cricket and other insects play an important part in courtship. The sounds produced, curiously enough, are confined to the males. "It is difficult," says Prof. J. A. Thomson, "to believe that the noise falls on deaf ears, and yet the evidence is far from conclusive." Just as with impassioned poetry, which is essentially an expression of wooing, it appears to be the act of writing, in a word, expression, which affords relief, it being of comparatively secondary importance whether the poems or sonnets reach the ears of the loved one.

Further points of analogy suggest themselves. We are told that in a great variety of ways male animals express their eroticism in the presence and proximity of the desired mates. Many male spiders, for instance, have a characteristic love dance in which they circle round and round the desired female as if "showing off" their agility and beauty. (Probably the Shakespeare of the species materialises his sonnets in this way and is accredited with being the most intellectual and accomplished.) As a matter of fact, spiders and birds, and poets to a certain extent, are acting instinctively rather than deliberately, expressing in their different ways, sex intoxication. Concerned chiefly in regarding love as a mere label for the alteration, the metabolism of development, due to the brain being eroticised, physiologists may pooh-pooh these conclusions. They are, however, none the less significant.

Agreed that falling in love is instinctive and can be anticipated to occur at a certain stage of life, in its more serious manifestations it is a reaching out of the whole organism to something indefinably spiritual and idealistic, whatever its later stages may entail.

We learn that the courtship of animals is attended by much strife at times, that they fight because they are jealous, because they are high strung, because they are

temporarily frustrated, because of the irritability induced by unsatisfied desire, and so on, which reads very like a catalogue of the woes of poets. Allowing for a more intense emotion, and a transference of the excitement from the purely physical to the intellectual centres—or a combination of both—with language as the medium of expression, we have the necessary conditions for love poems by a Byron, a Burns, a Swinburne and many others. That the music from an animal or insect standard of such things may portend or arise from active suffering, varying according to the victims' capacity for suffering, and may be correspondingly eloquent as they judge of eloquence, we can only surmise. As suffering is relative, so is emotion and ecstasy. While courtship is of short duration in the lives of the lower organisms, according to the length of interval required to overcome the reluctant female, in the life of man the process is much less episodic and may last for years, deferred hope, untoward circumstances, all the hazards, in fact, to which human love is subject, causing intense suffering, a capacity for which, says Weininger, determines genius.

But for the habit of conventional rectitude, it is conceivable that sedate and self-respecting young men would behave much as the male spider does on falling in love. At least, for all we know to the contrary, the "Charleston" and the "Shimmy," or their equivalents, may have been long popular in insect communities. The only point of difference, apparently, is that the young man pursues his dances (with the female as a willing participant) at stated times, and the spider when the fit takes him. Generally speaking, the type of young man who finds his chief emotional outlet in dancing, or in golf or aviation for the matter of that, has no other means of expressing it. Endowed with the gift of tongues, he would write ardent love poems. The significant fact is that in all species it is the males who vociferate, who sing loudest, who dance and struggle and suffer; and the females who listen, who look on, are passive and inarticulate for the most part.

The question arises, how much has unhappiness to do

with the writing of great poetry and other artistic manifestations? As a rule poets are hypersensitive. They wouldn't be poets otherwise. They also magnify trifles.

Where love grows great the littlest doubts are fears;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

sang the greatest of all poets.

Also it is of the nature of genius to be exacting and discontented. In pursuance of the ideal the material fails to satisfy long together. One object secured, attention is directed to another. Can it be that love and its consequences to women, in a measure, obviate this restless discontent which seems to be a necessary irritant to accomplishment in man? Without minute knowledge of the lives of men who have excelled in poetry, music and the arts, it is impossible to say what part frustration played in their productions. That sublimation, but a euphemism for frustration, exercises an enormous influence in artistic achievement none will dispute.

If the reactions and correlations—synergy, I believe, is the technical term—of the ordinary individual to love are so disturbing and even disastrous, it is plain that poetic intensity of feeling has correspondingly greater effects. How are these things confirmed by actual facts?

A striking instance is provided by the work of James I of Scotland. His finest poem, *The King's Quair*, which is an ardent love poem, was directly attributable to the emotion he felt, when, as prisoner, he used to watch Jane Beaufort walking in the adjoining garden. Set at liberty and married to her, he composed very little save a few second-rate ballads. Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey, who introduced the Petrarchian sonnet into England, had, like Petrarch himself, each an inamorata to whom their impassioned verses were addressed. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* are among the most brilliant lyrics of our poetry, and are distinguished throughout by amorous tenderness. Shakespeare's Sonnets—without the additional evidence provided by the plays which abound in impassioned love scenes—are full of the sadness and beauty of hope

deferred and frustrated love. Robert Herrick's book of poems called *The Hesperides* is singularly revealing. Living in a simple fashion in the country, this poet-clergyman wrote and published his poems, which are essentially love poems, sparkling and lascivious, indicating throughout a state of singular exaltation and an almost pagan love of nature.

Coming to more recent times, judging from the rapidity with which one love affair succeeded another, Byron could scarcely have written any poetry except under the influence of passion. Keats' consuming affection for Fanny Brawne was not only the inspiration for some of the finest poems ever written, but one of the conspiring causes of his death at the early age of twenty-five. Wordsworth's best poetry was written during the few years in which he was in France or immediately after his return, while he was still in love with the French girl Annette, by whom he had an illegitimate child, and whom he would have married if he could. Much of Rossetti's finest work is tinged with the gloom and self-remorse which fell upon him after the death of his wife. Browning, Hardy and Meredith all excelled in love poetry which belongs to the impressionable years.

Though we have confined ourselves to the work of poets much the same thing applies to novelists of genius. Proof has recently come to hand that Dickens was unhappy in his domestic relations, and was in love with a woman other than his wife. Meredith's first marriage was conspicuously unhappy. Unless he had been a great lover he could never have written so convincingly of woman. Tolstoy's great novels, without doubt, to a considerable extent, were the music of frustration. He was not a religious by temperament, and in certain minor stories dwells inordinately on passion and sex.

Artists and musicians are so proverbially and consistently susceptible to love that the hypothesis seems less difficult of proving in their case than in any.

Causes which determine the development of genius may, anatomically and physiologically, be powerful enough to produce from time to time one man whose

powers of co-ordination and productive forces are such as enable him to dominate the mass of poets. Shakespeare and Goethe are of this class. Either by intensity of their sensibility, or by something exceptionally fortuitous in their age and parentage, each excelled his contemporaries and men whose reactions were more limited or circumscribed to one sphere of emotion.

If these things are true of man how are they affected by consideration of woman's contributions to poetry and art?

While it is impossible to admit the existence in one of the sexes of a less close correlation between the physical and sexual centres, it is in the nature and closeness of the correlations themselves that we must look for the cause of the differences in the artistic manifestations of man and woman.

Without doubt the secondary sexual characteristics—as also the primary ones—are of shorter and less intense duration in women. Nor has the love of woman the more disturbing elements which characterise the love of man, facts which do much to prove the differences between the orientation of the sexes as regards language. Woman's attitude in producing works of art is different from man's. As an artist she is incapable of the same detachment. Her intentness in describing herself seems to derive from some other motive than the demands of the highest art, which are impersonal and detached. Thus while emotional woman often succeeds in translating her emotion into eloquent language, as a mere manifestation of emotion it seems to suffice. Unlike the poetry of the male, which is often a cry, a protest, an anguish of frustration, woman's poetry lacks depth and reality. One often feels throughout the expression of her disillusion, of "the void which her quest after the absolute which existed only in her dreams" has left, as that her art is a form of self-assuagement, a purely æsthetic satisfaction to herself as distinct from the great universal purpose and meaning of art.

Compare the poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning,

whose *Sonnets from the Portuguese* were inspired by love of her husband, or Alice Meynell's great Sonnet, which not only is the high water mark of all woman's poetry, but practically of all the poetry of the last forty years, with the verse of the poets mentioned, and the difference is at once noticeable.

That much of woman's poetry and fiction to-day is on as high a plane as—if not higher than—much of man's work, carries little weight because the present is not an age of geniuses. It may be that the improvement in conditions which in the past cribb'd, cabin'd and confin'd woman in her intellectual and artistic reactions will do much to widen her sense of the requirements of great poetry and art, and enable her to approximate nearer to the standards of genius. But we doubt whether her work will ever rank as high because, as we have tried to make clear, genius appears to be the outcome of physiological rather than of exclusively intellectual or volitional conditions.

FOR A TIME OF ABSENCE

BY LESLEY GREY

Rest happy in my love;
It will not pass or veer:
Here's nothing time can move,
Nothing to fear.

Love that, behind strong bars,
Can suffer without sign,
Trembles no more than stars
That, trembling, shine.

Love has such age, such youth
Such æons of constancy,
That even to swear my truth
Seems perfidy!

FINANCING SOVIET RUSSIA

BY ALZADA COMSTOCK

AFTER twelve years under his Bolshevist master the Russian bear still lives; lives and seems to grow stronger. He has found some means of livelihood which was unknown to the outside world.

We were bad prophets a decade ago. We said that Bolshevism could not endure. The Press, daily and weekly, was sprinkled with our protestations. Under such captions as "Can Russia Survive?" "Why We Cannot Trade with Russia," and "Soviet Gold Supply Dwindles to Nothing," we spoke our belief that the life of the new Republic would be short.

Even Lenin had more of courage than of hope, if a Moscow tale is true. It is said that a friend, going in to see him one morning in the first hard months of the Bolshevist rule, found him surprisingly gay. "Look there!" said Lenin. "Look at the calendar! We have lived one day longer than the Paris Commune. I never thought we'd do it!"

Those few weeks have multiplied into months and the months into years. Around Moscow and Leningrad and Kharkov the factories rise. High-tension wires are laced across the Russian plains, and the steel of fresh-laid railway tracks is soon to join the cotton fields of Turkestan with the wheat lands of Siberia. Russian oil pours through new pipe-lines into the markets of the world. German, American and British machinery, bought with the profits, goes back to Russia to build airplanes, drill oil wells, and serve a hundred other needs. The United States, in theory the capitalist arch-enemy, is doing more than twice as much business with Russia as before the War.

With the value of the political philosophy of the Soviet Government this article is not concerned. It deals with the financial methods by which this alien system which sounded so unworkable to us a decade ago has been enabled to survive; with the sinews of Communism; in

short, with the question, "How has the Soviet State supported itself?"

I

Two misconceptions must be abandoned if Soviet finance is to be seen in perspective. Changes in Russia come quickly, in policy and practice if not in that fine-spun theory in which Bolsheviks delight. But the Western world tends to cling to the notions about Bolshevism which it got when the Soviet State was new. Many of these notions have no bearing on Russia to-day.

In the first place, Russia's new pragmatic definition of the word "Communism" must be accepted. Communism in Russia long ago ceased to imply common ownership of property or Government ownership of all property.

For a time, in the difficult period called "Militant Communism," which began soon after the Bolshevik Revolution and lasted until 1921, Communism as the outside world understood the term was in operation in Russia. The State owned all, took all, spent all. Wages were no longer paid. Instead, cards entitling the bearer to food, clothing, and other necessities were distributed to the workers. They were given free rides on street-cars and railroads. Apartments and rooms were free. Buying and selling in the ordinary sense was prohibited, and the Government card system supplanted it.

The food for distribution came from the peasants, whose crops over and above what they needed for their households were confiscated, or "requisitioned," as the Moscow Government preferred to say. There were, of course, no taxes in those days. The products of the "nationalised" factories belonged to the State, just as the crops of the peasants belonged to the State; but the difference lay in the fact that the card system in the cities worked fairly well, but the peasants had difficulty in getting anything with their cards. Money was "discredited" and was soon to disappear. In the meantime it was useful to the Government, which could—and did—print it in unlimited quantities and use it for its own more urgent requirements.

The peasants failed to see the advantages of the system of confiscation. The peasant is not yet found, this wide world over, who will go on working if all of his surplus is taken away from him. His rule of conduct is simple: he stops working as soon as his household's needs are met.

The Russian peasants objected to having the wheat and oats taken away; grew stubborn; at last sporadically revolted. No wise Moscow Government will long oppose the will of the vast Russian countryside; a hundred and thirty-five million people, nearly nine-tenths of the population, far out of reach of any sort of discipline, who can feed the cities if they will or starve them if they will.

But not all the men in Moscow are wise. Lenin alone, the one skilful administrator the Soviet State has yet produced, guessed the root of the trouble. He changed the regulations, rushed manufactured goods to the disaffected areas, and in that breathing-space, in the spring and summer of 1921, persuaded the mighty in Moscow to alter their whole policy and to permit individual business. In that fashion the New Economic Policy of 1921, always a Soviet landmark, came into being.

That was the end of Russian Communism in the traditional sense. Although after three years of "Nep"—private trading and individual business men in Russia still bear the tag made from the first letters of the words "New Economic Policy"—the pendulum swung back, and the Nepmen were regulated and taxed and harried almost out of existence; the system which partially replaced Nep was Government ownership and operation of large-scale enterprise, not Communism.

Since 1921 the daily life of the Russian in Moscow has not been far different from the daily life of the common man in London or Berlin. He pays his rent, his fares, buys his food, clothing, and small luxuries in the same way. If the Russian buys in a municipal or co-operative shop there is little to remind him of its ownership. Nor is the peasant unnecessarily irritated by reminders of a system which he instinctively dislikes. One fact annoys him: the Government agents who come to bid for his crops have rigid and unchangeable ideas about low prices

instilled into them in Moscow. But the peasant holds his land on a long-term lease, and he can bequeath it to his son. He is paid for his crops in money—though far too little, he insists—and with it he goes to the village store and makes his purchases.

So passed Communism in favour of State Socialism, or State Capitalism, as certain Russians prefer to call it. The word "Communist" is retained to describe principles, organisations, and, chief of all, the Communist Party, which is the Moscow Government itself.

The second misconception is the notion that Soviet Russia stands alone as a country which practises State Socialism; that the nations of the world are divided into two classes, that which uses State Socialism (Russia) and those which disapprove of it and refuse to practise it (the other great nations).

No country is wholly without government ownership, and none is completely socialised. There are simply degrees of socialisation. If the principal nations were placed in order in this respect the United States, which has few business enterprises outside of the Post Office and the Panama Canal, would stand at one end of the scale and the Soviet Union at the other. Great Britain, with its large expenditures for social insurance, its State telegraph and telephone, and its subsidies for exports and selected home industries, would occupy a middle ground. Germany, with its State-owned transportation, should be placed nearer to the Soviet Union.

II

In the last decade, in which Great Britain, the United States and France have left their fiscal systems almost untouched, the Soviet Union has travelled the immense distance between confiscation, the method of militant Communism, and a tax system which looks like those of Western countries. Income tax, industrial tax, excises, customs, stamp taxes—all the familiar types except inheritance taxes are there.

Bolshevists, naturally enough, resent the statement that the Soviet Government now finances itself as capitalist

countries do. The first tenet of their faith would fail them if they were forced to believe that Soviet Russia was not in every way different from the oppressed nations of the West. "But, you must understand, we have no rich people in Russia," the foreigner is told, a statement which has more relevance than might appear, for it is the method of the Western countries which lack great capitalists which Soviet Russia has at last adopted.

This transition has been accomplished in three stages: the period of confiscation of peasants' crops, from the Bolshevik Revolution to the adoption of the new economic policy in 1921; the period of taxation of private wealth, from 1921 to 1924, when the decline of the new economic policy began; and the period of taxation of consumers' goods, during which taxation has been gradually directed towards the city consumer. The peasants, at first the exploited class, are now the protected class; at first the only important taxpayers, they are now only small contributors to the national treasury.

European experience might have taught the Bolsheviks that the method of the first period, in which almost all the revenue outside of paper money came from requisitions on the peasants, was unworkable; that rural districts must never be taxed so heavily as the cities, for they will not suffer it. But the Bolsheviks were trained not by European chancellors but in the Marxian school. In Marx's philosophy it was implied that in a workers' State the peasants would be glad and proud to give their all to their liberated brothers in the cities.

The Russian peasants were neither glad nor proud, nor did they show any pleasurable sentiment whatever. They were obstinate, as we have seen. They did not care what happened to the cities if only the product of their hard labour on the stubborn Russian plains were not lost to them. They restricted their planting, concealed their harvested grain, refused their wheat to the collectors. And, belatedly—for the Volga famine was already in sight—the requisition of foodstuffs was abandoned, and the peasants, after they had paid fixed taxes in kind, were allowed to keep their surplus or sell it in the open market.

In the second period it was the Nepman, not the peasant, whose taxpaying powers were exploited by the State. The private traders in Russia were no more popular than the War and post-War profiteers of Western Europe. They were mostly small manufacturers and traders, for large-scale enterprise was retained by the State; but they prospered greatly in the new order of things, and spent their money conspicuously in the cabarets and restaurants which sprang up in Moscow.

This new bourgeoisie was clearly a rich source of revenue for the State. In order to reach them the once-discredited tools of capitalist society—graduated income and property taxes—were used. The taxation of near-luxuries—alcoholic drinks, tobacco, sugar, coffee and the like—was another natural consequence of new habits of consumption. Meanwhile, in order to facilitate private trade, money was restored and the currency stabilised, and a State banking system was started. By 1924 the financial machinery of capitalism was in fairly smooth working order.

But the flourishing though small plant of private trade was not to be allowed to put forth more leaves. Early in 1924 Lenin died. For some reason, possibly because of the strange demonstration of popular loyalty while his body lay in state, the Communist leaders decided that the time had come to exterminate the new bourgeoisie. Lenin would have halted the campaign against private trade; yet, oddly, it was carried on in his name and that of the Soviet idea, linked close as they were to be from that time forward.

But in this reaction against the new economic policy, which coincides with the third period in taxation, it was difficult to know where to turn for funds. Plainly the peasant would stand no more; that lesson was almost—though not quite—learned under Lenin, who understood the villages. For a time, while the Nepmen were being taxed out of existence, there would be revenue from them.

Only one way of finding money remained: taxation of the city workers through the goods which they consume, that is, excises. It was a harsh method, for the cost of

living of the city proletariat was already high in relation to wages. But the Soviet Government had travelled far from those early days when it was assumed that the peasants would cheerfully fill the national exchequer.

To-day these commodity taxes bring in as much as all other kinds of taxes combined. Meanwhile the agricultural taxes have been steadily lightened. In 1920 they furnished nearly all of the revenue outside of fresh issues of currency; in 1925 the fraction had fallen to one-fourth; and in 1929 the yield of agricultural taxes is to be only a tenth of the total tax revenue. The system of taxation is now surprisingly like that of France, which does not use the income tax so extensively as England and the United States, and which nevertheless does not dare tax its peasants heavily.

But the Kremlin, still under the spell of Marx, has not solved its peasant problem. It has yet to learn the lesson which was taught the United States early in its career, and which the Colonies taught England long before—that agricultural people far from the seat of government tend to distrust it, are hostile to taxation, doubt whether benefits of that government will ever reach them. A whisky rebellion may yet find its counterpart in Russia.

Moscow is now trying to shift the burden of taxation to the prosperous peasants, the *kulaks*, on the ground that they form a bourgeoisie against which class warfare must be waged. These men are, of course, the most efficient, and when they take their revenge the food of the cities will be cut down. A bad matter will grow worse, for last year grain exports, once Russia's first foreign trade commodity, dropped almost to nothing. It was the peasants' instinctive protest against the artificially low prices for grain while manufactured goods were costly. Now they must be punished, and there is no Lenin to stay the Kremlin's hand.

III

Another common misapprehension about Soviet Russia is the belief that the system is extraordinarily expensive. The fact is that the Soviet Government costs each person

a little less than the American Government and far less than the British. The *per capita* cost of the national Government in Soviet Russia in 1927-28 was about £5 as compared with approximately £6 in the United States and £19 in Great Britain. The Government departments, including the Army and Navy, cost Russia a little more than £2 and Great Britain £7. Such a comparison, of course, leaves out of account the low incomes of the mass of the Russian people.

There are two reasons for the unexpectedly low cost of government in Soviet Russia. One is the fact that large areas of that vast country are almost out of reach of the Government's arm. State offices, as every Westerner can testify, serve largely the urban population. In Russia only 15 per cent. of the population is urban.

The visitor in Moscow, seeing large numbers of buildings given over to Government offices, exclaims over their cost, forgetting that he is in the capital of Russia, where Government buildings may appropriately be found; that the greater part of the bureaucracy of which he has heard so much is actually under his eye, while thousands of miles away, in Central Asia and Eastern Siberia, primitive people are living out their lives as they have lived them for centuries, unaware that Moscow exists.

The second explanation of the low cost of government is the fact that all of the State's large economic enterprises except transportation are run independently of the Budget, and that some of them are almost self-supporting. Their position is much like that of the State railroads in Europe since the post-War Budget reforms were made. The Soviet industries are operated by companies or "trusts" formed by the Government, and are expected to show profits like private companies as soon as they have become established. In the meantime they are given Budget subsidies for capital improvement. Transportation alone appears in the Budget with a full account of its income and outgo.

The only way in which the Budget reflects Soviet Russia's State Socialism or State Capitalism is in this list of subsidies or "appropriations for the improvement

of national economy." These grants for industry, agriculture, electrification and trade account for more than a quarter of the national expenditure, and are considerably larger than the profits from industry and other enterprises which appear on the revenue side of the Budget.

Moderate as the subsidies are from the point of view of Western countries, they are one of the causes of the present financial strain in Soviet Russia; for strain there undoubtedly is. Inflation of the currency, depreciation of the ruble, bond issues to meet Budget expenditure, foreign trade deficits and the necessity of shipping gold abroad—these straws show the way the wind blows.

For Russia the old saying, "Penny wise and pound foolish" needs inversion into "Pound wise and penny foolish." Capital investments are being made which in their very nature cannot yield a return for several years. For the sake of great potential gains in the coming generation the Moscow Government is mortgaging the present, apparently beyond its power to meet its obligations. The country is too poor to pay even the moderate taxes demanded by the great economic programme. The pennies of to-day cannot be found.

The electrification programme is an example. Following the dream of an electrified, mechanised Russia, nearly £20,000,000 a year is being taken from the Budget and used for damming the Dnieper River and building power plants in the Caucasus and in the timber wastes of the North. It will be a generation before the work is finished, and the cost will run into billions of rubles.

But the pennies for to-day are hard to find, and signs of strain multiply. Inflation of the currency in 1928 showed how badly the Government needed money. The anti-peasant policy had alienated the villages, and the once-important export, grain, had almost vanished. The balance of trade had turned against Russia. That deficit and other debts, such as bills for machinery bought abroad on credit, must be paid in gold.

The gold could be found, but at a price. Soviet Russia is a gold-producing country, and if it could extract from the peasants enough wheat for a favourable balance

of trade and were less eager to mortgage its future with foreign credits, it could build up an enviable gold reserve. The mines in the Urals and in Siberia have been reorganised and modernised, and Russia is now producing about as much gold as before the War. But as things stand the gold must go abroad, so that the State bank ratio and the gold reserve itself have tended to decrease since 1926.

With the flow of gold abroad the internal strain grew more severe. There seemed to be only one way out: the issue of paper money to meet the cost of expanding industry and carrying through electrification. Russia was plainly still too poor in 1928 to have its taxes increased, even though expenditure had outstripped revenue. Loans did a little—in the current year the Soviet Union is borrowing to cover a tenth of the Budget—but the method of inflation was easier and more flexible.

The Soviet Government had not resorted to inflation since the currency and banking reforms of the New Economic Policy were carried through, but there was no choice now. Between March 1st and November 1st, 1928, the volume of Treasury Notes in circulation was almost doubled. The expansion required a change in the currency law, a change which was made by official decree in August.

Soviet Russia, too conscious of its latent wealth, is just now living beyond its means. The country is like a poor but ambitious young man, who is putting so much of his daily earnings into a great modern house that he cannot buy clothes or food. Soon he must face the fact that if his daily needs cannot be met he may not live to occupy his expensive house.

The explanation of the survival of Soviet Russia is the ease with which it has changed its policy to meet emergencies. Beneath that red flag which has flown over the Kremlin night and day for twelve years many eleventh-hour conferences have met and many sudden shifts of plan have been made. Once again, just before it is too late, we may expect to see the Soviet Government alter its programme.

DUMBSHOWS AND NOISE

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON THE COMING OF THE SOUND FILM

BY H. MACMILLAN

IN the early part of this year the "talkies" made an emphatic *début* in England. From being an experiment of which we knew little, except that it was being tried in America, in the course of a short six months the sound film has become a most popular form of entertainment, and bids fair to revolutionise the moving picture industry.

The public were not ready for this. The silent film had barely emerged from the position of a lower middle class obsession, and its defects were more evident than its merits. But it was emerging. A film reviewer is now part of the equipment of every well-conducted newspaper. Last March *The Times* issued a Film Supplement, and since then almost daily notes on some aspect of the moving picture business have appeared. The B.B.C. have arranged a series of talks on "The Future of the Film" by experts in the trade. A member of the Asquith family has become a film director.

A great deal of footage has been turned through the projector (to use the appropriate metaphor) since 1925, when *The Times* published its last series of articles on the subject. Under the title of "Why We do not get Better Pictures," the articles explained that the films could never appeal to the educated classes in this country, as long as the taste of the farmers of the Middle West of America dictated to Hollywood what pictures were to be like.

Times have not changed essentially since then. The box office still rules. But commercial considerations also govern the production of stage plays, and every other form of popular entertainment. There is a difference. The pictures are a cheap and accessible form of amusement, and the crowds who now make a habit of the pictures only went to the theatre occasionally, or not at all. The appeal

of the theatre is to individual taste; that of the films is to the taste of whole classes. The trade reviewers, in commending new films to the exhibitors, distinguish between films as suitable for "discerning," "uncritical," "exact-ing," and "undiscriminating" patrons. But these terms apply more to the general character of the neighbourhood in which a picture house is situated than to a personal preference amongst members of the audiences. Audiences as a whole take what is given to them, and it speaks well for the acumen of the cinematograph exhibitor that the public are supplied with what will not fail to interest them.

As interest has spread to the more cultivated classes an inclination to criticise the fare offered has become manifest, together with a demand for a different class of pictures.

This smaller, critical public is handicapped by knowing practically nothing about the conditions which govern the making of films. Certain defects are obvious, certain improvements are desirable; but the critic can easily be cornered by being told, what is unquestionably true, that he does not understand the "medium" of the moving picture.

Then, just as he is beginning to try to understand comes the "talkie" boost. There are two elements in this, one American and one English. Reading between the lines of a speech made recently by Mr. Jesse Lasky, it appears that the real stimulus of the "talkies" is a fear on the part of American producers of a slump in pictures, and the necessity for some new move if public interest is to be maintained. On the English side there is a fear that this country will be left behind. Hence the exaggerated praise of sound films, and the oft-repeated assertion that the silent film is dead.

The following gems are extracted from recent efforts to commend the new production: "A thoroughly up-to-the-minute offering"; "A saga of love and loveliness that will take Europe by storm"; "Exploring drama and comedy, music and movement, doing the work of the moribund stage play and the effete musical comedy with more

mobility and expressiveness than either." Anybody who has sampled entertainment referred to will have no difficulty in deciding how near this description comes to the truth.

The fact is, before we are able to make up our minds about the "talkies" we shall have to spend a little time over the study of the screen in general. It will then be time enough to decide whether this new element is likely to be of permanent value in the development of the moving picture or, on the other hand, whether the absence of sound, which is one of the main distinctions between the cinema and the theatre, is not a feature which possesses a definite value of its own.

It is as well to begin by recalling how little we do know about the pictures.

In the theatre we are most of us on familiar ground. For one thing, plays are published and are read very much in the form in which they are performed. When we read a play we are able to form some sort of idea of what it would look like. Many people have tried their hands at acting and understand stage directions. Amateur theatricals are a widespread form of amusement. That often began when we were very young. The average person has some sort of idea of the task before an actor in adding to the written word gesture and movement and presenting it to an audience. Further, we know something of what the back of the stage is like. We take an enormous interest in life behind the scenes. Novels, short stories, film scenes, added to scraps of personal experience, help to appreciation of the theatre, in the largest sense, in a way which would not be possible for an outsider in relation to any other profession.

But not one person in a million has ever seen the scenario of a film play, nor, if he saw one, would he be able to make head or tail of it. By looking at the script of a stage play we can appreciate the effect of dialogue, but the scenario tells nothing whatever, except to the expert, of what the picture which is to be made from it will be like.

This is not the only difference. The legitimate theatre has never been blatantly commercial. It aims at making

profits and supporting the people connected with it. It does so in the way that the Royal Academy, for example, does. But imagine the Royal Academy trying to lure the public to its exhibition by striking advertisements of the sensational subjects of the pictures, quite irrespective of the merits of the painting. The films have a greater affinity with the legitimate stage as regards the professed character of the entertainment—film plays are either “drama” or “comedy”—but with the revue as regards methods and appeal. It is not unknown for a play to be written for a particular actor or actress, but the films carry this to a degree quite unknown to the stage. A new picture is “So-and-So’s Starring Vehicle.” This indicates clearly the relative importance of the star and the play. Revues also tend to subordinate other elements to the personal attractions of a star, but they do not state it with the same baldness, and from the nature of the case the revue has to lose a little on the roundabouts for what it makes on the coconut shies. In return for being allowed to feast their eyes on the physical charms of the star and enjoy her dancing, her admirers have to endure her singing and speaking voice and her rudimentary notions of acting. The pictures have got over that difficulty up to the present by cutting out some of the most valuable clues to personality. They get over the further difficulty of acting ability by the practice of producing companies engaging a number of stars and having plays written to suit those who are under contract to them.

They are able to get over another artistic difficulty by the nature of the medium, which enables a large share of the credit for the acting to be transferred from the actual performer to the director. A star can rehearse a section of a part under the immediate supervision of a director, who can shout suggestions and instructions all the time, and then that section can be “shot,” and is done with. This calls for quite a different degree of artistry from the learning and presentation of a part on the stage. It is often little more than the personal appearance of a star about which the public goes wild with enthusiasm. The director and the camera man are entitled to a large share

of the credit, and the scenario writer to some, though not to a share proportionate to that which is claimed by the author of a play.

This leads to the subject of how the film is actually made, a matter about which the public knows scarcely anything. It is a complicated business. It begins of necessity with some sort of a story. The story is either put together as a “vehicle” for a particular star, or it is an adaptation of a play, or a novel, or less frequently it is just a story which the scenario department of the producing company regards as likely to make a good picture.

Its first form is the synopsis, which includes an outline of the story itself, together with a cast of the characters, and a short sketch of each, written in the style of those chapter headings thoughtfully provided by certain newspapers to their serial stories to assist readers who begin the story in the middle. The story now passes through several stages each more technical than the last. First comes the “treatment.” This is arrived at by expanding, or “splitting down,” as it is called, the synopsis into chapters called “sequences,” which give the smallest details of the action of every character throughout the course of the play. From this is composed the “scenario.” This is barely intelligible to the ordinary reader, and contains exact and technical descriptions of the way in which the scenes are to be photographed.

The director now takes the matter in hand, and it is this stage which provides some of the surprises which await the author of a novel, for example, when he sees the film version of his work. The director goes to work with one eye on photographic effect. He inserts instructions for the tricks of production which he specially favours. He introduces whole scenes of “proved entertainment value.” These usually include the familiar beauty chorus dancing on a stage, a restaurant scene, a dance hall. Every picture-goer is aware that it is the exception to see a film which does not contain a photograph of somebody running up or down stairs, somebody driving away from a palatial residence in a luxurious motor car, which careers through crowded streets, and dashes round corners, and for which

all the rest of the traffic miraculously makes way. The director also makes notes of the inclusion of extra shots to emphasise points in the story.

The final form of the scenario with the director's notes and amendments is called the "continuity script." This is used on the floor of the studio during the work of rehearsal and shooting the scenes. But before this takes place the art director is brought into consultation, and there are two or three other stages to be gone through which are too technical to be of any general interest.

The important elements in the completed film are the story, the acting, the direction, and the photography. The story contains that most important feature of the entertainment, the crisis; and the story and the direction between them include the equally important feature of the "titles."

By way of making this more clear there follows here a short excerpt from a story in synopsis form, showing first what it looks like as a treatment, and then in a complete scenario.

Synopsis.

After three years John returns home, and he and Sylvia meet again.

Treatment.

At last the long years of separation are over. Sylvia has received the message announcing John's arrival in London, and asking if he may see her on the following day at 11 o'clock. It is a matchless morning in summer which finds her awaiting his coming in the luxurious boudoir in the old house in Regent's Park, where they parted what seems a lifetime ago.

She stands by the window, struggling for composure, but the nervous hands betray her impatience. She gives a touch to the flowers in a bowl on the little table beside her.

As the clock strikes she hears his footsteps outside the room, and looks round. The door opens to admit John. Sylvia welcomes him with a happy smile. He rapidly crosses the room, and takes her hands in his.

Scenario.

Sequence IX.

Scene: Sylvia's boudoir.

Set No. 4.

Time: Morning; Summer.

Characters: Sylvia.

John.

Shot No. 601.

Fade in on

Title: "THE LONG YEARS OF PARTING OVER, SYLVIA AWAITS THE COMING OF HER LOVER AT THE APPOINTED HOUR."

Fade out.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Long shot of room, showing clock on bracket, window on right, in front of window a small table with bowl of flowers. The hands of the clock point to nearly eleven. Sylvia stands by the window, looking out.

Mix to

Shot No. 602.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Mid-shot of Sylvia standing by window. She betrays agitation. She looks round room, then down at flowers, nervously rearranging them in the bowl. Makes gesture of impatience, then looks round at clock.

Shot No. 603.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Close up of clock face. The hands point to 11 o'clock.

Shot No. 604.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Close up of Sylvia. Run for a few feet.

Shot No. 605.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Close up of clock face.

Mix to

Shot No. 606.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Close up of back of clock, showing hammer and bell. The hammer strikes eleven times.

Shot No. 607.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Momentary close up of clock face.

Shot No. 608.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Long shot showing Sylvia at window. She is looking towards clock, over her shoulder. As her glance shifts to the left, panoram quickly left to door, which opens to admit John. Run long enough to establish John.

Shot No. 609.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Angle shot from door trucking forward as John advances across room. As Sylvia comes forward to meet him.

Mix to

Shot No. 610.

Int. Sylvia's Boudoir.

Mid-shot of John taking Sylvia's hands.

This is fairly typical. A director might include shots of John driving through the streets, arriving at the house,

and ascending the staircase, interspersed with close-ups of Sylvia registering emotion. Some directors might even include a close-up of Sylvia's chest, mixing to a view of her inside to show the effect of her agitation upon her heart, and then a sudden cut to a stop watch to indicate the accelerated heart beat. Efforts almost as bad as this to dissect emotion have occasionally been perpetrated. This may serve to give some idea of the development of the story from its earliest form until the camera does its work.

The organisation of the film industry can best be studied in the trade journals. The first sensation on opening one of these is not unlike that of an unaccustomed person who lands for the first time in a foreign country. He looks around on scenes and objects which are more or less familiar, and yet is keenly aware of a difference.

The cinema trade journals are not like any other English periodicals, and yet they are not entirely American. They are, for the most part, written in a style that is clear, pungent, straightforward and unadorned. They do not touch a high literary standard. But anybody who is faced with the task of "getting it across" might do worse than study the leading articles in the *Cinema*.

The illustrations are excellently printed photographs of the contrasting type, with the hard outlines with which the posters on picture houses have familiarised us.

The general policy of the trade papers is that of "one Demetrius, a silversmith," who might very well be adopted as the patron saint of the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association. The advertisements voice the opinions of the producers on the subject of their wares, the editorial and news columns are taken up with the interests of the exhibitors, while in the reviews of films which have just been "trade shown" there is independent commentary on the work of the production companies. These reviews form the most valuable feature of the papers. They are fearless in their criticism of stories, acting, direction and photography. They would form a useful guide for the public in selecting what pictures to go and see, if the public ever saw them.

An analysis of the reviews places the various elements

of the completed film, without a shadow of doubt, in this order of excellence: photography, direction, acting, story. It seems to be generally agreed that the improvement of the character of the entertainment must begin with the story. Lamentations on the paucity of good scenario writers are heard on all sides. Editors tell of the enormous output of worthless stuff which they are compelled to read and reject, but, beyond a vague idea of setting up an English Academy of Cinematographic Art, nothing is done to put writers in the way of finding out what the scenario departments really want. So the foundation of the entertainment is left to chance, and the other elements do their best to make up for the weakness of what should be the strong point, and they make up for it, nine times out of ten, on stereotyped American lines. And what power good stories might have is made clear by that aspect of the subject which must now claim our attention.

No question relating to the films, silent or talkie, can be settled apart from the consideration of their psychological value. The leisured and educated classes go to the pictures in the same way as they formerly went to the theatre. The working classes, and those of less education, make going to the pictures a regular habit. There is a reason for this. Many of them come to the pictures from a drab life which is none too easy. Post-War conditions have brought discontent. There is little prospect of things improving, except by means of stern competition, so stern that most people recognise that any progress is out of the question for sheer lack of equipment. For such the films are an anodyne against despair.

Four features of the entertainment assist this. First, the darkness. A half-filled theatre produces a depressing effect upon an audience, who in consequence prepare themselves to see an unsuccessful play, and the effect remains after the lights are turned down. But this does not operate to anything like the same extent in a picture house. Each member of the audience feels that the show is for him or her, and it makes little difference if the theatre is full or empty. The devotee can, under cover of the darkness, as if in trance, get away, and live with the actors on the

screen. And the darkness allows everyone to enjoy the show in his own way.

Then there is the medium. The film play is not performed by actors and actresses in person, and therefore the performers are far more real to the audience. The same influence is at work which in another sphere decides a child's preference for a shapeless rag doll over a highly realistic pink and white counterfeit of a human baby. There is more scope for imagination. In an ordinary theatre, even if we succeed in forgetting that, after all, it is only a play, the actors shatter the illusion at the end of every act by coming before the curtain to receive our applause. It is true that film stars are developing a distressing habit of making personal appearances, but from the nature of things this cannot happen very often, and only in the largest picture houses. So we are not much affected, and the chief result is to show how little real touch those who control the film industry have with the mind of the people.

The third element in the psychological value of the film is the story. Here there is no possibility whatever of disappointment. The experienced picture-goer knows quite well that everyone concerned will have regard to his prejudices. Some Russian and German producers, it is true, break away sometimes from the rule of the happy ending, and in the trade reviews such films are noted as suitable for better-class houses only, or for discriminating patrons. Then the story always exhibits life of the kind for which the audience is supposed to have secret longings but which is quite out of its reach. Everyone lives in the most gorgeous surroundings, so gorgeous that even those who are accustomed to luxury would be profoundly uncomfortable if they had to endure them every day. Scenes of squalor only serve to accentuate the splendour which we know will follow soon. Ordinary houses on the screen are swollen to gigantic proportions. So are ordinary motor cars. The day's doings teem with the wildest excitement, and however many narrow shaves the hero and heroine suffer they are always certain to escape triumphantly in the end. There is no permanent element of discomfort about the story. We do not go to the pictures to see our own

railures reproduced, and we invariably get our money's worth.

Next there is music. Music to accompany film pictures is carefully chosen, but experts in the industry tell us that it is not chosen carefully enough. The best pictures deserve to have special music written for them. But at the end of a performance how many people know what music has been played? It is even doubtful if many take account of the "theme song" where this invention is made use of. But the music has its effect, and what the effect is can be instantly demonstrated by witnessing a film without music, or, in the expressive phrase of the trade, by "seeing it cold."

In one particular directors have adopted a conventional failure to appreciate the mentality of the ordinary person. Suspense is invariably overdone. When the audience knows without any possibility of doubt exactly what is going to happen there does not seem to be any reason for delaying the event, while the steps which lead to the crisis are shown over and over again with wearisome insistence. This lessens the effect of a crisis instead of heightening it. But producers seem to know their public so well, and to make a rule to cater for the least educated of their patrons, that one can only suppose that the effect of this treatment on the majority of picture-goers is different from its effect upon the more critical. A good instance is the crisis in *The Leopard Lady*, where a highly trained ape is made to commit suicide by suggestion. Miss Logan, a really fine actress, is made to overact a telling scene to such an extent that when the fatal shot is fired at last the situation is ruined by anticlimax.

The fact is that we were just beginning to study the films seriously, and to appreciate the points of this entertainment which is unlike any other, and to see that it possesses a distinct value of its own. It is all very well to retort that highbrow appreciation has come rather late in the day. For that the character of the earlier dramas, and a good many, too, of the recent ones, is to blame. The question of the moment is whether the new experiment in sound is going to prove an asset to the screen, or whether,

instead of developing on its own lines, it is going to become a mechanised caricature of the legitimate stage.

In deciding this we may pass over the installation difficulty, and the language difficulty, and the censorship difficulty. As regards this last, the "talkies" are fairly certain to bring about an improvement, for the Censorship Board will certainly never permit the accompaniment of words to some of the scenes which are at present portrayed with impunity. Nor need we allow ourselves to be prejudiced by the barbarous name for this new venture.

There are certain essential conditions of success for the "talkies" which are obvious. One is perfect synchronisation, which is a mechanical matter, and will certainly be achieved in time. Another is voice, which will probably involve in the long run the discovery of an entirely new generation of stars. Another is the adjustment of dialogue to certain valued screen effects. At present shots are not long enough to allow of much talking, and if dialogue is introduced far slower action will result. Rapid action is of the essence of a film drama at present, and it remains to be seen how this can be got over without harm to both the action and the speech.

Assuming that all these preliminary difficulties are got out of the way, what will the sound film provide that the stage cannot? The screen will always have an advantage where crowd scenes are concerned. It can provide Drury Lane settings on a "Little" stage. Nothing can compete with the pictures here except occasional spectacles like the Aldershot Tattoo. The attempt was made in the *Miracle* some years ago at Olympia, and that demonstrated the limitations of the ordinary theatre in this respect. The screen can give us animal stunts which would be next to impossible on the stage, though the demand for these is limited in any case. And it can show impossibilities like the scenes in the *Gold Rush*, which show the adventures of the hero in a shack which hovers—for a very long time—on the edge of a precipice before finally toppling over. How much scenes of this sort would gain by the addition of dialogue is a large question.

In fact, we come back to the original position: it is too

soon to judge. One thing is certain. We are not going to be mesmerised by the inspired shouts from Hollywood that the silent film is dead. As long as people react to music, and can interpret portrayed emotions with the aid of well-written titles, the silent film will endure, and very likely be supreme, when the "talkie" has ceased to be a craze and can be judged upon its merits. That is not to say that there is no place for sound apart from instrumental music. Sound effects were introduced with great advantage into *Ben Hur* and many other pictures. The voice of a crowd, either as the noise of conversation or of singing in chorus, might be produced by means of sound film instead of being "fitted" by mechanical devices or performers in the theatre. Solo singing might be used when it can be introduced naturally, and not, as in some recent efforts, dragged in by the heels for its own sake.

But when it comes to dialogue—dialogue which is worthy of the name and the attention of actors of capacity and standing—then, although it would be unwise to dogmatise as to what may eventually be possible for the human voice—the wireless has taught us that—the judgment of the sympathetic but cautious critic will probably be: at all events, not just yet!

SUSPENSE IN EGYPT

BY OWEN TWEEDY

THE Anglo-Egyptian problem as a political topic has inherited much of the atmosphere of excitement which for the forty years preceding 1922 pervaded every debate of the Irish question. It took forty years to settle the latter question—forty years during which, as a result of spasmodic attempts at negotiation, the conflicting points of view of British and Irish leaders became gradually reconciled to compromise, involving both parties in surrender in certain directions for the sake of achievement in others. The Irish problem was finally reduced to essentials; it was then settled.

The Anglo-Egyptian problem is still in the melting pot. But in one interesting direction, as a British political issue, it differs from the Irish problem. Anglo-Egyptian relations have on the whole been consistently regarded as a national rather than as a party issue. They have been a subject of deliberation of five successive British Governments of different colour, whose deliberations have produced a series of four negotiations, two draft treaties, and the Declaration of February, 1922. But though Governments have changed in England, there has been in these successive overtures a notable spirit of temperate and consistently growing national appreciation of the Egyptian standpoint, culminating in the Chamberlain-Sarwat Draft Treaty of 1927, which registered a tremendous advance towards mutual understanding. None of these undertakings achieved its maximum object; but all, in as far as this country was concerned, were national and not party gestures.

Six weeks ago, following on the new Labour Government's decision to remove Lord Lloyd from the post of High Commissioner for Egypt, there was momentarily a danger that the British tradition that the Anglo-Egyptian problem should be discussed and settled on national and not on party lines, would be broken. Lord Lloyd had been a Conservative Member of Parliament. In the conversation with Mr. Henderson which led up to his letter of

resignation he, as a public servant, spoke most incorrectly of "his leader." On the two following days not only his removal, but the much more important question of Anglo-Egyptian relations in general were hotly debated in both Houses of Parliament in an unreal atmosphere of party politics and not as a British national problem. These party debates served no good purpose in any quarter, either British or Egyptian. In Egypt, indeed, they gave ephemeral substance to the erroneous but widely held belief that Anglo-Egyptian relations are a party bone of contention between "true blue" unsympathetic Tories and "evacuate bag and baggage" Labour politicians. But happily the general discussion of the Lloyd incident in the House of Commons on July 26th restored the Anglo-Egyptian question to its natural setting. It demonstrated three facts. First, that the friction between Lord Lloyd and the Foreign Office was long standing; secondly, that the collaboration of two such conflicting agencies had become too difficult to continue; and, lastly, that neither the friction between Lord Lloyd and Sir Austen Chamberlain, nor the removal of Lord Lloyd by Sir Austen's Labour successor at the Foreign Office, betokened a change in the spirit underlying British policy in Egypt.

It would perhaps have been to Lord Lloyd's own personal advantage, and certainly to that of the British Government, had he not come to Egypt with Anglo-Indian experience and Anglo-Indian prejudice behind him. Egypt is not India. In Bombay Lord Lloyd was the direct agent of Imperial rule throughout the Presidency. In Egypt he was in an independent country as a British Agent, responsible to the Imperial Government for the firm but fair maintenance of the four reserved points. The unfortunately over-terse and therefore vague drafting of the Declaration of 1922 made his task admittedly difficult: but, generally speaking, its terms implied British dissociation from the domestic administration of Egypt. When Lord Lloyd was appointed to Egypt in 1925 by the Conservative Government of that day, it is logical to assume that he accepted or, at any rate, acquiesced in those

terms. It is not possible to recount in detail the story of his periodic clashes with Sir Austen Chamberlain during his four years in Egypt. At the same time it would be ungenerous not to stress the vigour of his, perhaps, perverse sincerity and the unfailing sympathy and zeal with which at all times he sought to foster the interests of the British community in Egypt. The fact remains that in the spring of this year things had come to such a pass politically between him and his superior authority in London, that two days before the recent General Election in this country Sir Austen Chamberlain found it necessary to remind him officially, and for his guidance, of the essentials of the British policy which he (Lord Lloyd) had been sent to Egypt to observe. Happily the personal and party aspect of Lord Lloyd's removal from the High Commissionership was only a burning question for a day or two; but it was important in that it foreshadowed a resumption of negotiations by the new British Government towards an Anglo-Egyptian agreement, to the successful conclusion of which they thought that Lord Lloyd's continued presence in Cairo would be an impediment and not an advantage.

The electorate of this country has had the recent experience of the settlement with the Irish Free State by a compromise over essentials—in the case of the Imperial Government, the retention of Ireland as a Dominion in the Commonwealth of the British peoples: in the case of Ireland, the complete detachment of its administration from the politics and control of Westminster. The makers of that compromise relied successfully on support in both countries from the very large bodies of people who were weary to death of inability to agree, and the terrible results which had followed successive failures. Through this argument it is possible to pass from Ireland to Egypt. To-day, it is commonly heard in common or garden British conversation, that no one can understand why the Egyptian question is not settled. In Egypt the feeling is slightly different: *If only the Anglo-Egyptian question could be settled!* At this stage it is possible and permissible to make a statement which applies pointedly in both coun-

tries. Beneath this mutual desire towards agreement there are two issues—one British and one Egyptian—which both parties must recognise as vital to either if compromise is to be reached. The withdrawal of British troops from the two main towns in Egypt—Cairo and Alexandria—is the Egyptian vital issue. The corresponding British essential is an Egyptian recognition of the vital importance to the British Empire of the security of the Suez Canal, and an Egyptian realisation of the fact that actually the British Empire, to an extent greater even than Egypt itself, has national interests in the Canal, which for one reason or another can only, in this present wicked world of ours, be adequately safeguarded by the presence of British troops, allied by treaty to Egypt, on its banks. No Government in this country, be it Conservative, Liberal or Labour, nor any Government in Egypt of whatever colour, would survive a treaty—no matter how amicably and satisfactorily other issues outstanding between the two countries might be settled—which did not embody both these national demands.

At the moment the presence of British troops in the capital and the main seaport of Egypt is a tacit implication of the incompleteness of the Egyptian independence which we recognised in 1922. It is also offensive to the *amour-propre* of any country to have foreign troops in its two main cities. The justness of this Egyptian grievance, from the national standpoint, has never been contested in this country or elsewhere. But the location of a British garrison on the Canal—particularly as an allied force after the conclusion of a treaty—can be regarded more widely. The Canal Zone is not the Egypt of the Nile or even of Alexandria. It is divided from the Delta by a wide desert, and intercourse between it and Egypt proper is not close; in fact, Egypt proper is only vaguely aware of the presence of British forces at distant Ismailia and Port Said, Cairo and Alexandria are the thorns in the Egyptian flesh.

The Canal Zone depends at present for water on the Sweet Water Canal which takes off from the Nile at Cairo. The withdrawal of British troops from Cairo

would leave its head waters in sole control of Egypt, which would be in a position to cut off supplies at will. Such an event would paralyse the Zone. But in thinking of the Zone and its fresh water supply it is well to remember its importance other than as a British garrison area. The maintenance of a minimum depth of water at various states of the Nile flood and also of a minimum total quantity of water for the year in the Sweet Water Canal were guaranteed by Ismail Pasha in 1866 when, by a convention signed by him and Monsieur de Lesseps, it was taken over by the Egyptian Government. Again, the local personnel of the Canal Company is entirely French; there is a considerable Egyptian population and international shipping is exclusively represented by European staffs at Port Said, Suez and Ismailia; whilst East- and South-bound ships of all nations invariably water at Port Said for the long run past waterless Aden either to the Gulf of India or to the East African Coast. Altogether the Sweet Water supply is, in fact, as much an international and an Egyptian as it is a British issue; as much a practical as a political problem. Its interruption in whatever event would thus involve a responsible Egyptian Government in much more than mere Anglo-Egyptian friction. At the same time the possibility of sabotage cannot be overlooked by the British Government, should it decide to withdraw the troops to the Canal. One of the terms implicit in this withdrawal will undoubtedly and reasonably stipulate the simultaneous creation by the Egyptian Government of adequate water-condensers and storage tanks to keep the canal population supplied in any emergency.

The present attempt to solve the Anglo-Egyptian problem has been cautiously initiated, and it has been laid down that the agreed headings must be proved acceptable to the elected representatives of both countries before full-dress treaty negotiations can be entertained. Parliamentary government is at the moment suspended in Egypt; but Mohamed Mahmud Pasha, the present Egyptian Prime Minister, has returned to his country to explain the course of his recent conversations with Mr. Henderson, and new parliamentary elections are to be

held which will or will not give him the mandate to proceed to negotiate a treaty on the lines to which he has already agreed in London. Egypt will thus for the first time have a clear issue on which it must make up its mind—a new experience for the Egyptian voter who has hitherto been interested only in personalities and not in their programmes. Even if the recent discussions produce no solution of the Anglo-Egyptian question, they will at any rate have infused a national sense of realities into the Egyptian parliamentary *régime*. The coming elections in Egypt will be an occasion of as supreme an importance as was the Griffith-de Valera encounter over the Anglo-Irish Treaty in the spring of 1922.

Apart from the crucial issues of the withdrawal of British troops from the interior and their establishment in the Canal Zone there are two other topics in the agreed headings for negotiation of a controversial nature likely to inspire debate in both countries.

The Capitulations, which, it may be permitted parenthetically to say, no longer exist anywhere else in the world save in Egypt and Zanzibar, were originally an administrative convenience suggested and sponsored by Moslem potentates to avoid the cumbersomeness of the application of Koranic law to insignificant Christian trading minorities. They developed from these humble beginnings into a privileged *imperium in imperio* which rendered foreigners in those Moslem countries practically immune from local legislation and taxation. Great Britain is only one of a dozen Powers whose subjects enjoy these privileges in Egypt. The present Anglo-Egyptian discussions thus only deal with the problem of the Capitulations in a general way: and there could be no suggestion of Great Britain alone among the Capitulatory Powers giving up jurisdiction by Consular Courts which is, in fact, the essence—or, more accurately, the basis—of the Capitulatory *régime*. But the British Government has expressed its opinion that this *régime* is no longer in accord with the spirit of the times or with the present state of Egypt, and has declared its willingness to support the Egyptian case for its abolition by the Capitulatory Powers as a whole. The cardinal feature of the present proposals

towards an Anglo-Egyptian agreement is that both Mr. Henderson and Mohamed Mahmud Pasha are agreed that the application of Egyptian legislation—fiscal or otherwise—to foreigners will be on conditions safeguarding the legitimate interests of foreigners in the country by the transfer of the jurisdiction of the existing Consular Courts to the Mixed Tribunals, and not to the Native Egyptian Courts. The Egyptian Mixed Courts are presided over by a mixed bench of foreign and Egyptian judges, who are assisted by a Procurator-General who at the moment is an Englishman. They have been in existence for over half a century; they are established as an impartial tribunal; and their decisions have been unquestionably accepted and executed. Incidentally they are, by implication, the cross-bred child, born in 1876, of the foreign Consular Courts which it is now proposed they should supersede; for although in themselves they are hardly capitulatory they are the direct result of a capitulatory system.

The Anglo-Egyptian Condominium in the Sudan is a purely Anglo-Egyptian question. The Sudan was overrun in 1821 by Mohamed Ali, and for sixty years remained in Egyptian military occupation. This *régime*, which had little to recommend it on moral grounds, collapsed in face of the Mahdist rising of 1883; and when Mahdist rule in its turn was overthrown by a joint Anglo-Egyptian expedition under Lord Kitchener, then Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, the Anglo-Egyptian Condominium was established for the pacification and regeneration of the Sudan. It still survives in name; but in 1924, after the murder in Cairo, at the hands of a band of Egyptian assassins, of Sir Lee Stack, the British Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, and the Governor-General of the Sudan, the Egyptian quota of the joint Anglo-Egyptian garrison was, on the demand of the British Government, withdrawn to Egypt. Such, in brief, is the account of the British and Egyptian connection with the country. But it is not an account of the country itself. First and foremost its name, "the Sudan," is merely a geographical convenience invented by Mohamed Ali in 1821, signifying the black country, the "Belad Sudani"; while to call its inhabitants Sudanese is on the analogy of calling the North American

Indians "Redskins." The Moslem Arab of the northern belt above latitude 10° calls himself "Ibn Arab" (son of an Arab), and not a "Sudani" (black man). For he regards the black man through the eyes of his slave-trading forbears, who so described the slaves they collected in Central Africa for the markets of Jeddah, Cairo and Constantinople. The black pagan tribes who live below latitude 10°, if they understand at all the term "Sudani," regard it very much from the same standpoint as Europeans living in a non-European country will call themselves for convenience "whites." And far from being Sudanese as a nation, they are highly individualistic and, by nature, mutually antagonistic tribes—Shilluks, Dinkas, Nuers, Nyam Nyams, Azandis, Asholis, Aliabs—who have only in the last two decades begun to learn that it is possible to live side by side other than in a state of chronic feud. Linguistically the northern belt speaks, more or less, the same Arabic as is spoken in Egypt; but south of this Arab belt each tribe has its own spoken language, and Arabic, when it is understood at all, is but the language of official convenience dictated from Khartoum, and is no more a *lingua franca* than would be English or Dutch. The Anglo-Egyptian Condominium is, in fact, a joint protectorate over a *macédoine* of differing peoples, religions and languages. It has certainly been interpreted in this sense since 1898; for British initiative and organisation, aided by Egyptian money, have brought the country to a state of development which, even as recently as twenty years ago, could hardly have been imagined. In 1924 the evil results of Egyptian political agitation, based on the questionable thesis that Egypt and the polyglot, many-coloured, many-religioned Sudan were indivisible on historic, racial and linguistic grounds, produced a modification of the details of the partnership; but it did not dissolve it. And to-day the national flags of both partners still fly, as they have flown uninterruptedly since 1899, side by side over every Sudan Government headquarters. Great Britain has none of the desire of Egypt, and certainly no more right than Egypt, to annex the country.

One of the agreed headings of the putative Anglo-

Egyptian Treaty deals with the reaffirmation of the Condominium of 1899, and the return of Egyptian military forces to resume their place in the garrison of the country side by side with the British troops. The return of the Egyptian garrison is neither abnormal nor to be interpreted by public opinion in one or other of the two protecting countries either as an Egyptian triumph or a withdrawal on our part from any of our responsibilities towards the Sudan; while the proposed general regularisation of the British and the Egyptian position in the country will, it is to be hoped, establish once and for all time that Great Britain and Egypt are there as joint protecting partners, and that there is no more question of claiming the Kingship of the country for King Fuad than there is for King George.

Things will move quickly and portentously in Egypt during the next two months, and the public, of all parties, in this country will be following developments more closely, perhaps, than it has ever followed Egyptian affairs before. The recent discussions have provided Egyptian electors with a clear-cut issue on which to pronounce for or against. Their verdict will be known before the British House of Commons reassembles on October 29th, and it will be expressed through a new Egyptian Parliament elected on an electoral law which was introduced by Zaghlul Pasha himself to take the place of the original and less direct form of franchise, adopted in 1923 at the time of the promulgation of Egypt's first democratic Constitution. This is a situation that every Briton at home or abroad, however little he may have known of the problem previously, can understand; and when the verdict is given it will have for him the clear significance that Egypt either is or is not a party with whom negotiations are possible. For if the verdict is against the Treaty it will imply that Egypt has not yet a responsive instinct towards statesmanlike compromise with a people who, albeit tardily, have acquired a sympathetic but, at the same time, a surprisingly accurate appreciation of the meaning of the implications of the phrase "the legitimate aspirations of Egypt."

INACCESSIBILITY IN THE BATTLEFIELD

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

FORGOTTEN streams, yet wishful to be known,
 With humble moan,
 In rushy channels working, called us on;
 These might have with as good result
 Remained occult
 And gray and dumb;
 For where they curled and called we could not come.

Some tottering hut they called the Moated Grange
 Bade our steps range
 And cramped routine for rural loves exchange;
 That thatched spectre might as well
 With some fierce shell
 Have sunk to earth;
 A jealous god declined our going forth.

And that delightful maybush, that above
 The dead mill-drove
 With rose-lipped courtesy and sigh of love
 Enchanted, was not ours to touch.
 Between, this grutch,
 This staring curse
 Made a blind wall, and kept our lips averse.

The simple road proposed most kind desires
 For further spires,
 Hearths, garden-grots, dove-cots; but fang-fixed wires
 And ambushed airy murder lay
 All day, that way;
 A simple road—
 The rampart where the fire-armed phantom strode.

THE NEW REGIME IN ROUMANIA.

BY H. CHARLES WOODS.

DURING the far-reaching political crisis which resulted in the replacement of M. Ventila Bratiano's Government by that of M. Maniu and the National-Peasants last November, the most important guest at a luncheon party in Bucharest remarked to me that "England is the only European country where the War has left the Conservative Party able to maintain its influence and to play a leading part in political affairs." "But," was my reply, "what about your own Liberals, who have carried on a practical dictatorship for twelve out of the last fifteen years, and who are far more conservative than our own right wing?"

Such words obviously mean that the question is largely one of names and that it is advisable to explain the positions of the two leading Roumanian parties. The Liberal Party, founded by John Bratiano, senior, the father of M. John Bratiano, who died in November, 1927, and of M. Ventila Bratiano, the present leader, always represented, and represents, the industrial and banking elements of the country, and it has far more support in old Roumania than in the newly annexed provinces. It enjoys the credit for Roumania's entry into the War and for her aggrandisement, it is directly and indirectly responsible for the introduction of peasant proprietorship, and it confirmed the principle of universal suffrage and the equality of the Jews. But whilst they had, and up to a point they have, the greatest political experience and the biggest men, the principles of and the system adopted by the Liberals were oriental and byzantine. They did nothing for the improvement of conditions in the new provinces, which had joined Roumania of their own free will. This caused great ill-feeling, particularly in Transylvania, but instead of encouraging a separatist movement as in Jugoslavia, it simply increased the determination of the inhabitants to reform the administration of the entire kingdom. Every endeavour was made by the Liberals to neutralise

the effect of the electoral reform, and, whilst the people had been given the right to vote, steps were taken to see that they did so in the "right" direction. Martial law was maintained, there was a strict censorship, and corruption, notorious in Roumania, went from bad to worse.¹

On the financial, commercial and economic side, where M. Ventila Bratiano was always the prevailing spirit the policy was one of extreme nationalism and aloofness. The condition of the railways was lamentable. There were and there are not sufficient trucks, and, with 50 per cent. of the locomotives out of use, I saw countless engines almost completely derelict. Improvements had certainly been made in recent years, but there were constant accidents, in two of which the present writer might well have been involved, and the railways showed a serious deficit. From the agricultural standpoint the land had been divorced from the capital formerly employed for its cultivation, production fell off enormously with the splitting up of the great estates, and there had been one or more bad harvests. Attempts to secure a loan were postponed, not because money was plentiful, but because of a fear of the conditions and control likely to follow any international borrowing. Endeavours were made to increase the value of the currency without stabilisation, heavy import and export duties were imposed, and all sorts of legislation was passed under which foreign capital was placed at a serious disadvantage. The results were no doubt favourable to the banks and to the industries in which the Liberals were for the most part interested, but they reacted against the general public and particularly against the agricultural classes, who form the great bulk of the population. The cost of living rose to forty or even fifty times its pre-War level, interest at the rate of 20 or 30 per cent. became common, and the new landed proprietors, with no experience or capital, fell into the hands of the money lenders.

At first sight such remarks may appear merely to deal with events now more or less out of date. Nevertheless, they are highly pertinent to the actual situation because

(1) For many details about Roumania see *Bulletin of the International News*, 8th June, 1929.

the National-Peasant Party stands for a directly opposite programme and because the outlook of its leaders is entirely different from that of the Liberals. The group in its present form came into being by the fusion of the National with the Peasant Party in 1926, the former in the main representing Transylvania and the neighbouring new provinces, and the latter voicing the interests of the rural classes of old Roumania. But the National-Peasants are in no sense merely an Agricultural Party. They typify the feeling of Westernism throughout the country, and they really voice the opinions of the great majority of the bourgeois elements who are not dependent upon or directly interested in the countless institutions dominated by the Liberals. Ever since the War, therefore, and particularly from the time when M. Maniu took over the leadership of the combined party, the National-Peasants have been struggling for power. They greatly resent the manner in which they were tricked out of office on several occasions, and they have consistently claimed constitutionalism in politics, liberty of the elections, and the abolition of the censorship. Equally well they stood and they stand for cleaner government, for unlimited competition in finance, commerce and industry, and for better relations with the world in general. These claims were strengthened and accentuated by the scandalous way in which the 1927 elections were conducted, and by the ever and rapidly increasing financial difficulties in which the Government and the country found themselves.

The new leaders, most of whom I met in Bucharest, make a distinctly favourable impression upon the stranger. M. Maniu, now about fifty-six, is a man of medium height and solid build. With little personal magnetism he is rather severe-looking. He is distinctly silent, and he gives the impression of having worked hard and suffered in his life. But one cannot see and talk to the present Premier without feeling that he is very careful in what he says and does, that he is stolid and safe, and that, entirely honest and sincere, he is a much bigger person than appears at first sight. For years he has managed to control an often divided party with dignity, he has gradually

enforced his discipline and, if sometimes rather slow in making up his mind, he never loses his head. A lawyer by profession, before the War he was already an advocate of the Roumanian cause in Transylvania, and he sat in the Hungarian Parliament.

Dr. Vaida Voevod, born fifty-eight years ago, and also a Transylvanian, is quite different. With a commanding personality he is very sympathetic, he appears interested in everybody he meets, and he talks freely upon the topics of the day. More impulsive, and perhaps in some ways less serious, than his friend M. Maniu, he is a doctor of medicine. He used to practise at Karlsbad, and he was a member of the Hungarian Chamber from 1906-1918. Since the War he has been Prime Minister for a few months (1919-1920); at that time he travelled in Europe and negotiated the Allied recognition of the Roumanian incorporation of Bessarabia, and he has grown to be known as the National-Peasant authority upon foreign affairs. He became Minister of the Interior instead of going to the Foreign Office last November, because M. Maniu desired to place his biggest man in the position where the most far-reaching improvement was required.

As it is impossible to mention all the members of the Cabinet, I will refer to only three more. M. Mironescu, the unforeseen Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a Roumanian of the old school and of the old kingdom. An intimate friend of M. Titulescu's he is a cultivated man and a scholar, author and traveller who has made a prolonged study of international affairs. For these reasons, and because he is a rich and polished gentleman, with a Western outlook, it is highly creditable for M. Maniu to have recognised his valuable support of the National-Peasant cause. M. John Mihalaki, the Minister of Agriculture and Domains, is a peasant from old Roumania, who became a school teacher. Forty-seven years of age, and with a fine War record, he was the life and soul of the Peasant Party before its union with the Nationalists. He is probably in closer touch with the masses than any of his colleagues, and he is a speaker who carries his hearers with him. After M. Mihalaki

came into office he drove about Bucharest in peasant dress, and at once set the example of economy by insisting upon the reduction of the forty or fifty cars, formerly maintained by his office, to one. M. Madgearu, an authority on commerce and actually in charge of that Ministry, is a highly educated, extremely well-informed man of forty-two. A Roumanian from Galatz, he is now one of the most prominent men in the country, because of his secretaryship of the National-Peasant Party and of his close relations with M. Maniu.

The Regency is accepted as a *de facto* institution by all parties, the Monarchy is officially represented by King Michael, now about eight years of age, and Prince Carol is still looming in the distance, though I do not believe that at present he possesses any serious support. Queen Marie, far more than anybody else, denotes the position, spirit and atmosphere of the Monarchy and of the dynasty. For a moment Her Majesty may have forfeited a certain prestige as a result of her visit to America, and it may be constitutional and popular to say that she no longer counts in the political arena. But it is impossible to see the Queen as I was honoured to see her in the Palace of Cotroceni, just outside Bucharest, without realising that, in spite of her continued mourning, at last she is beginning to recover from her severe bereavement, and that she still maintains all her former charm, vitality and individuality. Her task is very difficult in view of her former political activity, and in view of the fact that, for the moment, she occupies no position beyond that of being the first lady in the land. Nevertheless it is quite clear that Her Majesty possesses a wide influence, and that she adores her country and its people with all the heart of an emotional woman.

The Queen enjoys the reputation belonging to a foreign Royal Family, and particularly to a British Princess. She is more fully and truly identified with her adopted country than perhaps any other alien ruler, and she remains not only handsome and elegant but actually beautiful. Her Majesty naturally disapproves of the conduct of her elder son, but she loves him as her child, and I believe,

whatever may be his political future, that the desires uppermost in her heart are to see him once more make good as a man and to ensure the proper upbringing of his child, her grandson. Consequently, whilst such a thing may not be practical, and whilst perhaps it should not even be mentioned here, there are those who think that the Queen herself should be invited to become one of the Regents, if not the only Regent. In the former case, and should a vacancy occur, as it must almost inevitably occur in the not far distant future, officially Her Majesty would only be one of the three equals. But, supported by Prince Nicholas, already a Regent, her personality, knowledge and experience would make her paramount at times when determination, character and force are useful antidotes to political and economic difficulties.

The downfall of the Liberals had been expected for some time. It was hastened by the death of M. John Bratiano in November, 1927, and by the real, though not the apparent, success of the giant National-Peasant Congress held at Alba Julia in May, 1928. Furthermore, the Opposition, carefully led by M. Maniu, was gradually exploiting the contended illegality of the Chamber, the rapidly aggravating financial situation, and the effects of another bad harvest. But in spite of long-drawn-out rumours nothing definite was known of the forthcoming change when I reached Bucharest less than forty-eight hours before the actual resignation of M. Ventila Bratiano's Cabinet. I myself finally carried that news to several people whom one would have expected to have been better informed. Even now details are still lacking, but it was and is widely believed that the Regency, perhaps directly or indirectly influenced by the Court, grew afraid of giving its undivided support to the Liberals, and thus, perhaps, of endangering the whole future of the dynasty. Equally well it is understood that the foreign bankers indicated their desire that all parties should agree to the loan project. In the end M. Bratiano tendered his resignation, which, probably to his entire surprise, was immediately accepted. Exactly a week from the beginning of the crisis M. Maniu was in power, and a far-reaching

and peaceful revolution, entailing a complete reversal of the whole governmental system, had taken place.

We now come to an examination of the difficulties of the new *régime*, and of the manner in which it has so far endeavoured to overcome these difficulties. It is markedly apparent that the greatest obstacles lying before M. Maniu and his colleagues are due to the facts that they have relatively little experience in government, that their opponents are well organised and know the political game to a nicety, and that the National-Peasants have no large body of functionaries upon whom they can draw. This is of fundamental significance, for, whereas it has been customary for each new Government to change most of the *personnel*, had M. Maniu carried this policy to an extreme he would have been obliged to employ a large force of unqualified people. Furthermore, the heritage left by the Liberals, and particularly the financial and economic heritage, are far from favourable. Pledged to the reduction of taxation, especially of import duties, and to the improvement of the farmer's position, the Cabinet is faced by the difficulty of fulfilling such promises without adding to the public expenditure. These problems, the necessity to increase the salaries of the underpaid officials, and an obvious hunger for profitable office among the National Peasant camp followers, are of the greatest moment.

The outstanding merits of M. Maniu and of his colleagues are that they recognise the great magnitude of their task, and that they are prepared to begin at the bottom. For them there has been no compromise between honesty and dishonesty. The elections (held on December 13th and providing the National-Peasants with an overwhelming majority) were free, and anybody who saw the change must have recognised that the whole atmosphere at once became less strained. Within twenty-four hours of the advent of the new *régime* we had less trouble and there were fewer formalities in regard to the despatch of Press cables. I know of one case in which M. Maniu himself went to the telephone when he heard that his instructions with regard to this matter were not being carried out, and, although certain restrictions seem to have been

reimposed at the time of the July plot, martial law and the censorship were removed at once. There have been superficial but far-reaching economies. Between 150 and 200 governmental motor cars have been sold, and ministers, instead of each having special saloons, are now to travel in ordinary reserved compartments. The gendarmerie has been reduced by over 10,000 men. Large numbers of officials have been dismissed, six Ministries have been merged into three, and the Special Ministers for Transylvania, the Bukovina and Bessarabia have been done away with. Finally, it has been decided to raise the salaries of the public servants and, if it has not yet been possible to put a stop to corruption, that practice is now considered an offence and not part of the governmental system.

On the larger and in some ways more serious side, the new Government has taken three distinct steps with regard to internal or semi-internal affairs. When he came into office nine months ago M. Maniu had two courses for trying to solve the financial crisis. He could have refused to continue the loan negotiations initiated by his predecessors, and placed the country in the hands of the League of Nations. This policy would have appealed to the sentiments of the National-Peasants, and it would probably have meant easier financial terms. But it would have entailed a material delay, and it might have aroused resentment in countries and circles which stood to gain from the already almost concluded loan. Alternatively the Premier could, as he did, complete the arrangements of his predecessors. The agreement was signed with an international group in February last, and the loan is guaranteed on certain monopolies and by the Government. M. Rist, of the Bank of France, is to reside in Bucharest for three years in order to reorganise the National Bank and to superintend the expenditure of the loan. Finally, the lei has been stabilised at the rate of approximately 813 to the pound sterling. Thus, if so far there has been no appreciable improvement in the situation, and if money is still tight, it is clear that a beginning has been made.

Two important economic laws must be mentioned. The first relates to the organisation of the property of the State

on a commercial basis. It is framed in such a way as not to exclude any particular system of exploitation, such as leasing, State administration and co-operative undertakings. The Mining Law, dealt with in a booklet issued by the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, is even more interesting. It is directed largely to modify the unfavourable position formerly occupied by foreign enterprises. For instance, outside capital is placed on an equality with Roumanian, leading positions in capitalistic enterprises need not always be occupied by Roumanians, and concerns may now employ non-Roumanians on their staffs to the extent of 35 per cent. These changes remove a serious grievance and should encourage the fuller exploitation of the undoubted riches of the country.

The most popular and far-reaching political measure was that passed at the end of July in favour of decentralisation. Details are not available, but it would appear that the kingdom is to be cut up into six districts or provinces, more or less corresponding with the historical divisions of the country; that each of these, besides certain smaller units, is to have elected Councils, more or less like our own County Councils, and that at least some of the local officials are to be chosen by the inhabitants, and not appointed from Bucharest. Such changes are acceptable because they give the new Provinces the long-desired right to manage their own local affairs. It is hardly surprising, however, that they led to a violent attack upon the Government by the Opposition, because, were the Liberals or any other Party to return to power, they would not again so easily be able to pack the administration with their nominees.

In foreign affairs something has been done to improve the situation, and the change is likely to mean an increase of British influence in Bucharest. The future of Bessarabia, the Roumanian incorporation of which has been finally recognised by all the Allied Powers except, I believe, Japan, has for years been the most important problem. The attitude of Russia, who refuses to accept the present position, has not changed; she expressly stated this a few months ago. Nevertheless, in signing the so-called Litvinoff Protocol to the Kellogg Pact last

February, it would seem that the Bolsheviks no longer claim a right to resort to war for the reacquisition of this province. With regard to the Dobrudja, where there are a number of Turks and Bulgarians, an inquiry into the grievances of these people has been instituted and the Concordat with the Holy See has been ratified. Finally, even if the relations between Roumania and the other members of the Little Entente are as close as ever, the position of the minorities seems to be on the way to improvement, and the question of the optants appears to have taken a more favourable turn. The latter problem is not yet settled, but the two parties seem to be almost agreed upon the amount to be paid to the Magyar landowners. The principal outstanding question remains the actual manner of that payment.

To conclude and to summarise: the attitude of the Regency in accepting the resignation of M. Bratiano and the advent to power of the National-Peasants are responsible for the avoidance of civil war, which otherwise would have been almost inevitable. A wonderful rain came in time, and this year's maize harvest is reported to be very good. A special loan or credit, allocated to agriculture, has been or is about to be negotiated, and the Government appears to be dealing firmly with such developments as a miners' strike, which occurred in August. The Opposition is naturally extreme and unfair, and the financial and economic situation is still acute. But all Parties, except the Magyars, joined in the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the union of the country, which took place in May. Maniu and his colleagues stand for advancement, reform and liberty. Their endeavours should be watched with attention and sympathy by those who believe in the ultimate future of Roumania.

RICHARD STEELE

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

Two hundred years ago, on the first of September, 1729, died Richard Steele, Steele of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, "Dicky" Steele of the Kit-Cat Club, once among the most familiar and courted figures at White's and Will's, but now perhaps not quite so adequately remembered as to render a few pages of tribute to his memory a work of supererogation. For Steele, it must be confessed, does not show up quite so brightly as he ought in the popular portrait gallery of the eighteenth century; the crowd is seldom gathered round his frame. Certainly he fails to fill the canvas with the exuberant authority of Dr. Johnson; nor is the public stirred to recall his features by the revival of his plays, as, for instance, when *She Stoops to Conquer* is revived, nor by the habitual study of his verses, as *The Deserted Village* is learnt in the modern school-room; nor, if eulogy looks round for the supreme example of the polish and restraint which distinguished the Augustan age of "prose and reason," would it ever be likely to prefer Steele's English style to Addison's. His reputation has suffered from comparison. Macaulay did his best to besmirch it, with that irritating foible of antithesis which was always inclined to praise one man by belittling another; while Thackeray, though his intent was kindlier, could not resist the temptation to mingle pity with his patronage.

But the memory of Sir Richard Steele invites neither patronage nor pity. In the public conduct of his life he held his own with the best, and had no cause to be ashamed of his record; while his domestic life, though not undisturbed by "that eternal lack of pence which vexes public men," and by all the attendant anxieties and shifts of extravagance and penury, was unfailingly happy, honourable, and clean. In an age when sentiment too often obscured sincerity, and pose was more in fashion than

frankness, Richard Steele had the courage to be himself, and to wear his heart upon his sleeve. He might have escaped the censure of a later age if he had been more adroit in concealing his peccadilloes; but among his contemporaries no man was better liked, and if it were possible to be transported from the St. James's of to-day to the St. James's of two hundred years ago, there is no wit or "fashionable" of that day who would prove a better companion or guide to show us life as it was lived in the early years of the Hanoverian régime.

I

In that delightful play *Berkeley Square*, it will be remembered, the modern hero was carried back into the eighteenth century, which had somehow become inextricably intermingled with his own. Let us imagine for a moment that the same fortune has attended ourselves, and that we are privileged to spend a day with Richard Steele among his favourite haunts. The experience may possibly give us a better idea of his kindly, irresponsible nature than any amount of moralising.

We shall know well enough where to look for him, for he has left us his address—"third door, right hand, turning out of Jermyn Street"; and we need not be afraid of calling betimes, for though he is often late in going to bed, he has a habit of rising early to write. Nor will he resent being interrupted, for it is not his way to deny himself to a friend. Quickly, impetuously, he will enter the room, his wig not yet assumed, and his round, rather coarse features breaking into a smile of welcome. There is a sense of humour always playing about his lips, and a spice of mischief in his turned-up nose. And in a moment he will hand us into the hall. We must walk warily, for fear of waking the good lady above, and more still for dread of the duns, who have a "plaguy" way of hanging about his doorstep from the peep of dawn. However, the rascals seem to have gone off to breakfast now, and we can venture bravely into the street. But not to go far without an interruption. For there, poring over a folio volume at a bookshop near St. James's Church, is

a stately gentleman whom our host all but embraces in his fervour. "Addison!" he will cry with rapture, "what good fortune brings you here so early?" and nothing will content him but that we must withdraw to his friend's rooms in the Haymarket, there to listen to a passage from his latest unfinished poem, and to add our own eulogies to Steele's effervescent enthusiasm.

But Mr. Addison has clearly thought of a new image while he was reading the old, and is all in a fluster to write it down; so Steele must out into the street again, and so to Will's coffee-house, where for a bustling hour or two we are free of the converse of Congreve and Prior, of Halifax and Garth, with wit and wisdom flashing from phrase to phrase; and now and then, perhaps, a jest that cuts conceit with the lash of a dog-whip. But the midday hour draws nigh, and Steele is to dine at home; so with a last hurried glass we hasten back to Jermyn Street. Not quite quickly enough, however, to appease our hostess, who has been waiting for us this quarter of an hour, and is mightily afeared that the meat will be over-roasted. She makes a fine figure, my Lady Prue, as she stands there by the fireplace, a dashing brunette, with sparkling eyes, and an "arch and pretty mouth." It looks as though the tiff were going to be serious, but her husband knows well how to manage her. Protesting that he and his friend only stayed a moment, to drink just one pint of wine to her health, he flashes such a look of devotion towards her, and toasts her so prettily as "my dearest Prue, my absolute governess," that she is soon all smiles again, tarrying only for one last Parthian shot, while she tells the guest how her husband last night sent home for his dressing-gown, slippers, and clean linen, to be sent him at Legg's the barber's, over against the Devil Tavern at Charing Cross, where he was besieged by creditors, and that, when she told the messenger to bid him return at once, he replied that she was not to send after him like that, as it only made him ridiculous.

But now the door will open, and two pleasant little girls will come in with the dessert—Betty, the elder, the "good girlie" of her father's frequent admonitions, and

Molly, the madcap, who would hold the sandbox while her father was writing, and be "so impertinent in her office" that he was forced to put away pen and paper, and give himself up to her bequest. And this afternoon nothing will please the young lady but a drive in the country, in which her new friend, the guest, must also make one of the company. And, indeed, it does not take long before we are in the fields, trundling along the Oxford road, and turning north towards Edgware. On the way Steele will point out one house after another where he is always made welcome; and there is one in particular at which we needs must stop, for the children are in the garden, and they will not be denied; two of them are opening the gate, while a third has run into the house to tell his father Mr. Steele is here. And now he must sit down under the tree and recount them stories of his battles, and ask after the health of their dolls, until the westering sun reminds him that it is time to get back to town and to the theatre.

There is one of his own plays at Drury Lane, *The Tender Husband*, and he insists on conducting his guest to the boxes, watching his face eagerly, as the actors deliver themselves of his own wise saws and moral precepts, and whispering between the acts of the disreputable way in which he has been treated by Rich, the manager, and of the determination with which he will assert his rights to the last extremity of the law. And now the moon is high in heaven, and my Lady Prue must long since be abed. Time to part, most surely, but not before we have drunk a toast to friendship, and yet another to bright eyes, and yet one more to fortune; and, if our host's footsteps are a little uncertain as we make our way through Leicester Fields, who is there that would not be proud to offer an arm to "Dicky" Steele, whose "infinite fund of wit and humour," gay companionship, and shrewd sense of human nature have kept us throughout the day in a state of the happiest entertainment and good will?

II

Such is our imagined day in the company of Steele, and, as anyone who knows the documents will imme-

diately recognise, it is in no respect imaginary. Practically all the details are gleaned from Steele's Letters or *The Spectator*, with a single splash of colour borrowed from Thackeray; and, if you may judge of Hercules from his foot, you can with equal justice reconstruct the life and character of Steele from a typical day in his busy, bustling, affectionate career. There was no subtlety about him; he was crystal-clear and consistent, alike in his qualities and his faults. The Irish blood that flowed in his veins and filled his spirit with impetuosity was qualified by a certain stern morality which might almost have been suspected of a Scottish origin. "He was incurably generous, profuse, and improvident," says Austin Dobson, "and his sanguine Irish nature led him continually to mistake his expectations for his income." But his faults were superficial and venial, while his better qualities lay deeply rooted in good nature and esteem. And the culminating charm of his sincerity lies in the fact that his writings are the perfect expression of his personality, honest, open-hearted, and innocent of guile.

He was born, as all the world knows, in March, 1672 (new style), and left an orphan in infancy. He has recorded of himself that he remembers beating with his battledore upon the sides of his father's coffin, exhorting him to come out and play, until his mother, in a flood of tears, caught the child to her bosom, and told him that his father would never play with him any more. It is a characteristic story, eloquent of nature. By the influence of an uncle he was sent to the Charterhouse, where he made friends with Addison, who invited him home in the holidays to his father's deanery at Lichfield. Addison went to Oxford (Queen's and Magdalen) in 1687; Steele followed him there (Christ Church and Merton) in 1691. But Steele did not stop to take his degree. "A drum passing by," he says, "being a lover of music, I listed myself for a soldier." He joined the army as a private, but soon got a commission, and was enrolled in the Coldstream Guards. In this capacity he makes his appearance in *Esmond* as "a thick-set soldier, with a square, good-humoured face," who taught young Esmond French and

Latin, displayed a surprising amount of theological science, but ended the day in a "woeful state of drunkenness." The portrait lacks geniality; what is more, it is scarcely accurate.

For it was while he was in the Coldstream Guards that Steele published *The Christian Hero*, a strange sort of essay for an eighteenth-century officer, being written with the object of proving that "no principles but those of religion are sufficient to make a great man." His military companions were contemptuous, and his moralising lost him many friends. He then turned his attention to the stage, and his plays *The Tender Husband*, *The Lying Lover* and *The Conscious Lovers* appeared from time to time in brilliant company, but were not very much to the temper of the time, and have failed to survive their generation. When Hazlitt called them "homilies in dialogue" he said the just word of criticism, and one that Steele would readily have accepted. Moral principle was at the back of everything he wrote. "When a gentleman speaks coarsely," he said, "he has dressed himself clean to no purpose; the clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies." He was to find the perfect medium for his personality, speaking as a "gentleman" to "gentlemen," in the pages of critical, descriptive and intimate journalism.

It is by *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, indeed, that Steele's reputation must stand; and, in spite of the protestations of such final authorities as Austin Dobson and G. A. Aitken, it is still true that his share in both these masterpieces of eighteenth-century literature is even now inadequately recognised. Mention of *The Spectator* invariably invokes the name of Addison, and, in relation to *The Tatler* also, the author of *The Campaign* gets almost invariably more than his share of credit. Steele's own modesty is largely to blame for this. "The most approved pieces," he wrote, "were written by others, especially by one who is too fondly my friend ever to own them, but I should little deserve to be his, if I usurped the glory of them." The tribute does honour to Steele's heart, but it is not strictly true. As Aitken was able to prove, out of

the 271 numbers of *The Tatler* Steele wrote approximately 188, Addison 42, and about 36 were composed jointly while of *The Spectator*—"Addison's" *Spectator*, as it is so often called—Addison wrote 274 out of the 555 numbers and Steele 236. But that is not even the last word upon the subject. Steele's ideas were continually in the background of Addison's decorations; he had the creative gift, his collaborator the interpretative, and no truer word was ever said than Austin Dobson's courageous assertion, "we owe Addison to Steele." *The Tatler* gave Addison his opportunity, and again and again Steele supplied him with his inspiration. Addison was blessed with a delicacy of fancy and a refinement of style to which Steele never aspired; but "for words which the heart finds when the head is seeking, for phrases glowing with the white heat of a generous emotion, for sentences which throb and tingle with manly pity or courageous indignation, we must turn to the essays of Steele." That one, warm drop of human blood is the final antiseptic of literature.

III

The eighteenth century was a period of acute political activity, and no man who wrote could possibly keep clear of it; but it is probable that Steele would have been happier if he had had nothing to do with politics. The conflict of the arena involved him in bitter recriminations, in public offence, and in one lamentable discord which trembled on the edge of disgrace. It also estranged him from his lifelong friend; and when we read in Steele's handwriting the bitter phrase, "I do not ask Mr. Secretary Addison any thing," we feel that the time has indeed come to cry "a plague on both your houses." Politics also may well have helped to disturb the peace of Steele's own household, with its incontinent demands upon his time and its inevitable claim over purse and person. And it is to Steele's private life that it is pleasantest to turn, first and last, and to those fresh, affectionate, self-revealing letters to his wife, which are in themselves an indelible document of character and devotion.

Steele was twice married; but his first alliance, with a

widow from Barbados, lasted not much above a year, and left him a widower whose affections had not yet been seriously engaged. He was to find in Mary Scurlock the true companion and delight of his mature years. He was forty when he married her, and she was twenty-nine, and she had not been without experiences in the past, although still a rather prudish and morally impeccable spinster. Spoilt in her girlhood, and not without touches of coquetry, she had been involved in a breach of promise case brought against her by a middle-aged man named Owen, who, while he did indeed refrain from soiling his own reputation by bringing a slur against hers, was mean enough to suggest that the fact that she had frequently visited him in his bedroom was a proof that she must have intended to marry him. She replied with spirit that she regarded him as an aged uncle, and imagined that he was courting her mother. At any rate she seems to have won her case, and to have come to the arms of Steele unblemished both in body and repute.

They were married secretly; but she would not live with her husband until her mother had given consent, and some very pretty letters passed between them in the interval. But, in fact, Steele's letters to his wife are always pretty, "pretty" in the wholesome eighteenth-century sense of the word, without affectation or false sentimentality. He had a sincere and deferential respect for women which was unusual in his generation, and he heaped at the feet of his "dearest Prue" all the riches of an eager and romantic disposition. Of course she worried him at times. She was just a suspicion of a scold, a little tactless in the offering of advice, and (not unnaturally) apt to resent his self-indulgent and sometimes intemperate habits. On these occasions Steele found it necessary to assert himself. "I love you," he would write, "better than the light of my eyes, or the life-blood in my heart, but when I have let you know *that*, you are also to understand that neither my sight shall be so far enchanted, or my affection so much master of me, as to make me forget our common interest. To attend my business as I ought, and improve my fortune, it is necessary that my time and

my will should be under no direction but my own." And if this was plain speaking it was not long resented; for Mistress Steele was very susceptible to a tender word, and easily conciliated. They lived together for eleven years, had four children, over whose education they refrained from quarrelling; while at the end of the time, when death came to part them, he was still the same fervent and demonstrative lover as on the morning of their secret marriage, and would sign himself to the last her "most affectionate, most obedient husband and servant."

IV

Mary Steele came from Carmarthen, and it was thither that her husband retired, when the garish lights of life had ceased to beckon him, and he was tired alike of work and revelry. At first he settled in a farmhouse outside the town, overlooking the vale of the Towy; and many a loving letter of advice was written from its sheltered garden to his Betty and his Molly in town. A stroke of paralysis deprived him partially of the power to speak, and he moved into Carmarthen town to be nearer his friends. It was a rather lonely, quiet end to a crowded and companionable life, but he kept his cheerfulness of temper unimpaired. Our final glimpse of him, recorded by an eye-witness, is thoroughly typical of the genial nature whose characteristics we have been endeavouring to suggest. "He would often," we are told, "be carried out on a summer's evening where the country lads and lasses were assembled at their rural sports, and, with his pencil, give an order on his agent, the mercer, for a new gown to the best dancer."

However small his balance at the bank—and in those days Steele's income was smaller and more embarrassed than ever—we may be sure that he signed that order with a gesture of delight. For, during all his days of pleasure-seeking and indulgence, his greatest pleasure had always been the still incomparable satisfaction of pleasing someone else.

VOLTAIRE'S LIBRARY

BY GEORGE R. HAVENS AND NORMAN L. TORREY

WHEN Voltaire, in his *History of the Empire of Russia under Peter the Great*, undertook to do honour to this great new Power which during his own lifetime had so suddenly thrust itself into prominence before the eyes of Europe, he little thought that Russia years after his death would in large measure repay the debt. For it is to Russia that we owe the preservation intact of Voltaire's private library of some 7,500 volumes. It was Catherine the Great who, on December 15th, 1778, about six months after the death of Voltaire, bought his library for 30,000 roubles plus a certain number of valuable presents to his niece, Mme. Denis. Later, 6,000 francs in addition were paid to Henri Rieu, to whom Voltaire, out of friendship, thoughtlessly dispersing his own library, had given 227 of his English books, in many ways one of the most interesting parts of his collection. So the library, except for a very few losses almost inevitable in the course of nearly one hundred and fifty years, is complete.

Catherine the Great had grandiose ideas. A warm admirer and a correspondent of Voltaire during his lifetime, she was much angered by the pettiness and hostility which raised their heads in France after his death even to the extent of seeking to prevent his burial in consecrated ground. On June 21st, 1778, she wrote to Grimm, her correspondent in France:—

Is it possible to honour and dishonour, to be alternately reasonable and unreasonable, to such an extent anywhere except where you are? A few weeks ago public honours were paid to a man whom now your people do not dare bury; and what a man! Why did you not take possession of his body, and that in my name? You should have sent it to me; and zounds, you lacked sense at that moment for the first time in your life; I promise you he would have had the most costly tomb possible; but, if I have not his body, at least he shall not lack for a monument here with me. When I return to the city this fall I will get together the letters which this great man wrote to me, and I will send them to you. I have a great number of them, but, if it is possible, purchase his library and all that remains of his papers, including my letters. For

myself, gladly will I pay liberally his heirs, who, I think, know nothing of the value of all that.

At first Catherine thought of establishing a Voltaire room in which his books would be arranged as they had been in his château at Ferney. Then her imagination took fire and she talked of building a replica of his château, of securing the same architect, of reproducing even, on one side, the mountains, on the other, Lake Geneva. She secured plans of Ferney and the grounds about, she sent for samples of the upholstery, samples which are still preserved amongst the Voltairiana in the Public Library at Leningrad. But such a memorial to Voltaire, worthy of the brain of a half-Oriental potentate, proved too large an undertaking even for the doughty Catherine. She had to abandon it for the more modest, but still interesting, original conception.

So she had Voltaire's books and such of his papers as were not in the hands of his editor in France sent on to Saint Petersburg. They were shipped in twelve large cases and arrived on June 30th, 1779, a year and one month after Voltaire's death. Wagnière, a Swiss, who from the time he was fourteen in 1754 had been in Voltaire's service and who had been his secretary for the last twenty-two years of his master's life, had been engaged to follow the books to Russia and arrange them in the same order he had known at Ferney, as well as to prepare the manuscripts for binding. Wagnière, then thirty-nine years old, arrived in Saint Petersburg August 8th, 1779, but his work was delayed by a severe illness of several weeks, probably incident to the sharp change in climate. After his recovery he set himself to the task, arranged the books and installed them in a room provided for the purpose in the Hermitage on the banks of the Neva. After the completion of this work Wagnière left Saint Petersburg, apparently early in the New Year 1780, and returned to Ferney.

Faithful to her plan of evoking as far as possible the spirit of Voltaire, Catherine engaged the great French sculptor, Houdon, to make a replica of his celebrated statue of Voltaire's aged figure, seated in an armchair,

leaning slightly forward, with keen, shrewd eyes taking in everything, the statue of which the original is so well known to visitors at the Théâtre-Français in Paris. This statue was placed in the midst of the reassembled library, an impressive position. When about 1862 the books were transferred to the Imperial Library in the centre of the city the same effective arrangement in a special room was for a time preserved, and moved one visitor, Count de La Ferrière, to comment:—

Placed there, this statue is impressive; it is indeed he, the cold sceptic, with pitiless raillery. He seems to keep visitors under surveillance; if you touch one of his books his glance follows you, his ironical smile intimidates you.

While the less imaginative would obviously be less impressed, it is clear that Catherine's arrangement was a splendid one, and it is too bad that lack of space forced its abandonment in later years. That is to say, the Voltaire library no longer has a special room of its own and is now separated from the Houdon statue, though even to-day, after an interval of nearly a hundred and fifty years, the books are supposed still to be in the same order of arrangement as at Ferney, and great care is taken to preserve it.

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But, the general reader may enquire, what special interest attaches to the preservation intact of the library of Voltaire? It is true that it is not a library of rare books with fine bindings. Voltaire was not a bibliophile. His books were for use, not for show. The interest that one finds in Voltaire's books is due to the light they throw upon the sources and the development of his ideas. He read widely and rapidly. His secretary, Wagnière, tells how, on receiving a new book, his master used to run through it quickly, reading a few lines from each page. If he found something of particular importance he marked it. In case the book appeared worth while, Voltaire would re-read it with care, and in many cases make marginal notes with his pen. These marginal notes are often to-day of great interest and value in determining his point of view. Moreover, volumes much used by Voltaire are frequently

to be found even yet filled with long, narrow slips of paper placed between the pages as place-markers to indicate passages he wished to refer to again. The position of these markers in the books in reference to the context, the fact that they often bear the manuscript notation *note marginale*, and that they check with such a note in the margin of the book, the cleanness of the part of the paper inside protected by the book, contrasting with the dusty, discoloured part outside, the manner in which these tags have become twisted together whenever there are many in a single volume, the fact that many also consist of strips of paper torn from a letter or envelope, and bear on them "M. de Voltaire," or "Ferney, près Genève," or some other illuminating bit of an address, all these factors indicate that seldom, if ever, have they been moved from their original position. Thus we can be sure that in nearly all cases these markers permit us to follow the course of Voltaire's own mind. Moreover, there are cases where he tore off a tiny bit of paper from the end of one of these markers and stuck it down over the beginning of a passage which interested him. Such are some of the points of particular interest about the Voltaire library.

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The study of literary sources is one of the most fascinating, and at the same time most dangerous, pursuits which may engage the attention of the historian of literature: fascinating because of the exhilaration of tracking an idea, a phrase, a mode of expression, to its beginning, or of tracing the course of its gradual development; dangerous because through over-enthusiasm or false inference, due to inadequate information, one may be led to declare a close connection between two passages where none exists. But when the library of a great man has been preserved and kept together in a single place, when we can determine positively, not of course all the books he read, but at least nearly all of those he owned, then we are given a definite point of departure which is offered rarely. Such, obviously, is the case with the Voltaire library. We can know to a considerable extent what his reading was; we can know in many cases, through his place-markers, what

passages especially interested him; we can know in other cases, through his marginal comments, what he thought of certain authors and their ideas.

The languages which Voltaire read besides his own were chiefly English, Latin and Italian, and it is probably fair to say that their importance for him was in that order. English he had learned well during a stay of nearly three years in England from 1726 to 1729, when he was in his early thirties. He wrote letters in English and read English books during the rest of his life—even used an occasional English sentence in talking to his numerous English visitors at Ferney. Latin he had, of course, learned while at the Jesuit college of Louis-le-Grand. Italian he seems to have studied on his own account, and perfected with the aid of Italian acquaintances, such as his friend Algarotti or one of his secretaries, Colini. Though a prudent respect for the Inquisition kept Voltaire from ever visiting Italy, he pushed his knowledge of the language not merely to the point of reading it fluently, but even to the extent of writing an occasional letter, or part of a letter, in Italian. As for German, Voltaire's years at the court of Frederick the Great gave him a knowledge of only a few German words, and left only a few insignificant traces among the book titles in his library. His books are thus chiefly in French, English, Latin and Italian. Those languages he read easily and rapidly.

In French literature the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries make the chief contributions to Voltaire's library, although he naturally had a high esteem for so keen a thinker as Montaigne in the sixteenth century; and as for Rabelais, though he scorned his buffoonery at first, he learned later to penetrate through it to the meat beneath, and thought that, while French literature ought not to have two Rabelais, it was well that it had had one. In general the Middle Ages and the whole period before the seventeenth century repel rather than attract his interest. Voltaire's admiration for the century of Louis XIV is so well known that it is matter for no surprise that the period should be well represented amongst his books. One would also have expected Voltaire, keenly awake to

contemporary thought and to the latest literary productions, to be well provided with the books of his own period, and such also is the case. As soon as he became famous many books were, of course, sent to him as presentation copies by their authors. This fact needs to be kept in mind, too, in determining his reading, for there are naturally in his library not a few books which Voltaire, like many another reader, owned but neglected.

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But it is the extent to which English literature is represented in Voltaire's library which to many will be its most interesting feature. Since the days when Lord Morley wrote: "Voltaire went to England a poet, and came back a philosopher," there has been what may be called an "English question" in connection with Voltaire. There have been those who tended to emphasise the importance of the English influence upon Voltaire, perhaps sometimes to the neglect of other factors in his development; there have been others, chiefly French writers, who, in a scholarly, not a chauvinistic, way have reacted against the absoluteness of Lord Morley's dictum, and have stressed the critical attitude of Voltaire's mind even before he went to England; and have dwelt upon the influence of Montaigne, of the dictionary-maker Pierre Bayle, and in general upon the whole current of the literature of protest which, usually somewhat underground during the seventeenth century, was already coming to the surface in France during the early years of the eighteenth, and was preparing the way thus early for the ultimate breakdown of the old *régime*. Such was the position of Brunetière, the great literary critic of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Now it is still too early to answer what one might call the Morley-Brunetière question. Years of study on the part of many scholars will be needed before the final word can be said. Probably it will be in no single sentence that the answer can be given. Nevertheless, it is, in view of the divergent opinions on this question, of very special interest to note the concrete fact that there are

many English books in Voltaire's library. It is not for nothing that Voltaire wrote to his friend, George Keith, on January 16th, 1760 (and since the letter is in English, we can cite it without translation):

Had I not fixed the seat of my retreat in the free corner of Geneva, I would certainly live in the free kingdom of England; for though I do not like the monstrous irregularities of Shakespear, though I admire but some lively and masterly strokes in his performances, yet I am confident no body in the world looks with a greater veneration on yr good philosophers, on the crowd of yr good authors; and I am these thirty years the disciple of yr way of thinking.

Such was Voltaire's own opinion of what English thought meant to him. It is obvious that he gave it an important place. So the visitor to his library is not surprised to find confronting him Mandeville, Clarke, Hume, Milton, Shakespeare, Newton, Collins, Toland, Shaftesbury, Addison, and Bolingbroke among the most important English authors represented, to say nothing of less famous writers. Many of the details in Voltaire's works, particularly those in philosophy and religion, as well as much of his general point of view, are due to these and other English authors whom he read so assiduously. Just how great his debt to them was further study should now reveal much more completely than before was possible.

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But certainly the most important and interesting single characteristic of the Voltaire library is that his books contain many marginal notes in his own hand-writing. Evidently, while reading, he often sat with pen in hand and jotted down in the margin, impetuously, the comment that came first to mind. So it is that often these comments are in themselves trivial, yet none the less revelant of the momentary spleen or violent anger of their author. Here we have a *Voltaire in his Dressing Gown* much more certainly authentic than M. Brousson's *Anatole France*, for here we have his more intimate thought put upon paper by himself, for no eye but his own, unchecked by motives of restraint or prudence in the face of intolerant and conservative public opinion. We know his habit

during his old age of spending much time *en déshabillé*. It requires no great effort of the imagination, and no unfair one, to see him sitting up in bed, or in his chair, his *robe de chambre* gathered about his emaciated frame, and writing every now and then in the margins of his books those piquant comments which we may still see.

Sometimes it is approval that Voltaire expresses. We find him writing opposite Rousseau's attacks upon contemporary theology: "good," "good that," "bold and good," or other similar expressions. More often, in the case of Rousseau at any rate, Voltaire's comments are violently hostile and frequently personal. "What absurd impertinence!"; "chimerical"; "false"; "very false"; "not at all"; "what sophistry!"; "ridiculous vanity"; "you are lying impudently"; "monkey of a Diogenes, how you condemn yourself!"—such are some of the more colourful and at the same time scathing comments in which Voltaire records his disagreement with Rousseau's admiration for primitive life, his non-intellectual ideal of education, his half-orthodox religious position, his tendency toward rhetoric, his failure in some cases to reason closely, and other similar attitudes. Naturally Voltaire, Gentleman of the King's Bedchamber, Count of Ferney, Count of Tournay, rich man that he is during the latter part of his life, will not fail to condemn Rousseau's attack upon the institution of private property, and he does so in no uncertain terms, calling it "the philosophy of a beggar." Voltaire is never lukewarm; he is all hot or all cold. The two men agree, however, in their hostility toward war; only Voltaire, characteristically, is more sceptical of the effectiveness of a League of Nations as a remedy. So his marginal comments permit the reader to draw quite sharply the line of demarcation between these two outstanding men of genius.

Such, then, is the service which Voltaire's comments may render in helping us more fully to understand his ideas or the sources from which they sprang. Even at this distance in time the reader of his marginal notes can feel his vibrating indignation as he dashed down an im-

petuous comment. Voltaire is seldom dull in his works; he is often unusually piquant in his marginal notes. One of his now well-nigh forgotten enemies, the Swiss pastor Antoine Jacques Roustan, on one occasion thus addressed his reading public: "Since my earlier remarks have had the good fortune to please you"; on which Voltaire commented succinctly, wittily, and at the same time angrily: "Abominable calumny!" Thus he grappled with the author he was reading, much as though his adversary were present in person to feel the full force of his poured-out spleen. No wonder that in his writings Voltaire showed such a gift for making abstractions concrete. He felt them concretely, or he did not feel them at all.

In preserving for posterity the Voltaire library Catherine the Great did, after all, erect in his honour the unique monument of which she had dreamed. His personality still lives for us there among the books which were his constant companions at Ferney, near Geneva. We can see him there now with his virtues and with his faults, the same energetic, impulsive figure that he was in the flesh, often unfair, yet warm-hearted too, with a keen intelligence that like tempered steel penetrated sophistry or mere rhetoric and laid its hollowness bare. This was a man of such complex humanity that posterity has never yet been able to agree on the proper apportionment of praise and blame with which to reward him. But it has always been forced to accord him hatred or admiration, never indifference, and has found him a fascinating, if always a baffling, study.

THE LAO JUNGLES

BY ALEC WAUGH

I HAD never meant to go to Siam. That very morning, indeed, I had made arrangements at Burns Philips's Penang agency to sail southwards on the following Saturday. But though one talks of the unhurrying East—and in a climate when a two-minute stroll reduces you to a state of damp prostration life must move slowly if it is to be endured—the very fact that it is unhurrying increases its potentiality for surprise.

Less than half an hour after booking my passage I was joining in a general discussion of a novel by Reginald Campbell, *Uneasy Virtue*, which had its setting half in Penang, half in the jungles of northern Siam.

"I wonder," I said, "how far it really is like that?" Adding in the idle way one does, "It would be rather fun to go and see."

It was the kind of remark that in England would have been countered with a vague, "Ah, yes!" But in the East, from which all the fairy stories of the world have come, where magic carpets and bottled genii are no more than exaggerations of a way of living, there is the danger always of being taken at your word. "Then why," said one of the party, "don't you go there?"

In a moment I had embarked on such a series of excuses as the cautious and calculating habits of Western life forge for us. But it was too late. The words of the spell were uttered. The genii was wreathing into smoke out of the bottle's neck. The edges of the carpet had begun to lift. "That should be quite simple," my friend was saying. "Let me see now. There's a man I know, a forest officer, who's going to make a jungle tour next week. He's starting for the north on Sunday. It's Wednesday now. If you leave here on Friday morning you'll be in Bangkok before dark on Saturday; that just fits. We'll wire and see if he can take you." Before I had realised what was happening a telegraph form had been requisitioned and the genii had begun his work.

That is the way things happen in the East. In Europe we make plans months ahead and we adhere to them. Life moves so quickly that we should be submerged otherwise. But in the countries that are south of Aden no man bothers overmuch about what he will be doing a fortnight hence. Plans mature swiftly in that country of easy growth. Suggestions are made casually. "Wouldn't it be rather fun?" says someone. And you agree eagerly. Nor, on the next morning, do you write one of those notes so eminently practical with their justifying quotation from Mrs. Browning to the effect that "colours seen by candle-light do not look the same by day," to explain how on thinking it over in cool blood you really feel . . .

A jungle trip is not a thing that can be undertaken lightly. It requires very careful adjustments of commissariat. You have to carry your larder with you. It is not pleasant to find yourself without provisions a hundred miles from any road that can be described as "fordable." But the days pass so slowly that the ordering of six elephants instead of four, and thirty-five coolies instead of twenty, is an unalarming enterprise. There is always time to remedy mistakes. Things wait for you to catch them up.

A week later I was in the jungle. It was unlike anything that I had expected. To the Western mind the word jungle evokes a picture of tangled undergrowth, of scarlet macaws, of monkeys screaming to each other from every bough, of large, many-coloured butterflies, of snakes and bears, and natives shooting at you from behind hills with blowpipes. It may be that in South America that is what it is. But the landscape of Siam is friendly. There are cobra, it is true, but you rarely meet them. I only saw a couple of small snakes. Though I heard the screech of monkeys I never saw one. Though I had the tracks of a bear pointed out to me, the bear is an animal that must be hunted. And though the foliage is in places overpoweringly luxuriant, the country is for the most part open. The flat land is planted with rice and the undergrowth in the actual forests is inconsiderable. Nor were there any blowpipes. The Laos are quiet, simple, decently lived people. They cultivate their rice, carry their produce to

the markets, tend their animals, and chew their betel nut. And though when you ask "How far is it to such a place?" you will be answered in such simple methods of reckoning as "half a bullock's march" or "as far as you can hear a dog bark," it is only at odd moments that you will realise how remote these people are from the practical organisation of the big cities.

When, for example, you purchase a six-satang object with a tical you will receive as your change not the ninety-four satangs you expect, but eighty or eighty-one. You count the change over three times. Then protest. The shopkeeper shakes his head. "We are giving eighty-five satangs for a tical."

"But the tical," you say, "is worth a hundred satangs."

"Oh, no, at the most not more than eighty-seven!"

For a while, perhaps, you will argue. Then you will decide that thirteen-hundredths of one and tenpence are not worth quarrelling over. And you will seek enlightenment. "It's quite simple," it will be explained to you. "The tical is too big a coin for these people. It's a nuisance to them, and they can't get rid of it easily. They say it isn't worth more than eighty-five satangs to them. It's rather like a man in a remote English village saying that it'll be a fearful nuisance to him to change a five-pound note. None of his friends will be able to. No local shop will take it. But that if you care to take ninety shillings for it you can have it."

"At one time," he will go on, "we used to have all the men's wages sent up here in copper coins by donkeys. But it didn't pay, we found. It was more trouble than it was worth. In fact, you're really lucky to get as much as eighty-five satangs for a shilling."

It is at such moments that you realise how distant from civilisation the Lao still is, but for the most part you will feel yourself to be centuries away from savagery. Their villages are tidyish affairs, their huts are clean and airy, their single store is bright with printed cotton. Each village has its temple and its school. And the presence of the priests, with their cropped heads, in their yellow robes lends a dignity to life. The complicated Buddhist

faith, over which metaphysicians will split hairs indefinitely, is a direct and simple thing to the simple Laos. They have retained the capacity to wonder.

A few weeks before my arrival a white elephant, the sacred symbol of the faith, the occasion years back of war with Burma, had been born on one of the teak company's workings. Such a thing had not happened within the memory of man. From miles round the villagers came to pay it homage. Every evening when the calf was brought down to the river to be bathed a hundred and fifty to two hundred people were gathered in the compound. They wore their richest and brightest clothes. They had brought flowers to cast before the infant's feet. And sugar came to refresh the mother. There was a hush of religious awe. The brown eyes of the Lao maidens grew wide and solemn, luminous and dilated. Their lips parted in a sigh. Their little crinkled hands were joined together, lifted before their faces in simple and silent worship as the calf trotted turbulently towards the water.

It was one of the most curious and moving sights that I have ever seen. And I could not help following the curving sequence of analogy as I watched the pink urchin bound and leap in the brown water. There it sported, like genius in a nursery, unaware that there was any difference between its playmates and itself, unconscious of its own importance, undreaming of its fate and future; the high rewards, the applause, the honour. All along the analogy held. Like genius it had won tardily to recognition.

The rider who presented himself with the news that his charge had given birth to a white elephant was laughed at. There was a sad smile on the district assistant's face as he started his interrogation. To begin with, he asked, how many toes had it? Eighteen, he was told, and that, in his view, settled it. All real white elephants had twenty. But the rider was persistent. The elephant was no ordinary one. Would not the Nai be gracious enough to come and see it? In the end the assistant went. It was the waste of a day, but one had to humour a good rider. When he saw it, however, the pitying smile changed to one of wonder. He had never seen a white elephant in infancy.

There are not so very many people in the world who have. But the pink urchin that tottered between its mother's legs was emphatically unlike any calf that he had seen before.

The report he sent into Chiengmai was the occasion for loud and continued laughter. It was suggested that he should try the waggon. But the weeks passed, and the calf, instead of growing darker, became each day more faintly pink. All along the analogy held good, the mistrust of relatives, the incredulous contempt of critics, the admittance made grudgingly at last that "at least there was something unusual here," their refusal definitely to commit themselves. For the critics are never happy till they have qualified their testimonial, till they have contrived a loophole for their escape should their swan reveal itself to be a goose. For the expert remained dubious about those eighteen toes.

The Laos themselves, which are the public, had no doubt, however. The calf's progress to Chiengmai was regal. And later when vindication came, in the same way that genius when it visits poverty will lift out of obscurity a host of humble people, so did this freak of birth bring recompense to the associates of its infancy. Not alone was it the march to triumph. For the director of the teak company there was royalty's recognition. For the rider—that ignorant Lao peasant—there was at Bangkok, in the royal stables, the dignity of leisured comfort. For the mother, that blind fulfiller of destiny, there had come an end for ever to the harsh jungle days. She was never to know work again. Ended her days of *ounging* and *tontawing*; the long, heavily burdened marches under a tropic sun; the dragging of timber, the breaking up of stacks. She was immune. She had mothered prodigy. She was entitled to an old age of honoured ease. All along the analogy held good. And there was a quality curiously satisfying in the thought that somewhere in the jungle still, unhonoured and unrecognised, the anonymous begetter of divinity, the chance partner in a haphazard coupling, was trumpeting his servitude to "the reverberate hills."

A KING'S DAUGHTER

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN,
K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

IF you dabble among Chinese philosophers and the like, some day you will run across the writings of that brilliant mystic Chuang Tzu, who, in the third and fourth centuries before Christ, taught that life is but a dream. And he is known as "Butterfly" Chuang, because of the wonderment on reality that he wrote. And this is how it runs:—

"Once upon a time I, Chuang Tzu, dreamed I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of following my senses as a butterfly, and was unconscious of my individuality as a man. Suddenly I awakened, and there I was myself again. . . . Now I do not know whether I was a man dreaming I was a butterfly or whether I am now a butterfly dreaming I am a man."

That is what Chuang said two thousand years and more ago, and once I went through quietly, as part of the everyday movements and actions of life, a curious happening, which I can no more explain than could Butterfly Chuang explain his story.

It was a drowsy day in early June, and the train ran steadily through the woods and forests of Sussex—trees and gorse in all their glory, and I, too, drowsed in my window-seat in what passed for a fast train in Sussex. Opposite I had noticed a woman sitting, but she had been behind her paper. Now my drowsing had come to an end, after dwelling on a dream I had so often dreamt of, for many years, a dream of one of those King's daughters for whom the heart of man yearns and rarely deserves. Once two strange pen-fellows, Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, wrote between them *The World's Desire*, and told of Argive Helen returned to earth, who sang on the Pylon at Tannais, in Lower Egypt, and every man who heard

her heard the voice of his first love, the woman he had never won, and who had all the wonderful attributes that man can desire. And my dream always takes this form: of a brave, staunch English girl, doing her hair by my side in *déshabillé*, and the quality that she has *par excellence* is that of super-loyalty, to help, to cheer, to comfort, to sustain, and perhaps to drive onward and upward; the King's daughter that shall marry you in the old fairy story. And a tag-end of the old dream had come to me again in the drowse in the third-class corridor.

And as I slowly grew more wakeful I noticed the knees and legs before me under the paper—knees and legs of that graceful English type which puts M. Worth to despair, and these were better than any knees and calves of beige-rose, and wildly captivating, as men know shapely legs can be. And I thought it high time to sit up and take notice, and then my *vis-à-vis* dropped her paper, and, I know not how, we slid into conversation.

And we talked long and deep—of Sussex and its glory, of Sussex and its towns, of Pevensey Marsh and its past, and every word she said was full of charm and interest and love for Merrie England. And as we talked I studied her face and figure, and her neat grey coat and skirt. Was she beautiful? Perhaps not, as beauty goes, but tall and graceful, and with soft, dark eyes and a deep musical voice, too, that one could hear comfortably above the roar of the train, a restful, trustful face, the picture of health and care, the care that women must take of their beauty to do it justice.

And the time and the road slid by, and now and again we lost the thread of our talk, and I found her looking at me, looking with a faintly puzzled look. But a gorgeous bank of gorse set us talking again, and we ran into West St. Leonards. Here she got out, thanking me for making her journey pleasant, in the deep musical voice that I had so enjoyed, and was gone, more graceful than ever as she stepped out of the carriage.

Feeling extraordinarily lost, I sat through the long tunnel into Warrior Square, and then walked out to my hotel, where I meant to have two days' rest, wrote my

name in the book, had tea, and then went out to stroll in the cool shade of the front, from which the sun goes off so pleasantly by evening time. I was a little vexed to find I could not have my usual room, and that the hotel was not as cordial as usual. In fact, when I said I wanted Number Twenty-two I was told very flatly that it was engaged for an old visitor who always had that room. Dinner at seven in June leaves hours of daylight, and I strolled out at the back and up over the cliffs to the golf links, the links that look out over the marsh of the Sussex Avon—one of the many Sussex Avons, which, after all, means but a river. The sun was now going down behind Beachy Head, and the foreground, still light, was beginning to take on its first faint opal tinge. The lightship was just beginning to show, though except under the horizon all was yet daylight.

I could see no one on the links, and sat down to enjoy the soft light and the view, and then after a few minutes strolled further. Turning a corner round an old gnarled oak I saw my lady of the train. She rose and came towards me.

"Oh, Abel, I knew it was you! Why did you not tell me so in the train?"

I remained silent. The pleasure of meeting was too much for me, and I hardly noticed that she was taking me for someone else.

"Abel, for a long time in the train you just appeared an ordinary person, and then as we talked you seemed to be familiar, but I only now recognise you. Were you playing a trick on me?"

And I stood silent, but since she put one hand on mine I covered it with another. God forgive me if I was wrong!

"Abel, Abel, after all these years! And now I must say good-bye! I came down to see the old place, and I go back to-morrow, for I am marrying Geoffrey. Geoffrey Arnold—you remember?"

I nodded.

"You never came, and you would not write or speak, and you know how good Geoffrey is, and how I never cared for him, was only fond of him; but now I'm marrying him

in three days' time. Here, take back your locket. It has my picture in it."

And then I did a very wicked thing. I put my arm round her, and she did not demur, but looked up at me with those beautiful eyes, and said:

"Abel, you shall sit like this for a while, but it is the last time."

And we sat alone on the soft, short turf, she and I, the strangers of the day, she the Helen of the Pylon, the woman with the voice of the woman I had dreamed of, and I posing evilly as the mysterious "Abel."

"I am glad you have kept your moustache, Abel—I like it so."

I felt my lip. Yes, I had a moustache, but then I don't wear one. It was disconcerting, but I realised that unless I was to mar the situation I must put up with it. Marvelling, and wondering, and enjoying the sitting, with my arm round that waist, I sat on silent, for she, the King's daughter, whose name to this day I do not know, sat by me.

It was growing dark. Beachy Head now stood out purple with the sun behind it. The marsh below was deep blue, and only the cries of the peewits came from it. To the right a long line of homing crows flew above the railway viaduct.

"Abel, before I go, my dear, kiss me."

And I kissed her—one of those long, soft kisses that seem like heaven. We sat with lips pressed for a considerable time, and then she broke away from me.

"God bless you, Abel dear!" she said, and then down the hill she sped, while I stood, my lips still tingling with the kiss that was not mine.

Then I, too, started home, back to the hotel, wondering had I been a cad, or had I been but a man, and had all been for the best.

At my hotel on the Marine the lady in the office was all smiles.

"We expected you by an earlier train, sir! Your room is ready, though a gentleman this afternoon was very annoyed because we would not let him have it. Would you sign your name?"

"But I signed it already."

Then I looked over her shoulder, and though the signatures of that date only began half-way down the page, mine was not there. In my handwriting, however, my own sprawling hand, I saw "*Abel Winsor*."

I gave it up. A. Winsor was the name of the man who was my war-chum, in the same gun detachment with me on Vimy Ridge. But his pieces I had helped to pick up just before I was crumpled up myself. It could not have been he.

Perhaps some day I shall see my lady of the train and golf links, the wife of one Geoffrey Arnold whom I know not—but perhaps it might be better not. I offer no explanation, and I feel as old Butterfly Chuang felt, that I do not know "if I am a man dreaming I am a butterfly, or a butterfly dreaming I am a man."

But I have in my possession the locket that once was Abel Winsor's, and I have never yet dreamed my own old dream again. Nevertheless, better than a dream I have a memory, a memory of a deep musical voice, and lips that are the lips of a King's daughter.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE Labour Government is developing unsuspected strength—one might even say popularity. It holds its own supporters: at a by-election in North Leeds the Government Labour man was opposed by a Communist whom the poll simply obliterated. At Twickenham, in a typically genteel suburb, another by-election showed the Unionist majority pulled down from 5,000 to 500. In this case the Liberal voters deserted their own candidate (who did fairly well at the General Election) and went almost *en masse* to Labour. The total vote was greatly reduced, but it is absurd to talk as if Conservatives were the only people who left home in August. Yet the Twickenham voters were aware that Lord Lloyd had been recalled from Egypt; the indignant protest of their adjacent peer, Lord Brentford, rang in their ears: if not for the sake of Brentford, then for that of "Jix," they might have bestirred themselves: and Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Winston Churchill had also uttered angry cries. Add to this the fact that under a Labour administration, which acknowledged unemployment as the gravest of all domestic problems, a strike in the cotton industry has left half the mills in Lancashire idle. Yet none of all this has shaken confidence, which, oddly enough, begins to be expressed in quarters that were deeply prejudiced against the so-called Socialists. What is the reason? Partly that there is a natural reaction from exaggerated forecasts of revolutionary terrors. Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues were painted so red that people, detecting only a faint flush of pink, say it is a colour they always fancied, and much preferable to drabness. Partly, and more reasonably, it begins to be believed that these are men who, instead of waiting on events, will make things happen. The public at large is incomparably less concerned for

Imperial prestige, and even for the safety of Imperial lines of communication, than for disarmament and some kind of guarantee against war. Nobody expected that the Unionist Government would do anything serious in this direction, for the average Conservative is sceptical of the whole possibility. Liberals, in their bid for popular favour, laid all the stress on a different objective, holding, quite justly, that unemployment was a greater danger than any threat of gas and bombs. But the public mood did not respond; and it is probable that the public at large remember that Mr. Lloyd George reached his supreme heights as a War Minister. So, when the public sees a Labour Ministry taking drastic action about Egypt, they reflect, first, that these men are capable of drastic action, and, secondly, that such action may smooth the way to some international compact pushing war farther than ever away.

Yet all this would not generate anything definite enough to be called popularity, and just at this moment a wave of public feeling is perceptible. The reason is plain enough. French publicists and politicians have for years been saying many disagreeable things about England, while English statesmen were laboriously, and almost pathetically, polite. On the other hand, Mr. Snowden, when he was out of office, rose up and spoke angrily to France; and in office he has shown his teeth not only to France but to the nations of Europe. The English people have liked that, more especially those who have no sympathy with the general policy for which Mr. Snowden stands in domestic matters. These folk are glad to find a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer more English, more insular, in international matters than ever Sir Austen Chamberlain showed himself. Mr. Snowden is acquiring something of the halo that used to surround Lord Palmerston's side whiskers. More particularly the resentment of British capitalists who invested in French bonds expresses itself through the mouth of this Socialist.

There is no mistaking it, the advent of a Labour Ministry has brought about the temperamental clash be-

tween France and Britain which has always seemed imminent since victory produced its crop of disillusion. These two nations, which for seven or eight generations have done most to advance the freedom of Europe, remain none the less instinctively incompatible. Yet in the English leisured classes there has always existed a liking for France, and an admiration for the French spirit which made for reconciliation, though it was little matched by anything to correspond with it across the Channel. When the Government came to be recruited from social strata which had less the habit of Continental travel, this reconciling influence was withdrawn; and now it is going to be more difficult than ever to secure that England shall be fair to France. As for hoping that France will be fair to England most of us long ago gave that up. The reason is not far to seek. English people have always seemed to French people too abominably well off, and the course of events since the War has exaggerated that disposition of the French mind. Every Frenchman has known that he could not come to England for a fortnight without facing a scale of expenditure that was prohibitive to ninety-nine in a hundred; whereas every Englishman could go to France for a cheap and delightful holiday, and tens of thousands went. Foreigners did not know, and could not, how narrowly some classes in England have been obliged to contract their scale of living. What they did see, and could not help seeing, was that in general among English folk the War-time rate of expenditure had been continued, both publicly and privately. It was natural enough that in all international adjustments of finance England's back should seem the broadest, and no adequate recognition—if, indeed, any recognition—was given to the mingled good nature and generosity which habitually inspire Englishmen in money dealings.

An end to that had to come, and Mr. Snowden has brought it. He was wise to set up again in the face of Europe England's record of generosity. Yet when he proposed to arrest a settlement of such importance as was in progress at The Hague for reasons touching England's pocket, he would have done well to push frankness farther.

No nation can afford to give away anything to strangers when it must maintain such a famine fund as post-War England requires. The current of the workless people who have to be kept decently alive is the true measure of England's necessity. No one can realise it more than Mr. Snowden; but probably even to-day foreigners have not the dimmest perception of this grim incubus. When that is taken into account one may very well ask whether England to-day is really so prosperous or so little distressed as its neighbour France.

There are, of course, voices which say that France thrives because she pays off her debts in a depreciated currency. Those who make the taunt should remember that France's foreign debtors are treated precisely as her own. Myriads of charwomen, country stationmasters, and petty employees of all kinds in France itself see the marketable value of their savings, the result of a frugality for which England offers no parallel, cut down by four-fifths. France has had to suffer a misfortune which England, as a whole, has escaped; and every retired colonel who goes to live comfortably across the Channel on what would be a pittance at home should be able to let his countrymen know something of what the War really cost France. Disagreement, and acute disagreement, between the two great Allies is inevitable. People of goodwill should mobilise themselves to prevent it by the attempt to understand the difficulties and the sufferings on both sides. It ought to be said that France's resentment against what appeared to French people an inequality of sacrifice was much heightened whenever English-speaking folk went about grumbling that they only got five times its value for their pound instead of five and a half. None of us could help the fact that for five shillings we could buy a bottle of wine, or a dinner, which few Frenchmen could afford; but at least we could show compunction about this state of things, and many omitted to show it, if they did not actually exult.

At all events, Mr. Snowden's entry on the field of diplomacy has been resounding and instructive. He began with the assumption that whatever could be said

without breach of rules at Westminster could be said in international diplomacy. He has now realised that if each representative of a nation employed the terms of reproach current in his national parliament it would become necessary (especially since the debates are made public) to shift the Assembly from Geneva to Berne, where there is a commodious bearpit.

In Egypt Mr. Henderson has announced a decision of the Cabinet which is, at least in one respect, exemplary. It is a free decision, given in a time of tranquillity when no extremist could claim it as the happy reward of outrage, and when no reactionary could describe it as a concession to violent agitation. Furthermore, the offer to nationalist sentiment has been made as complete as was possible; nothing is withheld to be thrown in later. How far the essential interests are safeguarded is a matter on which technical experts will argue, and only time can show decisively. But a great deal can be done with safety when it is done in time, and very little is even worth attempting when it is attempted too late. Mr. Henderson, to judge by his procedure, might have been reading Irish history with discernment. Unlike those who had to deal with the Irish problem, he has given the constitutional leader a fair chance, and the odds are that extremist attempts to wreck this settlement will fail when an Egyptian Assembly is called on to decide. As to the interests of foreigners other than British, Britain has no obligation to protect them, and for the protection of British private interests a native Government must be trusted—once self-government has been conceded in principle. That concession was made six years before Mr. Henderson held office: though it has been left for him to implement it—a task which Lord Lloyd would certainly not have found congenial. But in these matters the moving finger writes and the hands of the clock cannot be put back without much smashing of machinery and unforeseeable consequences.

In one respect the reaction outside Egypt must be good. Britain's attitude there, standing across the path to a people's freedom, singularly compromised her in the

League of Nations. If Mr. Henderson can come to Geneva bringing Egypt by the hand as a new candidate for admission, his position in the League's Councils will be appreciably strengthened. England's immense and varied commitments have made it hard for her to square her actual position with the principles implied in adherence to the League. In this case she has been obliged to deny Egypt's right to take on another overlord. She remains officially Egypt's big friend. But the essential fact is that henceforward disputes between the great Power and the little one will be arbitrable by consent of both.

It is a far cry from Geneva to Mukden, yet up to the present war between China and Soviet Russia has been staved off, one may say, through application of Genevan principles. Czarist Russia would have felt not merely authorised but obliged to make war on such provocation as was offered. But the argument of prestige as an inducement to war is no longer allowed to weigh seriously. Indeed, we are in sight of the time when prestige will be maintained rather by staying out of war than by going into it. Meantime *The Times* publishes an article of new proposals for organising financial and economic assistance to the nation that is victim of aggression—and, by inference, for denying such resources to the aggressor.

However, this assumes that the Council of the League can decide with unanimity which side in a given dispute is the aggressor; and the Russo-Chinese case suggests that this would be difficult. Sheep do not often aggress upon wolves; yet the Chinese action in seizing a railroad and its staff might easily be construed as aggression. But officers of the Soviet operating or residing in a foreign territory appear to have a conception of their duties which accords ill with the interest of the nation on whose borders they are stationed; and until they accept the usual conventions of conduct it will not be easy to afford them the usual immunities. Bolsheviks are not easy to live with, and one of Mr. Henderson's earliest deeds in office was to send away Moscow's envoys with a response that they appear to have stomached ill. The Labour Government is not well spoken of in Sovietic circles, and perhaps this

is one of the reasons why it gains support in Great Britain.

Controversy rages on the proposed Haig memorial; and there is general agreement that Mr. Hardiman's model, which was selected from those submitted, is not very like the Field-Marshal and still less like any horse which Haig ever rode or would have ridden. Mr. Hardiman has apparently been inspired by recollections of mediæval Italian sculpture, and has forgotten that these artists had before their minds the image of a horse chosen to carry a man in very heavy armour. He has forgotten also that the same image was before the minds of those to whom the statue was meant to appeal. Mr. Ledward, whose model was rejected, got nearer the mark so far as one can judge from photographs; he might have been directed in his work by Charles Napier's description of Moore at the battle of Corunna—sitting intent and concentrated on the movement of his battle-line while his body, acting as it were apart, controlled his mount. But what a desperate task these artists had set to them! No sculptured representation of the British Commander-in-Chief can fulfil its purpose acceptably unless it contrives to be acceptable to the men of Haig's armies, and unfortunately this implies that it must be exact in detail of equipment. Greater freedom would have been possible had Haig's face and figure been stamped on the vision of his contemporaries as were those of Napoleon and of Wellington. Partly the conditions under which the Commander-in-Chief worked made it impossible that he should be so universally known to those who served under him; but still more the unobtrusiveness which was his main characteristic. The tradition of the British Army shuns whatever is spectacular, and nobody ever more completely incarnated it than this leader. Even his handsomeness was of a kind that did not call attention to itself; he was simply the ideally good-looking, well-groomed British officer. He had none of the striking physical peculiarities which made Wellington and Napoleon natural centres for legend; and it was his disposition to efface rather than emphasise whatever was distinctive about him. No other

memorial will ever express him so well as the narrow strip of sod railed in at Dryburgh, with its little wooden cross pricked into the turf among the Flanders poppies. But since memorial to him there must be in the heart of London, it would have been better simply to let it bear his name and the record of his achievement engraved upon a cenotaph, in shaping which the sculptor's imagination should have had unfettered play.

The objection to Mr. Hardiman's work is, I think, that it does not belong to our time. It is not a piece of characteristic modern "representation" sculpture; it seeks after the symbolic. But the symbolic sculpture of to-day is off on quite another quest. A limited number of people hold, or appear to hold, that some piece of rough-hewn wood from Ashanti or Benin is better and more expressive than anything that ever came out of Italy—or out of the later Greece. If these folk can impose their ideals on the public mind there will be a case for entrusting to them the execution of a monument designed to express public feeling. That day is still far off. Yet there is no denying that Mr. Epstein has at least won admission for much that still seems to the average man hard even to tolerate. The group of two figures represented on the northward face of the buildings at St. James's Park Station is not easily forgotten, nor can its sombre beauty be ignored. The heavy-limbed, heavy-browed woman on whose knee the sleeper reposes is no mother, but a nurse from dark, mysterious lands. Seen from the front, all the lines, which run horizontally, are weighty with rest. But seen from the side, the nurse's hand pillowing the head seems to lift clumsily a huge weight. As to the eastward facing group, which is said to suggest Morning, it carries no association, to my mind, but that of some uncouth idol from a ju-ju house.

Still, there they are, preaching their lesson: the passers-by stand and stare. Until the lesson has been assimilated by many hundreds of thousands it will be incongruous and absurd to use that style of art in commemoration of any popular hero. That, however, and not Mr. Hardiman's compromise, is the modern symbolism in bronze or stone.

The Abbé Dimnet, one of those Frenchmen who judge English life and literature intimately and shrewdly, has written a book for Anglo-Saxons on *The Art of Thinking*, which is at least very proper to stimulate conversation. It abounds in topics for general discussion, and part of his propaganda aims at inducing folk to talk all round a dinner table—and even to listen. “Anglo-Saxons cannot realise,” he says, “how many chances for mental improvement they lose by their inveterate habit of keeping up six conversations when there are twelve people in the room.” This propagandist, like a wise preacher, represents mental improvement as a thing desirable in itself; not less worth while than progress in golf or lawn tennis. But if he praises company he condemns gregariousness: that is to say, living in a herd and doing as the herd does. Reading is not thinking: a book is company, but it is a stimulus to thought, for the habit of thinking is contagious and the writer of a book is thinking aloud. This, however, assumes that a book contains thought, and is read for the thought which it contains, not simply because the maker wants to kill time—as is the herd’s custom. “The real purpose hidden under the gregarious act of reading is *not to think*.” This is a serious indictment, and it is true that many even of the illustrious use printed matter as an antidote to thought. Put bluntly, they read detective stories by preference. Now, every reader knows that to take up Scott or Miss Austen, or Dickens or Meredith or Hardy, means accepting a companionship; we cannot read their books without being aware of the writer’s personality; whereas Mr. Edgar Wallace, to name the most accomplished provider of antidotes to thought, guarantees his subjects against any concern with himself or with themselves. It is conceivable that such complete repose may be the best for tired brains; the Abbé Dimnet disputes the view that when your head is tired it is good to go and tire your body by playing some game. Stay still, he says; smoke a cigarette; look out of window; collect your thoughts. The mischief is that the mind, once started working on a particular line, will not easily stop when bidden; a violent switch off may be desirable. However,

it is permissible to select among the prescriptions a regimen, and M. Dimnet’s advocacy of a “hygiene of the mind” deserves attention. He says with justice that no time of the world’s history was more provocative of thought than this in which we live, and that during the War most people really thought and in consequence really lived. Now they drop back to gossip. What is the cure? “At all times in the past thinking has been helped by a disgust for the trivial, a retirement from nonsense, and a commerce with superior intellects. . . . An exacting process? No, distinction is far more enjoyable than commonness.”

Yes, and good wine is far more enjoyable than cocktails for those who value distinction in drinks. The French probably have more feeling for distinction, especially for intellectual distinction, than we; that is how they beat us. Yet some gentlemen, it is said, flew over from Paris the other day and back the same night, their object being to attend a theatrical performance—Shakespeare? Shaw? Barrie? Galsworthy? Not at all, the current show at the Pavilion.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

GOOD COMPANY.

THE GOOD COMPANIONS. By J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Priestley, on the strength of this rich and spacious novel, has been credited with the ambition to revive the tradition of Fielding and Dickens. I think it unlikely that he entertains any such idea, or that he intends to dedicate himself henceforward to the production of vast picaresque stories; and that is the more reason for our welcoming and cherishing these good companions of his. Let us make the most of them; for it is a long time since English fiction has seen their like, and it may be a longer time still before we see them again. Here is a book nobly planned and brilliantly executed; crowded with life, quick with understanding, and radiant with geniality. Its major characters are in the best comic tradition; and the chief of them all is portrayed with that degree of truth and beauty, that fusion of inspiration and artistry, which make for permanence. Jess Oakroyd, the humble and henpecked little Yorkshireman, would alone suffice to make the book a memorable one. Fortunately he is not alone; for there are also Miss Trant, a gentle creature trembling on the brink of spinsterhood; Inigo Jollifant, a young schoolmaster who has a magical way with the piano; Morton Mitcham, a superbly entertaining liar; and all the various members of the travelling troupe who call themselves the Good Companions. One after another we see the three principals break through their crust of routine and set off wandering over the face of England in search of whatever adventure may befall. The three lines converge to the point of encounter; the company is formed, the travels continue, and the narrative—but for some pedestrian and rather tired passages in the middle—is informed by a gusto, a comic exuberance, that is all too rare in modern literature.

Nor is that all, for though the book is predominantly cheerful in mood, with a cheerfulness that sometimes by its sheer persistence threatens to grow mechanical, there is poetry here as well as comedy: not merely in the imaginative sweep and eloquence of the descriptive passages and in the aptness of the philosophical asides, but, more particularly and intimately,

in the characterisation. Oakroyd's yearning to join his married daughter in Canada provides a secret shining undercurrent throughout all the fun and excitement of his new experience; and the finest moment in the whole tale occurs when, after his return home, he receives a telegram that gives him at last his heart's desire. This is the significant peak of an immensely entertaining novel. GERALD BULLETT.

MR. GALSWORTHY AGAIN.

A MODERN COMEDY. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.)

Mr. Galsworthy has become a problem. Here we have, between one pair of covers, the three indifferent novels and the two rather charming interludes that have followed *The Forsyte Saga*. These chronicles visibly decline in quality as they proceed, and it is difficult to stifle a regret that their author, having shown us Soames Forsyte (the "man of property") beaten to his knees, and, having contrived a make-shift marriage for Fleur, was not content to leave it at that, but must needs unravel for us all the tragic implications of the stupid crime that brought the first trilogy to an end. For it was manifest that whatever should follow must centre round Fleur and Michael, and one feels that it should have been manifest, even to their author, that these young people were too slightly conceived, not substantial enough, to take the stage as principals. Like all other Galsworthy characters, they are made according to formula, and exist only, or mainly, as dramatic counters; they begin and end as types, never for a moment—though the reader, for his own sake, must pretend otherwise—becoming personal, individual, incalculable. Even Soames, I think, cannot be excepted from this statement: he engages our attention more by virtue of what has happened to him in the more or less remote past than for the sake of what he now is; indeed, as presented in these later novels, he is little more than a trickle of trite memories, reflections, and generalisations, punctuated with exclamation marks. In this last respect, if in no other, his son-in-law closely resembles him. But since the formula called Soames is more complex than the other formulas, the illusion of his existence is necessarily the stronger. And he is alive in this: that he draws into himself whatever creative energy is available for any given book, leaving the other characters starved and attenuated. It is Soames first and the rest nowhere.

But there is more to be said than that. This second Forsyte trilogy confirms, in my mind at least, what the first suggested: that Mr. Galsworthy owes his triumph to industry and intelligence, good workmanship and wide (not profound) observation rather than to genuine creative power. He is a reporter and a commentator, not a creator; his ideas are perhaps not very important, but they are more important to him than are his people. It is for this reason, I surmise, that, while using too freely the dramatist's device of emphasis by re-iteration, he disdains the dramatist's virtue of letting his people speak and act for themselves. Of Wilfred Desert, the poet who falls in love with Fleur after her marriage, we are told: "Desert never spoke of the war, it was not possible to learn from his own mouth an effect which he might have summed up thus." And there follows a long paragraph, otiose and therefore unpardonable, showing that this ex-soldier felt about the war precisely as every other sensitive ex-soldier was feeling about it at that time. This illustrates the two passions that, in the absence of a compensating imaginative power, suffice to ruin Mr. Galsworthy as a novelist: his passion for the typical and his passion for stating the obvious.

What, then, is Mr. Galsworthy's "triumph"? It resides, surely, in the fact that somehow or other, in spite of their vital deficiencies, these puppets of his have so far engaged our affection and our interest as to make us, quite simply, want to know what happens next. The scope of these Forsyte chronicles is impressive; the numerous characters and the mass of events are handled and shaped with admirable skill; and there is an Æschylean grandeur about the theme to which all the other themes are ultimately subordinated, of the implacable Aphrodite working havoc and desolation among those who disregard or disobey her. Nor throughout this long tale—and here is perhaps the secret of Mr. Galsworthy's hold on us—does one ever quite lose the heart-warming assurance of being in touch with a keen, a gentle, a patient and charitable mind. That alone should command our gratitude.

GERALD BULLETT.

THE INTIMATE LIFE OF THE LAST TSARINA. By Princess Catherine Radziwill. (Cassell & Co. 12s. 6d.)

The sorrows of queens have a perennial interest. No such tragic figure as Empress Alix, last Tsarina of Russia, has trodden the European stage since the ill-starred Queen of

France, whom in many respects she so closely resembles. Historians are still disputing the part played by the hapless Marie Antoinette in hastening the French Revolution. Her unpopularity, in spite of her beauty and charm, amongst a people who felt her an alien, had its undoubted counterpart in the Russian dislike of the German princess, half-English and entirely non-Russian, who became the wife of Nicholas II and exercised so strong and so disastrous an influence upon that weak but loving monarch. Alix of Hesse had beauty but no charm. She was, so says her latest biographer, vain, cold, jealous, superstitious and intensely anti-Russian in her sentiments, until near the tragic close. She chose her friends ill and her advisers still worse. She antagonised the aristocracy and frightened the multitude. According to Princess Radziwill nothing she did, as Empress, was right, and naught in her Imperial life became her but the leaving of it. Something, no doubt, must be discounted from the story, told as it is by an obvious partisan of the Dowager Empress, Marie, between whom and her daughter-in-law no love was lost. But enough remains to justify the opinion, quoted from Sir George Buchanan, that "her blind faith in an unbridled autocracy" was to prove her husband's ruin.

J. E. C.

LONDON RE-DISCOVERIES, AND SOME OTHERS. By Walter G. Bell, F.S.A., F.R.A.S. (John Lane, The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Bell has so long specialised in London—has not Fleet Street known and loved his researches into the history these twenty years?—that there is little left for him now to do but to re-discover what his faithful readers may have forgotten. But he does it so delightfully that we do not mind revisiting with him the Tower of London, from which he owns he can never get away; Westminster Abbey; Nash's, Regent Street (illustrated by a most delicate pencil drawing, to be all the more cherished because the original, alas! has vanished for ever); the Guildhall Library and records; the libraries of the Inns of Court, and all those nooks and corners of which he knows the secrets and the custodians. There can be no better guide and few, since Charles Lamb, so amiably garrulous and so gracefully erudite. From Lady Jane Grey, the most pathetic figure in English history, to Charles Peace, most reckless of latter-day highwaymen, is a far cry indeed; but Mr. Bell seems almost to have known them both, so skilfully does he set before

us the nine days' queen in her prison, as her contemporaries described her, and the burglar struggling in the arms of the brawny police-constable, who himself told Mr. Bell the story. Journalism, like necessity, makes strange bedfellows; but it is given to few journalists to have at once the historic sense and the lively pen of the reporter. Mr. Bell has both, and his latest volume needs no such apology as he makes for it in his preface.

J. E. C.

THE LITTLE ENTENTE. By Robert Machray. (362 pp. 8vo. London. George Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

The author needs no introduction to the readers of this Review, and is to be congratulated for supplying a methodical and well-thought-out account of a combination of States little known to British readers. Mr. Machray's book fills a gap in the political literature of South-Eastern Europe, and provides us with a mass of solid facts throwing light on situations whose complexity is partly due to the re-shuffling of the European pack of cards, and partly to the natural complications of politics in countries with mixed populations.

The book opens with a description of the clash of nationalities in Austria-Hungary up to 1914, the subsequent downfall of the Hapsburg Empire, and the emergence of the Succession States of Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia, and Roumania, which formed the Little Entente. The author then reviews the negotiations resulting in the Little Entente Treaties, and shows the prominent part taken by this combination of States in safeguarding the interests of Central Europe in the international situation as it developed under the leading or the reverse of the Great Powers. He next deals with the expansion of the Little Entente by the conclusion of political and commercial treaties with neighbouring and other States as well as between its own members, and concludes with a study of its reactions to the development of the general European situation. But these latter chapters also deal with the internal problems that harassed both the group of States and its component parts during the years 1923-28, such as the Italo-Yugoslav controversy, the revival of the Anschluss question, and the campaign for the revision of the Treaty of Trianon. As a book of reference this volume has much value.

E. W. P. N.

OLDEN TIMES IN ZULULAND AND NATAL. By Rev. A. T. Bryant. (Longmans. Price 12s. 6d.)

This contribution to the world's history is unique in that it is the first complete conspectus of all that remains to be told of the origin and early records of the hundred Nguni-Bantu tribes who, after their almost entire destruction by Shaka, King of the Zulus, finally combined and formed the great Zulu nation, under his influence. It is a monumental "work of love" containing some 300,000 words, sixteen excellent photographs, maps, and a list of over 800 clans and sub-clans that has to be seen to be believed! The book describes the tribal or political history of the South African "Zulu" natives from the moment when, on Christmas Day, 1497, the ships of the Portuguese admiral, Vasco da Gama, were sighted by a Muntu man off the coast near Durban, down to the present day.

This is a book that must appeal to every class of reader. Firstly, it is a work that concerns closely the making of our own Empire, which fact alone should find it a place among the classical histories, not only of our other colonies, but of all great nations of the world. Secondly, the story of the "Zulu" natives itself is one of absorbing interest. Even the most fastidious reader of fiction cannot fail to be enthralled by the tales told of King Senzagakona, whose life-span covered the reigns of such famous monarchs as Shaka, Dingiswayo, Dingane, Mpande, Cetshwayo, and of his many wives—Miss Bad-wife, Miss Big Tortoise, Nandi (mother of Shaka), and Miss Earnest-Longing (!); particularly when he realises that what he is reading is the truth, here so much stranger than any fiction, and that they are events which occurred during the lifetime of his own grandfather! But even more will the story of King Shaka—(whose life-story is here portrayed in detail for the first time)—he who "feared none, obeyed none, considered none, respected none," appeal to him whose morbid mind is only pricked to consciousness by the record of a million murders and tortures such as are impossible to conceive! He will not cry for more!

J. A. S.

GATHERING OF THE EAGLES. By Val Gielgud. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)

Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign of 1812 forms more than a background to this story; it is the story itself. The romantic tissue of the tale, provided by the love of a young

and it has found in the Chancellor of the Exchequer a strange apostle.

The Labour Government are learning what Lord Palmerston knew so well, that there is no easier way of gaining popular support than by being firm with foreigners. During the General Election, and before it, Labour candidates assured their audiences that a Labour Government would immediately resume relations with Russia, which would lead to a great increase in British trade and a diminution of unemployment. Conservatives, on the other hand, while asserting that they were anxious to encourage trade between the two countries, were compelled to point out that difficulties lay in the way of resuming normal relations, and, since election audiences have no wish to hear about difficulties, the Conservatives lost many votes upon this issue.

The Government on assuming office, with theatrical promptitude, but without due diplomatic preparation, extended to the Soviet Government a warm invitation to open negotiations and despatch an envoy. The rapidity of the opening of negotiations was surpassed only by the rapidity of their collapse. The affair was a fiasco. The accredited envoy had hardly time to unpack his belongings before he found himself on his homeward journey. The contempt which the Russian Bolsheviks have always felt for our pale pink Socialists was intensified, and relations between the two Governments are considerably worse than they were when the Conservative Government was in power. But—so inscrutable are the moods of democracy—the Labour Government gained rather than lost popularity over the whole transaction, because it was believed that they had stood up for British interests, and had sent the foreigner about his business.

What are British interests in this matter? There is one interest which so entirely outweighs all others, that they should not be mentioned in the same breath with it. That interest is the preservation of peace. How can sane men compare with it in importance the payment of foreign bond holders or the suppression of communist propaganda? Yet there are many who believe that the problem of our relations with Russia depends mainly upon a settlement of the claims of the former and a promise not to indulge in the latter.

Unfortunately the whole question of our relations with Russia

is affected by the fact that that country has adopted a particular form of government—a fact which should be allowed to have no connection whatever with the problem. The Labour Party, despite the contempt with which the Soviet Government has repeatedly treated them, continue to have that kind of sneaking admiration for the Bolsheviks, which we may suppose that pick-pockets entertain for housebreakers, while the type of Die Hard Conservative who believed during the war that Lord Haldane was a paid agent of Germany, and who is never happy unless he can see a hidden hand, continues to attribute any trouble that arises in any part of the world—from a strike in a boot factory at Leicester to an outbreak of tribal warfare on the North West frontier—to the sinister influence of Russian propaganda.

Both Parties have, therefore, made mistakes in their dealings with the Soviet Government; the Labour Party by recognising them unconditionally in 1924, and the Conservative Party by breaking off relations in 1927.

When Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's first Government took office the Soviet Government was desperately anxious to obtain recognition. It was of almost vital importance to their prestige, both at home and abroad. In return for recognition at that time they would have made concessions which they have since consistently refused. But where he should have made a bargain, Mr. Macdonald preferred to make a gesture. He threw away the best card in his hand by granting recognition and asking nothing in return for it. The Russian having got what he wanted determined to give nothing away, as he made abundantly clear during the ensuing negotiations, which culminated in the, for England, humiliating draft Treaty and the defeat of the Labour Party at the Polls.

The Conservative Government's first action was, rightly, to tear up the treaty. But having done so there was no reason why they should not have attempted to replace it by some more satisfactory document. So far as I am aware, no effort of the kind was ever made, and relations were allowed to grow gradually worse until the raid on the premises of Arcos was followed by the final rupture. This was perhaps the most popular step ever taken by the late Government, but we may be allowed to question whether it was the wisest.

In the first place the manner, in which it was believed that this important decision was arrived at, caused uneasiness in the minds of those who had felt no enthusiasm for the "Turn out the Reds" crusade. The rupture of relations with a Great Power was a matter of high policy; the raid on Arcos was a detail of police procedure. But the raid was almost certain to entail the rupture. The order therefore in which the decisions should have been taken was, first, is it desirable to break off diplomatic relations with Russia? second, is a raid on Arcos the best way of achieving this purpose?

It was believed, however, that what actually happened was that the Home Secretary said to the Prime Minister—"I want to raid Arcos," to which the Prime Minister replied, "If you must, I suppose you must." After the raid was over, with results most disappointing for those who are accustomed to the romances of Mr. Edgar Wallace, the Cabinet found themselves in a position in which, so they thought, they had either to apologise or to break off relations. The former alternative was unthinkable, and they were, therefore, compelled to adopt the latter. This important step was, however, not decided upon as part of the well considered and deliberate foreign policy of His Majesty's Government, but as the inevitable, though unforeseen, result of action previously taken by the police authorities.

The word propaganda has been allowed to play too large a part in the history of this question. It is to be hoped that the number of votes polled by Communist candidates, wherever they stood, at the last election, has finally set at rest the fears of those whose dreams were troubled by the vision of a red revolution in England. Indeed the evidence that the Home Office so diligently collected and published in a White Paper, had already proved to all whose minds were capable of weighing evidence, that the Soviet Government had long been getting very poor returns for small sums grudgingly expended.

We are told, however, that while Bolshevik propaganda is not a serious menace in this country, it is directed against the British Empire throughout the world, and in some places, particularly in Asia, it is capable of doing us considerable harm. This, no doubt, is true—but there is nothing new about it. During the greater part of the nineteenth century the Russian Government

were intriguing against Great Britain in Asia and elsewhere, and the Soviet Government are merely continuing the traditional foreign policy, just as they have continued the traditional police methods of their predecessors, the Czars.

In the nineteenth century the British Government had, no doubt, excellent reasons for suspecting that documents were lying under lock and key in the Russian Embassy, the publication of which would provide very adequate material for a breach of relations with Russia. But they did not upon that account raid the Russian Embassy, and would never have done so unless they had previously decided that a rupture was desirable, and unless they had been prepared for the logical sequel of a breach of relations, which was, and must always be, war.

To be at war or to be at peace is a comprehensible attitude but the situation which arises when two Great Powers refuse to recognise each other's Government, is only comparable to that which arises in private life when two individuals, living in the same house or working in the same office, cease to be on speaking terms with each other. A man can afford to ignore the existence of another whom he seldom meets, but if he decides to "cut" an inmate of his own household or a worker in the same business, he merely creates the maximum of inconvenience for himself and his enemy, and renders both ridiculous in the eyes of their neighbours.

In this crowded world that we inhabit, there is not room for two Great Powers, such as Great Britain and Russia, to go about their daily business pretending to ignore the existence of one another. So long as all their differences remain unsettled it is unnecessary for them to exchange Ambassadors; but the presence of a *Chargé d'Affaires* in each capital, and of consuls at the ports, is simply a matter of common convenience and of common sense. The position of the British Empire without representatives in Russia is as absurd as would be the position of the Midland Bank, if the Directors decided to have no branch in Manchester, because they disapproved of the leading articles in the *Manchester Guardian*.

The practical inconvenience suffered by Russia under this arrangement is less than that suffered by Great Britain, in proportion as she is less dependent upon her export trade. But her loss

of moral prestige is greater. There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that the Soviet Government are still anxious to obtain recognition, though considerably less anxious than they were in 1924, for since that date most of the other Powers have followed our example, and Russia is no longer the outcast that she was.

The British Government have, therefore, still in their possession one useful bargaining asset—which they should employ to the best advantage of their countrymen, instead of foolishly throwing it away as they did in 1924.

A year ago the two countries both signed the same pact in which they undertook to submit their disputes to arbitration. There is a general desire for improved relations, and it is the duty of the Government to give effect to that desire. Unfortunately the Labour Party, when they were last in office, showed such weakness and pusillanimity in their dealings with the Soviet Government, that the latter, seeing they had the same men to deal with, believed that they could obtain what terms they pleased. Mr. Henderson should have made the position plain before extending the invitation which the Soviet accepted. Owing to his blundering diplomacy and to Russian bluff the situation has been rendered worse rather than better. But it is not hopeless, and unless Mr. Henderson is so impressed by the success of his “colleague’s”, Mr. Snowden’s, firm manner of dealing with foreigners that he seeks to imitate it, he may yet arrive at an agreement.

So far, however, have we lost our sense of proportion that the Hague Conference has been allowed to assume dimensions of importance far in excess of the negotiations with Russia. Upon the former depended the annual payment to the Treasury of a few million pounds more or less; upon the latter depends the peace of the world.

SHALL WE RECOGNISE RUSSIA?

A LABOUR VIEW

BY CHARLES RODEN BUXTON, M.P.

The Conference condemns the unjustifiable and fruitless raid on the premises of Arcos, Limited, and the Trade Delegation of the Russian Government, the breach of diplomatic relations, and the termination of the Trade Agreement; and points out that, through its Russian policy, the Government has committed a wanton act of self-injury to British trade, introduced a new and disturbing issue in international relations, encouraged the spread of war alarms in Soviet Russia, and provoked serious counter-charges of espionage, and other reprisals.

*In the interests of European peace and mutual confidence, the Conference rejoices that no other Government has broken off diplomatic relations with Russia and pledges the Party, at the earliest opportunity, to re-establish normal political and trading relations between Great Britain and Russia, on the basis of reciprocal recognition of non-interference with each other’s affairs. It urges the Parliamentary Labour Party to continue to press upon the Government the unfortunate effects of its Russian policy upon British trade and unemployment and European and world peace.**

THE Labour Party’s attitude on the Russian question has been consistent and definite. It strenuously opposed the military and economic intervention of the Coalition Government in Russian affairs from 1918 to 1921. It sent a Delegation to Russia in 1920. I was one of the Secretaries, and remained in the country for some time after the Delegation had left.

* (Labour Party Resolution at its 27th Annual Conference at Blackpool, 1927.)

In August, 1920, when the British Government threatened Russia with war in connexion with the advance towards Warsaw, it was the enormous demonstrations held under Labour auspices throughout the country, and the formation of a "Council of Action", which in all probability prevented an outbreak of hostilities.

The Labour Movement, in one form or another, has continued to study the Russian situation most carefully. The Party vehemently protested, as the above Resolution shows, against the Arcos Raid in 1927. It strongly advocated inviting Russia to the Disarmament Conference. It supported every effort to make full use of the Trade Agreement of 1921. When it was in office in 1924, it negotiated a series of Agreements with Russia. This was designed to follow up its policy of Anglo-Franco-German reconciliation, which took shape in the London Conference of that year. Since the breach of relations in 1927, the Party has lost no opportunity of advocating the conclusion of new Agreements with Russia, both economic and political.

One objection which has been brought against the negotiations now in progress requires an answer. It is that the settlement of all controversial questions between ourselves and Russia should take precedence of the resumption of diplomatic relations. Such a course would be, in the general opinion of our Party, "putting the cart before the horse." The Foreign Secretary, Mr. Arthur Henderson, is, in my opinion, to be congratulated on his diplomatic instinct in insisting that the matters to be discussed at this stage are matters of procedure. We do not deny that controversial questions exist, but hold that disputes can be much more effectively dealt with through the established diplomatic channels than through the haphazard and semi-official contacts which are the only resources of diplomacy under the present anomalous conditions. In particular, new points which arise can be dealt with in their initial stages, when they are far more easily handled. The atmosphere is different; it is more friendly from the outset and such points can be discussed before misunderstandings arise or bitterness is engendered.

We believe that the two main outstanding subjects of dispute—first, the propaganda of the Third International, and second, the recognition "in principle" of pre-Revolution debts—will be

far more satisfactorily dealt with after diplomatic relations are resumed.

In questions relating to the "internal concerns" of another country, our conception of diplomacy is somewhat different from that of the other Parties. We do not and cannot say that one country has no concern whatever in the internal affairs of another. The whole basis of our Labour and Socialist International is that the exploited sections of each community have a common interest, and are fighting, up to a certain point, the self-same battle. We see no reason in principle, for example, why the Socialist Party of one country should not assist the Socialist Party of another. The limits to such a policy are limits of practical expediency, not of principle.

One country can undoubtedly affect the internal concerns of another, but not in the crude way that is so often supposed. It is the business of diplomacy to consider this problem with far more care and subtlety than has been customary in the past. We have to realise that, in every country, there are two parties at least, and all depends upon the effect of our action upon this delicate "internal" balance of opinion. What matters, in other words, is the things which we give to the rulers of the other country to say to their own people—the arguments which we place in their hands. If, for example, the Russian rulers can say, "England is inevitably hostile—and the proof is that she has broken off relations, and discredits us throughout the world in every way she can," then they are enabled to weaken all those sections of opinion in Russia itself which are moderate in their views of foreign policy. It strengthens the position of all those who wish to maintain the worst features of Bolshevism. These can justify a suspicious attitude abroad and a political tyranny at home, on the ground that "England is organising a *bloc* against Soviet Russia, designed to lead to an anti-Soviet war." They can justify propaganda, on the ground that it is "hitting back" for the antagonism shown by us. They can justify armaments, on the ground that Russia has nothing but her own strong arm to rely on. They can answer the arguments of those who are craving for British capital to accelerate economic restoration, by claiming that they have done their best, but that England will not respond, and has no motive except to

strangle Russia's development. On the other hand, if those who believe that Russia should adopt the friendliest possible policy towards foreign States can use the argument "England wants to be friendly; there is a chance of being on good terms with her, and getting better economic conditions for ourselves," then we are strengthening the hands of the very people whose influence we should like to see prevailing in Russia.

The desirability of recognising Russia arises, in Labour's view, from two broad considerations: first, from the need of improving trade and employment in our own country; and secondly, from the need of including the Russian people in the general system of our international relations.

In the mind of the Labour Party, the question of trade and employment looms even larger than it does in the mind of other Parties less intensely and practically concerned. It was not until 1921, after the signing of the Trade Agreement, that this country entered into the great field of enterprise which offered itself in Russia. We were faced with a steady fall in our trade returns; the loss of the Russian market,—a market which, in 1913, had taken £27½ millions worth of our exports or re-exports—was a factor which could no longer be ignored. It was clear, moreover, that after four years of war, two revolutions, and several civil wars, with foreign intervention on its Northern, Eastern, Southern and Western frontiers, Russia's needs were far greater than in 1913. The railways were worn out, the land under cultivation had fallen by half, industrial output had shrunk to a small fraction of what it was before the war; while the people were without clothes, boots, tools, and other necessities. Drought, following on the man-made disasters, had brought the whole nation to the depths of poverty and misery. A steady increase in our trade marked the next four years (1921 to 1925). Then the accession of the Conservative Government brought in a period of uncertainty, culminating in the the Arcos Raid and the rupture of 1927. We left the field to our competitors, Germany and America.

By the granting of Government credits, and by the signing of the Russo-German Protocol, the German Government has made it easy for its nationals to step into the opening. While British exports and re-exports to Russia fell from £19 millions in 1925 to

£4.8 millions in 1928, German trade into Russia rose in the same period from £12.5 millions to £20 millions. The American Government, while refraining throughout from any formal agreement, has put no obstacle in the way of trade between its nationals and the Soviet State.

The Russians themselves have made almost superhuman efforts, with the result that we now see the industrial output of the country brought, not merely back to where it stood in 1913, but well in advance of that point. In 1913, Russia's large-scale industry yielded a gross output to the value of 6,391,000 roubles; the value of the output in 1927-28 was, according to the Soviet Union Year-Book, (whose authority is now generally accepted) 8,000,000 roubles, or 26 per cent. above that of 1913. The electrification of the country, which Lenin regarded as the basis of all progress, has proceeded apace. The total output of electrical energy in 1927-28 was four times as great as in 1913. The output of agricultural machinery has about doubled since 1913, and the output of coal, oil, etc., has made considerable forward strides. Agricultural production was, in 1928, practically level with that of 1913,—a great advance, when one remembers the ground that had to be made up. It needs little effort of the imagination to realise what tremendous scope for business enterprise there must have been already, in the course of an economic recovery such as this. The British share in it has been negligible. But the door is not yet closed.

Russia's plans for the next five years envisage the quadrupling of the output of electrical energy, the intensification of agriculture, and a rapid increase in all industrial production. Capital development is deliberately favoured, at the expense of immediate consumption. Are we to take our part in providing the machinery and other accessories for this revival, or are we going to leave this great task entirely to Germany and America? The attitude of the Labour Party has all along been quite clear. It has not forgotten that the Russian people consists of 140 millions, of whom at least four-fifths are peasants living on the land, not particularly interested in politics, but needing ploughs and shovels, scissors and cotton, and many other things with which we could provide them.

As for diplomatic relations, the fundamental evil arising from

their breach is that the two peoples are drifting into deeper and deeper ignorance of one another's concerns. The principal difference seems to be that the Russian people does at least want to know about us, whereas we, as a nation, do not even want to know about them. One of the most painful impressions which my journeys to Russia have left upon me is that of the horrible warping of opinion which is caused, on both sides, by political controversy. Free and frequent intercourse is the only means whereby this disaster can be remedied.

When I think of some of the fantastic travesties of Russia which are conveyed to the unfortunate British public I feel that the thing is at once too dreadful, and too comic, for one to handle. One can only hope against hope that another Swift may some day be raised up among us, and that the lightning shafts of satire may pierce and dissipate the poisoned mist that surrounds us. "Bolshevism *versus* Anti-Bolshevism"—it is a great controversy, a political study of first-rate importance; but the political system now prevailing in Russia, the forms of government in which for the time being one side of Russia is expressed—these are not Russia; these people are not the Russian people; they are not Russian civilisation. Politics is not the whole life. Most people do not think of politics all day long. Most Russians spend at least 9 hours out of every 10 in occupations and thoughts which have nothing whatever to do with politics. The tragedy is that the attack on "Bolshevism" becomes an attack on the Russian people, and the net result is a fatal growth of international misunderstanding.

Whether Bolshevism is good or bad, whether the troubles which now face us are the Russian Government's fault or the British Government's fault, certain things stand unaltered. The Russians are a great people and a singularly lovable people—a people, by the way, to whom the word "foreigner" has a positively agreeable sound, and is not used in a disparaging sense. Their mere numbers, in any case, must give them a position of wide and permeating influence in the world. Whatever their form of government, they are bound to play a great part in the moulding of its destinies. Their position, extending over half the Eurasian Continent; their contacts with Eastern Europe, with the Near East, with the Far East; their immeasurable material

resources; their influence over the currents of world trade; their psychological effect upon the minds, primarily of the whole Slav world, but also of the nationalities surrounding, or incorporated in, their state system; their power to influence the whole process of disarmament and world pacification; the dominating position they have held in past history; their fertility as a source of ideas and of artistic achievement; the great contribution they have yet to make to the common stock of civilisation—all these things, even if we rule out the Revolution and its problems, make it quite impossible to leave Russia out of account, to frame our general system of international comity without regard to her. We can shut our eyes to Russia; we can cultivate ignorance about her state; we can paint a fancy picture of her conditions. But in doing so we are discrediting, not Russia, but ourselves. We are reducing ourselves to the position of the ostrich who hides his head in the sand.

THE MANCHURIAN TANGLE

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

TANGLE, not war, seems to be the right word to use in describing the situation in Manchuria as this article is being written. It is true that acts of war have taken place very recently on that front. In the second week of September severe fighting, apparently on a considerable scale, occurred at Manchuli at the western end, and at Pogranichnaia at the eastern end of the Chinese Eastern Railway between the Chinese and the Soviet forces. The latter are now commanded by Bluecher, the German soldier of fortune who, as "General Galens," was the chief military adviser of the Nanking Nationalist Government, and was credited with the success of that Government's operations against the "Kwangsi group" in the spring of the present year. In these attacks on the railway, reports agree in stating that it was the Soviet troops that took the offensive, but Moscow declared that they were only measures of reprisal for raids, alleged details of which were given, by Chinese and "White" Russians into Russian territory. The Chinese deny that these raids have ever taken place. However that may be, it is highly probable that these Russian assaults were made with the distinct object of exerting pressure on both the Mukden and Nanking Governments.

War—a really big war—between Russia and China is not in sight at the moment. This is the considered opinion of Japan, who undoubtedly is in the best position to judge and sum up the situation, in which she is so vitally interested. Meanwhile negotiations for a Conference to settle the dispute have continued, characterized by a certain dilatoriness on the part of the Chinese. The acts of war, mentioned above, may well have been intended by the Soviet Government to expedite matters. It is now said that this Soviet-Chinese Conference will be held shortly in Berlin—the place is not without significance—with the object of "resolving all questions at issue." This will be a very satisfactory result, but it is idle to suppose that it will be achieved quickly or

easily, and until it is attained there must always be some danger, with two hostile armies facing each other on the long Manchurian front, of further fighting—and other entanglements.

Behind all the marching and manoeuvring of the Russians and the Chinese on the frontier, and the exchange of Notes between the respective Governments concerned, much more is involved than merely the retrocession, or the reverse, by China to the Soviet of the Russian rights in the Chinese Eastern Railway. It is not possible to consider what has happened and is happening as something isolated. The present Manchurian controversy is only another phase of the whole great Far Eastern question which covers the relations of Russia, Japan and China to each other, with America and the Western Powers in the near background as intensely interested spectators, if not actual participants. For at least two generations Manchuria has served at once as a prize and a battleground in the incessant struggle for power in that most important part of the world. Its value as a prize has grown enormously: it was sparsely peopled when the Russo-Japanese War took place; to-day it has a population of 32,000,000, composed mostly of industrious Chinese peasantry from Shantung and other provinces of China—in other words, it is far more truly Chinese than ever before, despite the occupation by Japan of portions of it, and the vast interests she has established there. That it will escape being a battleground again in the future is scarcely to be expected, in spite of Pacts and Covenants to the contrary. It is little to the point to claim that in this particular case the Kellogg Pact has been invoked with good effect, because there was, and is, no real will-to-war in either of the disputants.

It was on the cards that the Soviet Government was in earnest and was determined on war, not so much to compel China to re-institute Russian rights in the railway, but as a possible, if desperate, way out from an economic situation that daily becomes worse and worse, and threatens Russia with absolute ruin. There were, besides, sharp differences among the governing cliques of the Soviet, as was shown by the deposition of various leading men from high posts. These divisions, it might be imagined, would be closed, perhaps healed, by strong action against China, all ranks lining up in presence of a common danger. And this

is what has actually occurred, for the Russian Communists have been reunited; Trotsky himself has come out in support of the Soviet's apparently warlike policy towards the Chinese. From Moscow there has proceeded a tremendous campaign against China, who was accused of having brought about a reign of terror in Manchuria that had resulted in the imprisonment and execution of large numbers of Soviet citizens, and the destruction or confiscation of Russian property. The feeling, not alone of Russian Communists, but of all Russia was deeply stirred, almost as much as in 1919 and 1920. Nor was it forgotten that the success of the Chinese Nationalists in the South had been due very largely to Soviet support in 1925-27; it was not difficult to charge the Nanking Nationalist Government with the grossest ingratitude. In one way or another a strong case was made out against China by the Soviet Government.

Let it be said at once that the Soviet does have a strong case against the Nanking Nationalist Government, as is evident from the remarkable fact that, as one American observer rightly puts it, "it is the first time since the Revolution that the almost unanimous approval of other nations has been accorded to the Soviet Government." It may well be that this fact has had a pacifying influence on Stalin and his advisers. It is certainly something entirely new in their experience, and they may have some hope that it will result in their ultimate benefit both in the present controversy and in international affairs generally, a hope that would be wrecked if they went to war with China. As things are, they believe that the Conference will restore to them their former position in the control or at least share in the direction of the Chinese Eastern Railway. In this, however, they may be mistaken, for the seizure of the management of the line is part and parcel of the policy of the Nanking Nationalist Government which is manifested in its repudiation of its other treaty obligations.

There is no need to go into details of the present controversy, for they are fresh in the public mind. It is sufficient to say that the gist of the business is that China—Nanking acting in complete accord at first with Mukden—arbitrarily and indeed provocatively took entire possession of the Chinese Eastern Railway in contravention of the treaty between her and the Soviet

which was signed in 1924. In that treaty Russia engaged to refrain from all propaganda which might be harmful to the public order and to the stability of the Chinese Government. China declares that this engagement has not been kept, and maintains that proof of this was found when last May the local Chinese authorities raided the Soviet Consulate at Harbin, various documents being discovered, it was asserted, showing that Soviet officials were intriguing with Chinese Communists for the downfall of the Nanking Nationalist Government and the overthrow of the Mukden Government. None of these documents have been produced and published—a circumstance in itself suspicious, for why should they be withheld if they have real evidential value? It seems more likely that China counted that its statements would be accepted because of the widespread dislike of the Soviet in the West and the general opposition to the methods of the Third International, which of course is well known for what it is. The real intention of the Nanking Government was frankly expressed by Chiang Kai-shek, its President, when he said, "We wished first to take over the Chinese Eastern Railway *before proceeding to other issues*" (the writer's italics). Soviet propaganda in or against China was an excuse for action respecting the railway—action in fact, as in intention, of precisely the same character as other recent moves of Nanking, as at Hankow and elsewhere, for the elimination of all foreign interests in China, with or without pretext assigned. This is the true aim of Nanking. It is on this alone that it carries all China with it; it is on this alone that all China may be said to be unified.

In an article entitled "China and Japan" which was published in the April issue of *The Fortnightly Review*, the writer, while drawing attention particularly to Japan's firmness in maintaining her treaty rights in China, also stressed the fact that the unification of China was far from being achieved. It was noted that the North, *qua* the North, in the person of its leaders Feng Yu-hsiang, Yen Hsi-shan, and Chang Hsueh-liang, was again aligning itself against the South, in the shape of Chiang's Nanking Government. The Manchurian tangle has made this still more manifest, for the Northern Block of Tuchuns has grown more solid, and is therefore greatly feared by Chiang. Of the

three Chiefs of the North, Chang is outspokenly dissatisfied with Chiang's handling of the Soviet in the present crisis; Chang sees the explanation of Nanking's tactics in Chiang's determination to eliminate him (Chang) and occupy his three Manchurian provinces. And not without reason. Leaving Chang to bear the brunt of the attacks of the Soviet forces—which meant moving the bulk of his troops to the Manchurian frontier—Chiang has taken the opportunity of occupying the southern parts of Chang's territory. Feng and Yen keep a wary eye all the time on Chiang and canvass his every move. Not a few competent observers, especially those on the spot, predict the early outbreak of another civil war in China, the North once more being arrayed against the South. So much for the unification of China! A curious side-light on the genuineness of this unification is given by Nanking's efforts to muzzle foreign journalists and even to deport them.

It may be remembered that on April 27th last, Wang, Nanking Foreign Minister, requested the interested Foreign Governments to agree to the abolition of extra-territoriality; the request, which was more in the nature of a demand, was put forward in the name of a unified China! In August, the United States replied by a Note which, though sympathetic in tone, declined to accede to the request, on the ground that China is not in a position to guarantee justice to Americans in her courts. Both President Hoover and his Secretary of State know China by personal experience, and they could not have made any other answer. It came out that all the Governments approached by Wang had given him a similar reply—a “sympathetic yet decided refusal.” The British Note said nothing about the Manchurian tangle, but it contended with absolute truth that the abolition of extra-territoriality would not be to the advantage of British interests in China, and “might involve the Government and people of China in political and economic difficulties.” There is no *might* about it—*would* is the word. Concessions to China must be made slowly and with infinite caution, quite as much for her sake as for that of the interested Powers.

THE NEW CRUSADE

BY MAJOR E. W. POLSON NEWMAN

WHEN, after years of negotiation, two of the most astute and far-seeing statesmen of the world affix their signatures and seals to a document settling irreconcilable differences of nearly sixty years' standing, one may well conclude that both sides have been influenced by considerations of the very highest importance. Such was undoubtedly the case when Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State to the Holy See, and Signor Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy, signed “In the name of the Most Holy Trinity,” the three documents definitely settling the Roman question. Even as recently as the autumn of 1927, a year after the unofficial negotiations had begun, the *Osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican, demanded a partial restitution of Pontifical territory; while an official note in the Government bulletin (*Foglio d'Ordini*) stated that “Fascist Italy cannot, and could not, possibly discuss a re-establishment, even in a very reduced form, of the temporal power which ended in 1870, to the immeasurable advantage, in our opinion, of the moral prestige of the Church of Rome.” What was responsible for the important change of attitude on both sides that made the signing of the treaty possible? The history of the relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government from 1870 until the recent settlement, and the nature of that settlement, have been dealt with by other writers, so I will confine this article as much as possible to the great issues underlying the conciliation treaty, concordat, and financial convention, with their possible effects on Europe, Italy and the Holy See. It may be many years, or even decades, before the consequences of the conventions signed at the Lateran Palace are fully developed, but it is not too soon to form some opinion of the likely results of this historic event.

In trying to trace Mussolini's objects in bringing about a settlement at this particular time it is necessary to take certain facts into consideration, the first of which carries us back to the days

of the Roman Empire. When the Emperor Constantine adopted Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire, he found in the new doctrine a means of consolidating by spiritual unity his empire, which had expanded northwards, and was singularly lacking in that quality. Thus the Church became the spiritual counterpart of the civil power and made its entry into world affairs, henceforth becoming a great political institution, organised on the same lines as the Roman municipal and provincial administration. In the fourth century, therefore, we see the Church adopting the system of the Roman State. In the twentieth century, on the other hand, we see the process reversed and the Roman State basing its policy on that of the Roman Church. If we study the Fascist philosophy of to-day and compare it with the doctrines of the Catholic Church, we find a most marked similarity of principles. Mussolini wanted a sound organisation based on principles of authority that would grip the people of Italy. For a model he turned to this great organisation which has stood the test of time and has not been found wanting, and the model on which he based his new system of government was one singularly suitable to Italy as one of the most Catholic countries of the world. In these circumstances the attitude of the Catholic Church must be of paramount importance to Mussolini in the development of his Fascist State.

Having passed successfully through the destructive and constructive phases, Fascism is now in the process of consolidation, and Mussolini is concentrating his attention on "fixing" Fascism at home and at the same time raising Fascist Italian prestige abroad. In both these directions the Roman settlement has a highly important significance. As far as the internal affairs of Italy are concerned, Mussolini saw in a *rapprochement* with the Church an opportunity of popularising his political doctrines with the Italian masses by appealing to their religious susceptibility; and he thereby hoped to give the present form of government more permanent stability, to enable it to outlive changes that must occur in the natural course of events. As in all matters with which he has to deal, the *Duce* was looking far ahead when he decided to work for a settlement with the Vatican; he was thinking of the time when Fascist Italy may be threatened with political reactions caused by unforeseen circumstances; and

he had in his mind his time-table for the arrival of Italy at the zenith of her power, about the period 1940-45. What could contribute more to the realisation of his ideals than the conception of a Roman Power of State and Church, based on ancient Roman traditions and fostered by Italian religious and historical sentiment? Such an ideal, Mussolini can instil into the hearts and minds of the Italian people by a form of oratory which he dearly loves, and he knows the response there will be from the heights of the Alps to the villages nestling under the slopes of Mount Etna.

Apart from its material value, there is the romantic appeal of a great Roman Crusade that can carry its influence to the ends of the earth for the spiritual benefit of the Church and the extension of Italian prestige. It is chiefly towards the Moslem lands of the Eastern Mediterranean and beyond, that his eyes are turned, for in this direction he sees the best chances of Italian expansion. In all these countries Italian missions, mainly religious, have been very active for some years, and have recently made better progress than the French political missions in these parts. What could impress these Orientals more than to see Italian political efforts advancing hand in hand with the traditional pomp and splendour of the Papacy, both carrying out their missions in the imperishable name of Rome? Mussolini was not slow to grasp that the missionary representatives of the Church, being for the most part Italians, would be a valuable means of spreading Italian culture abroad, of creating the impression that the Papacy is a great Roman and Italian institution, and of furthering the interests of Italian economic penetration. To Mussolini the word "Rome" means world power, and he hopes through the medium of the Catholic Church throughout the world to associate *Italianità* with the Roman idea. Speaking in the Italian Chamber on June 21st, 1921, the *Duce* said: "The development of Catholicism in the world, with its 400 million men who from all corners of the earth turn their eyes towards Rome, is a reason for interest and for pride also on the part of us Italians." It was, therefore, of the greatest importance to Mussolini that the Church should recognise Rome as the capital of the Italian State; and no less important was the recognition of the kingdom of Italy under the dynasty of the House of Savoy.

Since the disappearance of the old Constitution in 1922, the legal position of the King of Italy has not rested on any regular constitutional authority, and his juridical recognition by the Holy See provides a guarantee that no future form of government can upset the dynasty without risking strong opposition from true Catholic Italians.

It is frequently asserted that Mussolini's main object in bringing about a settlement was to acquire further fame for himself and a bigger name in the pages of history. While this may be true to a certain extent, it is equally true that the *Duce* only seeks personal prestige in so far as it is in the interests of his country. Vain-glory is not one of his characteristics, and much misunderstanding arises over aspects of his policy which appear on the surface to be aimed at mere self-glorification. His first thought is Italy. He would sacrifice anything personal for the advancement of his beloved Italians.

Another point to remember is that Mussolini has left no stone unturned to raise the prestige of Italy as a great European Power. There is little doubt that from the moment of his becoming head of the Government he has applied himself to the unsolved problem at his very doorstep, which seemed the most obvious and best means of improving his position and that of Italy. There, across the Tiber, was a potential source of additional power which, if cultivated, could be of the greatest assistance to Italy throughout the whole world. On this religious organisation—the greatest the world has ever seen, or is ever likely to see—Mussolini had modelled his Fascist State, and it only needed Papal co-operation to develop his system further afield. It was, therefore, not long before the attitude of the Fascist Government towards the Vatican became distinctly cordial and almost friendly, and this feeling received a valuable stimulus from the allocution of Pope Pius XI after the *Duce's* escape from assassination at Bologna in October, 1926. Mussolini saw the advantages to be gained from a settlement, both internal and external. He knew the broadminded character of the new Pope, and he seized the opportunity to solve a problem that hitherto had held out small prospects of solution. Moreover, as the *Duce* has developed his Fascist policy, he has found occasions when some striking feature of foreign policy was

necessary to add fuel to the fire of Italian enthusiasm, and these occasions have usually occurred when rather dull spade-work was going on at home. The Roman Settlement has now provided such a stimulus, which could not well be expected from other directions in present circumstances, and in this way has served as a political *distraction*, if that term can be applied to an event of great religious significance.

In foreign affairs Mussolini has gained every inch as much as within the frontiers of Italy. There are countries, Catholic and non-Catholic, where Fascism has many enemies, and it is among these adverse critics that he has scored a big success. While in Catholic countries his prestige has risen with a mighty bound, among non-Catholics he has gained admiration and respect as never before. In a certain Catholic district of German-Switzerland, the people of which were strongly anti-Ally during the War, and have been anti-Fascist ever since, a remarkable change has taken place, and Mussolini is now regarded as a noble friend of the Church instead of an autocrat who has deprived the Italians of all liberty. In the United States, with 20 million Catholics and her vast financial resources not unconnected with Italian industry, the effect of the Lateran Treaty has been greatly to raise Italy's prestige, and the same may be said of the large and ever-increasing Catholic community in England. In Spain, where the prestige of the Pope is always high, Italy has been the side to benefit, and no doubt Mussolini hoped to improve his relations with this other Mediterranean Power with an important strategic position *vis-à-vis* France. The possibility of eventual trouble with France is never absent from the *Duce's* mind, and the support of the Vatican with all that it implies in the Catholic countries of Europe is to him a matter of the greatest importance. To France the Lateran Treaty came as a severe diplomatic blow, especially to her Mediterranean and Near Eastern policies and to her prestige in Oriental countries where Italy is also active. Hence the more the Vatican pursues a policy of detachment the better pleased will be the French Government. Until recently France was usually identified with the influence of Catholicism in the Near and Far East, as also in Africa, but now the French see one of their greatest sources of political strength in these countries snatched from before their very eyes. Indeed,

L'Action Française went to the length of insinuating that the French missions were the price of the reconciliation between Italy and the Vatican. This Nationalist organ, however, does not represent French Republican opinion, although the Radical Press also attacked Catholicism as being inconsistent with democracy, and French prelates expressed their surprise, before the signature of the Treaty, that the Pope, who so energetically condemned the Nationalism of *L'Action Française*, should make an agreement with Mussolini, whose ideas differed little from those of French Nationalism. With Italy supported by the Vatican, neither of whose peace principles exactly harmonise with those of the League of Nations, and Italian prestige high in Spain, the situation arising out of the Lateran Treaty can scarcely be regarded as favourable to the improvement of Franco-Italian relations, apart altogether from Eastern and African considerations.

On turning to the Papal side of the question, it is evident that, if Italy gains from a political standpoint, the benefit to the Vatican is purely in a spiritual sense. By the restoration of the Temporal Power, even in such a restricted sense as in the creation of the Vatican City, the Holy See regains the full territorial sovereignty which she considers necessary for the absolute and visible independence of the spiritual government of the dioceses of Rome and of the Catholic Church in Italy and the whole world. But the Papacy gains immensely in many other ways. Pope Pius XI is a man of peace, who himself has nothing to do with politics, but concentrates his attention on what may be termed the "crusading" policy of the Church. He is an enlightened realist who accepts the changed conditions of modern times, and he saw clearly that sooner or later the Vatican would have to be liberated from the shackles of formulas which have no longer any *raison d'être*. He saw that in principle there was nothing to gain by expecting the restoration of the Papal States of 1870, while there was much to lose, and he had the foresight to realise that the prestige of the Holy See would be greatly enhanced in the world to-day by a broadminded attitude accompanied by liberal concessions. It was, indeed, the Pope's concessions over the restoration of Papal territory and the generosity of his demands in the financial settlement that has

sent his prestige up to so high an eminence. Bearing in mind the fact that the prestige of the Church after 1870, and especially with the accession of Pope Leo XIII to the Chair of St. Peter, had been considerably raised throughout the world, Pope Pius XI availed himself of a chance of showing that it was "better to give than to receive," thereby gaining the further affection of Catholics and the sympathy of those who differ from him in matters of religious faith. At the same time, he seized a fleeting opportunity of settling the Roman Question which might never occur again.

One of the fundamental features of Papal policy is the propagation of the faith, or the attraction of converts in all parts of the world, and the present Pope was right in estimating the attitude of non-Catholics towards his policy of concessions, as well as that of his Catholic followers in showing their unqualified approval. By displaying a common-sense attitude the Papacy has made a profound impression, which was reflected in the wild enthusiasm that greeted His Holiness on his first appearance in St. Peter's Square. So great was the crowd and so deafening the noise that those standing next to the brass band of the Palatine Guards could not hear one note of the music played. Ever since the signing of the documents, letters and telegrams of congratulation have poured into the Vatican from all parts of the world, and it will be months before many of them can even be opened. In the United States and in England, two most important fields for Western converts, a practical policy has appealed to practical peoples; in Germany, with her increasing Catholic population, the effect has been great; in Belgium and Switzerland enthusiasm has been no less sincere; and in Austria the settlement was welcomed as an assurance that grievances in the Alto Adige would now receive sympathetic considerations in Rome.

There are, however, other considerations to be taken into account. Before the War the Holy See looked to the Emperor Francis Joseph and Austria-Hungary for temporal support—support which became less effective as the Dual Monarchy fell into decay—and in recent years there has been a need for some other Catholic Power to take her place. Italy was the obvious successor in this rôle, but as long as an estrangement existed between the Vatican and the Quirinal this was not

possible—a consideration that cannot have been absent from the Pope's mind when forming his decision. In Italy the Papacy hopes to regain the position of the Church as the chief influence over the people, greater even than the Fascist doctrines, and the Pope saw that competition with Fascism was out of the question. On the other hand, he thought that his best prospects of success lay in the extension of religious instruction (provided for in the Concordat) and by co-operation without sacrificing anything in principle. The Church has always claimed control in all branches of education, even in the sciences, but this question of principle is not fully put into practice in any country to-day; hence it may be assumed that the recent dispute was purely a matter of asserting principle on both sides, and that it is not in this direction that future trouble is to be expected. It is rather in the matter of the occasions and degree of mutual support that serious differences are likely to occur. Yet in the extension of Italian influence in the Near and Middle East the Papacy sees an opportunity of co-operation, and thereby of strengthening the Church's position among the Moslem populations of these countries which will in any case be attracted by the prospects of Italian trade. The fact is that there are many countries where the Church's propagation of the faith and Italian foreign policy can work hand in hand, each benefiting from the efforts of the other as well as from their own individual methods.

Another point of interest on the Papal side is the position of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. When the Holy See lost the temporal power in 1870, the first Lord Ampthill, father of Sir Odo Russell, who was until recently British Minister to the Vatican, was in Rome on an unofficial mission; and it is said, on good authority, that he advised the Vatican Council to introduce this doctrine to compensate spiritually for the temporal loss which the Papacy had sustained. But, if this doctrine then fulfilled the alleged object for which it was intended, it has since proved an insurmountable obstacle to a great number of possible converts, especially in Anglo-Saxon countries to which the Vatican gives very considerable attention. There are, therefore, grounds for thinking that on the recovery of the temporal power the Vatican may possibly consider the advisability of not stressing the importance of this doctrine in the interests of the Church's crusading

policy, which is considered to be the essence of her mission in the world. While no Catholic prelate could be expected to admit this for one moment, and most good Catholics would dismiss the suggestion as quite unfounded, it is probable that Pope Pius XI reviewed this in his practical mind as a factor to be taken into account. Yet another aspect of the Papal desire for a settlement is to be found in the possible wish of the Pope to make the personnel of the Vatican more universal. After the War there was a movement amongst Catholics for the de-Italianisation of the Church, and the accusation was made that "for centuries the Papacy had been given to an Italian priest; Italian prelates formed three-quarters of the Roman Curia; the Apostolic Nunciatures, the chief posts in the Roman Congregations, the offices of the Secretary of State's department, and almost all the posts in the Vatican were filled by priests born and bred in Italy." As long as the Church and the Italian State were separated by an unbridgeable gulf, there was no reason why most of the Vatican personnel should not be of Italian nationality; but now that the two sovereignties are so closely allied there is every reason why the Holy See should not be suspected of being more Italian than Catholic, and this would provide a valid reason for reducing the number of Italian prelates in favour of a personnel more representative of the Church throughout the world. Of all the factors that went to influence the Pope in his decision, I think that the financial one may well be mentioned last. In the present state of the Papal finances it must have been an important matter to receive the immediate payment of 750,000,000 Italian lire, together with a sum in Italian 5 per cent. bearer bonds representing the nominal value of 1,000,000,000 lire; but it cannot be said with fairness that His Holiness allowed this consideration to weigh more than was absolutely necessary.

In trying to answer the question as to which side gained most from the settlement, several points must be remembered. Whereas the advantages accruing to Italy are more obvious, direct, and immediate, those looked for by the Holy See are more indirect, but more lasting and more comprehensive. Mussolini may think in decades, but the Vatican thinks in centuries. While the *Duce* is forming his plans for this generation or the next, Cardinal Gasparri is looking at the future of a universal Church

that never changes. Nations and governments come and go, but the Catholic Church remains triumphant in Rome, and needs a policy that will carry her along after the present nations of the earth have perished. To the Vatican a hundred years is nothing, and benefits that are there to-day and gone to-morrow do not enter into their calculations. It is for this reason that the financial factor must be regarded as a trifling affair. It is the spiritual power and prestige gained by Papal concessions, together with the co-operation of Italian foreign policy, that is of the greatest value to the Pope in the interests of the crusading policy of the Church, and the benefits derived from this may have increased tenfold long after Mussolini and Fascism have ceased to influence world affairs.

To the Pope the propagation of the faith comes first and foremost, and much is sacrificed to further this object; hence the Holy See will not participate in the League of Nations, the principles of which might often clash with this fundamental policy. If the Pope is a strong supporter of peace, it is not a peace at any price that he favours, but conditions that are favourable to the forward advance of the Catholic missions; and conversely, there might possibly be situations in which the Pope would prefer war to the establishment of conditions contrary to the interest of the Catholic faith.

On both sides the obstacles to settlement were great, and it was only the determination of the *Duce* and the Cardinal Secretary of State that eventually overcame opposition and brought the negotiations to a successful issue. That there are storms ahead is almost a foregone conclusion, but the mutual interests at stake are sufficiently weighty to keep differences well under control.

CONFESSIONS OF A FATHER OF FOUR.

By E. S. BATES.

HAVING been a father for 21 years and a father of four for 14 years, it seems to me worth while to summarize observations made during these years, whether in order to bring comfort to those fathers who feel they might have managed better; or suggestions to bridegrooms; or simply to fulfil the duty of old age, whose function it is, as a Greek said with the help of a translator, "to feed the soul with pious notions."

First, I do not claim to be a success. On the contrary, I claim to be a failure. And indeed, suggest that such claim should be made before asking for a hearing. A human being, I suggest, is a kind of animal that pre-eminently differs from other kinds of animal in being able to think more thoughts than he can carry out. Wherein lies both a certainty, and a consciousness, of failure. There is also another cause of failure, and of sense of failure, namely, that no training is ever given for the occupation of fatherhood. The only starting-point that is ordinarily obtained consists of a resolution not to make the mistakes that one's own father did. But, even if there were only two methods of failure as a father, that would obviously only lead to failing on the same lines as one's grandfather. As a matter of fact, every father can, and does, fail in a different way with every child. That leads us to a third cause of failure, failure where it is generally least looked for, failure due to shortage of ordinary human friendly relations.

That wants explaining. The basis of all reasonable, and successful, relations between two human beings is unlimited affection. Now, not only does no one ever receive all the love he or she can make use of; but also, no one ever gives it up to his fullest capacity. It will be seen that I argue rather on absolute lines. Yes, if we are going to gauge the possibilities of fatherhood, we must first consider an absolute standard. Here and there one may find an example of practically ideal relations

between father and child; very rarely, but sometimes. But only with one child, even then. All the other fathers fall short of that with all the other children; and usually very much short.

The primary reason for this is the false position in which circumstances place the father. Consider how strange a creature is the father of a young family as seen by the family—a hybrid worthy of the Greek mythology; half God-Almighty, half beast-of-burden; immortal, inasmuch as he has always been alive within their recollection and is not expected to die; and supreme judge; and Chancellor of the Exchequer. How different is he as known to himself, to his wife, to his fellow-men; not to mention his fellow-women. As that young family grows up, that position crystallises into a state of things in which father and child can so rarely be entirely friends, because they are so rarely on equal terms. It comes out most clearly in relation to the discussion of the weak points of either's character. How can the father satisfactorily discuss the weak points of a child with the latter when the child cannot discuss his father's weak points with the father? When both have come, by custom, to feel that such a discussion would be out of place? Now, in all relations that have unlimited affection for a basis, such discussions take place as a matter of course, are not simply utilitarian assets, but are both effect and cause of those relations acquiring a magical charm beyond anything that the fulfilments of sex or ambition can rival. There are moments, or even months, in babyhood, or later, when the relationship of father and child can be very much like that; but they pass, they pass.

Once I was questioning a Chinese on the status of parents—ancestor-worship—in China, as to how it came about; and he explained that in the time of Confucius, the state of ruin in social affairs was such that Confucius had to take some starting-point, and decided on beginning by sanctifying the position of parents in order to prevent people being murdered as soon as they began to grow old. But consider the result of the sanctification. This Chinese, an able engineer, a thinker, a gentleman, was debarred by custom from playing tennis, or driving a motor, in his own country because it was considered undignified for him, a father, over forty, to do so. And when I asked him how many children he had had, he answered: "Twelve; but, fortunately, six died."

That point of view is equally a result of Confucianism. And we too, we suffer from a modified form of similar ideas. The commandment to "Honour thy parents," etc., has played, and still plays, a great part in bringing about the state of affairs outlined above. There may have been some reason, similar to that of Confucius, for its institution among the Jews; it has done, and does, nothing but harm here. Apart from the obvious falsity of the promise of long life as a reward for honouring parents, honouring them as a duty, and by command, cannot fail to be anything but bad for both children and parents. In so far as the parents are worth honouring, they will be honoured spontaneously; in so far as they are not, it is undesirable they should receive honour; undesirable for the parents, because there is so much the less need for them, as parents, to live up to any standard; undesirable for the children because it falsifies their standard of honesty and criticism. Not only, moreover, is it inherently evil to be expected to honour parents whether they set a good example or not, and not only does such "honouring" prevent any possibility of frank and friendly relations between parents and children, but further, it is the foundation of the system of punishing children. Now, as to how far punishments are needed, better evidence than my personal experience will be that of the Priest-in-Charge at the Christian Brothers' School at Letterfrack in Ireland, since every boy there comes either from no home at all, or from a home which he would have been better without; every boy is sent there by a police-magistrate as the best way of dealing with a conviction. When I asked the priest what punishments he used, he thought for a minute and then he said he didn't remember when he last punished anybody. My own experience confirms this to the point that no system will work well, or ultimately be justified, but one in which the children have the same control over their parents as the parents over the children. Otherwise, the system is a misuse of superior force; it is unfair; and unfair parents will produce unfair children, who will, in their turn, help to perpetuate the same habitual unfairness. It happens daily, as a matter of course: people think there is no other way. But what control, then? The same control that friend has over friend; disappointment in the other when he or she is not at his or her best, and, on the other side, the know-

ledge beforehand that that disappointment will happen in that case. That control would not be effective? I have found it produce good enough results to the point that other parents, punishing parents, have asked me if I would take full control of their own unfortunate children.

I don't mean, of course, that the two systems are always going to result in, the one good effects, and the other bad. The human factors alone, in any given case, are too variable for that. And where quick, definite, results are requisite, itself always a doubtful point, punishment is unavoidable. But for those who are prepared to wait, provided the best results are to be obtained by waiting, right from the start, then, it seems to me, there is only one side to the question. And the evidence that those best results will come about eventually? Evidence enough in the fact that every quality which makes human life a desirable thing only matures in so far as it receives encouragement. It may be said that before life can be made desirable, it has got to be made possible, and that, in any state of affairs we can anticipate, life is a fight in which fear and force are the rules. Well, that idea of allowing life to be possible without being desirable is just what wants abolishing. Who punishes flowers?

Now, having laid the foundations of the argument to the complete dissatisfaction, I should imagine, of most of my readers, I will go on to talk to the rest; beginning by going back to the word "occupation" of fatherhood. I use the word as a compromise. The right word should be "vocation," taking the latter word as meaning what one lives up to, and "occupation" as what one lives down to. But fatherhood is not recognised as a vocation; rather as a by-product. However, it is as a vocation that I am considering it. And as a vocation, one must begin by admitting failure in each adventure just where absolute success is most to be desired. It is no use dismissing such an ideal as a counsel of perfection. The essential of a counsel of perfection is that it should be dismissed. But no father, in so far as he is a father, can dismiss that ideal. And it is no more to be dismissed from a national, than from an individual, point of view. In so far as the rearing and training of children is well done, nothing else will need doing: a generation will be produced that will get done of its own accord what wants doing; there will be no unem-

ployed persons, except politicians. But in so far as that rearing and training is badly done, no palliatives—neither tariffs, nor doles, nor propaganda, nor 'philanthropy,' are going to be of any avail. The rearing and training of children is, in fact, the only 'key-industry.'

One factor in the case is an economic one; namely, the absence of the father from home in order to earn the money which maintains it; the departure before he is fully awake, the return only when he is tired, and that near, or after, the children's bedtime. Then, of course, there are the pre-occupations and differences of age that are as clouds between us and make complete understanding out of the question; and, above all, routine.

I propose, then, to set down what, it seems to me, can, and cannot, be done within the above-mentioned limitations. And first, will it not save much misdirection of effort if we re-consider part of that question of difference of age? That middle-age during which fatherhood takes place, is also the period when earning-power and the power to dominate, are at their highest. But wisdom, and knowledge of values in life,—are they at their highest then? No. Sex and ambition, the two greatest of all human illusions, are also at their highest then and vitiate the whole outlook. The claims of the period of 3-7 years old as the period when knowing how to live is at its highest need allowing for; just to avoid undue interference.

An illustration of the better proportion in which children see things may always be found in their attitude to current superstitions. In our own case, where we people of N.W. Europe have, in recent times, become pre-eminent in power and achievement by means of applied science without any corresponding advance in character or ability, children see it as a partial gain; but adults, even black and yellow, tend to think it unqualified, and unquestionable.

Next, practically all the essential good and harm that is done to children is done by the age of seven. I do not think anyone who gives attention to the evidence will find that statement dogmatic. Well, if that is so, it materially affects the bringing-up of girls and boys. For under any circumstances that we can visualize as possible, the care of children up to that age will

continue to be relegated to women. Therefore, if rearing and training is the only 'key-industry' and that is to be in the hands of women, then the training of girls matters infinitely more than the training of boys. Both, however, have one need in common, the need of living amid countrified surroundings in childhood: character so developed becomes more stable and dependable in after life, and in crises, than that of town-bred children.

What should be told a child as regards religion, and sex too, seems to be generally thought to constitute very difficult questions. They do indeed, vary with every child—and every instructor. But two general rules, it strikes me, will carry one very far in the right direction. First, give as little instruction as possible, and of that little, an absolute minimum in words, limited to answering questions.

Generally speaking, older people should not, on these matters, speak before they are spoken to; and if the child prefers asking his questions elsewhere, then that lamentable state of things must be accepted: it cannot be altered artificially. Secondly, if the child wants a lot of instruction on these subjects, send for the doctor: there must be something wrong with the child's inside or surroundings; something that a good doctor's advice can correct,—if taken. And when I say "an absolute minimum in words," I have in mind two points. One is that, in these matters of religion and sex, what is not instilled into the child's mind, or does not spontaneously grow, bad or good, as a result of example set, indirectly, is practically negligible. For the rest, all soluble problems in sex-knowledge are solved by Marie Stopes's books. As to religion, it seems to me one can be of more use to enquiring children if one distinguishes between religion and theology. This is rarely done. The result is that the best intentioned people so often assume that a child cannot do otherwise than go straight to the dogs unless he is equipped from his earliest years with some system of theology warranted untrue by the priest-hoods of every sect in the world but one. This seems to me an exaggeration—as if one mistook the "hall-mark" for the silver. Isolating theology, then, as a form of advanced thought, suitable only for certain unemployed metaphysicians, one is left free to consider religion as what it is, *the* 'binding-force,' consisting of all that goes to induce a human being to remain

alive, to consider civilisation as consisting in doing more than one is obliged to, and, specially, in all that is implied in Shakespeare's phrase about 'spirits finely touched to fine issues.' The other point is to query current ideas about words as a medium for any instruction. We are still in the back-wash of ideas current at the time printing was invented. Printing did not come into being simply as a happy thought, but in response to a greater demand for books than copyists could supply. That state of public opinion, stimulated by the new invention, gave rise to greater hopes than have been realised, hopes which have brought into existence those conventions and vested interests of 'education' which ensure that most fathers shall sadly reflect that most of the money spent on education is waste, harmful waste, while at the same time they do not see what else they could have done in order to obtain certain necessary training. If one compares the parts that print and paper play in the preparation for life and in life itself, it is clear there is something radically wrong. So, too, if one compares bad effects on health of the indoor life involved by the use of paper and print with the effect of health on efficiency and duration of efficiency, and on happiness. So too, with the misdirection of the perceptive faculties by indoor life. So, too, it must be said, if one compares the personal qualities of those who teach and those who do not teach. The only point in which schools attain a high standard of efficiency is in spreading epidemics. Our experience is of health and strength and resources being wrecked by illnesses, and in every case but one these illnesses were brought home from school. The other side of it is that all these defects are by-products of the state of transition public opinion is in and that if a parent gives his mind to the subject, headmasters can be found who are doing all that can be expected to minimise the handicap. But what a minimum? say 70 per cent. When all is said and done, the great asset of education is the tremendous resisting power against bad teaching that English boys possess. Unfortunately girls have not got so much.

And how little do master and boy know of each other! The rapid changes in the staff of a school generally imply that it is the exception for them to meet each other for more than two years; and in those two years it is for two thirds of the year, and

very rarely except in the presence of many others. Rarely, too, are pupils and teachers more than acquaintances and, for the most part, one can only educate youngsters for whom one cares deeply and youngsters can only learn from their friends. The teaching staff will cry out with one voice that those two statements are ludicrous nonsense, and according to academic standards, so they are. Let us leave it at that. And go on to say that what counts in bringing up children is the example set; that talking is only in use because it is so much easier to talk than to set an example. Then, too, relations between schoolmasters and parents are generally infrequent and artificial in the extreme, accompanied by mutual suspicion.

Moreover the tendency of schools is towards standardization, and uniformity, suppression, or depression, of personality, or, at least, of the idiosyncracies in which personality manifests itself. Liberation of personality may occur through schools, but only in so far as the home has been defective. All the more need for the father to act as a maintainer, developer, and creator of personality, which must, it seems to me, be his first concern in any case. There is, however, a factor which hinders him persistently, i.e. the force of habit, the routine, which people, young or old, who live together fall into, the taking for granted of each other's peculiarities and characteristics to an extent which fetters development; a too acute perception of the power and extent of one's own and the other's limitations. The only remedy for that is the one used by Leonardo da Vinci's father, who found Verocchio to do for the boy what he himself wanted done, but could not do directly. Personality is to the human being what the flower is to the plant; ensuring that, you ensure everything; losing that, you lose everything—everything that matters. It can not only be developed, or liberated, or maintained; it can be created, and that even in a mind "without form and void." When it is created at home, the person who most frequently does the work is probably the grandmother; but quite often a nurse; the function of busy parents to such an end must too often consist rather in finding, or favouring, a leisured outsider whose qualities and novelty enable him or her to stimulate the latent growth, very often by means of a sympathy which others, even the recipient, feel to be far from justified.

What remains to be done then as regards schools? Spare no trouble to discover what schools are becoming the best schools, i.e. where the best headmasters are who are young enough and new enough to be expected to stay at that school while your child is there, so as to ensure as much continuity of observation and influence as is possible, and that the school shall consequently be improving all the time that the child is at it. Scholastic agents, and educational papers are of some use; personal visits of more, because at the back of the very best headmasters, as with fathers, there is usually a wife or a sister who does not appear in the advertisements, but who exercises on that headmaster much of the influence that he exercises over the school. Good headmistresses are not scarce; but I think most would admit that 90 per cent. even of those whom they have to accept on their staff have missed their vocation in becoming teachers of anything or anybody. In general, it seems to me that more freedom may well be allowed to children in going about by themselves, provided they have some object in view to occupy themselves with. The temptations and dangers which older people see and fear are such as older people are more liable to fall into themselves; whereas girls are really better able, as a rule, to look after themselves than boys, and, in this country, any youngster who wants to live a clean life and follow up an interest can do both, given freedom. A child cannot be given a proper chance unless he, or she, and the parents, take risks. That one cannot afford to take risks with an only child is no argument. Nobody need have an "only child." Supposing, that it is Nature that has limited you to that one, or that you realise your mistake too late, there are plenty of children who want adopting. Whether you consider your own old age, or the bringing up of children, or indispensable altruism, three children is the minimum for a family. Children bring up each other better than parents or schools can do it. But how are they to be paid for? By making sacrifices: the children are worth more than what else you could get for the money. And how far is the principle to be carried? As far as is fair to the wife and the other children, as a matter of wear-and-tear on the one hand and opportunities for the other. But what about the Italian proverb that he who lives on good principles ends in the

workhouse? I am not proposing that you should have more than one good principle: only that one.

And then, that great question—what is to be done with our children? Nothing, it seems to me, just nothing; bring them up in such a way that they will decide that for themselves: will have ideas and wishes; be in the habit of looking for things that want doing and getting them done; and above all, of expecting themselves to work. It is quite possible, in these days of doles and unemployment, to find working class fathers with large families, every member of which is employed. In those families, both father and mother are workers. Among those who have been trained at the Heritage Craft School, all physically handicapped, there is very little unemployment. Children who get the minimum of a reasonable start in life will no more lead idle lives than dirty lives. But what? it will be said, is there no value in older persons' knowledge of life and experience, and acquaintance with openings, whereby a youngster may profit, and the lack of which in him debars him from being a person to judge and decide? Well, yes, as to making acquaintance with what openings are available: but that is rather the application of the decision. As to knowledge of life, and experience, these are only misleading unless accompanied by knowledge of the youngster in question, and in almost all cases, the older person possesses so little of any one of these three, that all and sundry are become useless. And, in fact, so conscious are the elderly of these deficiencies of theirs, that holiday enquiries as to what to do with youngsters is the mainstay of phrenologists' business. Or again, whenever there is trouble with native populations under British control, it is due, partly or wholly, to want of judgement on the part of those responsible for sending out our youngsters; sending inferior characters, and keeping some of the best at home. If there is any place for propaganda about careers in homes, it is propaganda to the effect that the Crown Colonies and India are the places for the best of the new generations; above all, India. It is a debt to India, to the world, to ourselves, that out of every family that is a credit to our country, one should go into the Indian service; and that one, the best of the bunch.

To revert to that question of knowledge of life and experience—how little and weak and narrow are they as guides even for

ourselves, even to estimate the possibilities of to-morrow and their effects, and how great the power of our prejudices to defeat what insight we possess as compared with the instinct of boy and girl striving after its own fruition. But, when possible, it would often be a good plan to substitute an experimental training for a University one. There is a widespread tendency to give advanced teaching to those who are unfitted for it, or at any rate to those for whom available advanced teaching is unfitted. All advanced teaching, whether of theology, or science, or literature, or the rest, suffers from one defect, namely that the learner tends to get to think he knows more than he does know; and I have been very much struck by the number of people I have met who have been ruined for life, mentally, by the process; especially by London University. The fact is, we are so used to the society of those who have passed away mentally that we don't know a corpse when we meet one. On the other hand, many fail to find their place in life by their careers being fixed too early. It is possible that the years which are now filled by University work, or premature decisions, might be devoted to experimental years at crafts, or industries, or businesses, a roving apprenticeship with a view to finding out more certainly what this or that youngster is best fitted for. There are so many whose inner nature or leading characteristics assert themselves late. One must be content in advance, however, that this or that experiment, or series of experiments, should fail in their immediate object in many cases, reassured that the general experience gained is going to prove an equivalent asset in time.

"In time." Yes, there is no greater mistake than to look for results soon: or even in one's own life-time. The faith in the children that comes by observation, the faith in ideas that comes from thinking; the faith in the marvellous capacity of the spirit of Youth to come right side up in the end; there is no fatherhood without faith. If any evidence of results is to be forthcoming within that period, it is not that of success or failure: the former cannot fail to be welcome, nor the latter sad: but both are by-products of factors that are too frequently out of control to be set much store by. The most satisfactory evidence to me would be that when those whose future has been built up and provided for in the tentative fragmentary ways that alone

are within reach, that, when they go out into the world and make their mistakes, they should bring their mistakes home to discuss. It seems to me that the point of the story of the Prodigal Son is often lost in stressing other points in it than the one "I will arise and go to my father and say unto him," etc. If the story ended here, it would be enough to show that that father, at any rate, had been a success.

On re-reading this, it seems likely that some will say, or would say, if they got so far as this, that there is more philosophy behind this than is healthy, and that a home which produces such a sermon must necessarily be that worst of all homes, a dull home. Not necessarily. For one thing, if no one gave birth to a sermon more often than once every fifty years, as I am doing, many of the objections to sermons would lapse. And as to philosophy, I always wear at least a fig-leaf over mine. If any memory of myself survives to a second generation, it will probably be that of a story-teller. The bright, redeeming spots in my drab life of a money-grubber on earth, and the exceedingly lonely one of a visionary, (to whom Pisgah is not, as with Moses, a week-end resort, but a permanent address), centre round children's bedtime. I pass on my experience gained therein in the hope that it may save some (children) trouble. I found that there was nothing and nobody that cannot be turned into a story. One of the most successful of those I invented myself was the story explaining what evolution means, based on Metchnikoff's investigations into the evolution of the larger intestine. It was entitled "my greatest grand-father" and it began, "You've got a father, you know, and a grand-father. And then you must have had a great-grand-father. And so on. And the first of all, of course, was your greatest grand-father." And, then, the whole history of Revolutions in our Insides could be narrated up to date, i.e., its culmination in my rheumatism and well-known effects on my temper. I mention this example because it illustrates what I find essential, that every story must begin slowly, be linked on to something already familiar, and continue into the unexpected. Above all, it was not till my story-telling days were over that I discovered the secret of the success of my most successful stories, of all of them in so far as they attained success, namely, that I was using the method of Hans Andersen.

To rank Andersen as a writer of fairy-stories is simply ignorance of Scandinavian character: in my experience, all Scandinavians who have not been Europeanized are walking 'fairy-stories!' Hans simply wrote of the people he met: and of the things as they, or he, saw them. Anything characteristic of his blends the familiar with the unexpected until the charm of each is heightened by their becoming indistinguishable. As to stories from books, it is necessary in history, to go to first-hand authorities; they alone provide the detail, which, undiluted, forms the backbone of any such story; again by reason of its unexpectedness and distinctiveness.

But details are out of place in a general article. They will arise and take their places in the dance of life if suitably clear thinking has been done beforehand. Such thinking must, of course, itself arise from inspiration. And that? To me it arises most definitely from considering the debt of living to the dead. One cannot touch the rarest or the commonest object, without touching something to which we are indebted and which is not our own. Purchase does not make it ours; nor is it all ours even if we had fashioned it. Design, material, means of handling and transporting the material, research by virtue of which they are chosen, and discovered, all are essential to the existence of the commonest object, and seldom are any such ours; never all. Even as you and I write, and read, words, paper, pen and ink, represent innumerable centuries of work by innumerable human beings; only an infinitesimal number of whom we know even by name: our ideas, and the capacity of the hearer to grasp them—all those, too, manifest a genealogy emerging more and more bewilderingly vast and far-reaching the more it is enquired into. And all that debt by which we live, on which we live, minds and bodies, all that makes life possible and pleasant—all that debt is to those who are dead and whose very names will always be unknown to us, whom we can never repay. That debt to the dead is an obligation to posterity; to save what has been handed down to us and to hand on that, and more. It rests on experience and observation, is recognisable daily, the more fully in proportion as the enquirer is at his or her best and farthest-seeing. And that debt to the dead can only be paid to the living and to posterity. It is a

gospel equally national and international, which cannot be denied, causes no wars, can co-operate with any other, and can be made intelligible to any child.

In any case, if inspiration is not all around one, and inside, it will be nowhere; anything will do that leaves a child free to feel sure, as he and she will feel sure if not hindered, that life is only worth having on terms of thinking of it primarily as an adventure, and not as a search for a safe pigeon-hole and the chance of mouldering in it. But by way of apologising to paper and print for my hard words, coming ungraciously from a life-long reader, let me direct you to the first sporting-journalist, Pindar, than whom is no better guide, who had such a radiantly true understanding of the relations of sport to life, and the resemblance of life at its best to sport at its best. I quote from Myers. Pindar speaks of boys because he had no choice; whereas here and now either sex has opportunities such as never have existed before; above all, in our country "¶ . . . the glory of the games . . . where is the striving of swift feet and of strong bodies brave to labour: but he that overcometh hath for the sake of those games a sweet tranquility throughout his life for evermore.

"Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs, yea, and the wealth that a noble nature hath made glorious bringeth power for this and that, putting into the heart of man a deep and eager mood, a star far seen, a light wherein a man shall trust.

"None should be left behind, or stay by his mother's side, in savourless and riskless life, but each in company with his peers, even were death the price, achieve a magic potency of his valour.

"Now he that hath lately won glory in the time of his sweet youth is lifted on the wings of his strong hope and soaring valour, for his thoughts are above riches.

"Things of a day—what are we and what not? man is a dream of shadows. Nevertheless, when a glory from God hath shined on them, a clear light abideth upon them, and serene life."

WHY BOOKS ARE PUBLISHED

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

EVERY January most of us read some statistics of the numbers of books published during the previous twelve months in different departments of literature. Most of us, on reading these statistics, are appalled. We say: 'What a lot of books! Who reads them all? And why are they published?' We know that we ourselves, unless we are professional readers, cannot possibly master the contents of more than 365 books a year; and that in fact we do not read more than fifty or a hundred of them. Yet in 1928 over fourteen thousand new books or new editions were published in Great Britain alone; and of this fourteen thousand fully fifteen hundred were new novels.

Librarians and others could perhaps tell us who reads the majority of these books, but only the authors could tell us (if they would) why they were written, and only the publishers (who would not dream of making any explanation) could say why they were published. The ordinary person is mystified; the cynic is unjust; the reviewer feels that the world must be bedevilled. If his books sell, the author sometimes wonders how it is that his head has risen above the crowd; and if his books do not sell the author asks how they can be expected to sell where there are so many competitors. The publisher says that publishing is not what it was. And the enthusiast writes to the papers complaining of the high cost of books, and saying how many more books would be sold if publishers and booksellers knew their business. When the enthusiast says this, I am always reminded of the lines:—

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

For the enthusiast, who is a most valuable person, has never been behind the scenes. Publishing is not such a simple affair as he supposes.

The whole truth about publishing, I am convinced, will never be written, although any amateur who wants to glean information will receive some salutary shocks if he reads Mr. Stanley Unwin's classic work, 'The Truth about Publishing.' Mr. Unwin tells the truth in that book, and robs the discontented author of all excuse for imagining that the publisher is a profiteer; but he makes no attempt to account for the fourteen thousand. How could he do so? If he had striven to explain the fourteen thousand he must have given us a book of not fewer than fourteen thousand very sad short stories, most of which would have had unhappy endings.

In the first place, publishers and the books they publish may be roughly divided into classes. There is the young publisher, who has to gather together with difficulty enough books to make his first lists of new publications. He has his capital, his brains, and his taste. But he has no books. He must procure some. Good books are not as easy to obtain as unsuccessful authors imagine. They are very rare, and as a rule tolerably good authors prefer to take their books to fashionable or well-established firms. The young publisher, therefore, tastes nothing but the leavings. He publishes what he can get.

If he has genuine acumen, and luck, the young publisher may establish himself. He puts great energy into his work, advertises as well as he can afford to do, pays rather high for a few good names, and trusts in his star. If his star shines, he is recognised as a good publisher. He is thereafter enabled to pick and choose what books he will publish. But as long as he is a beginner he must first of all have books, and many which come from young houses in their earliest days ought not to be held to represent the mature views of the publisher.

The successful publisher—a young publisher who has tided over his first difficult seasons, or a young man in control of an established business—has a different lot. He is able to indulge his taste or his *flair*. He approaches likely authors with confidence. He is the inspirer of books (other than fiction). He also has several hundreds of manuscripts submitted

to him in the course of a year, and he accepts those which he likes very much himself, or those which he thinks fill a need, or those out of which he hopes to make a large profit. In connection with this last item, I may mention that a confidential publisher once said: 'If we publish what we think is good, we always make money on it; but if we try to go for a popular success we always come a cropper.' This accordingly brings me to the second class of books—those which are published because the publisher, while not liking them himself, thinks they will appeal to that vast mass which is vaguely called 'the public.' I have already mentioned the first class—the books which are published in order that the young publisher may publish something. The second class is composed of the books which the publisher of all ages believes to be 'potential best-sellers.' As a rule the potential best-seller is an actual worst-seller, for a reason which I will explain later. At the moment I am bent upon classification.

The third class is composed of those books for the publication of which the author pays. Much criticism has been levelled at the publishers of what are called 'authors' books,' and a good deal of this criticism is justified. Most of the better firms prefer either to bear all risk or to reject the book. But there are poets and theorists who have written books and who are eager to have them published. Some of the poets are goodish, and some of the theorists are profound. It is clear that the books which they have written will not have a large sale; but it is also clear that they are almost entitled to publication because of their merit. They are therefore published at the author's expense. Each one of them counts among the fourteen thousand. You may find them in many lists, shining obscurely.

Having been successful over a number of years, the publisher begins to receive automatically the books of certain authors for whom he has published to the common good; and he begins also to receive the books written by friends of his authors. Now the friend of a successful author is a problem for the publisher. Sometimes the friend is a very good writer; sometimes not. But if the friend is a wife or a mistress or a daughter, and the author is very famous or very profitable, the issue is never absolutely clear. Can the publisher, confronted by a mediocre book highly recommended by the affection rather than the judgment of one

of his favourite clients, be ruthless? Can he risk losing the works of the successful author? Sometimes he can; but sometimes he cannot. In this predicament, he frequently publishes, against his will. Another class of book is in this way accounted for. A further class may be sufficiently indicated by the term 'a sprat to catch a mackerel,' and in this I should include not only those books published in order that the writers of the books may influence the destination of a distinguished manuscript, but also those minor works by the masters which are justified by everything except quality and saleability.

A small class consists of the books of persons who are famous in other walks of life. Technical books are upon a different basis, and form a large and worthy class. They may be written to fill a need, and may be published under expert advice. On the other hand, they may be fudged works about which the publisher is misled, either by the author or by the supposed expert to whom the book is submitted. As a rule the publisher will always obtain expert advice if it is available, and in considering the advice tendered to him will allow for jealousies and oppositions in the experts. Sometimes the publisher is himself the expert. More often he is not the expert. Most publishers employ readers to advise them, and some will take the advice of their readers even when they do not agree with it.

The readers, again, are fallible. The first reader may or may not be able to detect a masterpiece; and the number of manuscripts submitted to the established publisher is so great that one or two men (or more) go through everything that comes into the office. Usually these men eliminate only the complete failures, and pass on for more considered judgment everything that resembles a book. They are apt to be enthusiastic about work that falls short of the best. The publisher surveys this second-best work with a calm eye. He may not read it; he may know at sight that it is worthless. But he is human. Perhaps, at this very moment, an old friend whose judgment he values rings him up on the telephone and says: 'I say, I hear you've got a book by young Pottlebury. You might look at it yourself, will you! I think there's something *in* that kid!' Well, *is* there? The publisher calls for the report. He turns over the pages of the manuscript. Who knows what is going on in his mind? Not

the publisher, certainly! He obeys an inner voice. Sometimes the voice is clear, sometimes inaudible. Sometimes it says 'No!' At other times the publisher believes he catches the faintest sign of assent. 'All right,' he says. And another class of books is reached.

When the publisher has become as experienced as that, his list has grown very capacious. He knows that it can carry some second-rate books (along with the commercial third-raters) without bulging. He has not been cheated into publishing the book. He has thought it worth a risk—in face of this disinterested recommendation. He is too old, and too experienced, to publish a book merely because he has been told that it is good. He has trusted to his *flair*. If he loses, he loses. If he wins, he tries to remain calm. Other publishers, although exclaiming at his luck, will admire him.

When other publishers cease to admire (or to fear, for that is often the same thing), the publisher is dead. His lists crawl across the columns of the newspapers, full of manufactured goods. The publisher continues to function, but he is dead. This phenomenon is more observable in the United States than in England, but it may be seen in England. Or the publisher genuinely falls ill, and is borne to his grave or into retirement. His business ceases to represent him, and at times becomes a machine for the production of books in large numbers. Such machines are known the world over. They manufacture and circulate so many books that they forget the books before they are out; and they expel (I will not say 'publish') a book because they feel it is bound to be published by somebody, and may as well be in their own catalogue as elsewhere. This class of publisher introduces another class of book—the class of book that is published because it is a commercial article. Whenever a firm grows very large indeed it must publish a considerable number of books of this class, for the firm lives upon its turnover, and not upon its publishing brains.

It is here that we come back to the best-seller; and the best-seller is a class of book which is misunderstood. An experienced friend of mine said recently to me: 'If only your books were a little worse, they would be best-sellers!' He was candid, but he was mistaken. The cause of very large sales is not badness.

Nor is it the case that *any* mixture of sex and religion will have a large sale. A best-seller is a book that is perfect in its own kind. It is written by one whose mentality and emotional preoccupations are those of a large number of persons. A so-called 'intellectual' writer may be a best-seller in a more restricted class for the same reason. But a popular best-seller is a book written by a sincere author whose talent is greater than the common talent, but whose tastes are similar to the popular tastes. Any attempt upon the part of a publisher who lacks a comparable set of tastes to stoop deliberately to what he imagines is the common mind is an act of amateurishness. Many thousands of pounds are wasted annually by publishers who guess wildly at the popular taste. The best-seller occurs only when author, publisher, and public are in accord. Just as you cannot make silk purses out of sows' ears, so you cannot make best-sellers out of an act of condescension.

Finally we come to the last and largest class of books, and here we cut adrift from the classes of publishers, since all publishers represent varieties of human reaction from experience. The reason why the majority of books see the light is that the publisher of each book believes or has been led to hope that this particular book is a *good* book. He may or may not expect to make money upon it, but if he hopes to make money the hope is not discreditable to him, since the publisher is in business for business purposes. And the publisher frequently publishes a book upon which he knows he will lose money. He publishes that book because he wants to publish it. He thinks it is a good book, and he believes that what he thinks is good will appeal to other readers. In this, he is generally right. But while he is right, he often regrets his optimism, for the reason that no publisher can fail at times to be eccentric in his opinions. Nor, as I have painfully explained in the last paragraph, can any man determine beforehand what the public will enjoy—or rather, what is the size of the public which will enjoy that book. Lord Northcliffe, after reading 'If Winter Comes,' is said to have remarked thoughtfully: 'There's something I don't know about popular taste.'

These, then, are a few of the reasons why books are published. Not all the reasons, for there were fourteen thousand of them last year, and I cannot imagine what thirteen thousand of those

reasons can have been. 'Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance,' as Doctor Johnson said. No doubt pure ignorance accounted for a good many. Good hearts, optimism, recommendations, opportunities, cash payment, optimism, cowardice in face of somebody very appealing (a publisher once published a book because, he said, an author cried all over his carpet), bad taste, the need for a sixth or a twelfth novel to make an even number, a craze for books upon a particular subject, optimism, the sudden offer of a book which some other house was said to be after, the desire to please a great one, the desire to displease another great one (but a great one this time who is engaged in the publishing trade), optimism—some one or other of these reasons will account for a large proportion of the books issued each year, or, as the phrase goes, 'constantly poured forth by the press.' I suppose that about one hundred of the books published each year are good. About one thousand are worth reading. Each one of those books is read by somebody, by two or three people, by a hundred or a thousand people. If the author grumbles at his sales, he must remember that a few more authors like himself would ruin the publisher. If he is a profitable author he will soon cease to be surprised at the pleasant greetings of publishers. Publishers are very simple, innocent people, so far as books are concerned. They often do not know one book from another. But they are optimists, sentimentalists, and experimentalists. No day passes without a publisher making a contract with an author, and fully ninety per cent. of the contracts made by publishers are chancy things. A great many of these contracts reflect credit upon the publisher for his readiness to risk money upon the unknown, in which some instinct causes him to believe strongly. Others, equally mysterious, reflect credit upon his heart, but not upon his head. Others show his genius. Others, again, indicate mere habit. A book is to be published. It is just a book. It might equally well be any other book. The publisher goes on with his work. Defensively, he says: 'Well, if I didn't publish it, somebody else would! And besides, I know that Slumpington was after it. What's good enough for him is good enough for me. And anyway we wanted another biography. And I beat him down on terms . . .'

Fourteen thousand books are published each year. We know

that very few of them are good books. But we do not know the little human story behind each title. If we did, we might blame the publishers for some failures in guardianship or in taste, in commercial sense or a perception of the popular need, but we could scarcely hold the view that publishers were heartless persons. For it is out of the fulness of their hearts that publishers flood our tables with fourteen thousand new books per annum. In many cases they do this without prospect of gain.

RENUNCIATION

BY LESLEY GREY

Ours is a love that walks beside us, silent,
The tender shape of that which shall not be,
Because we may not touch it. It has substance
And ecstasy.

Shrouded, it lights our lonely ways and, voiceless,
It is the tune that joins our separate lives;
A dream, it has the gold stuff of endurance,
The sweet of hives.

And, when we die, there shall be no remembrance
Of this our love left in a living heart;
That which we never spoke shall find oblivion
When we two part.

But yet some essence of this strength and sweetness,
This summer of the soul that's now in bloom,
Shall haunt far years, as petals of past roses
A winter room.

MR. MacDONALD AND THE DENTIST COMPLEX

By "AUGUR"

MINIATURE death—a witty American thus described the impending visit to his dentist. He was right in a way.

There is an atmosphere of the inescapable and of the irrevocable associated with the extraction of a tooth. But normal man does not like to let his mind dwell on things he cannot help. Who of us at some time has not been guilty of trying to efface all thought about the already appointed invasion of our mouth by the forceps? Just now, as we watch the political activities of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, we are reminded of the mentality of the man with a bad tooth, who knows that soon he shall have to look up apprehensively into the face of the dentist, but who, meanwhile, is anxious not to think of the operation. The bad tooth which will bring Mr. Macdonald to the dentist's chair is the problem of unemployment. He was elected because of his promise to tackle the question with all speed. Yet months have gone by and nothing visible has been accomplished to reduce unemployment. There are still more than one million people out of work in Great Britain.

Mr. Macdonald loves foreign affairs; his messianic turn of mind and a lifelong connection with international socialism make for a kindly disposition towards the whole world, also there is more satisfaction in treating M. Briand and Herr Stresemann as equals than in the opening of welfare centres, or in the attendance at a miners' football match. Since they came to power, Mr. Macdonald and his colleagues have hurled themselves at international problems and not without success. But the meetings at The Hague and Geneva, and even the projected one at Washington, however brilliant their results, cannot help to reduce the number of unemployed in Great Britain. It is true that at The Hague a promise was forced from the Italians whereby they are to take one million tons of coal from us annually for three years, and Mr. Snowden has said that this means employment for 4,000 miners. But we suppose that if Mr. Macdonald's

conversations with President Hoover finally are successful, an equal number of men in the Government dockyards will lose their jobs. The number of people is increasing who doubt the wisdom of Mr. Snowden's forecasts. Only the other day, in a letter published in the press, Sir Josiah Stamp, the expert who represented Great Britain on the Young Committee, declared:—

"Snowden has set out to get something off the Latins—he has got practically nothing, and our face has been saved by putting more on Germany, which is rather the opposite to what on economic grounds was the trend of our influence in Paris. I doubt the final efficacy of the victory on economic grounds. I am not enough of a politician to say whether it is good politics."

The support given during the Hague conference to Mr. Snowden by the press of all parties and his triumphant return to London show that "It is good politics," but with Sir Josiah Stamp we see the moment when economic facts will disprove the so-called victory. The worker in the Lancashire cotton mills, who, under the new arbitral award brought about by the intervention of Mr. Macdonald himself, finds three shillings less in his weekly pay-envelope, will refuse to be comforted by the alleged recovery by Mr. Snowden of a further two million pounds from German reparations. In the absence of domestic achievements, successes abroad have been useful in increasing for a time the moral capital of the Government. This, so long as the impression is fresh on people's minds, may be used as an election argument. We deny, however, that these successes contain anything of real value from the point of view of the immediate relief of unemployment. In the long run, truth will out; and, if it is proved that Macdonald's success at Geneva was bought by weakening the Imperial link with the Dominions, opinion in this country will gradually harden against him.

Unemployment is the British problem to-day, because there are more than one million men and women *permanently* out of work. The danger to the community comes not from the man who seeks work, but from the one who despairs finding it. A danger even greater is in the man who has grown up without knowing what work is. Among the so-called working class in Great Britain, a young generation has sprung up which has not one day's work to its credit. The fact that these youngsters are

not responsible for this evil situation does not make it easier from the national point of view. Support given to the seeker after work is an investment, but the dole thrown to the congenital drone represents loss of capital. The statistics of unemployment are elaborate and therefore obscure. The layman is drawn into their depths and comes up in a daze, incapable of distinguishing the essential facts to which, after all, the figures serve only as an illustration. Since the War the nation has spent hundreds of millions of pounds in doles to the unemployed, and people are rightly anxious about this outward flow of capital for which there does not seem to be any hope of return. Mr. Macdonald won the last election, not so much through the Socialist vote, as by reason of the turn-over of Conservative voters, who resented Mr. Baldwin's passive attitude towards the social evil of unemployment.

The present position in respect of unemployment in Great Britain is revealed in one sentence: in the North of France to-day, within a distance of not more than two hundred miles from Great Britain, the metallurgical industry needs twenty thousand new workers, mostly unskilled, but of our hundreds of thousands of unemployed not one has asked to be sent there, *and the Government has done nothing to direct British Labour towards this opportunity for work at our very door.* The reason for this lies in the fact that years of wonderful prosperity have raised the British standard of living much higher above that which exists on the continent, and no Government elected by universal suffrage and especially no Government elected by Socialist suffrage, dares to tell the people the stark truth about the ever increasing pressure of foreign competition. We remember that soon after the War, the coal mines of Northern France, ravaged by the Germans in their retreat, needed two hundred thousand workers. A half spirited attempt was made to get the British Government of the day interested in a wholesale transportation of unemployed to this mining area, but soon the question was dropped, because it was found that the standard of living in France was below the British one. The void was then filled up by an immigration from Poland, which has done exceedingly well for itself. The question may well be asked if, from the point of view of British economy, it would not have

been better to subsidise the transportation to and the existence of several hundreds of thousands in a neighbouring country than to go on paying the dole. But this would have meant a need for withdrawing this tribute to social blackmail and enforcing emigration: a thing too horrible to be contemplated by a "democratic" Government. Mr. J. H. Thomas was in Canada engaged upon an exhaustive study of the possibilities of emigration on a large scale. As if to illustrate his difficulties, or rather those of Mr. Macdonald's Government, comes the news that a large number of workers who came over to the Dominions are being sent back to Great Britain because of their refusal to work under conditions prevailing over there. Of the haymakers who went over to Canada last year, about ten per cent. were sent back for the same reason. As pay in Canada is higher than in the Old Country, it is evident that what the men resented was the amount of work they were expected to perform and the number of hours they were kept at work. The British working class accustomed to a *standard of leisure* is not precisely the element with which it is easy to begin rebuilding an industrial situation undermined by a cruel and increasing foreign competition. The only rational way of dealing with unemployment is to rationalise industry. This means throwing over the time honoured dogmas of class war, accepting co-operation with Capital and concentrating on new methods of production. The leaders of British Labour know this need, but they must be wary how they bring the knowledge to the masses whom they have for generations led in an opposite direction. First of all it is necessary to prove to the workers that *they cannot have more than their industries can produce in competition with the rest of the world*. A bitter pill to swallow, and the difficulties, perhaps we should say the insuperable difficulties, which confront Macdonald are clear. His tragedy is that he cannot by any means avoid them.

To conclude, Mr. Macdonald's achievements in the domain of foreign politics do not represent an undiluted success. On the contrary, there are dark spots which, if one studies them closely, appear dangerous. For example, Mr. Macdonald's action in respect of the signing of the Optional Clause of the constitution of the International Tribunal of Justice is not consistent with the

recognized need to strengthen the Imperial bond between the Mother Country and the Dominions. Mr. Macdonald declared at Geneva that his Government would sign the Optional Clause without reservations. But in 1926, at the last Imperial Conference, a definite promise was given by the Government of the day that this question would not be again considered before the following Conference, due to assemble in 1930. For reasons of party politics, or because he simply had not read the promise of 1926, Mr. Macdonald made his declaration at Geneva, thus bitterly offending the two most faithful Dominions, Australia and New-Zealand, but supported by Ireland and South Africa, that is the two, which have least interest in preserving the Empire. The curious thing about this is that practically at the same time, at the Trade Union Congress at Belfast, Mr. Ben Tillet, the veteran Socialist, came out strongly in favour of Imperial unity as the necessary condition for the prosperity of the British workers. At the same time, from behind the scenes at Geneva, accounts reach us of Mr. Macdonald's "superior" attitude towards the Dominion representatives, which was resented by them, and which brought a stinging rebuke from Mr. McGilligan, the representative of the Irish Free State.

At the time of writing the fate of the Washington negotiations for naval disarmament is still in the balance. In this case, Mr. Macdonald has done his duty towards the Empire by holding out against the right of the United States to construct cruisers, which, if built, would, by starting Japanese competition in the Pacific, make precarious the British naval position in the ocean in which lie Australia and New-Zealand, the two principal partners of Great Britain in the Empire. As to Palestine we cannot accuse Mr. Macdonald for the pogroms, which are the result of several years of mistaken policy, but we shall accuse him, if he falls in with any bureaucratic machination to shield from responsibility the members of the local administration.

THE FUTURE OF COTTON

By A. H. S. HINCHLIFFE

SEEING that the conditions which brought about the stoppage in the cotton industry were wholly economic, the nature of the settlement is not a little strange. The employers' demand for a flat rate reduction of wages in spinning and weaving mills has been cursorily examined, and judgment has been given for half the amount claimed. The considerations which prompted this judgment must have been almost wholly those of compromise. No such result could have been arrived at scientifically. Under the present system of collective bargaining, negotiations for an increase or reduction of wages have usually to be conducted on the flat rate system. Yet in an industry as diversified as that occupied in the spinning and weaving of cotton textiles, a flat rate is apt to work unscientifically and unfairly. Everyone is fully aware that in making their recent demand for a wage reduction, both the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners and the Cotton Spinners & Manufacturers' Association were driven by force of circumstances. Many of the units which comprise both these organizations have found it quite impossible to retain their trade at prices which represent the bare cost of production. In order to keep their machinery running they have accepted orders at a loss for several years past, hoping all the while that the tide would turn and profitable trade would again become possible. The hope has not been fulfilled, and they now find themselves faced with the alternative of either cheapening production, so as to enable them to recapture trade from their foreign competitors, or giving up the business altogether. That such firms are now pretty numerous is proved by the fact that they have been able to influence the employers' organizations to take action on their behalf with a demand for a flat rate reduction of wages.

There are, however, not a few concerns amongst the spinning and manufacturing section which are able to make profits on current rates of wages. They, of course, now get the benefit of

the reduction in wages to the same extent as their less successful competitors. Had the issue been fought out to economic conclusion, either a number of weak firms, tired of the struggle would have gone out of business, or bigger concessions would have been obtained.

Modification of the present cleaning time restrictions, and some differentiation amongst the different classes of workers might have been applied. It is generally conceded that some classes of operatives can hardly afford to have even a moderate amount knocked off their wages, while other classes could stand a substantial reduction. In an industry where wages vary from 30/- to about £4 or £5 per week, some system of differentiation might reasonably have been applied. When one considers that the prevailing practice of trade unions is to afford special protection to the lowest paid workers, the present settlement is particularly interesting.

The foregoing is not intended as an adverse criticism of the award of Sir Rigby Swift. All that was required of the arbitrators was an equitable decision and that it should be given as expeditiously as possible. We have to thank Sir Rigby Swift for acting with a rapidity worthy of his name in his Solomon-like role. It will be interesting to see whether this sort of arbitration comes to be a regular method of settling industrial disputes. If it does, the demands of aggressive parties are likely to be extravagantly framed, to allow of whittling down by arbitrators.

Both spinners and manufacturers are particularly loth to disclose what difference the wage reduction will make to the cost of producing particular grades of yarn and cloth. They are naturally afraid that, if this is known, buyers will demand the full concession in price, whereas they are struggling to retain some of it for themselves. Whether they can do so must, of course, ultimately depend upon supply and demand. Temporarily, however, by keeping the real position dark, buyers may be bluffed into paying on a basis which will leave some of the wage reduction over for manufacturers. Consequently it is very difficult at the present juncture to get really accurate details of the effect which the arbitration award will have upon the cost prices of cloth and yarn.

Probably the reduction in the c.f.i. cost of a shirting or dhooty shipped in the grey state is about 2 per cent., while, in the case of a bleached cloth, it stands about $1\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. and in printed goods hardly more than 1 per cent. Hereby hangs a tale. Everyone is waiting to see what response the finishing combines are going to make to this sacrifice on the part of the wage earners in the spinning and manufacturing sections. Hitherto the finishers have successfully withstood all the pressure that has been brought to bear on them to reduce prices. They maintain that the economic strength of their position was built up to enable them to face just such a period of depression as the present. They further contend that the trade which has been lost to Lancashire has been in cloth shipped in the grey state, rather than in goods finished by themselves, a fact which is, of course, borne out by the Board of Trade statistics. Moreover, say the finishers, the spinners and manufacturers have no one but themselves to blame for their present plight. There is a good deal of truth in all these assertions, but they do not prove that the finishers are acting in the interests of the trade or themselves by sticking rigidly to their present pricelists, and working to only a portion of their capacity. Statistics certainly show that we have not lost as much trade in finished goods as in grey, but the coarse grey cloth trade was naturally the one to be first attacked by foreign producers. These latter, however, are not content to stop there; encouraged by their success with grey goods they are attacking the trade in bleached, printed and dyed styles, and making steady progress. The way is made smoother for them by the high charges and inelastic methods of the finishing combines. It stands to reason that firms working on fixed price lists which were framed to show a profit on every transaction, are doing a lot less to meet competition than producers and merchants who are prepared to negotiate many lines of business at a loss rather than let the trade get into other hands. More elasticity on the part of the finishers is badly wanted.

If the finishing trades were to make concessions of anything like the same value as those of the spinning and weaving operatives, the total effect upon prices should be sufficiently large to enable us to make an impression on competitors. It must not be overlooked that there are certain other concessions which have

come to the trade recently, not very large of themselves perhaps, but the cumulative effect of which is likely to be considerable. The Derating Bill is said to mean a saving to the Lancashire cotton mills of £1,000,000 per annum. The significance of this figure in relation to prices is almost impossible to estimate, but a rough comparison with the value of the wages reduction gives some idea of what it is worth. Taking the combined wages bill of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners, and the Cotton Spinners & Manufacturers' Association as £34,500,000, the total saving on wages will be approximately £2,500,000. The value of the derating scheme is thus shown to be about 40 per cent. of the wages reduction. Further assistance towards cheapening cloth for export has recently been received from the railway companies, who have made a material reduction in charges for transport to the docks. By this action they have naturally compelled the motor transport companies to follow suit.

Notwithstanding the fact that a reduction in cost of production has been obtained as the result of the recent stoppage, strikes and lockouts are dangerous experiments for this or any other export industry to indulge in. The world does not stand still while the mills of any one country are stopped. It is, of course, impossible to estimate the amount of trade which competitors gained at our expense during the recent stoppage, but it is understood that by the end of the first week in August certain of the Japanese manufacturers had managed to sell the whole of their production up to the end of the year. This, in itself, is not a matter of extreme seriousness, though it does not give them a chance to strengthen their hold on certain markets. The serious matter is the opportunity which such a stoppage offers to comparatively backward competitors to experiment in new styles which they would not be able to sell in open competition with the English producers. Every experiment of this nature gives the less experienced manufacturers a chance of learning and improving the styles in which they lack proficiency. It is the story of the war all over again. Our inability to supply the export markets during the war, enabled competitors to find a sale for their goods in the experimental stages, and advanced by many years the date at which they would have been able to challenge us. The two styles in which we are still supreme are fine yarn cloth and

bleached cloths. If, however, we are prevented by stoppage from producing these, somebody will do their best to take our place. From the evidence available it would appear that this has actually happened in the last few weeks, especially as regards bleached cloths. Stoppages are things to be avoided, if at all possible, in the present state of the trade.

Valuable as are the various forms of relief which the industry has recently received, and those which it is hoped may possibly accrue as the result of the impending commission, they will not, in the writer's opinion, be able to restore much of Lancashire's lost trade. They should rather be regarded as helping us to retain the trade which we have, and developing new trade. The trade in coarse grey cloths, which accounts for a large proportion of the total yardage of exports lost to Lancashire, offers little difficulty to semi-skilled labour, and is hardly worthy of Lancashire. Other countries are well able to produce such goods for themselves, and, in fact, prefer to do so. To recover this trade would, in effect, necessitate putting the clock back. By being first in the field, we had a splendid run for our money at the coarse trade, and acquired great wealth therefrom. To base our hopes on it for the future would be almost an admission that our ingenuity had forsaken us. In this connection a most interesting report has recently been published by Mr. Arno S. Pearce on the cotton trade of Japan. In this report we are shown how well organised the Japanese industry is in a variety of ways. Such organisation however, is not beyond our power to copy or even improve upon. But there are other salient facts. Japan has cheap labour, a lot of it juvenile. It works double shifts, and has very little trade union organisation to contend with. This labour is well adapted to the monotonous process of producing coarse cloths. No process of rationalisation can counteract advantages such as these. Moreover, were we successful in underselling the home industries of Japan, India and China in coarse goods, we should probably have high tariffs raised against us. These countries are keen to protect their own industries, even at the expense of the consumers. In short, one can hardly believe that the old fashioned cloths which are lost, offer much prospect for the future, and probably too much attention is being devoted to the discovery of means for reviving this trade. There will,

no doubt, be times when others are unable to supply all the world requirements in such goods, and we shall get the surplus demand. But how often will this occur?

Leaving aside, however, the question of coarse goods, the gradual reducing of costs will be very valuable. Even if we don't recover any of that which has been lost, our cotton trade remains a very large one. To say that the whole trade is doomed is ridiculous. To talk in generalities at all about the cotton trade is ridiculous. It is far too varied. There are plenty of units who have succeeded in doing well all through the bad years. We are still the largest exporting country of cotton textiles, and the home trade alone is not inconsiderable. All this will be stimulated by a cheapening of the cost of production. The same applies to the trade in new styles which we hope to see developed by ingenuity and craftsmanship.

Ingenuity has not been lacking in the past, and one feels that it must still be present in plenty, unless it is being concentrated upon the newer industries of Great Britain. It has, however, been a peculiar feature of British mentality that a stimulus of impending disaster is required before the latent ingenuity of the people can really reveal itself. Witness the many rapid improvisations brought out by the war. Possibly the cotton trade is not yet sufficiently near to the abyss to awaken such inventive powers. Howbeit, upon ingenuity the future must largely rest, and upon the elimination of the inefficient producers.

TRADES UNIONISM: 1929 AND AFTER

BY W. F. WATSON

ALTHOUGH the trade unions have suffered serious losses in membership in recent years, very little was said about it at the Trades Union Congress at Belfast. But that the leaders are perturbed about the slump in trade unionism is evidenced by the fact that the General Council has been conducting an intensive campaign during the past few months, and a Distinguished Service Badge has been instituted, to be awarded to those trade unionists introducing a certain number of recruits within a given period.

There is every reason for such perturbation. Since the National Strike of 1926, the unions have lost over 600,000 members. Since the 1928 Congress the fall in membership has been approximately 250,000. The present membership is little more than 3,500,000, whereas in 1920, admittedly a peak year, it was over 6,500,000, a total loss for the nine years of 3,000,000. Take the Amalgamated Society of Engineers as an instance of the slump. In 1920 the membership stood at 460,297; at the end of last June the figures were 220,814, a loss of nearly 240,000.

What are the causes of this remarkable slump in industrial organisation? At no period of its history has the movement played such an important part in the affairs of the nation as it has done during the past few years. In his Presidential address, Mr. Ben Tillet, M.P., said, "To those of us who can remember the political situation of Labour three or four decades ago, a veritable revolution has taken place," which is perfectly true. Thirty years ago the T.U.C. was regarded as a collection of malcontents who were desirous of turning the industrial world upside down by fomenting strikes. Now the movement is regarded as the strongest bulwark against disruption in the factories. Then trade unionism was battling for recognition; now it is not only recognised, but the leaders are invited to meet the representatives of the employers' organisations round the conference table to discuss industrial problems arising out of

modern conditions, with a view to so adjusting the relationship between employers and workmen that friction in the shops may be minimised almost to extinction. Thirty-six years ago there was no Labour Party; to-day Labour holds the reins of Government.

Why is it then that instead of flocking to the unions as one would expect them to do, the workers appear to be deserting them? It may be true, as stated by the General Council in their exhaustive report to Congress on the disruptive activities of the Communist Party and its subsidiary organisations, that the tactics of these bodies are responsible for some of the defections from the unions, but to suggest that a mere handful of egregious malcontents have persuaded some three million workers to leave the unions, is crediting them with far more influence than they actually possess.

It is not difficult to understand why the engineering unions have lost so many members. When the great slump came in 1920, thousands of skilled men went to America and the colonies, and the disastrous lockout of 1922 caused many more to leave the country. Moreover, the very low wage of the operative engineer forced many thousands into other more lucrative occupations. A fair proportion of London's bus and tram drivers and conductors and taximen are ex-members of the A.E.U., and many mechanics are now working as window cleaners, bakers and milk roundsmen, insurance agents, credit drapers' agents, greengrocers, butchers and commercial travellers; one has even started business as a dealer in waste. They are not "wartime" mechanics; they are men who duly served an apprenticeship.

But the slump and the lockout were not responsible for all the losses. Anyone familiar with the rank and file knows that not only has there been a steady decline in union membership since the strike of 1926, but the present membership is not the least bit enthusiastic about trade unionism. This is not because they think the strike was right or wrong, a success or a failure—the man in the shop rarely troubles about such things—but there appears to be what might colloquially be called a general "feduppishness" with the unions, and it would not be a misstatement of the truth to say that many of the big unions are only able to retain their members through the friendly society benefits, especially through the superannuation benefits.

As a direct result of the 1926 strike, it is no longer difficult to be a non-unionist. Many shops that were previously fully trade unionist are now "open" shops because when it became a question of losing a good job or leaving the union, most of the trade unionists chose the latter. With the open shop, and the reluctance of trade unionists to ask men to join the union, there is no inducement to become a member of an organisation when it is comparatively easy to obtain work as a non-unionist.

A few days ago, the "Times" labour correspondent predicted a rise in union membership in the near future. One ventures to suggest that his optimism will not be realised. It is more likely to decline still further. This was realised at Belfast when Mr. C. Dukes, M.P., acting Vice-President of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, moved a resolution which, while approving all measures for the more scientific organisation of industry, directed the attention of the workers to the danger imminent in rationalisation unless labour was fully organised. "The closing down of obsolete plants," the resolution proceeds, "is creating monopolies which give the employer a unique advantage over labour. Associated with these monopolies, there are gradually being developed all kinds of welfare and workshop committees which are being used to subvert trade union methods and practice for dealing with the grievances of workmen. This machinery is being used to supercede the unions."

In moving the resolution Mr. Dukes referred to "company unions," that is, to unions confined to the employees of a factory, and said that in factories and workshops where such organisations had been developed they had experienced difficulty in retaining union membership. This is, of course, perfectly true, and as industry advances towards rationalisation, the main objects of which are to improve working conditions and to make employment more stable, the problem will become more acute. If, under a scheme of rationalisation, big employers can ensure regular employment for their employees at a fair wage and under decent conditions; and if by means of welfare and workshop committees, or a company union, they can offer the workmen better benefits, including a pension at retirement age, than the unions can for the same or less contributions: there will be even less inducement—no need, in fact—to join a trade organisation.

Another reason for loss of members was revealed in the debate on breakaway unions and the poaching of each others members, during which Mr. A. J. Cook, the miners' secretary, said there were some leaders who called each other comrades in Congress and fought each other at the pit head. Mr. Cook might also have stated that several unions have had cause to complain that the Miners' Federation had poached members from other unions, and that some time ago the miners at a Durham colliery struck work because six members of the Amalgamated Engineering Union refused to leave that organisation to join the Miners' Federation. As recently as June last, Mr. C. Dukes, M.P., and two other officials of his union, were sued for libel at the Liverpool Assizes, by the general secretary of another union, and had to pay £250 damages and costs. Pages could be filled with stories of the internecine squabbles of officials, often leading to strikes, on such trivial questions as the demarcation of work and poaching members, all of which militate against union recruitment.

If the leaders were to spend a little time amongst the rank and file, they would find them resentful of the growing bureaucratic tendencies of the movement. Certainly a revolution has taken place in this direction. The centralisation of industry has caused the unions to amalgamate, and most of them now carry a huge army of paid officials, some of whom draw incomes that would make a small entrepreneur green with envy. These officials have made the unions bureaucratic bodies, controlled from palatial central offices, and since their continued employment depends upon a rising membership, they often come into conflict with each other in the scramble for members.

"The office was at our house," says Mr. Ben Turner, M.P., describing, in his book, "About Myself," the early struggles of his union. "Rent, rates, gas, coal, cleaning, etc., one shilling per week; salary £12 a year . . . They gave me £50 later on, but we got a very bad patch of trade and depression in membership, so I lowered it, after getting the committee's permission, to £20 a year. I had £2 a week in 1912, and it got to £4 during the early part of the war." Compare that with the £1,000 a year some officials now receive, and the palatial offices in which the unions are housed! The average man says, why should I pay contributions to keep well paid officials?

Paradoxical as it may seem, the return of the Labour Government has not helped the unions in their recruitment campaign; on the contrary it has seriously hindered them. "The foundations of the Labour Party," said Mr. Tillett in his presidential address at Belfast, "are in the hands of the trade union movement, and it has been sustained throughout its existence by the sacrifice of loyal trade unionists." The Labour Party now bids fair to be a menace to industrial organisation. Take the question of payment for holidays, which the Government has just granted to all government employees, as a case in point. For very many years the unions have been trying to obtain this concession without success, although it is doubtless due to propaganda in the past that the Government was induced to grant it, but the average man failing to realise this, is now saying, "What's the use of belonging to a union now we have a Labour Government. As soon as they get into office they give us payment for holidays without our asking for it. That's more than our officials could get for us!" And as the Labour Government improves the conditions of the workers still further, this anti-union feeling will become more prevalent. In short, the working people are turning away from industrial organisation, and are looking to Parliament to cure their industrial ills.

So, while admitting that the decrease in union membership is partly due to the attitude of Communists, the main reasons for the falling-off are the national strike, the open shop, internal strife among the unions, the growing bureaucracy of the unions, excessively paid officialism, rationalisation and the consequent development of company unions and welfare committees, the "feduppishness" of the rank and file, and the advent of a Labour Government.

It is quite certain that the leaders will leave no stone unturned to retrieve their losses. Already some unions are reducing the number of paid officials on the ground of economy, and if the losses continue, others may be requested to resign. What further policy will the leaders pursue?

Students of industrial organisation will know that in times of falling membership, a revival can be successful only by appealing to the imagination of the workers. It is not unlikely that the unions will follow this course by adopting a quasi-revolutionary

attitude and decrying the value of Parliament; by pressing for reforms in industry, and by trying to compel the Government to fulfil their election pledges in order to prove that the Labour Party cannot do much, hoping thereby to turn the rank and file back to the unions. Since the Labour Party has, willy-nilly, invaded the domains of the T.U.C., so will the T.U.C. try to encroach upon the preserves of the Labour Party. Indeed, the Belfast Congress dealt mainly with political questions.

"We are confident," said Mr. Ben Tillett at Belfast, "that the Government intends to ratify its pledges in respect to the Trade Disputes and Trade Unions Act (1927); the Miners' Eight Hours Act; the Washington Hours Convention; Factory Legislation and other matters of vital importance to the trade unions." The Washington Convention will no doubt be ratified as soon as Parliament reassembles, and factory legislation may be framed, but the Government appears to be in no particular hurry to deal with the Miners' Eight Hours Act, or the Trade Disputes Act. It is conceivable that the Labour Government will amend both, but it is extremely unlikely that they will, at present at any rate, restore to the unions the unrestricted right to strike. The unions are shrewd enough to know that in endeavouring to regain their lost membership by appealing to the imagination of the rank and file, they may at any time involve industry in a big dispute which would be fatal to the Government.

"In some quarters," says Mr. C. Dukes, M.P., in an article in the press, "there is a belief expressed that all these matters can be adjusted by Parliamentary action. A bitter disappointment awaits those who are looking to Parliament to redress industrial grievances."

So, despite the fact that for the first time in history the Chancellor of the Exchequer sent a congratulatory telegram to the President of the Trades Union Congress, there is every indication of coming friction between the industrial and political wings of the Labour Movement, with each striving for supremacy. It may well be that a British Labour Government will be forced into saying to the British Trade Unions, just as the Soviet Government was compelled to say to the Russian unions, "Hands off industry; more freedom for factory management."

LOVE AND MR. LAWRENCE

BY ROGER CHANCE

WHAT is a 'natural' man? Is our civilisation unnatural, and if so, can we discover, or recover, our natural state?" Questions such as these are always being debated among the philosophical few, but they become urgent and popular at times when society is groaning under the pangs of renaissance in thought and the transformation, or complete destruction, of the existing order. Turning to the past, we naturally think of Rousseau and the French Revolution. But in reflecting upon the subject of this article I was reminded of a more distant period in history: the close of the Periclean Age in the fifth century B.C., when the disasters of the Peloponnesian War, and the scepticism of philosophers and poets, were disturbing the people of Athens; when the young asked Socrates to judge between 'convention' and 'nature,' between the ideas of old gentlemen like Nicias who sacrificed to the gods before battle, and the ideas of the iconoclasts who wanted to make all things new by a 'return to nature.' Socrates held the scales of justice; he preached the discovery of pure reason within the soul. Yet his own doctrine, which was actually revolutionary in a non-political sense, had the immediate effect of hastening the decline of the city-state. His criticism was not less potent because, like that of all true prophets, it happened to strike deeper than the sophistry of fashionable intellectuals or the values of the mob. And so they poisoned him. In Ancient Greece the government, as Censor, was slow in taking action about offences 'against the least of these little ones,' unless the views in question were held to be politically dangerous.

The twentieth century has seen the sudden eruption—hastened by the last war—of a similar revolt against traditional sanctions. The world unrest has produced political instability; it is also accompanied by an intense and widespread criticism of religion and morality: not only of orthodoxy, but of foundations which even the most rationalistic of Victorians would have regarded as

fundamental. This critical realism is not entirely the work of youth. Nevertheless, we find it expressed most accurately, as far as the literature of this country is concerned, in the works of those who belong to a different Age from that of Bernard Shaw or H. G. Wells. For just as Shaw and Wells reflected, and to some extent caused, the changes of the generation (they are, of course, still dynamic forces to-day), so writers like Aldous Huxley or D. H. Lawrence, who have already achieved an Anglo-Saxon, if not a continental, reputation, are clearly representative critics or protagonists of certain points of view widely held by those who have grown up, and are still growing up, as Georgians.

It is an extremely difficult task to discover the ~~point~~ views of Aldous Huxley; he is critical rather than constructive, and *apparently* he does not identify himself with any of his characters; indeed, he often gives one the impression of being a semi-detached god making 'proper studies' of mankind through a microscope. But D. H. Lawrence, with whom I am concerned here, is more positive and more passionate; he is an iconoclast with a very definite philosophy of his own, and, however dangerous it may be to think we can fully understand that philosophy, it evidently colours all his writings. In the opinion of many critics who are competent to judge, Mr. Lawrence is a great artist (with the pen: perhaps not with the brush). It is possible to disagree about his style, in the purely technical sense; but the impression which it conveys is of a very vital personality—a 'nature' who is original and yet completely himself. The ^{the} popular view of Mr. Lawrence is probably unduly influenced ^{by} at the press notices of his exhibition of pictures or by rumours about *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. It is true that he is among the select company of the 'banned'; his poems and his pictures have been seized ^{part} at it is not fair to condemn him to the legion of the damned, ^{even} to make any criticism without a comprehensive study of his work; and the following pages are the result of an attempt to frame a considered judgment on what appears to be the dominant theme of books which are available to the general public. I do not think 'pornography' is a proper term to apply to Mr. Lawrence's work, even including his pictures and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. We may hate his conception of human nature and his scorn for many cherished ideals, but he is

not merely, as some think, a bearded Satyr tempting humanity with the pipes of Pan.

Mr. Lawrence is in passionate revolt against the culture and civilisation of the western world. Most of his novels and poems reflect this feeling, but two psychological studies (*Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*, and *Fantasia of the Unconscious*) provide us with a more explicit explanation of his indictment and of his positive remedy. He thinks we have gone wrong through an unbalanced development of ideals associated with the intellect, as distinct from the primal or 'deep, self responsible consciousness' which alone can secure 'the liberation of the free spontaneous psyche, the effective soul.' 'The Ideal,' he says 'is always evil, no matter what ideal it be':—

'An ideal established in control of the passionate soul is no more and no less than a supreme machine-principle. And a machine, as we know, is the active unit of the material world. Thus we see how it is that in the end pure idealism is identical with pure materialism, and the most ideal peoples are the most completely material. Ideal and material are identical. The ideal is but the god in the machine—the little, fixed, machine principle which works the human psyche automatically.' (*Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*.)

He does not rule out the function of the mind altogether. How could he? But he thinks we ought to 'live from spontaneous initial promptings, instead of from the dead machine-principles of ideas and ideals.' The natural man—that is to say the complete man—will be guided by instinct: he will only use the brain as 'the terminal instrument of dynamic consciousness.'

Man must live from his basic nerve impulses or instincts: not intuitions, because this word has been perverted to the 'creative urge' of life. We may then ask, what about the 'creative urge' of life? We may then ask, what about the 'creative urge' of life? Or is there one primal instinct from which all others are derived? He tells us that 'the goal of life is the coming to perfection of each single individual,' and he attempts to determine the essential form of natural man by digging down to what Aristotle would have described as the dynamic potentiality. We rely on, expecting to find the solution which rumour has led us to expect; and the unexpected is revealed. For Mr. Lawrence does not pretend to explain everything by reference to a single word—

Sex; his views about sex are somewhat unusual, and those who say that he is sexually obsessed are, I think, partly justified; but he is an acute critic of the Freudians, and it would be definitely untrue to say that 'the coming to perfection of each single individual' through sexual fulfilment alone is a fair statement of his philosophy. Mr. Middleton Murry, for example, writing in *The New Adelphi* (June-August, 1929), says:—

'Mr. Lawrence, as all the world knows, happens to believe in Sex. He really does believe in it, and now he has reached a point where, on the surface at least, he believes in little else. There are *apparently*, for him, about two ultimate realities in human life: one, the absolute and utter isolation of the individual, the other, the sole real emergence from that isolation in the perfect sexual fulfilment.'

Now this view is, I believe, unsound: apart from other books referred to here, *Pansies* does not give me this impression. For Mr. Lawrence has a 'dark god' of his own whose ways are not purely phallic: a god 'forever dark, forever unrealisable: forever and forever. The unutterable name, because it can never have a name. The great living darkness which we represent by the glyph, God.' (*Kangaroo*).

Sex is a delicate subject; but fortunately the times are past when the discussion of sex in public was considered indelicate. We all know, or we ought to know, that sex is of fundamental importance in our lives and that it is necessary to find out as much as we possibly can about sex. Psychoanalysis, and the question of birth control, have raised sex into a position which attracts as much attention as does religion; and perhaps it is natural that this should be so, because sex and religion are intimately connected. Yet the Freudians, like the Darwinians, have tried to prove too much. Mr. Lawrence realises this. Sex plays a disproportionate part in his philosophy, but he pours scorn upon the Freudian hypothesis that sexual instinct (the *libido*) is itself the life force as a whole and the cause of all human activity and all human thought. We cannot know the beginning of life or the end, he says. But assuming that life gives evidence of a creative urge to fulfilment, sex alone cannot explain this urge. The sex instinct is only a single manifestation of creative activity: sex is not *the* primal consciousness, though it is derived from the same consciousness which is responsible for art,

religion, and other forms of human energy. In the view of Mr. Lawrence, sex is not *all*; but it is a great deal; it is, in a sense, and specifically for the male, the half. What is the other half? Here we come to the artistic, as distinct from the animal element in Mr. Lawrence's philosophy; we learn something of his 'dark god':—

'It is not woman who claims the highest in man. It is man's own religious soul that drives him on beyond woman, to the supreme activity. For at his highest, man is responsible to God alone. He may not pause to remember that he has a life to lose, or a wife and children to leave.'

'The life of an individual goes on apparently the same from day to day. But as a matter of fact there is an inevitable accumulation in the nerves and the blood, an accumulation which weighs there and broods there with intolerable pressure. And the only possible means of relief and renewal is in a pure passion interchange. There is and must be a pure passion interchange from the upper self, as when men unite in some great creative or religious or constructive activity, or as when they fight each other to death. The great goal of creative or constructive activity, or of heroic victory in fight, *must* always be the goal of the day-time self. But the very possibility of such a goal arises out of the vivid dynamism of the conscious blood. And the blood in an individual finds its great renewal in a perfected sex circuit . . . Sex as an end in itself is a disaster; a vice. But an ideal purpose which has no roots in the deep sea of passionate sex is a greater disaster.' (*Fantasia of the Unconscious*).

These ideas are worked out at some length in *Kangaroo*; and I imagine the chief character, Richard Lovat Somers, is a portrait of Mr. Lawrence himself. Metaphorically speaking, Somers goes out into the wilderness to find his soul. He finds a 'God who is many gods to many men: all things to all men. The source of passion and strange motives.' God exists; but God is unknowable and invisible; God is so very dark that 'He' can only be felt. Mr. Lawrence's God is the ultimate passion working to fulfilment through the human passions:—

'Yet the human heart must have an absolute. It is one of the conditions of being human. The only thing is the God who is the source of all passion. Once go down before the God-passion and human passions take their right rhythm.'

It is clear, surely, that Mr. Lawrence believes in something more than sex: he even believes in something which is beyond, if related to, the apparent 'absolute and utter isolation of the individual.' Yet this God, this source of primal consciousness,

can only be sensed, as it were, by the individual soul. 'There is only one clue to the universe. And that is the individual soul within the individual being.' God cannot be uttered. God is the central fire of consciousness working to bring the individual soul into a spontaneous harmony of living:—

'Conscience is the being's consciousness, when the individual is conscious *in toto*, when he knows in full. It is something which includes and which far surpasses mental consciousness. Every man must live as far as he can by his own soul's conscience. But not according to any ideal. To submit the conscience to a creed, or an idea, or a tradition, or even an impulse, is our ruin.' (*Fantasia of the Unconscious*).

I am chiefly concerned here with Mr. Lawrence's attitude to sex; and the quotations from his works are intended to illustrate the following points: that the natural man ought to live in spontaneous obedience to the primal instincts (like the animals, only on a higher level of consciousness); that of these instincts, which are based on the nerve centres, those associated with sex (in coition and procreation) and those associated with art (creative activity in the widest sense) are the most important; and that man cannot fulfil himself at his best unless the animal instinct and the artistic instinct, which are of *equal* significance, are properly satisfied individually and in mutual harmony. We must thus make an addition to Mr. Murry's criticism. The ultimate realities in human life for Mr. Lawrence are these: the absolute and utter isolation of the individual, and his sole real emergence from that isolation by a communion with the dark god of the dynamic consciousness: a communion which is attained in two ways—sexual fulfilment and artistic fulfilment. Nevertheless, anyone who is acquainted with the 'banned' works will probably agree that Mr. Lawrence's views upon sexual fulfilment are coarse, crude, and unbalanced. I use these adjectives advisedly: they express a personal impression, carefully considered. In the first place, he puts excessive emphasis on the physical element of sex by dismissing the spiritual and intellectual contacts between men and women as mere ideology; in the second place, he carries this emphasis to such an extreme as to suggest that 'purity' can only be achieved through intense sensuality.

In criticising Mr. Lawrence I shall venture to remind the

reader of two traditional points of view which are still living forces in the modern world and which are definitely opposed to most of the seminal ideas in his philosophy. Before doing so, it is necessary to refer shortly to his opinion of women; for thus far I have spoken of 'man' only in the male sense. Mr. Lawrence's natural man is not exactly a 'he-man.' Yet the love of his man is exclusively male, physical, and consciously sensual without any admixture of so-called Platonic love, or Spinoza's *amor intellectualis Dei*; and the man is a privileged person in creative living beyond sex, because Mr. Lawrence is an anti-feminist: man is man and woman is woman and never the twain shall meet, except as male and female for renewal in 'a pure passional interchange.' Woman's sphere is the home. If she goes beyond that and becomes merely a mistress or a friend or a member of Parliament she will be passing into that fictitious ideal world which is anathema to Mr. Lawrence's 'primal consciousness.' In *The Plumed Serpent*, Kate eventually reaches this conclusion; she 'convinced herself of one thing finally: that the clue to all living and to all moving-on into a new living lay in the vivid blood-relation between man and woman.' In *Fantasia of the Unconscious* we find the same theme:—

'The great flow of female consciousness is downwards, down to the weight of the loins and round the circuit of the feet. Pervert this, and make a false flow upwards, to the breast and the head, and you get a race of 'intelligent' women, delightful companions, tricky courtesans, clever prostitutes, noble idealists, devoted friends, interesting mistresses, efficient workers, brilliant managers, women as good as men at all the manly tricks: and better, because they are so very headlong once they go in for men's tricks. But then, after a while, pop it all goes.'

Women get the worst of the bargain in Mr. Lawrence's world. He is like a modern Nietzsche striving to conquer his personal weakness with the vision of a super-man. His feminine psychology is deplorably incomplete.

The traditions to which I have referred are those of Humanism and the higher religions—Christianity in particular. Now let us first concede something to Mr. Lawrence. It is true, I think, that men 'make the gods in their own image'; and the images associated with modern culture are, in most cases, exceedingly graven. They are—even in Christianity—the product of

sentimentalism and artificial living; they are the reflection of bourgeois morality and middle-class minds: to this extent we should welcome Mr. Lawrence's stone throwing. Yet Mr. Lawrence himself lives in a glass house; and very 'dark' it is inside. He condemns idealism; yet his own point of view is necessarily set out in the form of an ideal. 'Mankind is not a swarm of bees'; if men are to live spontaneously from their basic nerve centres they will need to use their reason in the process of fulfilling the individual soul. The consciousness of Mr. Lawrence's natural man would be, in his view, a form of awareness which is beyond the norm of human nature; and in this case, progress in the right direction cannot avoid the projection of ideals as provisional sign-posts along the road. To say that 'pure idealism is identical with pure materialism' is metaphysical and practical nonsense.

In so far as we are dealing with sex, the key work of Humanism is, I suppose, Plato's *Symposium*. Socrates there argues that love is the desire for possession of the good—specifically, for the beautiful, because beauty is the most certain sign of Reality in the mortal world. Love operates on two levels of consciousness, as it were. Love directed earthwards finds satisfaction in physical intercourse and in 'possessing' beautiful objects. But beyond this lesser mystery of love is a greater mystery; for there is in human nature a divine element which impels the soul to search within itself and to become possessed by a form of consciousness which is independent of sense perception. The soul, in order to fulfil itself completely, must shake off the attractions of the body to be filled with the knowledge of beauty-in-itself—the transcendent God.

This is Platonic love. But the popular interpretation of Platonic love is entirely erroneous. The Socratic vision which Plato describes has no connection with a sentimental attraction between a schoolmistress and her pupils, or with Lesbianism, or with Paiderastia (a basic problem in Greek ethics) or even with friendship. Platonic love is really pure mysticism. It is based on the view—intimately connected with the Orphic alternative to Dionysiac ecstasy—that the proper destiny of the soul is to be 'assimilated to God' through intellectual and moral purification. The Greek mystical tradition, as is well known, was

incorporated into Christianity. With Greek philosophy it provided the vehicle of the Logos doctrine. And it is true to say, I think, that mysticism is the living spirit of religion which has always survived the dead letters of theology, creeds, dogmas, and institutions.

Religion and sex are intimately related: there is an erotic element common to both. Indeed, the language and literature of mysticism is so impregnated with sexual terms that many critics have attempted to discredit mysticism as being merely a pathological symptom, probably sexual in origin. But the best of modern thought is against this view, for reasons which I need not discuss here. The point is that religion must be judged by its fruit and not by its root. Even Mr. Lawrence would agree with the Aristotelian doctrine that the real nature of a thing is to be found in its end, not in its origin, because his 'primal consciousness' is evidently intended to describe a god-consciousness as absolute for the individual soul. The ecstatic love of the mystic—the immediate and individual experience of otherness, of the Being called God—cannot be *derived* from sex; yet I am inclined to think both are manifestations, on different levels of consciousness, of the creative urge of life as a whole. If religion is the sense of the Spirit of the Whole *beyond* time, sex is a partial expression of the Whole *in* time. But religion, at its highest, is 'higher' than sex: the whole is greater than the part.

Mr. Lawrence hates the idealisation of love. His God is dark, passionate Being—the 'serpent fire' of creative activity which dwells behind, or within, the 'primal consciousness.' The true destiny of the natural man is to live in harmony with this consciousness by allowing the instincts to rule the intellect—a fulfilment of the individual which implies, for man and women, the consummation of physical passion (a spontaneous body-soul union); and further, for the male only, the exercise of his creative powers as artist and craftsman. There is only one thing that matters for a woman: there are only two things (and both are equally important) that matter for a man.

The God of Plato is a God transcendent, yet immanent within the human soul. The God of Christianity is a God transcendent, immanent, and revealed, not only to the individual soul, but as an historical person. The mystical point of view—common to

both—teaches that sex and religion are not on the same level; it teaches that the ultimate consciousness is a divine consciousness: the Spirit of the Whole which is beyond male and female and which women, equally with men, are privileged to attain. Archetypal man is super-natural, and 'not of this world.' The ideal (not a figment of the imagination or the intellect, but a symbol of the Real) implies a way of living which becomes progressively independent of sexual fulfilment as the soul grows into the likeness of God and attains a union—through purgation and illumination—which is more complete than any sexual or sensual ecstasy; the ideal points the way to a dynamic intuition or genius which is beyond intellect as instinct is below it.

There is the contrast! The problem is not one upon which any final decision can be given. It is a matter for enquiry: religion, no less than science, stands to lose more than it gains by dogmatic statements, for the truths that we know intuitively cannot be perfectly translated into human speech. Tastes differ. And Mr. Lawrence is expressing a profound conviction of modern youth when he demands that 'spontaneous distaste should take the place of right and wrong.' His taste may not be our taste: his mysticism is a mysticism of the senses rather than of the spirit. Yet in *Pansies* there is a noble attack on dead idols—on the shams of our exclusively human, and therefore incomplete, civilisation—and his primitive Dionysiac frenzy is more genuine than much sophistry of drawing room, or pulpit, or lecture hall. It is even preferable, I think, to the conventional and sentimental interpretation of 'gentle Jesus meek and mild.' Mr. Lawrence yearns for Apollo:—

"I am that I am
from the sun,
and people are not my measure."

If the *Republic* is a true witness, Plato believed that the sun is the symbol of God within the soul. His God is 'the measure of all things': but he is not Mr. Lawrence's God.

The teaching of Humanism and Christianity is that the fulfilment of the dynamic wholeness of human nature depends upon a partial or complete sublimation of sexual passion into a passion for higher forms of creative living, inspired by an ideal—the God of reason and love. But this generation looks askance at

an interpretation of the ideal which is the legacy of Victorian respectability and a rigid code of right and wrong. We believe that men are ultimately guided by their passions—by their tastes, in fact—and that ideals are but the intellectual symbols of these passions: for are not pure passion and pure reason identical? If this is so, why not allow taste to be the guide of conduct, and admit that one man's taste is another man's poison? Of course, standards do emerge to serve their time, and the question is: will the search for a new morality—a new religion, even—result in the creation of standards based on a discovery that the traditional ideal was born of eternal truth, or will sophisticated men and women incline to the naturalism of Mr. Lawrence? What is the ultimate consciousness? Mr. Lawrence wishes men could be as completely men as lizards are lizards: Jesus asked his followers to consider the lilies of the field, which neither toil nor spin. Lilies must be rooted in the soil: to what extent must the flower of humanity always be rooted in 'the deep sea of passionate sex' and in the continual renewal of 'a perfected sex circuit?'

It is not possible to do justice to Mr. Lawrence in a short article. Yet I cannot refrain from drawing a few tentative conclusions.

Suppose we admit that the culture of the few always stands out in rebellion against the values of the mob. Do the few to-day see eye to eye with Mr. Lawrence? Is he really the prophet of a new and better morality? I think not. The voice of Mr. Lawrence raging in the wilderness is not the voice of a saint: it is the voice of a sophisticated savage. For he is not only apparently oblivious of the fact that some of the most creative minds of the present Age still hold to the spirit of the traditional (I might almost say the classical) ideals, though they are just as severe as he is in their criticism of the vulgar caricature of those ideals; he completely ignores the ancient teaching of the great prophets, poets, and philosophers who have built up the noble elements in Western culture. It is not a question of choosing between the mob man and Mr. Lawrence's natural man: it is a question of choosing between the highest types of those who stand by the spirit of Humanism and Christianity, and Mr. Lawrence himself.

Mr. Lawrence's philosophy is a very partial realism. As

applied to the problems of love and sex it is unbalanced and ugly when compared with the profound thought of a man like Havelock Ellis, who is a far better guide for those who wish to discuss sex without hypocrisy. If by a natural man we mean a whole, or 'holy,' man, then our charge against Mr. Lawrence must be that his natural man is a creature excessively concerned with the *animal* level of consciousness, and ignorant of all those higher forms of love which pass beyond the sensual and end in communion with a God whose symbol is not the Phallus but the Cross. Mr. Lawrence's mind has a Black Bottom: if it gropes deep enough it may come to the primeval slime and the amoeba; but it will not find there such a complete explanation of human nature as is provided by the ideals which provoke his wrath. This criticism may be unfair, and I stand open to correction. For those who doubt, it is a case of 'meet Mr. Lawrence.'

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PERIODICAL

BY ARTHUR WAUGH.

IN the Board Room of Chapman & Hall Ltd., where for twenty-eight years the present writer has pursued his daily course of toil and duty, there stands upon the bookshelves a long array of sturdy tomes, half-bound in red morocco, which, at the rate of two volumes a year, has nearly doubled its extent in our passing period of acquaintance. It is the file of "The Fortnightly Review," issued under the auspices of the same publishing house for just upon sixty-five years; and its presence upon those shelves, confronting portraits of Charles Dickens and Thomas Carlyle, of John Forster and George Meredith, all at one time or another intimately connected with the fortunes of the firm, does somehow seem to convey a remarkable sense of stability, of permanence, and of continuous tradition into one little corner of the bustling, braggart market, where every morning the coster-carts fill the thoroughfare with the reek of vegetables, and the lorries of newspaper proprietors block the traffic, to awake the protesting voices of the guardian police.

How steadily they stand, that regiment of volumes! How precisely uniform their equipment, both without and within! Open them where you will, and start to read; in tone, in temper, in sound judicial argument, the same atmosphere of culture and persuasiveness is perpetually recurrent. During the years of "The Fortnightly's" life, the standards of popular journalism have been almost completely transmogrified. To say nothing of the hundreds of newspapers and magazines, which have flowered and wilted in the interval, the few stalwarts which have survived present such altered features to our modern generation that their founders and first editors would certainly fail to recognise them, if it were possible for them to be transported to Elysian breakfast tables. But if George Henry Lewes could open the present number of "The Fortnightly Review," he would not, one imagines, find it greatly changed, in appearance, in "make-up," or in purpose either, from that first number which he sent out into the world on May Day, 1865. The day of Great Names,

we are being continually told, is dead; and it is indeed true that the general levelling-up of democratic capacities is none too favourable to the fostering of Giants. But is there any other organ of political and literary criticism in the country which has kept its character so firmly, so quietly, and over so long a period of activity, as "The Fortnightly Review," preserving at the same time, it should be added, the commercial virtue of a profitable, and profit-earning asset to its proprietors? Through an era of restlessness and change it has kept its head, and its feet; and the daily example of its long array of volumes has often brought a message of encouragement and inspiration to the council-chamber it adorns.

For, after all, let the innovators say what they will, there is something in a sense of tradition, of continuity, and of consistent purpose; and nowhere can it be better found than in an old room, surrounded by old books, and invested with venerable associations. Every morning, at an hour when many comfortable merchants are just sitting down to their breakfasts, it is the present writer's task to take his place at the Board table, and open the firm's correspondence in company with a perennially youthful assistant, who has already completed fifty-four years in the service of the original and present publishers of "The Fortnightly Review." He began as a very small boy, and he still looks anything but an old man. And this stalwart veteran, Mr. Frank Gibbons, seated just below the file of scarlet volumes, can enliven the morning routine with many a spirited reminiscence of early "Fortnightly" days. He remembers how Anthony Trollope used to tramp into the office, as soon as the doors were open, clad in his hunting pink, with a sheaf of proofs in his great side pocket, and how he would bang on the table with his hunting crop, and swear like a sergeant-major because there was no one in authority yet arrived to receive his hectic instructions. He can picture John Morley, firm, erect and meditative, calling for his letters, standing at a high desk to slit them open, running an eagle eye over the contents, and as often as not slipping a shilling into the young assistant's hand, as he strode off into the street. Even Thomas Carlyle has left a pleasant impression upon his memory, for it is not often that a boy messenger of fifteen years gets invited into a Chelsea parlour, and offered a slice of cake

and a glass of sherry. Well, there is something in tradition, after all, and the long and honourable tradition of "The Fortnightly Review" invites its passing retrospect, as it stands to-day at another parting of the ways, with new records to make, as well as old memories to cherish. To that tradition and to some of the changes it has survived, these few pages of retrospect shall be respectfully devoted.

I

Now, the first thing to remember about *The Fortnightly Review* is the fact that, however quickly and effectually it may have assumed the aspect of a grave and potent judge, its original appearance was in the character of a frank and self-confessed rebel. This spirit was of the essence of its programme, and it struck from its first blow at two of the most cherished standards of mid-Victorian journalism. For in the sixties of the last century there were certain first principles of publicity which every newspaper office accepted for gospel, and two among them were paramount. It was taken for granted, first, that every public organ should represent a definite public policy, and should stand, as Matthew Arnold would have said, for "as much play of the mind as might suit its doing that;" and, second, that a rigid anonymity in authorship was the secret of authority; that an opinion or a judgement, in short, lost weight at once, if it was known to be the expression of a single individual instead of the verdict of a bench of pundits.

But when, at the beginning of 1865, a little group of men, "better acquainted, perhaps" (in Trollope's phrase) "with literature than with trade," met together to discuss the possibilities of a fortnightly rival to the well-established if somewhat heavily-armoured quarterlies, the first items upon their programme were the dissemination of any number of various views under a single cover, and the acknowledgement of the authorship of every single article. The vigorously-written, combative prospectus set these principles in the forefront. "We shall endeavour," it said, "to further the cause of progress by illumination from many minds;" the programme was to be "one of tendency, not of doctrine;" and every contributor was

to be asked to say what he really thought, to say it on his own responsibility, and to leave its appreciation to the public. The *Review* was to be unfettered by the dictates of any political party, or the interests of any tradesman. Of the little company that put together a "few thousand," a publisher did indeed make one; but Frederic Chapman's influence over the periodical was to be confined to the proportion of his holding. In all matters of conduct and discussion *The Fortnightly Review* was to be "impartial and absolutely honest, thoroughly eclectic, opening its columns to all opinions," without any pretension to editorial consistency or harmony.

The programme was at once condemned as ridiculous; to the Tories a stumbling block, to the Liberals foolishness. One rival publisher nailed it to the counter forthwith as "a senseless action;" and, when he heard that George Henry Lewes had accepted the editorship, protested that he had hitherto believed Lewes to be a man of judgement, but that now he must clearly have lost his head. Lewes, indeed, had not been an easy conquest. His health was failing; he had many literary and social obligations; at the first intreaty he begged to be excused. But Trollope had set his heart on Lewes for editor, and Trollope was accustomed to get his way. The first number of the *Review* appeared in May, 1865, bearing many traces of the hand of "that wonder of versatile talents," as Morley called his predecessor, with the first instalment of Walter Bagehot's "English Constitution" as leading article, and the opening chapters of Trollope's novel, "The Belton Estate" to relieve and sweeten the imagination. Among the judicious the quality and vigour of the new magazine were immediately recognised; it was soon lying on every clubroom table, and its contents were discussed and combated, wherever politicians and scientists were congregated. Nevertheless, it soon began to feel rough water in the sea of commerce. "Financially," said Trollope, "we failed altogether. We spent the few thousands we had collected among us, and then made over the almost valueless copyright of the *Review* to the firm of Chapman & Hall." The fortnightly issue was changed to a monthly publication at the end of eighteen months, and after the production of two more numbers Lewes resigned the editorship.

II

Two material facts had, however, already been brought to light by the experiences of editor and proprietors. In the first place, it seemed clear that the public was not yet ripe for a periodical which was prepared to hear all sides without identifying itself with any single one of them; and in the second, as Lewes maintained in his "Farewell," "the expediency of signed articles had been materially enlightened." That the signed article had "come to stay" was proved at once by the multiplication of rivals in the field. Within a few years *The Contemporary*, *the Nineteenth Century*, and *The National Review* entered the arena, all committed to the policy of the signature and the personal note. In the field of literature *The Academy*, with a brilliant company of young critics, challenged with a persistently individual touch the somewhat pompous anonymity of *The Athenaeum*. Steadily and triumphantly the personality of the writer was allowed to strip away the envying mantle of the editor, until at last *The Quarterly Review* itself, the final sanctuary of anonymity, admitted a signed article by Swinburne, and, having once broken with precedent, resigned forever the vaunted autocracy of the editorial chair.

So much for the policy of personal responsibility. There remained the question of editorial trend or tendency; and this was very quickly settled by the appointment of John Morley as Lewes' successor. The choice of the new editor was largely due to the keen advocacy of Cotter Morrison, and it was a choice that justified itself forthwith by the immediate and permanent success of the enterprise. John Morley undertook *The Fortnightly* in 1867, and continued to preside over it until 1882; and it is no disparagement of the admirable conduct of later editors to acknowledge that those fifteen years were the most brilliant in the history of *The Review*. Morley found the venture unstable financially, and uncertain in its policy; he left it firmly established in pocket and repute alike. In his eloquent "Valedictory," written when he laid down his office, he spoke a little wistfully of "the disparity between aim and performance, the unfulfilled promise, the wrong turnings taken at critical points;" but no editor had ever less cause to vex his conscience

with such reflections. For if here and there he had to recognise "opinions expressed which have a crudish look in the mellow light of years, and phrases dropped in the heat and hurry of the moment which one would fain obliterate," he could indeed and abundantly claim that "a certain resistance had been offered to the stubborn influence of prejudice and use and wont," and that "whatever gives freedom and variety to thought, and earnestness to men's interest in the world must contribute to a good end." The claim to freedom of thought and judgement was the watchword of Morley's editorship, and the integrity with which he pursued that claim raised *The Fortnightly Review* to an impregnable position among the honourable organs of human thought and progress.

But that position was not won until an earlier citadel had been abandoned. Under John Morley the *Review* was no longer an arena for the indiscriminate promulgation of contending opinions. Slowly but irremediably it crystallised into the mouthpiece of a school. On the editor's own admission, so far from continuing an eclectic policy and preserving an open theatre, the "miscellany of writers and subjects was soon taken by prejudiced observers to disclose an almost sinister unity in spirit and complexion." Sinister, of course, it was not; but there was no doubt about its unity. Morley was a liberal Rationalist, a leader of the Comtist party in England, and it was inevitable that any paper over which he presided should be subtly saturated with his favourite policy. He gathered round him a body of writers, differing indeed in the details of their attack, but alike combined in their detestation of middle-class ignorance and complacency. More and more the claims of Rationalism were pressed home in the pages of *The Fortnightly*; and by the time that Morley had been ten years in the editorial chair, the barrage against orthodoxy was continuous and severe. Evolution was in the air; and it became the gospel of the younger school of liberals, as well as of the scientists. Morley's *Review* was committed to the theory; and, in his own words, it became "the organ of Positivists in the wider sense of that designation," although it is true that its eager policy of "free labour, free land, free schools, and free church" had nothing positivist about it at all. Still the sheltered deaneries and manor houses of provincial

England were not a little fluttered, and when Mortimer Collins lent his merry muse to proclaim that in the theogony of "Mill, Morley and Harrison," "we're our own gods, say the Positivists," there were plenty of people to believe that the poet was speaking no more than solemn truth.

And what a brilliant company Morley had assembled beneath his flowing standard! He has paid his own tribute to them in his "Valedictory," and he had good cause to be proud of their loyalty. Huxley's scientific dogmatism scared the Evangelicals out of their wits; Frederic Harrison's defence of Trades Unions set greybeards wagging in the club windows of Pall Mall; and Morley's own articles on National Education aroused the fury of headmasters, as "indicating a deliberate plot for suppressing the Scriptures." Still *The Fortnightly* kept firmly on its way. There was Bagehot, calm and sceptical about political improvement, whose "good natured ironies put his more ardent friends on their mettle;" John Stuart Mill, with "his rare union of moral ardour with a calm and settled mind;" and, invaluable lieutenant to an inspiring captain, that inexhaustibly energetic young man, W. K. Clifford, who would sit up all night to finish an article, and who astonished even those who knew him best by "the curious audacity with which he proclaimed at the pitch of his voice on the housetops religious opinions that had hitherto been kept among the family secrets of the *domus Socratica*." And there are many others; but this appreciation must not degenerate into a catalogue. It must be enough to add that, in raising *The Fortnightly* to the standard of his own high intellect, Morley left to his successors a splendid example of manly courage, intellectual vigour, and untainted moral serenity.

III

A personality like Morley's would under any circumstances be difficult to follow along the line of editorial responsibility; and it would be simply a false compliment to pretend that during the next three years or so after Morley's retirement, *The Fortnightly Review* was not engaged in marking time. The new editor was T. H. S. Escott, an energetic and competent journalist,

with a wide knowledge of the world, and a fluent, rather old-fashioned literary style, which tended to become, under stress of exercise, both flowery and monotonous. He did not, indeed, as the phrase goes, "let *The Review* down." The literary articles, in his four years of editorship, were various and distinguished; he accomplished a *coup* in getting Lord Randolph Churchill to contribute a survey of the Conservative leadership under the title "Elijah's Mantle;" and he has to his credit the recognition of the promising talent of Lord Kitchener, at that time a Lieut-Colonel in the Royal Engineers, serving in Egypt. There were other successes as well; but unfortunately Escott's health began to break down before he had had time to get into his stride; and, after a spasmodic interregnum, it was clear that he had not the necessary strength to continue in the post.

There was no doubt, however, about the strength of his successor; for Mr. Frank Harris, then a young man of no more than thirty, had already made himself known in Fleet Street as a fearless, combative, and powerful publicist, who was reputed to have hidden in his desk the manuscript of several remarkable short stories, upon which he practised a continual revision, far severer than he ever meted out to the work of anyone else. Mr. Harris edited *The Fortnightly* for eight years, and its spirit certainly never faltered under his hand. In particular it blossomed into a brilliant period of critical and creative literature. Never, perhaps, in its history, was the purely literary quality of the *Review* so various and so high.

George Meredith contributed a serial, and Mr. Kipling short stories; Swinburne was a regular supporter both in prose and poetry; and Coventry Patmore added to the weight of authority with several superb examples of his rich, mellifluous English. But it was in the realm of interpretative criticism that *The Fortnightly* was especially conspicuous under Mr. Harris's guidance. It is not too much to say that practically every representative English critic of the day was numbered among his contributors. Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Edward Dowden, Henry James, Edmund Gosse, Walter Pater, Andrew Lang, H. D. Traill, Leslie Stephen, Sir James Frazer, and Professor Saintsbury,—where could one find a more notable and arresting company? In politics, if the editor's range was

somewhat narrower, his material was equally sound. A series of J. D. Bouchier's articles on The Balkans and their politics was brimming over with first-hand information; Sir Charles Dilke let a flood of light into the French military programme; and it was under the same régime that the *Review* began to publish the remarkable exposures of sub-terranean Russian politics, over the signature of "E. B. Lanin." Here, for certain, was a genuine journalistic "scoop." (Is there any more dignified word? If so, let it be substituted). Lanin's articles sent the circulation of the *Review* galloping upwards like the temperature of a fever patient; and one instalment inspired Swinburne with the memorably rebellious "Russia: an Ode," about which there was querulous questioning in the House of Commons

"Love grows hate for love's sake; life takes death for guide,
Night hath but one red star—Tyrannicide . . ."

Without doubt, the poet did protest too much.

Perhaps the proprietors of the *Review* thought so; at any rate there was some anxiety over the editorial independence. Whether it was at this time or later, there is no documentary evidence to tell; but certainly, before another editor was appointed, a clause was inserted in his agreement, providing that the proposed table of contents of each number should be submitted four days before going to press to the managing director of Chapman & Hall, who should be entitled to exercise a veto upon any article, poem, or story, which he might not approve. This was playing for safety with a vengeance, but the custom soon fell into desuetude; for the next editor of *The Fortnightly*, who was to occupy the post for the unprecedentedly long period of thirty-four years, was emphatically a safe man, whose judgement was never likely to bring his proprietors into trouble.

IV

When W. L. Courtney died, in December last year, the Press paid many generous and well-earned tributes to his memory; but perhaps none of them did complete justice to the really wonderful spirit of adaptability with which, when he was already forty

years old, he suddenly abandoned a distinguished academic career, and plunged into the feverish and exacting life of Fleet Street. Certainly there could be no greater contrast than that which separates the quiet cloisters of New College from the echoing arch of Peterborough Court. Courtney had been a Don for nearly fifteen years when he made this disturbing change, and sacrificed the placid atmosphere of a Platonic lecture-room, and the company of "athletic" and "aesthetic" undergraduates, to join "that august brotherhood who learn to have new impressions every day, and to begin the world afresh every morning." He has left it on record in his reminiscences that he had been disappointed at being passed over in the election to a Professorship, and that he was uncomfortably troubled by a suspicion that men grow old more rapidly at Oxford than in London. At any rate, Courtney was of the stuff that would rather wear out than rust; and an invitation from Lord Burnham to join the editorial staff of *The Daily Telegraph* was accepted with all the zest of adventure. It was rumoured at the time (with what degree of truth who now shall say?) that certain crusty and crusty veterans in the street of journalism were apt to gaze askance at a newcomer who looked like a cavalry colonel, came down to the office in a dress-shirt, and smoked a Corona while he corrected his proof; but if anyone made the mistake of imagining that so genial and well-groomed an appearance concealed a disinclination for hard work, he was very speedily disillusioned.

In those early days in Fleet Street there seemed no end to the responsibilities which Courtney was ready and eager to undertake. As he himself has said, he wrote leaders—many thousands, tried his hand at descriptive reporting, went to theatres in the capacity of dramatic critic, wrote about books, and composed obituaries; and, as if all this was not enough, he became editor of *The Fortnightly Review*, four years after he had set foot in London, adding this further editorial duty to all the daily and nightly demands of a London newspaper office. Nor did the work ever seem too much for him. He kept his post at the *Telegraph* until he was past seventy-five years old, and was still Editor of *The Fortnightly*, when he died a few weeks before his seventy-ninth birthday. During the last months of his life, when his strength was failing, the chief burden of

the work fell upon the devoted wife, who for years had been at his side as sub-editor and colleague. Still, his hand was on the tiller to the last, and his long control of the craft of which he was so proud never languished, nor lost its personality and skill.

V

Adaptability was the keynote of Courtney's temperament, and its value was very clearly indicated in his handling of *The Fortnightly*. The secret of "having new impressions every day, and beginning the world afresh every morning" was so well learnt from the start that neither age nor custom could wither or stale his infinite receptivity. He began by making immediate use of the material ready to his hand. Of all the morning newspapers *The Daily Telegraph* was perhaps the best-equipped with foreign correspondents, all of them, according to the prevailing rule of the office, anonymous and unknown. Courtney at once appreciated their value as contributors to his *Review*. Writing anonymously, or under a pseudonym, they were able to enjoy a freedom impossible to the professional politician; Courtney gave them full rein, so long as they kept on the windy side of prudence; and so it happened that, in an incredibly short space of time after his accession to the editorship, *The Fortnightly* became the most eagerly consulted and most generally respected of all the English periodicals upon the Continent. And there was something else that his journalistic experience taught him. The Fleet Street doctrine that the article which invites comment is the article that is worth while, was never long absent from Courtney's mind. He always consulted the press opinions, no less than his personal letter-box, to discover what authors attracted attention, and those were the authors to receive a second, and a third invitation. From an editor's, and a publisher's standpoint he was absolutely right; *The Fortnightly* flourished financially as well as reputably, under his command. It flourished particularly during the war, when its circulation reached a point unequalled in its earlier history. The military articles were particularly good, and the monthly survey of the campaign was sent overseas to thousands of young subalterns.

Those were good days for the reviews, in spite of the decline in advertisements. All the world seemed to be reading, and quite a large proportion was reading good material.

But in the meanwhile a curious change had come over *The Fortnightly Review*. In the organ which had originally set out as the champion of the signed article, many of the most influential essays now appeared under pseudonyms. To these brave spirits everything was possible, but not everything was expedient; and there were truths to be told by "Calchas," "Diplomaticus," "Auditor Tantum," "Augur" and the rest, which it was wiser to tell from behind a mask. "Calchas," in particular, was a prophet of such lambent sincerity that the continental bureaucrats were perpetually on tenter-hooks, as he traced the crescent power of Germany, and revealed without compromise the red hell to which all this mad militarism was bound to lead. In a way, in fact, the wheel had come full circle, and pseudonymity seemed once more the only wear for the man who would speak his mind.

VI

And so we reach the end of our survey, and arrive at the opening of a new epoch, rich in promise, and richer still, let us hope, in achievement. In its sixty-five years of honourable existence *The Fortnightly* has seen innumerable changes,—in manners, in conveniences, in tastes, and in ideals,—and something of every change remains reflected in its pages. It has seen the signed article take such a hold upon the public fancy that the bubbling spate of Sunday journalism now seethes with the signatures of "notable" people who cannot write, discoursing upon subjects of which they know nothing. It has seen the policy of the open arena extended to such a license that the most popular periodicals of the day are apparently void of programme, principle, or even probity. In this welter of ignoble personal revelations, it is salutary to recall the quiet, well-balanced phrases of John Morley. "There is something to be said for the writer by profession who without being an expert, will take trouble to work up his subject, to learn what is said and thought about it, to penetrate to the real points, to get the same mastery over it

as an advocate or a judge does over a patent case or a suit about rubrics and vestments." It is to this sort of opinion, whether expert or lay,—opinion sincere, honest, and well-founded—that *The Fortnightly Review* has always opened its doors, taking the new with the old, challenging all claims, yet never denying passage to any that is proved "worthy a wise man's consideration." To Truth, in whatever guise it comes, the old signal, "Pass, friend, all's well," has served the purpose of sane journalism indifferently well in the past. The same challenge, and the same recognition, should be an equally safe provision for the future.

GREY DRIFT

BY E. P. FEWSTER

Wind and sun and shadow of clouds,
And a great grey drift of sea.
A far hill under a rainy dawn,
Calling to me.

Grief and memories of old songs,
And a great grey drift of years.
A far voice calling my aching heart,
Abrim with tears.

DOSTOEVSKY AND A RUSSIAN MINX

BY E. H. CARR

DOSTOEVSKY, as every Russian schoolboy knows, spent nearly ten years in Siberia for having belonged to a revolutionary secret society. Four years of this period were spent in the convict prison at Omsk, and the remainder at Semipalatinsk in enforced military service. During the latter part of the term he married the widow of a minor official who was apparently as unfaithful to him as she had been to her previous husband. She returned with him to Petersburg at the end of 1859; but a few months later she was stricken down with consumption and for the remaining four years of her life was a chronic invalid. It did not take Dostoevsky long to console himself. The heroine of his romance, and of this article, was a university student of advanced opinions, Apollinaria (or Polina for short) Suslova. The veil drawn by Dostoevsky's official biographers over this episode in his life has been lifted bit by bit since the revolution, and a volume has just been published in Leningrad containing a whole collection of documents relating to Suslova. The gem of the collection is a diary kept by the lady between August, 1863, and November, 1865.

Suslova was born about 1840 on a country estate. Her father must have been a most remarkable man; a common serf, he saved or earned enough to purchase his liberty, went into business in Moscow and gave his two daughters a more than creditable education. Polina discussed Hegel and J. S. Mill with her lovers and published several short stories. Her younger sister, after dabbling in literature, went to study medicine at Zurich and, towards the end of the sixties, became famous as the first woman doctor to qualify and practise in Russia.

The returned political convict was doubtless a romantic figure in the eyes of the youthful radicals of the day; it is said that Polina made his acquaintance by the well-worn device of writing him a letter of sympathy expressing admiration of his character

and writings. In the autumn of 1861 the journal of which Dostoevsky and his brother were the editors published her first story; and unkind critics have said that the story is so bad that the fact of its publication constitutes evidence of the editor's more than literary interest in its author. This is a question of taste; so far as we know the liaison did not begin until the following autumn or winter. Polina was then in her 23rd year and Dostoevsky in his 42nd. It was—or so she made him believe—her first adventure.

During its first few months, the affair has no recorded history. But in the spring of 1863, Suslova was off to Paris, leaving her lover to follow at his leisure. Detained by the affairs of his journal or perhaps by the difficulty of obtaining a passport (for as a political suspect he was still under the "secret supervision" of the police), Dostoevsky did not leave Petersburg till the middle of August. The delay was fatal; when he reached Paris, or perhaps before, he learnt that his mistress had transferred her affections.

It is at this point that the extant fragment of Suslova's diary begins. It was a critical moment in her career. She was now the mistress of a Spaniard named Salvador; and for the first time (and perhaps for the last) she had allowed her lover to tire of her before she had tired of him. On the 27th August, Dostoevsky arrives in Paris and appears in her apartment. The scene is described by Polina in a manner which suggests a taste for melodrama:—

" 'I thought you would not come,' I said, 'since I wrote you that letter.'

'What letter?'

'Telling you not to come to Paris.'

'Why not?'

'Because it was too late.'

He let fall his head.

'I must know everything. Let us go somewhere, and tell me, or I shall die.' "

(They go together in a cab to Dostoevsky's lodging.)

"When we got into the room, he fell at my feet and clasping and pressing my knees burst out sobbing: 'I have lost you, I know it.' Calming himself he began to ask me who it was.

'Perhaps he is handsome, young, a good talker. But you will never find another heart like mine.'

For a long time I would not answer.

'You have given yourself to him completely?'

'Don't ask! It is not fair of you . . .'

I told him that I loved this man very much.

'You are happy?'

'No.'

'You are in love and not happy. How can that be?'

'He does not love me.'

'Does not love you,' he shouted, holding his head as if in despair. 'But you love him like a slave—tell me, I must know. You would go with him to the end of the world?'

'No,' I replied, 'I shall go into the country,' and burst into tears.' "

The scene ends with a proposal from Dostoevsky that they shall go to Italy together "as brother and sister." —

In the meanwhile, Dostoevsky's successful rival becomes more and more embarrassed by his too-devoted mistress. He fails to appear at a rendezvous, and, when this hint is not taken, hits on a device which suggests that he too has been a student of melodrama. A friend writes a note to say that Salvador is suffering from typhus and cannot be seen. Polina is in despair, but is consoled by the faithful Dostoevsky, who tells her that "in this climate and with Parisian doctors it is not dangerous." In the present case it evidently was not, for two days later Polina meets Salvador in the Rue de la Sorbonne. The conversation was short and constrained. She went home and had a fit of hysterics, after which, as she frankly records, "she felt wonderfully well." At seven o'clock next morning she went to fetch Dostoevsky.

Dostoevsky dealt with the situation with a degree of toleration and outspokenness which disarms criticism:—

"Fyodor said that it was no use taking notice of the whole affair; I had, of course, besmirched myself, but that was an incidental. Salvador was a young man who needed a mistress, I had come on the scene and he had seized the opportunity. Why not? A pretty woman satisfies all tastes."

The upshot was the departure of Dostoevsky and Polina on the

"brother-and-sister" expedition which took them first to Baden-Baden and then to Italy. At Baden-Baden, the diary records the following scene (Sept. 6th):—

"At 10 o'clock we were drinking tea. I was tired that day and when I had finished I lay on the bed and asked Fyodor to come and sit closer to me. I felt comfortable. I took his hand and for a long time held it in mine . . .

"I said I had been unjust and cruel to him in Paris, that I had seemed to think only of myself, but that I had really thought of him too, though I had said nothing for fear of hurting his feelings. All at once he got up to go away, but stumbled on my shoes which were lying by the bed, and then hurriedly turned round and sat down.

'Where were you going?' I asked.

'To shut the window.'

'Then shut it if you want to.'

'No, it doesn't matter. You don't know what happened to me just now,' he said with a strange expression.

'What?' I looked at his face which was quite distraught.

'I wanted to kiss your foot.'

'What for?' I said much embarrassed and almost alarmed, drawing up my feet.

'I wanted to, and made up my mind that I would . . .'

Thinking to undress and go to sleep, I asked him whether the maid was coming to clear away the tea. He said she was not. Then he looked at me in such a way that I felt uncomfortable; I told him so.

'I feel uncomfortable too,' he answered with a strange smile.

I hid my face in the pillow. Then I asked him again whether the maid would come and again he answered no.

'Then go to your room,' I said, 'I want to sleep . . .'

He did not bolt his door and soon came into the room again on the pretext of shutting my window. He came up to me and urged me to get undressed.

'Yes, I will get undressed,' I said making as if I was only waiting for him to go.

He went out, came back again on some excuse, and then finally went out and latched the door.

Today he mentioned last night and said he was drunk. He

then said he supposed it was disagreeable for me when he tormented me like that. I answered that it was nothing to me, but avoided any discussion of the subject, so as neither to give him any hopes nor yet make him quite hopeless. He said that I had a very mischievous smile, that I no doubt thought him stupid and that he was conscious of his own stupidity, but that it was unconscious" (sic).

Three weeks later in Rome (Sept. 29th) there is a similar scene, followed by an explanation:—

"'There is one real cause of all this,' he began emphatically . . . 'a cause which disgusts me—our friend from the Peninsula.'

This unexpected reference disturbed me.

'You still hope,' he went on . . .

'I have no hopes,' I said after a minute's reflexion; 'there is nothing for me to hope.'

'That means nothing; your reason may reject all expectations, but that does not prevent your hoping.'

He expected a retort, but I made none; I felt the justice of his words."

There follow two passages, the first of which suggests that Polina was no mean psychologist, and the second that Dostoevsky himself was, in practice, no psychologist at all:—

"There was something frightening and sweetly painful about these references to S. How unaccountable is everything that has passed between me and S! What a mass of contradictions."

"Fyodor made a joke of it and, as he went away, said it was humiliating for him to leave me like that. (It was one o'clock in the morning and I was lying undressed in bed.)"

After seeing Rome and Naples, the pair retraced their way northwards and parted at Turin. Dostoevsky borrowed 300 roubles from Petersburg (on the security of an unwritten novel) in order to pay his way home. He gambled it away in Homburg at roulette and wrote to Polina, now safely back in Paris, for more. Lack of generosity is not a Russian fault; Polina's first idea was to pawn her watch and chain; but she eventually borrowed the money to send to him from friends in Paris. This benefaction may have alleviated her pangs of conscience, which she records in a previous entry, at "having been unable to recompense him in any way" for all he had done for her.

After Polina's return to Paris, the interest of the diary slackens; we have, as it were, lost the clue.—She moves in a half-literary, half-bohemian and wholly cosmopolitan world, living for the most part in small pensions; and it is not always easy to determine her precise relations with "the Valach", "the Georgian", "the planter" or "the doctor"—for she rarely mentions the names of the gentlemen whose hand-squeezings and competitive endearments relieved an otherwise—if we may judge from the diary—empty existence. There was also "the Englishman", whom she asked about J. S. Mill; by an easy, if obscure, transition the conversation passed on to the theme of love, and the Englishman gallantly offered to state his views on that question in a year's time. The delay puzzled Polina, unused to Anglo-Saxon deliberation. "In a year's time," he explained, "I hope to speak French better." The conversation ended inconclusively. "I was curious to know what he would do after that," writes Polina, "but up to the present nothing has happened." Probably nothing did happen, for "the Englishman" does not re-appear in the diary.

"But all the same," concludes this entry, "I love Salvador"—her last pathetic reference to the Spaniard whom she loved too well because he did not love her well enough. The rest, Dostoevsky included, were only playthings or conveniences.

But the diary is not entirely confined to amatory experiences. She met Bakunin the anarchist, who pleased her and uttered this aphorism:—

"Without faith nothing can be done; but faith often kills. What is offered to heaven, is taken away from earth."

In another vein is a thumbnail sketch of an Englishwoman living in the same pension, which for English readers will have the vividness of familiarity:—

"Yesterday I happened to say that they were going to give me a divan as soon as one of the boarders left. She at once perked up. 'Who is leaving? When?' I could not satisfy her curiosity. Then suddenly she began to tell me with horror that Miss Siward had a lover (that is surely Miss Siward's affair, not ours).—'But she spends the night out'—continued the Englishwoman with horror. 'Well, what about it? We aren't bosom

friends. If Miss S. were my own sister, I should scarcely speak to her about it. She isn't a child and probably knows what she doing . . . ' The Englishwoman wants to move to another house where there are only old men and old women; there at any rate morality will be observed. There, there won't be any lovers or mistresses. But why blame Miss Siward? She, like the rest, won't have a lover when she grows old. The Englishwoman is still hesitating because the other house is stuffy and dirty; so she has got to choose between morality and comfort."

Polina's lover, or principal lover, at this time was a doctor to whom she curiously gives the German designation *Leibmedik* (body physician). Their precise relations are left decently obscure; but in other matters, as the following entry relating to another doctor (at Montpellier) shews, she leaves little to the imagination:—

"A few days ago, I had an operation . . . I wept and sobbed. The doctor was both embarrassed and touched. He began to console me and almost kissed my hands, and I, I think, embraced him. I soon became quiet . . .; while he was consoling me he took me by the hands and leaned over me so close to my face that I became embarrassed and turned away . . .

"He said, as he packed up his instruments, that after this operation I could, if I married, have children. I said that that did not console me in the least. 'Why?' he asked; 'all women want to have children.' 'Because I should not know how to bring them up.'"

In August, 1865, Polina was once more with Dostoevsky in Wiesbaden; but an unfortunate gap of three months in the diary leaves this meeting unchronicled. She was soon back in Paris playing with the *Leibmedik* the same game which she had played with Dostoevsky on their Italian trip two years before; the repeated scenes of alternate provocation and repulsion, punctuated by tears and moral reflections, ended with a decision to leave Paris for good.

She went back to Russia. Dostoevsky, now eighteen months a widower, offers her—probably not for the first time—his hand and heart. "If you marry," he adds with untimely intuition, "on the third day you will begin to hate your husband and abandon him." She refuses once more. "You cannot forgive

me," he answers, "because you once gave yourself to me, and you are taking your revenge for that."

Here this strange record ends. Back in Russia, it was unnecessary and perhaps dangerous to keep a diary.

* * *

Dangerous, for Polina had been a nihilist in her student days in Petersburg, and during her life abroad she had consorted with the bohemians of Paris, Russian and other, whose political opinions were as unorthodox as their manner of life. She fell under the suspicious vigilance of the Russian police, and in June, 1866, all her papers were seized and sent to headquarters for inspection. Somebody, it appears, had laid information against her for distributing revolutionary pamphlets. The storm blew over and she was left at liberty. Two years later she gave further proof of her vigour and independence by opening a village school somewhere in the government of Vladimir—a curious enterprise for one who had boasted that, if she had children, she would not know how to bring them up. After a few months, the police again intervened, and the school was closed. Of Polina's personal life during those years we know nothing at all.

The long last act in the queer drama of her life began in 1880 when, at the age of forty, she married a young philosophy student of twenty-five named Rozanov. It was then a few months before Dostoevsky's death. By a strange coincidence, or a train of causation credible only in Russia, the young husband of his ex-mistress became one of Dostoevsky's most famous disciples and exponents. Rozanov was the real founder of the school of criticism which discovered in the great novelist's life and work a profound mystical significance, and elevated Dostoevsky into a great religious teacher—the school which found its most brilliant representative in Merejkovsky and the last but not least of its disciples in Mr. Middleton Murry. Directly or indirectly, the whole school derives its inspiration from Rozanov, Polina Suslova's husband.

They lived together, unhappily, for six years. Each afterwards accused the other of infidelities, and probably both had cause; we hear of a young Jewish bookseller, her husband's agent, who was made to play the rôle of Joseph to her Potiphar's wife. But it was Polina, with her wonderful gift for putting the man in the

wrong, who left him, not he her; and four years later her fascination for him was still such that he begged her to return to him. Her reply (it is his version of the story) was curt and bitter: "Thousands of people are in your position and do not whine; men are not dogs."

It was Polina who kept the whip-hand to the end. Abandoning all hope of reconciliation with her, Rozanov had entered into an irregular union with another woman who bore him several children. In 1902 he sent a friend to his wife, then living in comparative luxury at Sebastopol, to beg for a divorce. The still vigorous old lady of 62 refused point-blank and—we are assured—with every expression of hatred and malice; she would not budge an inch in order to enable her husband to regularise his relations with her younger rival.

The former nihilist lived through the European war in an odour of patriotic fervour; but when it was suggested to her that she might read some of the writings of her equally patriotic husband, the old spirit flashed up once more in the implacable old lady: "Do you expect me to read that insincere, pompous, mercenary man?" They died about the same time, soon after the revolution, still united by the fetters of legal wedlock.

DRUNK ON CONRAD

BY ELEANOR PALFFY.

IN the ballroom there was much rustling to and fro. It came under the heading of a very special occasion, for three different powerful ladies—noted for three separate, “interesting” lines—had combined to invite the guests. A banker’s wife of international renown, a lovely intellectual, and the richest patroness of the organised charities and Community Chest Drives. It was in her house they were meeting. The gold chairs could scarcely hold the accumulated weight of importance. There was a distinct sprinkling of white heads and dull blue evening dresses.

The ballroom was very large even for a Fifth Avenue palace. The very beautiful, very old Spanish tapestries—it was a “Peninsular” house, and a patio with a fountain had been let in to the middle of the steel structure—were dry cleaned and duly disinfected; the primitifs were varnished.

The hostess rose to her feet. Her platform manner, born of years of Y.M.C.A. training, was excellent. Her velvet dress was draped in a long disguising tunic. Her stays were a monument of artistic achievement. She spoke easily and well in a full throaty voice. (The lessons from the same woman who had trained John Barrymore to forget Broadway and be a great Hamlet had been money well spent.) The heavy pearls in her right hand swung to and fro to punctuate her pauses. Her nails and teeth glittered.

“And so we are more than proud and glad to welcome in our midst that greatest master of the English language, that finest teller of tales, that incarnation of the spirit of youth and adventure who has never before spoken in America”—the pearls gave a long triumphant seesaw—“Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour to present to you—Mr. Joseph Conrad!”

She sat down rewarded for the long hours before the mirror. ^{her} right foot should have been advanced just as she had thought the velvet dress was being pinned up in the Rue de la Paix.

It showed off the drapery to advantage, and besides her balance was better that way. Some people are naturally left-footed. She was proud to think she was not.

The clapping was intense.

Everyone leaned forward eagerly, for everyone appreciated a personality. They batted on personalities. Throughout the city quantities of women did nothing but hurry from lecture hall to concert hall to savour each new and visiting one.

“My dear, did you know that Mr. Chesterton’s voice was high and squeaky, and that he is so very fat? He must be a very funny man, for he made a joke out of it. What was it? Oh, he said you’d as soon expect a mountain to bring forth a mouse as G.K.C. that high falsetto squeak. I did not know that he had a K in the middle of his name. You did? Oh! Mr. Walpole, on the other hand, has a mellow, Oxfordian tone. Yes, you can hardly understand what he says, though he’s not to be compared to Mr. Powys. For articulation that is. Still, though you have to learn to understand him like a foreign language, John Cowper Powys must have *something*. They do say that it is personal magnetism, for you can hardly get a seat in Carnegie Hall, even up in the nigger heaven, those Tuesday mornings that he talks. What does he lecture on? Love, my dear, nothing but love. I think it is such an absorbing topic, don’t you? ‘What can I say to you of love, my dear ladies,’ he sort of implores, waving his robe about. (Yes, he always wears his graduating dress. He is a Don? What’s that? Oh!) ‘You who know so much more about love than I could ever dream of.’ Somehow I don’t believe that’s quite true. Then he gets on to the Russians. ‘Those ravishers of the soul,’ he calls them. It doesn’t sound quite proper, does it, but I suppose it’s all right. Once he got started on French painters. I always thought that Watteau blue was pretty much like Alice blue, but he says not. He says it’s ‘as blue as the ribands that fall from the girdle of Aphrodite.’ I don’t know how he knows, nor just what shade that is, do you? As for Mr. Lloyd George, I did not think the introducers were very tactful with him that evening he spoke at the Metropolitan Opera House. The speaker said we were all happily familiar from childhood with the character of Welshmen, thanks to the nursery rhyme . . . ‘Taffy

was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief.' I thought Mr. Lloyd George looked quite uncomfortable, but maybe I was wrong"

Under the blare of electric lights hanging from the chandelier (that remote Renaissance which only had to light its dawning splendour's somewhat smoky torches) a man with a beard stood on the raised dias. He had the hunted look of a hare caught and about to be strangled by a poacher. His breath came in gasps, his voice shook. He hadn't had the advantage of a Y.M.C.A. training.

"Only to please my publisher to whom I am indebted by years of kindness and consideration. Never speak in public—hope you will excuse me—will read just a few pages from *Victory*—special request."

Of course, *Victory* was his great novel. Had something to do with a coward, didn't it? It was hard to remember the story, the sentences were so confused. Still, it would be nice to hear a few pages. There was a lot about the sea, and it was sure to be romantic. Quite a change from so much psychoanalysis, and rather restful. Beautiful English that had often been compared to the Bible. The gilt chairs creaked into acquiescence like pews during the lessons.

The halting voice swallowed twice, and he began abruptly, clutching the book "It was in the Gulf of Mexico that I first met Ricardo. On a ship. An extremely small and extremely dirty little schooner with an unspeakable cuddy. The circumstances struck me as sinister. It seemed somehow not right that he should go on interminably talking, not exactly to me, or even at me (he would not look up but kept his eyes fixed on the deck), more as if communing in a low voice with his familiar devil. Then there was the death of the Spanish gentleman" the phrase trailed on.

Little by little the ballroom with the hygienic tapestries and cleaned primitifs slipped away. The mist of sea-blue horizons blotted out even the presiding figure in the straight-backed Spanish leather chair with her alarming slant of concentrated attention. The halting voice took on the power and assurance of its vision, as one by one Conrad brought before us there those characters that had combined to make the warp and woof of

his dream. Lena in the café in the south of France that was scarcely out of the tropics, her dark head bent over her violin. Schomberg with his psychology of a Teuton. And Mr. Jones stretched at first all alone amid the loud buzzing of flies in the heat on three hotel chairs in the Island of St. Thomas in the West Indies, and after, rising offended to walk out of the picture to eventually meet the Swede Heyst, whose universal detachment and infernal mistrust of life led to such a tragic finale.

It was thus that travelling to and fro over a period of years Conrad, the master observer and assimilator, had met them and passed on, only to bring them forth from the corners of his memory in one of the great tales of the world. The sentences rocked and broke like the sea that had inspired and penetrated them. An hour passed. And then another thirty minutes. He was with Lena now on that island which was a submerged mountain, the indolent volcano smoking on the northern horizon like the glow from Heyst's cigar, or the flash of fire in her mysterious eyes. A few tired business men had slipped on the points of their toes to lean in the stone doorways, muttering something about getting a cigarette, but they did not quite leave the ballroom. After all, this was the greatest writer of the English language, or almost (some people put Joyce first, but they were obscene), of his day, they kept reminding themselves. What a pity, though, that his pronunciation was so bad. For Conrad, who spoke French without any accent, and who had foregone writing in that language because he found the Anglo-Saxon rhythm a so much richer instrument for what he had to say, spoke English with a guttural Polish twist. Good came out ringingly as "gut," and blood as "blut," which fitted in curiously with the complex beauties of his phrases. As though Beethoven were to come before you and play the Symphonies a little out of tune.

The ladies in blue were moving their shoulders where the gilt cane chairs made patterns in the fat of their backs, and were wondering uneasily if he was not a Jew (so many came out of Galicia and Galicia was surely in Poland) or was he after all a Boche? They caught themselves up. No, of course, that was nonsense; he was an Englishman, though perhaps a recently naturalised one like Lord Mountbatten. That sweet young Lady

Mountbatten, she was so pretty and had such a lissome figure. Just the thing for sweaters. If one exercised every morning and did not eat potatoes—their thoughts wandered. Would the man never stop?

The grand story moved on.

He had been talking now for nearly two hours and a half. The gold chairs were creaking with a vengeance, but to those hearers who were lost to reality as the tale took living colour and shape and form under this new intimate telling, time was not. They sat there absorbed, oblivious of a ballroom filled with fidgety people too elderly to have read Conrad, until—as the story crashed to its end and Lena's breast—that swelling breast of a dazzling and as it were sacred whiteness—had taken the bullet and she fell back "fatigued only by the exertions of her tremendous Victory, capturing the very sting of death in the service of love," Conrad's voice broke.

Nor was he alone, for it was like a great illumination, a culmination, a coming suddenly into a realisation of what such a story, lived first, then dreamed, then written, and finally told by such a man—a man who had followed the sea, who had followed romance, who had followed words—could mean. A fulfilment of literature in its true relation to life. A palpitating vision of one who had eyes to see and ears to hear, and who gave you gratis—casually almost—the substance of his dream, but whom the telling of it so stirred that he forgot all external things, time or the desires of others, and reliving to please his publisher that tremendous experience, was moved to sudden tears. Conrad, and all who had followed him there, drunk on Conrad.

As the last words died out there was not even a moment's silence. The butler, mindful of his mistress's admonitions to see that there were no tiresome interims, had fulfilled his orders faithfully. The organ burst triumphantly into "Shuffle Along."

BALLADE OF PAIN

BY OLIVE CHANDLER

Why are we caught and pent
Deep in your damned, dark cell?
Cruelly you torment:
Hark to the prison bell!
Worn to a living shell,
Why are we slowly slain?
Death is your sentinel,
Pain of the World, O Pain.

Violent, virulent
Hate without parallel,
Why are the innocent
Anguishing, who can tell?
Adam it was who fell:
Why should we clank his chain?
Slaves whom you curse and quell,
Pain of the World, O Pain.

Brutalised, bitter, spent
Under your evil spell,
Beauty is transient,
Racked in your citadel,
Heroes alone excel.
Roses from wrung hearts rain
Lilies and asphodel,
Pain of the World, O Pain.

L'ENVOI

Roses from racks—ah well!
Cruelty's crimson stain.
You are a fiend from Hell,
Pain of the world, O Pain.

A TRUCE WITH TIME

For J.A.

BY MARY STELLA EDWARDS

Go warily on this enchanted ground,
 Where the young Spring has lit his earliest fires,
 And the first primrose, born without desires,
 Gazes round-eyed upon the world begun;
 Here let no whisper break the web of sound
 Spun by the stream, whose loveliness retires
 From ardours of the unaccustomed sun.
 Here lovers walk that have no need of vows,
 In quiet where no rudest wind may shake
 The tender twigs, and flowers just awake;
 The crystal air has folded like a charm
 The delicate amber of these laughing boughs,
 Where happy buds their winter sheaths forsake,
 And still for joy, forget their late alarm.
 These are young trees that quiver, poised for flight,
 As scorning earth that claims them to the last;
 Yet in this spell they stand for ever fast,
 And you beside them; motionless as they,
 Silent and watchful, one with their delight,
 That knows no future and disowns the past,
 Dreaming in beauty and unending day.
 Oh stay, for here the Spring will never pass;
 These leaves, though hung above the brink of death,
 Will never rot with those dank leaves beneath;
 This silver never stain to Autumn's gold,
 Or round-eyed flowers cease to star the grass;
 Or we, with cold indrawing of startled breath,
 Wake to the shiver of this love grown old.
 So shall I see you, poised on the stream's verge,
 As though you too from quickening soil had sprung;
 While years revolve, and later seasons sung
 Leave us so quiet, forgotten and alone,
 Beaten in vain by time's destroying surge,
 Tranced in first gazing and for ever young,
 That earth may even forget to claim her own.

MISS NASEBY'S LIFE.

BY FLORIDA PIER.

MR. Richard Naseby had crossed over from London at great inconvenience to himself. He was a busy man and he did not like breaking into his routine in this way, but a letter from his sister Harriet had made him feel that not only was she quite possibly in a predicament, but that the probability of her money being in danger was even greater. Harriet was a competent woman in many ways, very like their able father, Johnathan Naseby, but money was a fragile thing apt to attract to itself all sorts of dangerous, wasting diseases, and it was his concern for Harriet's money that had brought him on this hurried visit to Paris.

He drew up at the address she had given him, and after he had rung the bell he stood fuming at the impressiveness of the door that was about to open. He had expected to find Harriet comfortably installed, she had all her life been that; but in an advantageously priced flat, a small house even if she preferred, her income could cover any sort of reasonable preference: but this—Mr. Naseby's eyes went from window to window, each curtained with that secret formality that indicates a rich interior, and bending his head back uncomfortably, a neck that is very plump bends badly—his eyes climbed the front of the house until, congested and dizzy, he saw that the house had four stories, all that ornate stone work at the top might conceal a fifth, nothing was more obvious than that Harriet was in the sort of house Parisians called a hotel. He was so impressed with its size that he saw his sister's money as something very small and weak whose peril made it a wise move for him to have come.

The door finally opened and disclosed an interior so suavely blending panelled walls, parquet floors, delicately patterned brocades, and a strict placing of fine metals, mirrors, and porcelaines, that Mr. Naseby closed his lips as tightly as though he had bitten them off, and advanced into the drawing room where he met his sister with no indulgent eye.

Harriet rose from where she had been seated at a desk. Her brother did not notice that the desk was a fine example of a fine period, but he sharply observed that she had been employed with her cheque book, and that his arrival had mercifully interrupted her activities. "How are you Richard?" she said, "What brought you over?" She held out a stiff white hand which he took. Anyone else might have been struck by her heavy white mask of a face, and even been distressed by how little work time or life had done on it, so that it was both massive and rudimentary, justifying any beholder in feeling it to be high time that some plan was at least indicated on it if not actually outlined, and yet with the fleshy spaces so oppressively blank one felt concern for whoever it might be that would eventually undertake its marking. Her brother naturally felt none of this. It merely passed through his mind that Harriet looked capable of managing anything, and was, as he had always thought, remarkably like their late father.

They both sat, and when he had announced that it was a slow, uncomfortable thing crossing the Channel, his sister made no comment, though she remarked when silence seemed to be settling down between them, "Your coming is a surprise."

"I don't know why it should be, after your letter," retorted Mr. Naseby, and as she said nothing he added, "asking me to reinvest your money so that you would get a larger income!" Mr. Naseby breathed heavily, and he seemed somehow like a child's bank that had been stuffed and stuffed with pennies until its eyes had begun to protrude and its windpipe was perhaps uncomfortably jammed with a threepenny bit, so that it would almost have seemed a kindness to have tapped Mr. Naseby till money ran from him. But this was not at all the way in which Mr. Naseby saw himself. As head of the Naseby family he saw himself being bled, and the fact that it was his sister who was threatening the family fortune brought no change into her face or prevented her asking, "Well, couldn't you reinvest it?"

"Good God, Harriet!" Mr. Naseby rolled his eye at her, then looked at the fire, then continuing to look at it said, "What do you live in a house this size for, anyway?"

Miss Naseby glanced at the rings on her fingers but with no

flicker of interest. Nor was she interested in her reply, she just let it come out, "I told you in my last letter."

"You told me you were taking care of a young sculptor, but you didn't tell me that you, a single woman, were living in a house big enough for a family!" Mr. Naseby's eyes went up to the ceiling as though he was aware of the rooms and rooms that ceiling upheld and had no sympathy whatever with any strain the ceiling might be under.

"But my sculptor has a family," Miss Naseby explained with her lifeless calm.

"A family! Here?" Mr. Naseby screwed round in his chair to look at her more directly. "You don't mean you have the fellow living in the same house with you!" His sister inclined her head gravely. "But is that all right? Does it look all right to these Parisians?" Mr. Naseby gave a jerk of his head as though a little group of Parisians were huddled together just outside staring, and making up their minds as to how it did look.

Miss Naseby dropped her heavy lids which drew down blinds effectively on any indiscretion that might have seemed to have shown. "He is here with his wife and his—two children," she hesitated a little over the word two. "They have the two top floors, and I have the two bottom ones."

Two floors each did not seem so bad, yet if that fellow lived here, and had his family with him, it showed the extent to which his sister was being fleeced. How could anyone be such a fool as to let anyone else be so successfully sharp? A sculptor! Mr. Naseby did not know much about sculpting, had no idea how it was done, but in his eye he saw clearly a keen-eyed fellow with a sculpting tool like a very big knife cutting and slicing his way to where he naturally wanted to be. After this momentary vision Mr. Naseby felt there was not much that he had to be told in the matter of sculpting. His anger rose and burst from him—"I shouldn't have thought," he said, "It's a surprise to me that a sculptor needs all this!" And Mr. Naseby's eyes widened until you might have thought they were trying to take in the size of the statues that needed such dimensions to house them.

"Richard," Miss Naseby looked at her brother and the heaviness of her countenance was such that it oppressed even

him, "it is desirable that you should know how seriously I take this. For a long time it has been a very pressing matter with me as to what I could do with my life. As I travelled I kept seeking a use for my time, my money. I wanted to use my life so that it would be of benefit to others." Again Miss Naseby's eyes caught those of her brother and the weight of Miss Naseby's need of counting was so unleavened, so granitelike in composition, that her brother took the merest darting glance at it, then looked away again. "I've tried to exert a good influence with my money, but it's very difficult. I never can feel quite sure that it does not do harm. When I began to lose faith in the missions I thought perhaps my life had been a failure, and then I knew I must make another attempt to employ it usefully. It was just at this time I heard of Julian, and he was so young, so talented and improvident, that I saw that Art was a field I had not thought of." Mr. Naseby was so little accustomed to anyone speaking at such length, and in such a tenor, that he moved uncomfortably in his chair, but Miss Naseby again cast her eye upon him and Mr. Naseby quieted down. "You have probably never considered Art, Richard?" Mr. Naseby had not, there was no use in denying it, it held him very still. "Art in its great periods," continued Miss Naseby immutably, "was patronized by Princes, Art needs patronage. I am not sure that it is not the sphere where money does least harm and most good, so it is to Art that I am giving my life."

A silence followed this announcement and Mr. Naseby's eyes went ceilingward, but furtively as though he trusted he did not disturb his sister's life by letting them do so. "But—but why does it cost such a lot?" This much he had to say.

Miss Naseby was quite willing to explain. "Julian is a genius. That is admitted. But he needs to be known. I am planning an exhibition of his work in London and New York, perhaps afterwards in Chicago and San Francisco. Bronze casting is expensive, transport, advertising, it all costs. I had hoped to do it last year, but I have had to wait. Quite unaccountably Julian is going through an unproductive period." Miss Naseby brushed lightly at an invisible speck on her gown as though there were few things that a flick of her finger could not put right.

"Unproductive, eh?" Mr. Naseby gave a single quick nod to his head.

"For that reason I have taken this house that Julian might feel about him the liberating influence of wealth and beauty. I am showing him what life can do for him. I want his Art to feel the absolute sense of security that only money brings." Miss Naseby came to a full stop. Her silence implied that to have stated her plans was to have disclosed their monumental solidity and that one did not comment on their weight, but in silence took it in.

Mr. Naseby took it in, or took in Harriet until, as one fearing paralysis moves to be sure they still can, he rose suddenly to his feet. "I—I must be going along," he said, though he did not say where to, whether right back across the channel, or just outside for a breath of air. His sister's large blankness of expression remaining unchanged. She perhaps thought as she had demonstrated her need of an increased income her brother would naturally "go along" to achieve it the more quickly.

She glanced up at a small enamelled clock that with dulcet elegance was striking the hour. "You may go up and see Julian if you would care to. I have arranged that he is always ready at this hour to mingle with the world. Unfortunately I cannot come with you. I have an appointment with one of the big dealers. She rose and locked her desk.

Mr. Naseby was relieved to see that she locked her cheque book inside. It relaxed him enough to let him ask—"Doesn't your—your sculptor—your Julian, see his own dealers?"

"He knows nothing of business," answered Miss Naseby, drawing the key from the lock. "Go straight up the staircase and the studio lies before you on the third floor." Miss Naseby gave the directions, rang a bell, and as a servant entered Mr. Naseby felt himself all unhabitually overridden, squeezed out, ousted from the room and his disapproving attitude, until there was nothing for it but a lame mounting of the stairs. He bore with him the conviction that he did not know what to think, and the conviction that his sister was undeniably a very dominant woman; having had it driven home roused him to something very like revolt.

If the house diminished slightly in impressiveness as he went

higher, it did it very little. It continued to look like the interior of a severely elaborate jewel box. Its ceilings, floors and walls equally sharing in careful arrangement and all uniting in their discreet mission to make themselves subservient to the jewels who were privileged to roll along the corridors and richly ascend and descend the stairs. Mr. Naseby felt disturbed. His own solid English home gave him no such sense as this. He was as disgruntled as any serviceable button might have been, stamped with a good trade name, but still metal and utilitarian, on finding itself in so precious a casket. Mr. Naseby, with each step he mounted felt less a Naseby and more a natural man, and by the time he had reached the third floor he was wondering how that sculptor chap liked living here, and willing to bet a good deal it wasn't much.

A door did lie just ahead of him and there was a hubbub of voices going on behind it. It was obvious that his first knock was not heard. Mr. Naseby hated the idea of going in among all these people and yet there was, after his talk with Harriet, something excitingly rowdy about the speed and key in which they were talking. After knocking for the third time Mr. Naseby thought, but was not sure, that some of the voices he heard said, "Come in." Anyway he opened the door. To his surprise only two people were before him. A strong muscular young man who struggled frantically into a morning coat and then pulled himself violently out of it, and a young woman in what Mr. Naseby thought might be a chemise, though perhaps it was more. She kept trying to brush the morning coat, but as it was always half on or half off she seemed to accomplish very little. They were either both furiously angry or else they were just talking. Mr. Naseby felt quite unequal to saying which, but their distraught condition was so evident that he had entered, closed the door behind him, and stood absorbed in watching them, before they were aware of his presence.

When they did see him they gazed like two children interrupted while crying, who looked at him because he was there, but who had every intention of going on crying from the exact spot at which they had stopped. "Something bothering you?" said Mr. Naseby to the four brown eyes.

It released both the young people. The young man flung

the morning coat from him, the young woman caught it and began brushing it, and they both began talking at once. Mr. Naseby did his utmost to take in what both were saying, and he managed to the extent of understanding that the young man was explaining—"Rose says there is clay on my hands and that I must wash, but she never told me to wash, she told me to dress, and I did dress, and now I will have to undress. This is the absolute end of everything." He flung himself on a wooden platform and ran his hands through his hair.

While he had been saying this, Rose had been saying with equal vehemence—"Of course I meant he was to wash before he dressed, I tell him every day, and I thought he understood. What is the use of brushing him when he has not washed the clay off himself, and it gets all over this horrible black coat. It will not come off. I do my best, but I keep crying and that makes spots!"

Mr. Naseby listened to these two outbursts and his concern so melted him that he forgot the young man. He forgot that he must be the sculptor who was living on Naseby money, he even forgot that the young woman was wearing an appealingly lovely garment, and wearing it all unconsciously, and he only remembered that he had never seen anyone cry before with wide opened eyes and face undistorted. He watched this girl who contrived to work busily and with a most touching reasonableness while the tears rolled like little round diamonds down her firm cheeks.

Both the young people seemed so occupied, she with her brushing, and he with his despair, that Mr. Naseby began to feel shy, and by way of drawing attention to himself, and of getting a little nearer to them in the only way he knew how, he said tentatively—"My name is Naseby."

The young man sprang to his feet and caught Mr. Naseby by the arm. "You are her brother!" he said accusingly. Mr. Naseby nodded his head. It had never before been incriminating to be a Naseby. The young man appealed to his wife. "Now everything is simple," he said, "I will tell him, and then I will go."

The wife hugged the coat to her, her eyes bigger than ever. Again they spoke simultaneously, the words bursting from her

in a torrent of distress. "You cannot tell a woman's brother that you cannot stand her another minute. Think what you are doing! He is of her family! You have not wanted to hurt her and now you are hurting all her connections. You are mad, Julian, think!"

The young man inundated her with his words—"He is her brother, he will know how I feel, he has lived with her. There is no other man in the world to whom I could speak. I can thank him, I can explain, and then I can go."

Mr. Naseby looked from one to the other. No one was trying to impress him, no one was even paying any especial attention to him, which was so unusual as to be disarming. This young couple had taken possession of him in the simplest possible way. Their unhappiness seemed to indicate to them somehow that he was the very person who would understand everything. While he glanced doubtfully and sympathetically at them he was approached by the young wife. Having finished brushing the morning coat and apparently feeling cold she had slipped her arms into it, and now looked more droll than ever. She raised her face to his and confided in the most gentle and intimate way—"Julian is much distraught, you must not think he is always like this, but Miss Naseby has just made him take a big dose of medicine, and what can you expect? He is most miserable." She rolled her great eyes towards Julian, and Mr. Naseby had not the least idea in the world what he ought to do with his. All the Nasebys were dominant but it was clear that Harriet was going too far.

"No one has a right—" he murmured and could go no further.

"It is not a question of Julian's rights," she said, "Miss Naseby is devoting her life to him, and he has no rights."

Julian looked up. "I ask you—" he demanded, "is it possible to lead the life of someone else? Is it to be supported? How am I to endure it?"

Mr. Naseby was drawn down to the models stand by Rose's appealing hands, and there they sat, a tight little trio, Mr. Naseby in the middle. "He cannot work, you see," she explained, "it is that that is so bad."

"But how could one work," Julian asked, "is it conceivable

that anyone could work in a state like mine? She arranges everything for me, she has boxed me up in this house, she tells me when to work and when to dress myself to receive people, and when I tell her I can do nothing, she—Ah, but this too frightful!" Mr. Naseby was not sure whether he referred to any explicit interference of his sister's, or to the degree of her combined interferences.

Rose sat shaking her head miserably, "He would run away, but you see Miss Naseby saved his life and that makes everything very difficult."

"Saved his life did she?" Mr. Naseby had not known.

Rose continued to explain. "He was so ill he was very nearly dead. We had no money for doctors, for nothing at all. The son of Miss Naseby's French teacher had the studio next to ours. Julian had just won the prize for his figure of Love, that was me. Miss Naseby heard of us by her teacher. She came. She had Julian taken to a so good hospital. He did not die just because of her. You imagine what we feel!" She nodded at Mr. Naseby and Mr. Naseby nodded at her.

Then Julian on the other side claimed his attention, "But because she did not let me die, have I got to let her kill me now? I ask you, is that what I must do?" Mr. Naseby had only time to look his distress because Rose on the other side explained further—"She takes us so seriously. Julian is Art she says, she is devoting her life to Art, but that really means she is devoting her life to Jul—"

"Don't say life again!" exclaimed Julian, "I can't stand it! Before I met Miss Naseby I was not sure what the word life meant, but at least it was so big it took in the universe. Now 'Life' is nothing but the awful emptiness of Miss Naseby herself!"

"Julian! You musn't, her brother!"

"Is it not because he is her brother that alone in him can I confide?" These two sentences came like sharp explosions in Mr. Naseby's right and left ear. "She keeps saying to me what she needs to do with her 'life', until now it seems to me to say 'my life', and to mean yourself is indecent, shocking! I am now at the end of two years so shocked when she speaks of her 'life', that I think I shall go mad!" He buried his face in his

hands, and Mr. Naseby with all honesty felt that the Nasebys were in the wrong.

Rose, her hand on his sleeve and tears again in her eyes, looked laden with woe for Julian, yet not unmindful of what proper feelings were if only one could feel them. "It is not that he is ungrateful," she murmured, "but if he had known it was to be so, he wishes he had died."

Mr. Naseby did want to put in just one word for Naseby money. It had never been so disregarded before and it hardly seemed right. "The comfort—the—the luxury—" he stammered, wondering why all value had gone from words he had always uttered with such unction, "doesn't it mean anything to you?" He rapped this last out more surely, for hang it all, no one could tell him that money was not money. There was no answer to his demand so he looked from one to the other, and on each side of him was a figure so limp, so woebegonely uninterested in money, that Mr. Naseby had to believe his eyes. Rose wriggled one foot and gazing down at it said disconsolately—"The food's been nice."

Mr. Naseby cheered up a little. The solid things he had trusted all his life had dispersed to nothingness in the presence of these young people, and it solaced him that Rose had at least enjoyed the food.

"Poor food agrees with me much better," came savagely from Julian. Rose and Mr. Naseby glanced at him and glanced away. A silence fell upon them. Mr. Naseby sat thinking of the house, the big, perfect house. He thought of his sister down stairs, no longer as one who needed protection, but instead she loomed in his mind as portentous, ominous. He remembered that as he left the room a servant had brought her outdoor things, so she had gone out to see her dealer. The coast was clear. Mr. Naseby felt this thought boom with awful daring through his mind. It made his eyes open very wide so that as he looked at the young people sitting close to him they saw him expand with an idea and they watched him fixedly.

"Why don't you run away! Now!" he asked.

"Run away?" Rose echoed.

"From Miss Naseby?" gasped Julian.

Mr. Naseby nodded "yes" to them both.

"You will let us?" Julian clasped his arm.

"How can I stop you?" queried the bewildered gentleman.

"But if you say it is right that we go then it cannot be wrong! You are her brother. You permit it. You make me clear with myself?" Julian's conception of the rôle of a brother baffled Mr. Naseby somewhat, but he did very much feel like opening the door for these two if their honour prevented their opening it for themselves.

"She is out of the house this very minute," he said.

They both rose and looked wildly about. "You think we should just—just fly?" Julian asked. They both hung on his words.

"Well, is there any other way?" said Mr. Naseby, "Talking won't help. You don't want to explain do you?"

"No, no, no talking, do not for anything make me talk!" Julian took hurried but uncertain steps first in one direction then in another, then he stood still.

"Where shall we go?" asked Rose.

"Yes, where shall we go?" demanded Julian.

"Where would you like to go?" asked Mr. Naseby.

"Right back to the studio where I was before. I will go right back there and start again!"

"Yes," Rose agreed, "that will be best." They gazed at each other, on tiptoe to leave, uncertain how one began leaving.

"What had we better take?" Julian asked his wife. "My bronzes! I must have my casts! How is that possible?"

Mr. Naseby rose to reassure him, "I will try to arrange that with my sister. Just take anything you can carry. The main thing is that you get away."

Rose eyed Mr. Naseby. "But this will be dreadful for you!" she exclaimed. "How ever will you do it? Should I stay so that I can comfort you, or Miss Naseby, or if she wants to scold anybody, should I stay for that?" Mr. Naseby melted the more at such a gentle offer of service. He stood speechless, she stepped close to his side, and together they represented hostage for Julian.

He in his turn had dashed about the studio and now, having a collection of sketches under his arm and his pockets full of tools he was ready to say good-bye. His wife rushed out and returned with an overcoat which she hung over his arm.

Quivering with speed they all three looked at each other, hardly sure they dared take time to say more. "I go," said Julian.

"I will follow soon," said Rose, "in an hour, when I can."

Then a great apprehension came into Julian's eyes, "The children!" he said.

"Oh!" breathed Rose, and she seemed to fade with despair, then she rallied. "Them too I bring." She turned in a spirit of reasonable protest to Mr. Naseby. "I did not want to have those children, though I did not know they would be twins, but Miss Naseby—she said the Renaissance had been so fecund, it was the best atmosphere for Julian. I seemed to be helping so little, I—but now you see it is most inconvenient!"

Julian, at this reminder, flung down his bundle of sketches crying—"A woman who has never been in love is immodest. I have been outraged!"

"No, no," his wife soothed him, "all will be well, you will see, wait—wait." She hurried to a table, pulled open a drawer and taking out a tiny purse gave it to her husband. "You will need it for the taxi," she said, "now go."

"You will not tell Miss Naseby where I am?" Julian insisted.

"No, no, she shall never know, only go!"

He opened the door, they all listened, the house was silent. He started down the stairs and they strained their ears till they heard the soft sound of the outer door closing.

They tiptoed back to the studio and shut themselves in that they might sigh with relief. "Your husband got away all right," breathed Mr. Naseby heavily.

"He got away, but he is not my husband. Miss Naseby thought we were married and we did not like to tell her we were not, and since we have been here, we have never been alone long enough to go and get married. Such a pity!" She gave Mr. Naseby no time to express surprise as she did not know he would have any to express, but went on—"I will get myself ready and I will get the children ready and then I will wait beside you for the worst!" She patted his shoulder to bid him rely on her, and Mr. Naseby, completely dazed, was only aware that if Rose helped him through the next hour as he was sure she would, he in turn would help her to any extent she permitted.

Out in the street Julian was running blindly. When he had

put three blocks between himself and Miss Naseby's house he stopped and, panting for breath, looked about him. A taxi approaching he hailed it and tumbled in. "Never," he thought, "never will I see that good, dreadful woman again. She can never find me. I am absolutely free. I am safe for ever!" He sat on the edge of his seat, unable to relax, peering from side to side as once across the river his eye caught glimpses of places he knew. Now he sat even further forward out of delight and alertness. Every turn reassured him. As the taxi swung round corners and took the turnings he knew it must and should take, it gave him a sense of physical satisfaction as though each turn took him deeper in, made him safer, carried him to the very heart of a labyrinth in which nothing could ever find him and above all from which nothing could ever drag him out.

He leapt from the taxi impatient of paying, so anxious was he to reach the concierge to discover if the little studio at the top was vacant. He tore open the door into the dark stuffy room and on hearing his name spoken, his voice broke with joy, "I am here," he exclaimed, "I have returned. Tell me quickly, can I have my old room?"

The woman blinked, she nodded 'no,' she touched his arm to make him see she was nodding 'yes.' "The next one to it," she reiterated, "the difference between them is nothing. Go, go and see, you will be content!"

He fled up the stairs and when she had waited for him to return and he did not, she made her way slowly up to see what could be the matter. She found him, his coat lying on the floor, pinning sketches on the wall, and one sketch of a foot affecting him as unsatisfactory, he was absorbed in changing it as she entered. He looked up, then went on with his work.

"You will be very well here, will you not?" she said, looking at the bare walls as though they afforded every comfort.

"I shall need wire netting!" he announced tersely and went on with his drawing.

"Heavens! But why?" she asked.

"For my children. This is the studio with the balcony. I cannot have my children falling through the bars!"

The concierge screamed at him—"You cannot have children here!"

Julian's stocky figure stiffened. "I will have my wife, and my two children, and I will not leave this studio for you, or for the President of the Republic, or for all the Saints in Heaven!"

She protested, she insisted, she had never been flouted in all the years of her life as concierge, but there was that in Julian that frightened her. Her wits were addled by his passion, her throat was hurt by the passing of her unheeded words. At last, muttering, vanquished, planning to revenge her ignominy on someone else less tempestuous she left him alone.

When she had gone, Julian laid out his tools on the window ledge and raked out the stove. Then, borrowing a brush from the painter next door who knew him and welcomed him and offered him a chair as well as the floor brush, he swept the room and soon had all the dust flying over the balcony edge, and with a final tap of the brush on the railing and a burst of song, Julian was established and ready for Rose.

He was about to await her on their happily borrowed chair, when he heard a step on the stair. He listened. It came on slowly, too slowly to be the step of Rose. His heart flagged, a little cold wave swept over his flesh. The step was accompanied by the rustle of silk and a slight sound of laboured breathing. He stood immovable in the centre of the room. The door open, he knew in all his alert nerves what figure would presently confront him in the doorway. He closed his eyes just as he knew he was about to see it. Then, opening them slowly, he first saw the floor, then on the door sill he saw the correctly shod feet of Miss Naseby, then the hem of her skirt. In an agony of unwillingness his gaze rose until it was directed straight at the white mask confronting him.

Her eyes were glazed with bewildered frustration, her mouth a little relaxed in uncertainty, yet a leaden determination hardened the dull white of her face. Julian's glance fell for a moment under it, his small stalwart body gave a twitch like that of a nervous horse, and then he stood motionless.

Miss Naseby advanced into the room. "Julian, what does this mean?" she asked in deep, outraged tones. She came to within a few feet of him and her towering presence had its effect. Again his eyes fell and this time they did not rise. "Answer me Julian, are you mad that you act in this way?" There was no

answer to her question. "Do you realize that I have just arranged for the exhibition of your work in New York?"

Julian remained immovable, his eyes down, his fists clenched at his side, nerves in his cheek giving slight nervous tremors. Miss Naseby's voice gained in volume and rolled out sonorously—"Is all this nothing to you? Does the security, the advancement, the liberation I have offered you mean nothing?"

"Don't!" Julian's cry checked Miss Naseby's speech and she looked like a child so startled that it stiffens and cannot cry. "I can't come back," cried Julian gazing down at the floor, and shaking his head to convince the very boards in the flooring. "You shouldn't have come here, I've left you, run away. I can't take anything you give me. It's not the slightest use your telling me these things—"

Miss Naseby put out a hand to steady herself, found the back of the solitary chair and slowly sank into it. She remained there, monument like. Julian stood beside her, his eyes held wildly by a single spot on the floor. A long shuddering gasp ran through her. In a lifeless voice she said—"But I've offered you luxury, social prestige, fame!"

Julian made no move, as though he were deaf or had been rendered more vibrantly silent by her words. She gazed at him. Minutes seemed to pass. The situation was to each so flagrant that nothing could express it. Then the silence, the uselessness of words brought to Miss Naseby a sense of disintegration so profound that for her everything crumbled and fell apart.

"So my money can do no good after all—my life must be useless, pointless—"

Julian glanced sharply at her, and down the expanse of her cheeks tears were falling. Her hands folded with dignity on her ample lap, her breast rose and fell in painful, silent sobs. "This is unbearable," cried Julian, and wrung his hands in an agony of distress. He shut his eyes tightly and gave a fling to his head as though to throw off from his sight the recollection of Miss Naseby's blank suffering.

"If you won't let me help you—" she went on in her dumb voice, "what am I to do with my life?"

"Don't, don't!" pleaded Julian, lacerated by this face more heartrending in its numbness than all the tortured expressions

his sculptor's eye had studied. "Surely," he said, "surely you have sinned enough at some time to give you some little arrow of understanding—"

"Sinned—" echoed Miss Naseby, and her chin trembled.

"Don't you see," cried Julian leaning towards her, his clasped hands beseeching her to some sort of comprehension—"women like you forego everything when they are young, you don't love so you don't know what lies beyond yourselves, you don't sin so you never learn understanding, you don't suffer so you never have a reverent oneness with others, and then—" his words emptied out of him—"when you are older you say what are you to do with your life. But your life isn't something you can use as though it were a hammer. Life is what comes to us if we let it—" Julian stopped, sobs choking him. He covered his face with his hands, and Miss Naseby sat in her chair inflexible, without sound or colour. Then little fissures of despair seemed to show in her face as though her solidity was breaking up, and a map of sorrow was appearing where before there had been nothing. She made a munching movement with her mouth, but no words came, then she gave a convulsive shudder of deep, integral distaste and relaxed in her chair.

Julian turned his back on her and going to the window stood rubbing his eyes, brushing back his hair, stroking from his sight and mind the violence of the emotion caused in him by the woman whose suffering was still a few feet from his back.

She rose so silently that he did not hear her. When she reached the door she spoke and he wheeled about, his face calmed with sympathy, "Good-bye, Julian," she said, her lips hardly moving, "I see now that it was you who were helping me, and I—I—" her voice trailed away and, looking at him for a long moment, her eyes asked him what there could be to say about vacuity such as hers.

He strode across the room and caught her hand, his eyes staring with a comprehension of her she did not have herself. He pressed kisses on her hand murmuring—"Thank you, thank you—"

Smiling wryly, she said—"It is I who thank you, Julian," and turning, started down the stair.

Inside the studio he listened as her heavy step went down, down, down.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

NEVER since the War has there been a juncture of affairs so full of interest and hope. One should try to sum up, not so much what has happened—for that is perhaps no very great thing as yet—but the implications of what has happened and is happening.

Take first a small matter—small in the sense that it is domestic. An impression has been produced that if a general election were held next week, Mr. Macdonald would come back to power with an independent majority. This may be true or not, but this much is certain. The Liberal Party dare not put the Labour Government out of office, on pain of extinguishing itself for ever beyond hope of revival. Every politician is aware of this; consequently, Mr. Macdonald can go to America and speak as confidently for England, as if he held his clear majority.

Much more significant is the fact that all England insisted that Mr. Macdonald should go to America. No matter what happened he could not afford to cancel that undertaking. The bare suggestion from him that he might be unable to go produced cries of protest so strong and so various in their origin that one may be permitted to wonder if the suggestion was not a kite sent up to gauge the wind. If that was the intention, it was a shrewd one.

But again, remark the implication. Labour's success has been gained, not inside England, but outside England. England's demand is that the English Government shall be mobile for international purposes: that it shall seek through international debate results that are in their very nature international. Domestic affairs are pushed back to a secondary place. Thus we observe that Mr. Snowden's political opponents, through fear of what his budget may have in pickle for themselves, have not stopped to ask if they are wise to strengthen him so greatly as they have done, thereby increasing the authority with which he can

demand—as he doubtless will demand—heavy tribute from long purses. All such prudences have been swept aside in a wave of popular enthusiasm. To judge by the news sheets, Mr. Snowden's struggle at The Hague was followed exactly as if he were Hobbs piling up runs in a Test Match at the Antipodes. The Hague is a long way off, much more estranged from England than any Australian cricket pitch, but it was an arena where Englishmen competed, and all the sporting spirit of England backed its champion. The public always wants a hero, and Mr. Snowden caught the public imagination. Now the public wants to see new victories on other international fields. It need not always be Hobbs, but they want to see the team win again. And we have come to this: If Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Snowden tell us that a result is a victory, the public will take their word for it.

The essentials in flying are engines and fuel, but the wind may make or mar your voyage. Prestige is as real as the wind force—when prestige means that people will trust you. If you have the real prestige, you can afford to disregard the sham one—which is the nebulous fear of “losing face.” To put it in concrete terms: Mr. Macdonald ought to be able to say to Mr. Hoover: “Circumstances forced us in the past to ensure supremacy at sea. We have changed those circumstances. To-day we are not looking for supremacy. Are you?”

Two months ago it would have been difficult for Mr. Macdonald to take such a line. Without prestige, he would have been driven to insist rigidly on ‘parity’—a term which doubtless the naval experts on each side have laboured to interpret in such a way as shall give to their side a winning margin of advantage in the case of conflict. One cannot expect the British Navy to give up *ex animo* Britannia's claim to rule the waves. Yet naval experts and military experts have not the right to decide policy, and the policy to which Mr. Macdonald has committed the country means that in all issues that may involve war, supremacy, whether on sea or land, shall be international and not national. We are a long way yet off attaining that object. But the real source of the Government's prestige is that they appear to be moving steadily towards it. Those who have thought clearly on these subjects influence to some extent the much larger number who do not think, but feel obscurely; and those who have thought

realise that the first step is to force America to define her attitude. For the new movement is directed towards putting military supremacy into commission, and thereby gradually ruling out private war between nation and nation, exactly as private war between chief and chief was ruled out in the past. This aim has been advertised rather specially as an American ideal, but in practice, America blocks the way—negatively, by her refusal to enter into any combination not only to keep peace but to enforce it; positively, by her ‘big Navy’ programme. This aims at having a fleet concentrated at every point equal to the British naval power which must of necessity be scattered—In other words, it means that ‘parity’ shall give America the decisive advantage.

There is now a chance of moving this obstacle when Mr. Macdonald goes to America. The English people desire that he shall, and apparently the American people do also. What will be the effect on public opinion if he brings back only disappointment and failure? Will the public opinion of America blame the Englishman, or will they criticise the Republican Party? For it has been already made plain beyond yea or nay that both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Macdonald actively desire a settlement, and it looks as if Mr. Hoover could tell his own people that failure to achieve it would be bad for the interest of that party which elected him, because even in America no party can afford to oppose reduction of armaments. Mr. Macdonald is entitled to press in debate that without assistance from America, Europe has arranged to liberate German soil from military occupation, and that England has been the prime mover to this result—which America applauds. England's offer to Egypt is another proof of the will to disarmament. It is time for America to give her proofs. What the British Prime Minister can urge upon Mr. Hoover will certainly be argued against the Republican Party if, being in power, it does not advance matters towards a general agreement on naval expenditure. The recent disclosure of heavy payments claimed from makers of armaments on account of ‘Big Navy’ propaganda makes it singularly difficult to plead simply that the Englishman, being an Englishman, must be in the wrong.

It is also true that there will be a disposition in America to assist Mr. Macdonald, as leader of the Labour Party, not simply

from a sentimental democratic partisanship, but because American opinion desires to strengthen the Right wing of Labour as against the Left and the Reds; and the average American takes the British Labour Government as an insurance against Bolshevism. All this makes it more probable that Mr. Macdonald will add to his Government's accumulating record a positive achievement in limiting war outlay. But the main reason to anticipate this success is that both in England and America people have recognised his strenuous and coherent will to results. The end is nothing new. All parties have wished to help in achieving security and disarmament. It has been widely recognised that armament does not mean security; quite the contrary. Yet it has not been easy to separate the two ideas; not easy to realise that nothing can be got without taking risks—and least of all, security. We all of us jeopardise ourselves unarmed in the streets; but there was a time when that took some courage. Mr. Macdonald and his colleagues have had more of this kind of courage than Mr. Baldwin's government. They are entitled to say to America: "We believe in this idea of progressive disarmament. Do you?"

* * *

Courage is contagious. At Geneva, Mr. Macdonald at once announced his resolution to sign the 'optional' clause of the Covenant, by which Great Britain joins the band of nations committed to accept arbitration in any dispute with any other signatory. France followed suit. M. Briand was very eloquent, and there is no doubt he spoke his true feeling. Equally there is no doubt he needed courage to accept the terms reached at The Hague, not so much in regard to money as in regard to evacuation. For France is still fearful of the future, and now, conscious of very great military strength, she is pledged to lay aside the right of appeal to it. It has been easier for M. Briand to move to this point, because the British Government was moving with him.

All these phenomena may be disregarded, discounted, or ridiculed; but the truth is that public opinion is building up a world policy: and nothing else can affect the public mind in comparison with any guarantee against war. A play like "Journey's End", written in England, a book like "All quiet on the Western Front", written in Germany, finds a response

in all nations; and as the years go on, the voice of protest grows more unrestrained in its challenge to the old system. Mr. Macdonald's Government is at least giving something more than fair words to a need that is felt without distinction of nation or of party. In a sense, no party in England dare oppose or even criticise what the Government is doing internationally.

* * *

There has, indeed, been criticism of the move in Egypt—where the issue was technically not international. For the essence of Mr. Macdonald's policy is that he accepts the principle of judicial arbitration, in its widest extension, and puts aside technical impediments to its working. In Egypt, previous governments have refused to allow that the League of Nations had a right of intervention. Mr. Henderson has decided, it seems, to give effect to such terms as a court of the League might probably have dictated. The provision made for the protection of the Canal will indeed require to be a kind to stand criticism, or the Government must be ready to face a charge of betraying imperial interests. But the critics who argued, for instance, that concessions in Egypt have produced revolt in Palestine need to show something more than mere assertion.

It is very possible that the Arab population may have decided to see how far they could go with the new administration at Westminster; but it needed no Egyptian precedent to set a ferment working. In Herr Ludwig's recent book of travel sketches, 'On Mediterranean Shores,' there is a notable chapter on Palestine. He writes; "Immigrants arrive in groups, for the most part, and are allotted some of the land which the central Zionist authority is continually buying. (6 per cent. of the land in Palestine is now Zionist, but scarcely half of this amount is cultivable). They receive also a trifle of money, some necessary implements and a little farming stock, . . . Tens of thousands of them have been poor unhappy folk, half enslaved; thousands of them (the German Jews in especial) have given up good positions and left comfortable homes to settle in Palestine What is going on all over the countryside, the quiet or persistent transformation of this ancient earth, is a finer spectacle to-day than it can possibly be ten years hence. To-day's is the work of pioneers."

Surely a moving spectacle it is to see the workings of an ideal which transforms prosperous Jews into poor tillers of the soil. But who supposes that the quiet transformation is to be limited to 6 per cent. of the once Promised Land? or that the Arabs can be indifferent to this miracle—for which, says Herr Ludwig, Jewry recognises a debt to England. "What Rothschild's million's could not achieve in a generation, England has made possible for the Jews by her policy." Whether one takes what has happened as an uprising of the Arabs against this Jewish penetration, or as a revolt against the power which made that peaceful invasion possible, nothing in the world could be more natural. It is reasonable for Englishmen to say that so likely a consequence should have been better guarded against; it is open to all the League powers from whom England holds her Mandate in Palestine to criticise severely her exercise of it. But there are two limitations on censure. First and chiefly, America refused, as a nation, in obedience to its conception of its own interests, to have hand, act or part in dealing with the problems left by a world war which it helped to wage. No responsibilities for it, no Mandates; prudence forbade. We cannot as human beings, be angry with the American Jews when they complain of what their fellows have suffered; but Americans as Americans should abstain from fault-finding.

The other limitation concerns English criticism. It involves an appreciation of values. From one stand-point, the first and chief duty of any English Government is to maintain intact the imperial heritage. In so far as is compatible with that duty, the English Government should act as a good member of the League of Nations. The other view is that for the future England's greatness will chiefly lie in her power to build up a new order, which by its very nature must limit her imperial character; and the latter view is plainly that on which Mr. Macdonald's Government is acting. Their justification on grounds of national interest is that the pursuit of national prestige leads to war—the other way to peace. Such is the repugnance to war that at present they are carrying the British public with them towards internationalism.

Yet it is argued that their action in proposing to withdraw the British garrison from the main Egyptian centres will lead to a

movement among all non-European people of the Empire against any form of British control; and that it has led to that result already in Palestine. Mr. Henderson has a strong case to make in answer. English military force is being used unsparingly in Palestine, and there is no protest from pacifists in England or outside. England, in Palestine, is the mandatory of the civilised world, and its force is virtually acting as an international police. The only complaint seriously raised is that England, being left in charge, did not maintain an adequate insurance against violence. In so far as England succeeds in her military task in Palestine, she gains prestige in the new order, whose object is to eliminate war.

Suppose on the other hand, an out-break had occurred in Egypt, and British troops had once more been used to quell it. Such action would be largely in the interests of international bondholders, but that would not have helped win the public opinion of civilised mankind. If, instead of needing to use British troops in Palestine, while the Hague Conference sat, Mr. Henderson had been one of a Government which set them shooting in Egypt, would it have been as possible for him to urge upon France a withdrawal of her armed grip on the Rhineland? Yet to the average Englishman, irrespective of party, France's decision to maintain that grip was an ugly, disquieting factor. The Englishman thought that France's behaviour was unsportsmanlike; that the fight was won, and people should shake hands and forget all about it. He could never see that M. Briand, and M. Poincaré, for example, could remember two invasions of France, and wanted security. The only way to induce France to give up her armed grip was to offer security of a new order. That could only be regarded as a serious offer if those who made it gave proof of good faith, and took risks to gain them. Those proofs have been given, and we possess the result. That is why, so far, the Labour Government get a support approaching to enthusiasm. It is felt that a step has been taken towards security and away from war.

The next step concerns America. So far, America has entered the new order to the extent of proposing and even of actually signing the Kellogg Pact—but with the limiting clauses. There are two views as to the next step. M. Briand proposes that we

Surely a moving spectacle it is to see the workings of an ideal which transforms prosperous Jews into poor tillers of the soil. But who supposes that the quiet transformation is to be limited to 6 per cent. of the once Promised Land? or that the Arabs can be indifferent to this miracle—for which, says Herr Ludwig, Jewry recognises a debt to England. "What Rothschild's million's could not achieve in a generation, England has made possible for the Jews by her policy." Whether one takes what has happened as an uprising of the Arabs against this Jewish penetration, or as a revolt against the power which made that peaceful invasion possible, nothing in the world could be more natural. It is reasonable for Englishmen to say that so likely a consequence should have been better guarded against; it is open to all the League powers from whom England holds her Mandate in Palestine to criticise severely her exercise of it. But there are two limitations on censure. First and chiefly, America refused, as a nation, in obedience to its conception of its own interests, to have hand, act or part in dealing with the problems left by a world war which it helped to wage. No responsibilities for it, no Mandates; prudence forbade. We cannot as human beings, be angry with the American Jews when they complain of what their fellows have suffered; but Americans as Americans should abstain from fault-finding.

The other limitation concerns English criticism. It involves an appreciation of values. From one stand-point, the first and chief duty of any English Government is to maintain intact the imperial heritage. In so far as is compatible with that duty, the English Government should act as a good member of the League of Nations. The other view is that for the future England's greatness will chiefly lie in her power to build up a new order, which by its very nature must limit her imperial character; and the latter view is plainly that on which Mr. Macdonald's Government is acting. Their justification on grounds of national interest is that the pursuit of national prestige leads to war—the other way to peace. Such is the repugnance to war that at present they are carrying the British public with them towards internationalism.

Yet it is argued that their action in proposing to withdraw British garrison from the main Egyptian centres will lead

movement among all non-European people of the Empire against any form of British control; and that it has led to that result already in Palestine. Mr. Henderson has a strong case to make in answer. English military force is being used unsparingly in Palestine, and there is no protest from pacifists in England or outside. England, in Palestine, is the mandatory of the civilised world, and its force is virtually acting as an international police. The only complaint seriously raised is that England, being left in charge, did not maintain an adequate insurance against violence. In so far as England succeeds in her military task in Palestine, she gains prestige in the new order, whose object is to eliminate war.

Suppose on the other hand, an out-break had occurred in Egypt, and British troops had once more been used to quell it. Such action would be largely in the interests of international bondholders, but that would not have helped win the public opinion of civilised mankind. If, instead of needing to use British troops in Palestine, while the Hague Conference sat, Mr. Henderson had been one of a Government which set them shooting in Egypt, would it have been as possible for him to urge upon France a withdrawal of her armed grip on the Rhineland? Yet to the average Englishman, irrespective of party, France's decision to maintain that grip was an ugly, disquieting factor. The Englishman thought that France's behaviour was unsportsmanlike; that the fight was won, and people should shake hands and forget all about it. He could never see that M. Briand, and M. Poincaré, for example, could remember two invasions of France, and wanted security. The only way to induce France to give up her armed grip was to offer security of a new order. That could only be regarded as a serious offer if those who made it gave proof of good faith, and took risks to gain them. Those proofs have been given, and we possess the result. That is why, so far, the Labour Government get a support approaching to enthusiasm. It is felt that a step has been taken towards security and away from war.

The next step concerns America. So far, America has entered the new order to the extent of proposing and even of actually signing the Kellogg Pact—but with the limiting clauses. There are two views as to the next step. M. Briand proposes that we

should address our thoughts to the forming of a United States of Europe—leaving America where she has chosen to be, outside the risks and obligations of the new order. Mr. Graham, however, one of the negotiators at The Hague, and not the least able and successful, points out that United Europe must be a Europe of free economic interchange; and that although England stands for free trade, she finds few to join her—the abolition of Tariffs does certainly seem very remote. So an attempt at our next step is proposed by Mr. Macdonald—and, according to his assurance, is already half-taken. This leads to the limitation of armament, and America is asked to join in making it. It is well to realise the position.

Leaving Russia out of the count we have two great powers which refuse to accept conscription, and replace that levy by military machinery. These are England and the United States. The machinery is chiefly naval, though England with her small professional army is heading for a type of mechanised land forces which may in time rival the cost of warships. We all know by bitter experience that there is no logical limit to the expenditure on a fleet—unless, indeed, there is a logical limit to human ingenuity. We also know, or ought to know, that whatever England decides to spend, America can afford to spend more. There are, therefore, only two ways. One is to make the United States of Europe a military combination against the menace of America, who refuses to combine in the new order. The other is to get America to lead the way in limitation of the purchase of military machinery,—which can for the present be simplified down to the purchase of warships. This is the task that Mr. Macdonald has hopefully undertaken, and in which every taxpayer must wish him 'Godspeed.' It is because he has imparted his hopefulness that the taxpaying public finds new ground to support him. Already he has apparently increased security. He may now decrease expenditure. There is the further hope that if these appearances are not deceptive, trade will improve and unemployment be relieved, by the indirect result of security.

All these things have followed because politicians or statesmen acted as if they had faith in the new order, to which all politicians and statesmen do lip-service. The result may be a shock.

For example, it would be idle to deny that what has been done in Egypt will strengthen the demand for autonomy in India; and the demand will be urged without considering whether the cases are identical. But there is no denying that the new order has gained in reality. No proceedings in Parliament since the war were followed with such interest as those at The Hague. Geneva has brought other figures into prominence, and in one shape or another a Parliament, not of Europe, but of all the States except the United States begins to come into sight. It is easy to heap scorn on the proceedings at Geneva, lobbyings and wire pullings which anticipate the result of debates. It is easy to heap exactly the same scorn on what passes at Westminster. Yet, in fact, parliament justifies its existence. There is, indeed, no such thing as a free vote when each man makes up independently his individual mind. But there are proposals which no cabinet at Westminster can carry in face of criticism. There is a limit to the discipline of supporters, more especially when a formidable case has been made on grounds either of honour or of humanity. Mere expediency does not shake votes in the same way. Over and above this, at Geneva and at Westminster men and groups meet face to face. It is probable that if Mr. Snowden had not come into personal contact with his opponents, the result would have been a breakdown. At all events, Europe knows something of Mr. Snowden. England, by reason of these debates knows something of M. Briand, Herr Stresemann, M. Jasper, and the rest in the way that it knows about its own parliamentary leaders. That is a new and valuable fact in the history of democracy—the country of which British Democracy knows least will soon, as things are going, be the United States.

All these things interlocking have tempted me to discussion at unusual length, and it has not seemed worth while to speculate whether the Egyptian Prime Minister will succeed in securing acceptance of the proposed settlement from some kind of Constitutional Assembly. The offer was made when all appearance of a Parliament in Egypt had been suspended, and Nahas, the Wafd leader, whom Mahomed replaced through an act of arbitrary power, declared that no appeal for peace would be listened to while the "usurper's claws are still deep in the country's neck." That is just how Mr. de Valera used to talk

about Mr. Cosgrave. Yet still the Treaty won in Ireland: I think it will in Egypt.

In China it remains uncertain whether the influence of a world wide dislike for war will prevail. Soviet forces appear to be attacking while China stands on the defensive—though half-heartedly—and hopes for help from the League. Unhappily, there is at present no instrument by which the new order can effectually help China, and no Tribunal to which it can carry its plea.

In Palestine the alleged cause of dispute shows the extraordinary difficulty of the British Mandate; for the feelings of Jews and Moslems, invoking sentiments that go back to the roots of two different religions, have to be impartially considered by the representatives of a Christian people. Combatants on both sides appear to be thoroughly imbibed with the spirit of the Old Testament; but that does not make them easier for Christian handling.

The most significant individual fact of the month is that before this article is published the evacuation of German territory will have begun; and one thing at least is sure. The British troops will have left a memory, which not even British tourists can utterly abolish and destroy. Meanwhile, German pride has found a genuine satisfaction in the Zeppelin's wonderful flight round the world. English Aviators scored their great triumph of speed, accomplishing over 320 miles an hour, and leaving far behind them their other competitors. But for ordinary people who hope some day to use the air for long distance flying, the airship's progress is more hopeful. Its risks are less formidable.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

A GREAT BIOGRAPHY.

BIOGRAPHY OF SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL, Stephen Edward Marjoribanks. *Victor Gollancz Ltd.* 25/-.

MR. MARJORIBANKS was confronted with some difficult problems in writing the life of Marshall Hall; and he has solved them with rare judgment and skill. Too many biographies (and especially, perhaps biographies of famous lawyers) are packed with "good stories", alleged witticisms, and club gossip. This book is free from that defect, though there is enough about the man himself to give a clear impression of that ardent, magnanimous, and courageous personality.

The life-story of some eminent men is the story of the social and political movements of their time, and the biographer finds ready to his hand an interesting setting for his subject in contemporary public affairs. But with these Marshall Hall had little concern. He was the merest amateur in politics, and not a very brilliant amateur; though, of course, effective enough on a platform. He was no scholar either in Literature or Law, and a somewhat vague belief in Palmistry and Spiritualism would seem to mark the limits of his progress in theological speculation. It is not as a statesman then, or as a thinker that he interests us, but partly because he was gifted with a rare and manly beauty both spiritual and physical, and, in addition to these qualities, with an understanding of humanity, of an intuitive kind, which brought him almost unequalled success as counsel for the defence in a long series of *causes célèbres*. His history, then, as his biographer has recognised, is largely a history of sensational criminal cases, most of which have already been fully reported and discussed in "Notable Trials" and other volumes. But it was necessary to give an outline of

these in order to show Marshall Hall in action, and to display his methods, and Mr. Marjoribanks has done this with a lucidity and power, which explain the success he himself has already attained in his own career. He makes these tragic trials thrilling enough for any lay reader, but at the same time he has analysed the legal and tactical problems confronting the defence with such skill that his book is quite a useful little treatise on advocacy, and full of admiration as he rightly professes to be of Marshall Hall's genius, he is not infected by what Macaulay termed the "lues Boswelliana", and his criticisms are shrewd and to the point. No doubt the great advocate's personality was the chief element in the almost magic influence he exercised over juries. The specimens of his rhetoric which are given us in this book seem much nearer claptrap than genuine oratory. The language is often commonplace, the pathos forced, the logic faulty. But then we do not hear the appealing voice, we do not see the handsome, animated face and flashing eye, we are not carried away by the superb acting. He, being what he was, could (to use stage slang) "get it across", and draw tears—yea, even from Judges,—by methods which, employed by lesser men, would have attracted ridicule. Another gift he had,—the gift of that sort of Faith which somebody has defined as "The ability to believe what we know to be untrue". It helped him, in convincing juries, to have first convinced himself, which he nearly always did, of the innocence of his clients. It is difficult, in some cases, to understand how he managed it: but Faith, theologians tell us, is an infused, supernatural virtue. "When a client briefed him" says Mr. Marjoribanks, "he did not merely buy the lawyer or even the advocate in Marshall Hall, but the whole man. He had the gift

of throwing the whole of his personality into the case: by the fire of his rhetoric he threw a cloak of romance and drama round the sorry figures in the dock, convincing the jury that he believed passionately in every word he said—and for the time he really did The advocate's tears are a frequent subject for ridicule, but, in Marshall's case, when they flowed, they were genuine enough. But he was fully aware of their effect upon the jury."

"Nascitur, non fit" we must say of this type of advocate and the newly-called had better not attempt an imitation. But Marshall Hall had other endowments than these, which every barrister should obviously try to acquire. He was intensely patient and persevering, and he made himself master of many branches of knowledge which (notably in the Seddon case) enabled him, in cross-examination, to get the better of a distinguished expert. If his knowledge of Law had even approached his other qualifications he would have been one of the greatest advocates of all time.

The introduction to this book, by Lord Birkenhead, is one of the most perfect little portraits ever drawn even by that gifted pen.

"Marshall Hall" he concludes, "was a giant among men; in heart as in stature."

SIR REGINALD MITCHELL-BANKS.

TU FU, The Autobiography of a Chinese Poet, 712-770. Arranged from his poems and translated by Florence Ayscough. Vol. I, 712-759. *Jonathan Cape*. 21/- net.

EARLY this year there appeared in America a book called 'Tu Fu, Wanderer and Minstrel under Moons of Cathay', by Edna Worthley Underwood and Chi Hwang Chu; and when Mrs. Ayscough's 'Tu Fu' was announced there was, I think, in some quarters a tendency to regard it as superfluous. It cannot therefore be too strongly emphasized that the Underwood 'Tu Fu' is an almost value-

less compilation, devoid of the necessary taste, scholarship and care; whereas the present work (to judge from the volume, which has now appeared) will rank as the most important monograph hitherto devoted to a single Chinese poet.

Mrs. Ayscough has realized that a Chinese poet's works cannot be understood without reference to the circumstances of his life and times. Therefore, having arranged the poems chronologically, she intersperses them with the necessary biographical and historical annotation. She has tried to cut down as far as possible the space devoted to this commentary, and in this respect has been too drastic, for she leaves unexplained (in text or glossary) a large number of vital allusions.

Mrs. Ayscough's aim—obviously the only one that can be pursued by a scholar who is not also a poet, is to treat the poems as documents and to give their sense without attempting to transpose into the English language the fact that they are poetry. Such a method is particularly well-adapted to the poetry of 'Tu Fu' which is autobiographic, sociological, satirical, but seldom purely lyric. Her task, apart from its linguistic aspects, has therefore been a comparatively easy one. Lines like 'Host's dwelling dark grotto; fine mist, vapour' must flow rapidly to the pen; but they falsify the original, because they give an impression that it is odd. Tu Fu's Chinese is not odd, any more than is Heine's German, which would appear quite as quaint as the above-quoted line if any one were misguided enough to translate his poem literally. Fortunately, Mrs. Ayscough is inconsistent and often forgets to remember not to put in her definite articles, prepositions and copulatives! But from any of her versions, whether telegraphic or expansive, more may be learned about the thoughts and feelings of ancient China than from any of the accomplished renderings into rhymed verse which have been supplied by Professor Giles and Mr. Fletcher.

BY ARTHUR WALEY.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

TRAVELS AND REFLECTIONS, by The Rt. Hon. Noel Buxton, M.P. *Allen and Unwin*. 10/-. *Illustrated*.

WANDERINGS AND EXCURSIONS, by James Ramsay Macdonald. *Cape: The Travellers' Library*. 3/6.

CRUSADER'S COAST, by Edward Thompson. *Benn*. 10/6. *Illustrated*.

THE distinctions which one makes between authors thrown together as these three are by the chance of simultaneous publication, are bound to be invidious. But putting this aside, if I were given my choice of travelling companions from these three Christians—there is, by the way, not a sign in any of them of that agnosticism which is the 'housemaid's knee' of travel—I should pick upon Mr. Buxton. Mr. Macdonald reveals more of his personality, and Mr. Thompson writes with greater distinction than either. But the former hurries through the world like a flying parson in pursuit of the Devil, picking up parables and texts at every terminus, and preaching as he goes. And the latter has the alarming diligence of the man who, on the whole, seems to prefer wild flowers to his fellow creatures.

Mr. Buxton has his prejudices. He rides into the Near East on his hobby horse, but once there, he dismounts from opinion, to observe. With the traveller's integral loyalty to travel for its own sake, he enjoys his enemies as well as his friends. In Bucarest, for instance, after a Turkish fanatic has made an attempt on his life, he has the curiosity to visit the would-be assassin in prison and has two amiable conversations with him. There is a consequent dignity and austerity in Mr. Buxton's sympathy for the Geek and Armenians which puts it utterly above suspicion of sentimentality.

A considerable portion of these travel memories deals with the Balkans and the Near East, and the period is usually well before the War. In those days the Orient Express, as it cuts its way towards Constantinople, took few Englishmen who were adventurous enough to explore those mountainous and desert hinterlands. Fact and fiction had seasoned that country with a lively flavour of brigandage; and to cross a frontier was an adventure. The arid cruelty of the Turkish domination which lay like a tragic mask upon the land, was balanced by the grotesque and sardonic humours of the administration. The world which Kinglake described had hardly changed. On such frontiers, an Albanian might be suspected of treason because he had imported a bicycle. One can envy Mr. Buxton his neat little triumph when, as a matter of experiment, he attempted to get an anti-Turkish pamphlet and the Koran through the customs, and the Turkish official admitted the pamphlet but declared the Koran to be seditious.

About the Kurds Mr. Buxton is very entertaining. He came upon them as he rode through the wild borderlands of Turkey and Persia, a warlike minority bullying Turk and Christian alike and incidentally robbing Mr. Buxton's party, in spite of its 'official' protection. He spent the night in one of the squalid Kurdish subterranean villages where the chief landlord "vehemently urged upon us Kurdish wives". The price would be high, but the ladies would be of noble blood, like himself. An interlude in Japan and a chapter on the magnificence of the Balkan scene in which Mr. Buxton cracks the names of great rivers and gorges over his tongue with some of the true traveller's exultation, make a pleasant break in

memories which with the old Turkish empire for setting, are frequently harrowing.

Mr. Macdonald's essays, collected from various publications, also cover a wide area, from Lossiemouth to the Indies, and he takes his politics with him. On the track of Rob Roy, in the Grampians, in Palestine, or the mountains above Lombardy, he lets you know that his knapsack holds political cares as well as bread and cheese, and the excitement in the Highland air has something of a fierce by-election about it. When a river floods it rushes like a mob with a Union Jack at its head at a pacifist meeting. Nature is an orator who "drives us first of all in upon ourselves by her baffling gloomy periods of cloud and wet, and then with consummate art she changes her key, and behold, we are riding, like the worm that has turned, madly and gaily upon her smiles in pursuit of the retreating storm."

His book now appears in The Travellers' Library and is likely to foster that cult of the open road which has meant much in the past to the Socialist movement. At 53, Mr. Macdonald could do his thirty miles a day, which was five miles better than Gladstone. But I doubt if "Wanderings and Excursions" will go into many knapsacks. Its denunciations, sentiment and enthusiasms belong to the oratorical journalism, which is at its best when it is read or almost heard, hot from the Press.

Finally Mr. Thompson. He has written a book whose roots are in the War in Palestine, but whose spirit is detached from it by the conquering serenity of memory. There are some brief encounters: sharp fighting in gullies filled with all the wild flowers of an English spring, massacres and starvation in the holy places. There are some of the humours of warfare. What has become of the execrable Tommy who, superstitiously, would throw 'dud' grenades over his left shoulder, to the disgust of the men behind him? And

there is that pitiful picture of the villagers whom the Turks had left to starve, so that they were glad to pick up the bacon-salt the troops threw away, and the undigested grains out of the dung in the streets. But the war is the least important part of Mr. Thompson's book—though I suspect the most interesting. His main interest is to follow patiently and reverently the valleys and the contours of the hills, evoking at every viewpoint, some scene of the Christian story. It is faithfully done, more faithfully perhaps, because he is describing something that is rapidly changing. The Turks and ourselves began cutting down the forests in the war and the axe is continuing its work. There is the unforgettable scene below Jerusalem:

"I remember the groves of fig and olive in Kedron's upper cleft, where ~~Athena's~~ owls sat in gloomy sunlight or flitted into shadow of the rock tombs. There lies Olivet with its dense growth of thistles, the golden and the larger purple, its yellow flax and rest harrow, its borrag and in autumn its grace of tender lilies Neither can words convey—no, not even dimly or afar off—the effect of the full, living moon rising from the desert, over the hills of Moab."

There is one excellent chapter which shows Mr. Thompson in action and gives his narrative skill its chance. It is the account of an expedition made into the fantastic Dog River caves of Lebanon which wound over a thousand yards under the earth and whose source has never been discovered. You float over the ripples and rapids on a raft of petrol tins in caverns that are like roaring cathedrals. You swing on to stalactites and wade perilously on sunken shelves, waist deep. This is well worth reading. There must be scores of books on Palestine, but few ~~one~~ would care to take with one to the country. Mr. Thompson's book, is undoubtedly one of the dignified few and it would probably read better on the spot.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

SOME SPANISH-AMERICAN POETS, translated by Alice Stone Blackwell. With an introduction and notes by Isaac Goldberg, Ph.D. D. Appleton and Co., New York and London. 12/6.

"SPANISH-AMERICAN poetry," says Miss Blackwell, "is like a large garden, full of flowers of every kind and colour," and this awakens the old regret that it is a garden into which our countrymen never stray. They leave it entirely to excursionists from the United States.

This valuable work is one more instance of the intelligent and discriminating study which that people gives to South American subjects. It consists of a large number of poems from authors of nineteen Republics, which have been gracefully rendered into verse by Miss Blackwell. The object appears to be to include mainly modern poets. Olmedo, who next to the great Ruben Dario may perhaps be reckoned as the best of the band, is only represented by one piece, and there is only a single sample given of Ecuador, which, though small and backward, has been the mother of many good poets. Similarly, the Venezuelan—Chilean Bello—appears but once. Both Olmedo and Bello were born long before the War of Liberation.

The Modernista Movement, led by Dario of Nicaragua, cannot be discussed in the space at our disposal. It began with the publication of *Azul* in 1888. Inspired originally by French lyrists, it is now definitely South American; as the Continents can absorb all settlers, so they can absorb all literary models, and there were good and distinctive poets long before the movement.

More than that of most nations, South American poetry is influenced by the scenery of the land whence it springs. The Andes occur repeatedly—

"Oh, how I miss you, mountains of my home,"

cries a Colombian poet. Jose Santos Chocano, a great and living Peruvian, says:—

"O'er a whole continent the Andes run,
Braiding their mighty knots in shining air.
A horror like to Dante's thrills us there."

This and the passion love are the main themes. Almost every Spanish-American is restlessly seeking new images to deck out his lady therewith. A Mexican bard writes:—

"As the beauty seeks a mirror,
So the soul with anxious care
Seeks another soul beloved,
Mild and gentle, dear and fair."

Their models are not all French or Spanish; many of these writers, notably Rafael Pombo, the Colombian, were diligent students of English literature. We find here echoes of Herrick, Lovelace, Shelley, and many others.

Mr. Goldburg, a competent authority, points out the love of the land which distinguishes this literature. Bello, "applying the method of Vergil's Georgics to his descriptions of his native landscape," sang of Continental unity, as did Olmedo, the panegyrist of the great Bolivar. Dario and Chocano, nearly a hundred years later, did the same. The forests, the mountains, the great rivers, the eagles, the savannas, all give them inspiration.

No immigrant literature has ever achieved such greatness as the sweet Spanish tongue—*Más dulce el habla castellana*—transplanted to a land where Nature is tremendous, and practised by a people "of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit."

W. A. HIRST.

KING GEORGE V., by Sir George Arthur. *Cape*. 10/-.

It is the test of complete success for a constitutional monarch whether a contemporary biography of him be possible. In the degree in which his personal share in the government can be discerned and disengaged by a biographer, he has technically failed. Now King George has so succeeded that he simply cannot be written about until there is made available a vast mass of documents which will remain confidential for at least another thirty years. All that a contemporary can usefully do is to note the paradox of an industry exceeding that of almost any politician, but used in hardly anything which can safely be attributed to it alone; of an influence exercised continuously, but one that is very rarely admissible.

But Sir George Arthur, however, is so far from being daunted by difficulties that he does not so much as suspect their existence. He is informed in all everybody may know; he is respectful and, on occasion, enthusiastic, without being in the least a chatterer; he never offends against good taste; and his book is of its sort probably as meritorious as any could be. But what must the effect of such a book be on those who muse over the picture he has provided? He shows us a kindly, conscientious, hard-working gentleman, who is a good shot and collects stamps in the scant leisure allowed by public duties. Are readers to suppose that is all they would see if enabled to watch the King's work year in, year out?

Might not a very different kind of writer offer us with some plausibility the picture of a monarch who, not less by his fortunate limitations than by talent for the special task, fills his constitutional position so exactly and easily as not to arouse our wonder at any man being able to fill it? Might not such a writer, greatly daring, throw out the suggestion that as there is a virtuosity of the First Fiddle, so also there may be a virtuosity of affecting every part

without evidently playing any of one's own. He might even hazard the comment that there is a kind of wit, unconscious though it be, in passing gravely from the cares of Empire to the stamp-album. Certainly, from his point of view, right or wrong, he could well defend King George against the criticism, heard only from the most loyal, that he has not always asserted himself enough; for self-assertion, with however strong a reason, would be a lapse in this sort of ruling by the acquiescence that slightly modifies that to which it consents.

But even if Sir George Arthur were the sort of writer to deal in subtleties, such a book would be unlikely to please the general public; and if the public's not to have on paper the sort of King it has been taught to believe it has, who can hope to console it by assurance that it has the greatest expert in ruling as a strictly constitutional monarch that has ever sat on the British throne? T. EARLE WELBY.

AN EXPERT IN THE SERVICE OF THE SOVIET—M. J. Larsons. *Ernest Benn*. 10/6 net.

THE qualifications required of the foreign expert in the service of the Soviet Government are many and peculiar. He must learn to tolerate the intrusion of politics into matters which, to a western mind, seem purely technical; he must have patience to endure the easy-going fatalism of Russian administrative methods, and iron nerves to withstand the atmosphere of suspicion and espionage which envelops the "expert." Mr. Larsons, formerly a Russian of German or Baltic origin and now (it would appear) an Estonian citizen, seems for a limited period to have stood the test well; and his dispassionate account of the three years (1923-5) during which he served in the Soviet Currency Administration should not be overlooked in the welter of superficial and sensational books on Soviet Russia which continue to pour from the press. It is full of interesting, first-hand material. J. V. L.

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A GERMAN DEFENCE

DIE AUSWARTIGE POLITIK DES DEUTSCHEN REICHS, 1871-1914. Herausgegeben vom Institut für Auswärtige Politik in Hamburg.

In the unregenerate days of the old diplomacy it was customary in the preambles to treaties of peace to say, in diplomatic language, that bygones were to be regarded as bygones on the conditions laid down in the articles to follow. The Treaty of Versailles departed from this wholesome tradition, by forcing the vanquished nation to make confession of its "war-guilt." The consequences might have been foreseen. Nothing in the treaty has excited deeper or more lasting resentment among the German people, by whom the confession—as exacted *vi et metu*—is regarded as null, and whose protests against it have been voiced in innumerable speeches and publications, varying in tone from vulgar abuse to dignified appeals to the judgment of history.

One good effect, however, this luckless article has had. The German Government decided to publish the archives of the Foreign Office, without any reservations whatever, in the hope that other Governments would do the same, and that thus the judgment of history might be obtained without, as in times past, waiting a hundred years or so before historians could obtain access to their materials. The work was begun in 1919, under the joint direction of Professor Alfred Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Dr. Johannes Lipsius and Dr. Friedrich Thimme, and the publication of the great collection of documents, under the title *Die Grosse Politik der Europäischen Kabinette, 1871-1914*, begun in 1922, was completed in forty volumes by 1926. Of its avowed objects one at least has been attained; for the British, French and Italian Governments decided to follow the German example, and the first volumes of the English collection have already appeared.

Even before the completion of *Die Grosse Politik* it had been decided that the collection was too comprehensive to serve its wider purpose of public instruction, and that an abridged edition should be prepared. The result is the four volumes under review, prepared under the editorship of Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and issued with the authorization of the German Government. These volumes are, however, more than a mere abridgment. In view of the decision of other Governments to follow the German example it was decided, in the selection of documents, to give special prominence to the conduct of German foreign policy only, and for this purpose to give preference to documents emanating from the Chancellors, the Secretaries of State and their assistants in the Foreign Office, and to the dispatches of German diplomatists abroad, insofar as these helped to determine policy. All important documents falling under these categories are given in full, together with the marginal comments of the Kaiser and others, when these have any practical import. Less important documents, and those which are too comprehensive to be included in full (e.g. those concerning the Bagdad Railway question) are dealt with in footnotes or in the short editorial introductions to particular documents or groups of documents. These explanatory paragraphs, the Editor admits, are apt to be coloured by the views of the writers, and he adjures the reader to "believe nothing" and, when in doubt, to refer to the full text published in the large collection.

In the latter the documents were published without introduction or comment, and the departure from this precedent, for reasons of space, is certainly an improvement from the point of view of the general reader. Another is the changed arrangement. In *Die Grosse Politik* the documents were grouped according to

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their subject-matter. Here they are grouped in order of date, under successive Chancellors, the more important transactions being further treated under separate chapter-headings.

It is impossible here to examine into the question of how far this publication will serve the main purpose for which it was intended. It certainly gives the impression that the editors, so far as was humanly possible, have studied to preserve that attitude of "scientific objectivity" which in the Preface to *Die Grosse Politik* they claimed to have adopted: witness the amazing revelation of the true history of the "Krüger telegram." It is possible to record Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's summing up of the causes of the World War with a certain sympathy, yet to doubt its sufficiency. The documents, he says, are of special importance for the future, because they show how, under the old system of alliances and groups, British foreign policy was determined by fear of the threat of German hegemony, while German policy was determined by fear of isolation and the slipping away of Germany's allies. But the whole story is not to be found in diplomatic documents. Was the fear of German designs wholly illusory? Is the vast influence of Treitschke, for instance, to be neglected, with his eternal girding at England as a decadent power whose inheritance was bound to fall to a Germany free from the corroding influence of democratic control? Did the popularity of Bernhardt's notorious manifesto, or even of Rohrbach's comparatively mild "German Idea", mean nothing? The mass of the German people certainly did not want war; but there were powerful elements in German society, and not in military circles only, which regarded war as an instrument of policy, and wanted it—at the right moment. From the military point of view the moment seemed to have come in 1914; it was now or never: and Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy himself says that it was the setting in motion of the perfected German

military machine which made all eleventh-hour diplomatic efforts to preserve peace futile. But, wherever the truth may lie, it would have been far better for the politicians at the Peace Conference to have kept a discreet silence on the subject. The world's hope lies in the future, but there will be little hope for the future unless the world, in spite of all its sufferings, is content to let the dead past bury its dead.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

Contemporary Drama

FAMOUS PLAYS OF TO-DAY, Victor Gollancz. 7/6. *Many Waters, Young Woodley, Journey's End, Mrs. Moonlight, The Lady with a Lamp, Such Men are Dangerous.*

IN this remarkable and handy volume, described by the publishers as an "omnibus" work, six of the most popular plays of the time have been collected. At least two of these have been outstanding successes, "*Journey's End*" and "*Young Woodley*": while the other four, "*Many Waters*", "*Mrs. Moonlight*", "*The Lady with a Lamp*" and "*Such Men are Dangerous*" have enjoyed more than the usual measure of popular approval. As a collection they are worth studying, both as an example of what has been produced in English drama during the last year, and as an antidote to the cry of the decadence of the modern stage.

What is more, they are all readable plays. "*Journey's End*" for example, loses almost nothing of its dramatic effect in the reading, although the bangings and shots, the stage atmosphere, and the lurid half-lights that help the intensity in the stage production, are missing. One gains just as deep an appreciation of the conflict of emotions that makes the play a great one. The final pathos is, if anything, heightened in the printed version where the fearful isolation of Stanhope in that last moment is convincingly stressed by a piece of prose writing, inserted as a stage direction, which is as vivid as any of the spoken lines that the play contains.

R. L.

A Biography of Meredith.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE MEREDITH,
by R. E. Sencourt. Chapman and Hall. 16/.

Cox of Box Hill: when Meredith went out of the door, Nature came in at the window, for refuge from his scrutiny. Out of the brilliant restless creature, who had less genius than a bundle of talents at war with each other, Mr. Sencourt has strenuously endeavoured to make the likeness of a solidly great man, in harmony with Nature and with himself. The biographer's loyalty to fact has ensured failure in the attempt, but the attempt should not have been made. Meredith's was not a unified nature; the Teutonic, Gallic, English elements in it got in each other's way; wit, fantasy, philosophy impeded the novelist; the poet was too often striving after things alien to poetry; and the most nearly satisfactory expression of this man as a whole, or rather as a conglomerate, was "*The Shaving of Shagpat*."

A terse summary unavoidably approaches caricature, but that is roughly the truth about Meredith, and Mr. Sencourt has missed it. Also, he does not see how exceptional, in being undistracted of purpose, is the great masterpiece of Meredith's poetry, "*Modern Love*". Mr. Sencourt, in short, takes almost everything in Meredith as writer and man at Meredith's own valuation. To notice his uncritical dealing with a petty characteristic, he is complacent over Meredith's elaborate and fantastic monologues to his servants, taking no hint from Sir Edmund Gosse's gently malicious and revealing description of how the talker, desirous of a larger audience, visibly brightened when even the housemaid was temporarily added to it. It is not in the nature of a great man to be the showman of himself; Meredith being by hypothesis a very great

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man, cannot have been such a showman; so, apparently, Mr. Sencourt reasons.

But to say all this is not to deny that Mr. Sencourt, using opportunities with unpublished correspondence and information derived from private sources, has written a fuller, and in regard to facts, more accurate life of Meredith than we have hitherto had. There are a few small slips, of which "Ranmer Common" and "Cheyne Walks" may serve as instances, and there are some unhappily turned sentences, but as a record of the events of Meredith's life narrated with piety, if often without perception, the book may be commended. It might easily have been bettered, especially if Mr. Sencourt had understood that pre-occupation with Nature is by no means a guarantee of intimacy with her, and that Meredith talked too much himself to hear whispered secrets.

T. EARLE WELBY.

Some Noted Women

- (1) ALICE MEYNELL: A MEMOIR, by Viola Meynell. *Jonathan Cape*. 15/- net.
- (2) THREE WOMEN, by H. E. Wortham. *Cassell and Co.* 10/6 net.
- (3) CHARLOTTE BRONTE: A Psychological Study, by Rosamond Langbridge. *Heinemann*. 8/6 net.

THESE three books, all in their different ways studies of sainthood, or genius, or both, can be ranged on a rapidly descending scale. Miss Meynell, rising throughout to the height of her subject, has given a restrained, well-balanced, and really beautiful study of the austere, remote poet-essayist, yet also oddly familiar working journalist, whom most of us knew by those few slim volumes, so exquisite, so exclusive, so in the best sense aristocratic, in which only the 'initiate' could trace their original purpose. For those essays so perfect, so balanced, so sparse in words, yet so packed with meaning, were many of them the

'weeklies' which gave their author no rest from their first conception on Monday till their emergence on Friday, full fledged in the 'Autolycus' column of the Pall Mall Gazette of the 'nineties. It is a delightful picture Miss Meynell paints of that busy and crowded study in Palace Court, where Wilfred and Alice Meynell, perfectly matched yet sharply distinguished, collaborated on this and that journalistic venture, *The Pen*, *The Weekly Register*, *Merry England*, and what not, tables and chairs heaped with papers and books, whilst a bevy of children under the table played at their elders' game of editing, now and again reaching up to press an absent-minded mother's hand and writing her critical notes in incredibly incorrect spelling about her poems and essays. The picture is all the more telling for the perfection of its balance, the minor characters, the stern reserved father, the beautiful young musical mother whom Dickens went wild about, the versatile ever-busy husband, the friends—Coventry Patmore, George Meredith, Francis Thompson—all so admirably sketched in as background to the central figure, the woman of genius yet also of the domestic hearth, wife, friend, mother, giving of herself in all directions, yet always with an inner reserve, a sanctity of heart, mind and spirit felt but not invaded by those nearest and dearest to her. It was characteristic of Alice Meynell, it was the tragedy of an otherwise singularly happy and fortunate life, that she needed her friends so much less than they needed her. Hence, all unconsciously she sometimes wounded, in Coventry Patmore's case deeply, where she should and would have comforted. But she could say of death in those closing days of her life, so beautifully indicated by her daughter in two pages of perfect restraint which are a model to all biographers, "This is not tragic, I am happy."

Mr. Wortham's three studies of feminism, as exemplified in St. Teresa of Avila, Madame de Choiseul and Mrs. Eddy, an oddly assorted trio, would have been

much better if they had been shortened by at least one third. He is intolerably verbose and given to repetition of points, which gain thereby no extra prominence. Of his three portraits, that of the Duchesse de Choiseul of the France of Louis XV is the most interesting. He has not in his "St. Teresa" conveyed to his readers the spirit of sixteenth-century Spain, and surely there must have been more to Mrs. Eddy than ignorance, superstition and a high and obstinate temper, if only to account for the number and variety of her matrimonial adventures, not to speak of the rapid growth and widespread development of the Church of Christ Scientist. But though her biographer speaks of her fascination and the power of her eloquence, he never makes us feel either.

As to Miss Rosamond Langbridge's *Charlotte Brontë*, with its cheap epigrams, its shallow psychology, and its row of ninepins—the Victorian papa, the ignorant curates, the prejudiced Yorkshireman, the prudish Mrs. Gaskell, the self-martyring spinster in love, and all the other Aunt Sallies only set up to be pelted, what is the use of it at this time of day? After May Sinclair's, Clement Shorter's, and many other studies, was there any room for yet another book? There was certainly no room for this one. We do not need to be told at portentous length that Charlotte came back from Brussels changed and that village gossips suspected a lover!

J. E. C.

Other Books Worth Mentioning.

A BOOK ABOUT MYSELF, by Theodore Dreiser. *Constable*.

THE DILEMMA IN INDIA, by Sir Reginald Craddock, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. *Constable*.

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FICTION

HANS FROST: a novel, by Hugh Walpole. Macmillan. 7/6.

In his new novel Mr. Walpole has excelled himself, bringing to it not only his customary wisdom and humour but an even higher degree of technical dexterity than usual. Comparatively light in texture, and sparkling upon its surface with wit and charm, it nevertheless sends a penetrating searchlight into some of the secret places of the heart, and is as merciless, in its bland way, as the work of the angry school of novelists. Mr. Walpole unmasks our pretences, not snarling like Mr. So, not tearfully like Miss Such, but with a smile of truly genial irony. His manner is deceptive in more ways than one; for that twinkling eye can see through you as soon as look at you, and that easy-going prose, which is sometimes conversational to the point of carelessness, can casually and pleasantly help you to see through yourself. Not that this is Mr. Walpole's aim: his first and last concern is to tell a story, or rather to let the people of his imagination have their way with him, and tell, or live, their own story. In the creation of people, which was once upon a time thought to be the chief function of a novelist, he has no living peer.

Hans Frost—a famous author writhing in the pickle of his fame—is one of the most brilliantly successful of Mr. Walpole's creations. Here the impossible has been achieved—nothing less than the convincing portrait of a man of genius. We believe in Hans Frost; we believe in his charm, his gaiety, his wisdom, his frustration, his greatness; we believe—and this is perhaps most surprising of all—in his list of works. It is on his seventieth birthday that we first meet him; and on the evening of that same day he himself meets Nathalie Swan, his nineteen-year-old niece. For both of them the encounter is a miracle, charged with beauty and crisis. And it is exquisitely described. He chances upon her, accidentally, in her bedroom. It is her

first day in his wife's house, and she has been sent to bed so that she may be out of the way when the guests arrive for the grand birthday party. She is in fact a charming young woman, but he sees, in fantasy, her childhood.

He saw her as a very little girl, her dress pinned up round her waist, in striped little bathing drawers, with a bucket and spade . . . And in his nostrils was the tang of the fresh biting salt, and glittering fragments of sand stuck to his hands, and there was sand inside his canvas shoes. Boom, boom went the waves. There was some surf to-day, a bright sunshine breeze, and gulls were clustered over some glorious fragment there where the wet sand shone in reflected light. Behind them the lodgings stood, and in front of each window, heavy and wet, hung towels and bathing costumes. She was looking for shells. She found several beauties and brought them to him to look at. One was indeed lovely, faintly rose and fading to cream at the edges of the rim. He looked from the shell to her round chubby serious face; on her cheeks were glistening fragments of sand, and coiled round her spade like the spoils of a hunter's chase a clinging fragment of red-gold seaweed.

'Yes. That's a beauty . . .' he said. 'Don't you lose it.'

'Don't I lose what?' she asked, looking across at him from the bed where she was again sitting.

The first three hundred pages of this book, which comprise two out of the three parts, are more continuously significant than perhaps anything else Mr. Walpole has given us since *The Old Ladies*. The rest lacks something of the grip, the dramatic integrity, of what has gone before; and states, too explicitly, what has been sufficiently implied. But it remains charming.

GERALD BULLET.

I WILL BE GOOD, by Dion Clayton Calthrop. Cassell. 10/6.

As might be guessed from its title—the words used by Victoria when told that she was Queen of England—this is a book about Victorian times. It will appeal principally to those who can remember Victorian—even late Victorian—days and ways. One need not be very old, even now, to be able to recall, with Mr. Calthrop, both the amenities and atrocities of an age which, to bright young Georgians, children of the Jazz age, will seem remote as the middle ages—but in some ways rather more comic.

Mr. Calthrop himself describes his book as a series of vignettes, mainly done from memory. Turning them over, the balance between atrocities and amenities seems fairly equal. If it was an age of ugliness in furniture, in clothing, in decoration, at least it was a more leisurely age than that of raucous hustle in which we live. If its songs were sickly and sentimental, at least they were not bawled into our fathers' ears, willy nilly, through a loud speaker. If—but to continue comparisons will be, to apostles of progress and speeding-up, more than usually odious. We can all make our own. Equally, there may be some who would welcome a return even to the Victorian Sunday—despite Mr. Calthrop's vivid picture of that day of tedium, and long drawn out digestion—in a Victorian drawing room—of the Sunday stuff.

Whether you are of an age to look at them with sentiment or scorn, Mr. Calthrop's vignettes do recall very vividly those Victorian days when, as he says, people knew how to sit still. Or when they were not sitting still they were taking gentle exercise, perhaps at croquet, or showing off their skill and grace in archery. Croquet, lately, has come in again: though with hoops which seem horribly narrow and difficult to those who remember the hoops of the 'eighties. But archery! That was truly a Victorian sport: outmoded, surely, before the end of

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the Victorian age. One late Victorian, anyway, can remember discovering, in a lumber room, the bow and arrows and archery glove of an elderly aunt: and being allowed to take them to shoot imaginary lions in the shubbery bordering the lawn where once the archery target stood. To-day, I suppose, imaginary lions are shot with an air gun. Bows and arrows belong to the dark ages.

Those were the dark ages when there were no restaurants but only chop houses: no tea shops, but here and there a confectioner's where our mothers, exhausted by long hours of "trying on", could get not merely a cup of tea, but a glass of port or sherry wine; when pantomimes had Demon Kings and Good Fairies and fewer topical gags; when it was dashing to drive in a hansom but most dashing of all to have a private hansom; when Edwin formally asked Angelina—and Angelina's papa—for Angelina's heart and hand, instead of saying, "I say, old thing, how would you fancy a spot of married life?" and when children were seen and not heard and servants knew their places.

Yes, they were funny and slow old days, as Mr. Calthrop recalls them. They were stuffy old days, with a lot of sham and snobbery about them. Victorians, turning over the pages of this diverting and delightful book, may laugh at the figures they cut in their youth. But behind the laughter there may be a little regret.

K. K.

ONE OF TEN, by Number Nine.
(J. Archibald Allen). *Benn.* 10/6 net.

A great deal of the world's boredom would be avoided if only the average writer of reminiscences understood, as well as Mr. Archibald Allen does, the secret of recounting the things that people really want to hear. If only, for instance, it could be realised that the conventional lumber of snobbery and self-conceit is of no possible interest to anyone but the collector, and that the saving antiseptic of

of things memorable is the simple gift of sincerity and truth.

Here is an exact case in point. Mr. Allen has hardly anything to recount that might not have happened to anyone in the street, if we except the fact that his "Uncle William" in years long past assisted Queen Victoria's father over his embarrassed finances, or the post-war experience of sleeping in the bedroom at a French hotel lately occupied by Queen Victoria's grandson. But these are not really the sort of records that make his book one of the pleasantest volumes of reminiscence within recent memory. The charm of Mr. Allen's story lies in the charm of Mr. Allen's personality, in its good nature, its somewhat homely humour and its abundant evidence of character, sympathy, and strength.

Mr. Allen was one of ten children—though the ten were never all alive together—and he was brought up in the wholesome atmosphere of a well-disciplined Quaker household, and a Quaker school. The children were thoroughly spanked for every small delinquency, but they loved their parents, and appreciated the justice of their punishment. They were fond of animals and good at sport; they had a wide knowledge of nature, and some smattering of art. One of the funniest stories in the book tells how the father of the family bought a realistic oil-painting of "The Rape of the Sabines," and was all of a flutter to get it out of the house before his wife had set eyes upon its alluring array of nudities. There are some lively anecdotes about horses and horse-dealing; tales of the golf-course which steer happily clear of volubility; and a sympathetic tribute to that faithful service of the antique world, which many people are too ready to bemoan as vanished from the modern English home. Altogether, a warm-hearted, companionable, human book this, with an amusing collection of quaint, incisive sketches by the author's brother.

A. W.

THE REBELS, by Alfred Neumann.
Translated by Huntley Paterson.
Heinemann. 8/6.

SOME knowledge of Italian history at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and particularly of the activities and objects of the revolutionary society known as the Carbonari, is necessary for a proper understanding and appreciation of this monumental work. Its detail almost suggests that it is possible for an author to know too much of a subject and a period: to be so steeped in it that he assumes an equal knowledge in his readers and forgets that he is probably writing for those of more scanty knowledge.

Here we are plunged, with little explanation, into plot and counter plot, intrigue and counter intrigue, in a rather confusing way. One begins early to question where fact ends and fiction begins. Much of the story of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and his mistress, Princess Corleone, and of her relations with one of the Carbonari, even while they were plotting against the Grand Duke and the rulers of other Papal States, is obviously founded on fact: so much so that the fiction, the imaginative work of the novelist, suffers from too much background.

The way to enjoy this remarkable piece of work is not to worry too much about its truth to history, but to take it altogether as fiction: to regard the characters merely as the creations of the novelist. And two or three of them certainly stand out on the overcrowded pages.

Most memorable of all is Gioia, the beggar, who for his share in an early revolt was branded on the back with the initials of Napoleon Bonaparte: who, on his release from long imprisonment, committed so horrible a crime that it haunted him for the rest of his wretched life. He was a wretched enough creature, anyway, this Gioia. But in order that he might be of use to the Carbonari, it was decreed that the marks of his branding should be shot

off by an artist skilled in such work. The artist on this occasion was not very skilful. The operation left Gioia with a stiff arm, and an always outstretched hand with an enormous thumb.

Gioia and his equally wretched, cowed sister Checca, though minor figures in the revolt, are two of the outstanding figures in the story. And the author can make his scenes as vivid as his characters—when he can give his information full rein. There is a finely dramatic scene, for instance, when Scarlaterra, a journalist working for the Carbonari, falls under suspicion and is taken to the Bargello in Florence. And the last scene of all, when Gioia makes the final sacrifice of his tormented life, brings to a picturesque and dramatic end a piece of work magnificent in conception and often finely spectacular in execution.

K. K.

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GREY DAWN—RED NIGHT, by J. L. Hodson. Gollancz. 7/6.

THIS is a notable addition to the growing number of war novels of the "now it can be told" order. One speculates how long some of them have been in their authors' lockers, waiting for a change of taste—or for a new generation that was not sick, ten years ago, of stories about the war. And one would hazard a guess that the extraordinary success of "All Quiet on the Western Front" has brought about a good many literary resurrections.

This is not another "All Quiet . . ." It has not the stark and horrible simplicity of that chronicle. But it is a much more human book in its pictures of the common soldier in the trenches, as seen through the eyes of John Hardcastle, who joined up at the outbreak of the war, went through the mill of training and the ordeal of fire, survived a million chances of death, came home on leave, got married, went back to France and was killed on the eve of getting his commission.

Before the war John Hardcastle had found his metier as a journalist and was revelling in the ups and downs of a reporter's life. And much of this book strikes one as reporting: very good reporting, the best sort, which can see the human side of any "story", and make the reader see it too. There were moments of lightness and laughter in all the filth and horror of the war. There must have been—else every other man in it would have gone mad. There are men who still declare that the war gave them the best time of their lives—and that life since has been a dull business: just as there are men who still cannot recall even the quietest days of the trenches, when all was quiet, without an inward shudder. The merit

of Mr. Hodson's book is that it shows us both kinds of soldier and all the others in between: and all in the many moods born of a constant gamble with death.

And his book is just as true to life in its pictures of Hardcastle's life as reporter. The journalist in fiction, as on the stage, is too often a travesty or a caricature. But Mr. Hodson is a journalist himself and knows how reporters walk and talk in the world which daily provides them with "stories". His reporter, like his soldiers, is real. K. K.

PETRUCHIO, by G. B. Stern. Chapman and Hall. 7/6.

MISS STERN'S new novel—one of her lighter and more amusing sort—is, as you might guess from its title, concerned with the taming of a shrew. Petruchio is Laurence Ferrier, son of a doting and well-to-do mother. He becomes infatuated with and marries Modesta, an Italian peasant girl. Modesta, too much spoiled and petted, becomes a shrew. Laurence, realising, after many scenes, that he must be either a first class cave man or a first class carpet chooses the former role. He snatches Modesta from a life of luxury in his mother's flat in London and takes her back to Italy, where they live the life of peasants; and Modesta must work harder than she ever did for her father.

Altogether this is a lively and entertaining story, in which Miss Stern again uses her knowledge of Italian peasant ways to good effect. But though the shrew soon slipped out of the fine lady Modesta fancied herself after her marriage, one cannot help marvelling at the speed with which she acquired at least a smattering of the ways and speech of good society, and a knowledge of how to wear her fine feathers. K. K.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

NOVEMBER 1, 1929.

LABOUR POLICY AND PROSPECTS

By J. H. HARLEY

LABOUR'S fortunes are at their zenith. There is no real expert in electioneering meteorology who would not admit that, if to-morrow the Government suddenly appealed to the country, they would be returned to Whitehall by a large and commanding majority. Even the quidnuncs of commerce and finance are understood to be singing their praises. It was credibly reported, of a certain reputed favourite for the post of first British Ambassador to Soviet Russia, that the City would approve of his appointment. Nor is it only at home that the credit of the second Labour administration stands high. Abroad also it would appear that never has Great Britain exercised such a decisive voice in the counsels of the world. Mr. Philip Snowden is hailed as the "Iron Chancellor." Mr. Arthur Henderson thaws his coldest critics by his genial and unassuming presence. The Prime Minister speaks in tones of lofty idealism before the city fathers of New York, and though he tells his audience very properly that he addresses them as no mere party man, still no one can forget that it is the first Labour Premier of Great Britain who has moved the American people as no British statesman has ever moved them before.

Of course, there are even now to be heard a few faint mutterings of dissent. Mr. Baldwin, emerging again on the scene of affairs, like some Rip Van Winkle from the midst of a somnolent party, signals his return to the arena of debate by issuing a manifesto which is intended as, in some sense, a criticism and even a threat. Mr. Lloyd George draws out one more shaft from his armoury of metaphors, to convey to his audience that the Labour Government is simply mother's overpraised four months baby, and that a time of reckoning is bound to arrive

very soon. Mr. David Kirkwood too, has proclaimed that he stands firm as a rock in an attitude of opposition. But somehow none of these declarations, or any others of a similar kind, have done anything to destroy the popularity of the Labour Government. Few appear to believe that any of the other critics could be safely suffered to form an alternative government. Mr. Baldwin, with all his gifts and graces, left clearly on the country an impression of feebleness and futility. Mr. Lloyd George again is too much concerned with his ancient enmities—witness his vociferations against France and Poland. There is the recent Brighton Conference to show that the Labour Government still stands well with the majority of its own party. As long as it is not hampered by internal revolt, it is difficult to see how it can be overthrown by external assault.

How is it that this youthful government has been able to attain to a position of such unchallengeable authority? What are the leading ideas embodied in the policy which has so unmistakeably swept the country? These two questions are really joined together and, if they are fairly faced, they place us in a position to learn the secret of Labour's present successes, and to make some kind of forecast of its prospects for the future.

It is not difficult to decide at the outset what has been the animating idea up till now of the present Government's policy. Surely it has been and still remains the attainment of a great world peace. Mr. Arthur Henderson evoked the sincerest and loudest plaudits of enthusiasm at Brighton, and it was Geneva and not the Hague on which both he and his fellow delegates focused the main strength of their interest. In the ennobling crusade to make war an international crime, Mr. Henderson claimed they had already made such conspicuous progress that they had all but redeemed the promises which, on pre-election platforms, they had made to those who had enabled them to assume the reins of office. What was their record of results already or about to be achieved? In a few weeks all the British troops were to be evacuated out of the Rhineland. They were offering new terms to Egypt and Irak, based on their recognition as independent and self-relying states within the comity of nations. They were about to propose the resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia. They were closing the gaps in the Covenant. The Prime Minister had gone with an olive branch

in his hand to the United States, and thus provision had been made to collaborate in the new crusade with the two great countries, the United States and Russia, which had hitherto kept out of the League of Nations. They had finished with the fatal indecision of Sir Austen Chamberlain. They would never allow themselves to be influenced by the schoolboy ideas of the Marquis of Salisbury on the subject of arbitration. They had signed the Optional Clause. They were taking the Kellogg Pact in real earnest. They believed they were on the verge of important steps in the direction of a world disarmament.

It cannot be denied that such an inspiring enumeration of results has deeply stirred the country. The war has left its indelible marks on the whole temperament of our people. Not only those who went out into the trenches, but those who know anything of vigils in London on the lonely nights of the air-raids, are the first to proclaim peace as the only hope for the country's triumphant future. Perhaps they may not be quite so pessimistic as the American Randolph Hearst, who tells us that, as a result of another war, the British Isles can be starved into submission in a few months, and the capital of the Empire transferred from London to Canada. But they feel that, without some assurance of peace, little of value can be hopefully attempted or achieved. What is the use of discussing elaborate schemes of reconstruction, for renovating the railroads or the mines, if transport can at once be rendered impossible by fiendish missiles from the air? Why attempt to stir the peoples' minds by the vision of a United Empire when its parts may be rudely separated after the falling of the first bomb in that war of the future, which has not been finally banished from the thoughts of the new humanity? War is the grimmest and most haunting spectre that can ever confront us in the future, and that is why the country has responded as it has to the passionate idealism of the leading spirits of the new Labour Government.

Nor is it difficult to show that only the Labour Government could have brought the pursuit of peace to its present measure of success. It has been repeated so frequently that it has almost become a platitude that no great step can be taken in this direction unless a count is kept of the three united questions of security, arbitration and disarmament. Of these three, Señor Madariaga has remarked that Security is a state of mind, Arbitration the

practical institution, and Disarmament the expected consequence. But the state of mind determines the success of our endeavour, and it is no use crying out for the consequence, if you have not taken the necessary preliminary steps to ensure its attainment. In 1924 the first Labour Government supported the Geneva Protocol, which was the only previous effort to promote the attainment of world peace by a complete and comprehensive exploration of all the aspects of the problem to be solved. Mr. Lloyd George and most of the organs of his party did their best to ruin this promising effort. Sir Austen Chamberlain rejected the Protocol outright immediately on his attaining the power to do so. It was a disastrous step and Europe has suffered for it from that day to this. The pity is that it was only the first of a series of timid and irresolute approaches to questions which were of vital moment for the future of his country.

Take, for example, the part which Sir Austen played in stereotyping the provisions of the Pact of Locarno. As compared with the Geneva Protocol, the Pact of Locarno is only a truncated and partial plan for the attainment of peace. So far as this country is concerned, there is everywhere manifested in this Pact a fear of doing or daring too much. Other countries, France, Germany, Italy, Poland and Czechoslovakia may agree to settle their differences by the methods of arbitration and conciliation. We, on our part, are ready to bless them, but we can form no integral member of their arbitrating groups. All that we can promise is that, from the heights of our serene isolation, we may descend to the help of France against Germany, or of Germany against France, in the case of any violation on the part of either of the provisions of Locarno. Why could not we stand together, with all the rest of Europe, in banning the aggressor from whatever land and over whatever frontier? Was it that, outside Alsace-Lorraine, the frontiers in all the rest of Europe were deemed chaotic and uncertain? It looked very like it, and support was further given to this idea by much ill-advised and mostly ill-informed talk in our own country about treaty revision and the assumption of extravagant foreign responsibilities. The consequence inevitably was that Europe's sense of security was fatally affected and any real progress of disarmament was rendered practically impossible.

Far otherwise was the procedure of the Labour Government

when Mr. Henderson appeared at Geneva. At once it was apparent from the varying line of their approaches, that the new rulers meant to keep every aspect of the road to peace clearly and fully in their minds. It is true that, as the Prime Minister explained in his opening speech, it was impracticable to begin by reviving the Protocol of 1924 exactly in the form in which it had then been settled at Geneva. In the interval many things had happened. Germany had joined the League. Russia, Germany and the United States had united with the former signatories of the Protocol in pledging their faith to the Kellogg Pact. Obviously, in order to secure the largest measure of assent, it was advisable to make a start from this Kellogg Pact. Of course, the Kellogg Pact was of very little effect merely in itself. It was simply a kind of explosion of moral aspirations, and these tended to waste themselves on the empty air, until they were surrounded by the solid and steadfast furniture of political and legal institutions. But the idealism of the Labour leaders at Geneva was equal to the task, and they eagerly appealed to their fellow signatories to join with them in the effort to make the Pact really effective as a harbinger of world peace.

To make operative this appeal, the British delegation brought forward a proposal to deal with articles 12 and 15 of the Covenant, at the same time giving notice that they were prepared to sign the Optional Clause of the Court of International Justice. Articles 12 and 15 of the Covenant are the characteristic articles which still leave war open as an ultimate resort, when a judicial award or decision of the Council or Assembly has not been accepted, and when three months have elapsed since the award or decision in question has been formally promulgated. Obviously, if the Kellogg Pact is to be regarded as more than a flighty aspiration, these articles are out of date, and cannot in the same form be allowed finally to stand. But what about article 16, which deals with the sanctions to be applied to the wrong doer, and which in a world where crime has not yet disappeared, is a necessary adjunct to any developed sense of security? At first it was announced by the British delegation that they did not mean to touch this special article, although it was elaborately annotated, amid a good deal of press denunciation and comment, in the previous Geneva Protocol. Undoubtedly this apparent reversal of policy created at first an unfavourable atmosphere in Geneva.

It was not forgotten that article 16 was originally inserted in the Covenant from the Phillimore draft, and was therefore, quite definitely a product of British thought. The British delegation, however, subsequently showed that they were not unmindful of this aspect of the question. Mr. Henderson announced that he was prepared to support Sir Henry Strakosch's plan of a proposed International Convention for giving financial assistance under certain circumstances to a government involved in war or specifically threatened with war. Even that was not all. Lord Cecil was set up to propose, and eventually to carry, a resolution, suggesting the possibility of establishing a draft general Convention to strengthen the means of preventing war. Thus all sides of the question had their turn for being explored. The signing of the Optional Clause showed that the Labour Government was ready to accept compulsory arbitration in all justifiable cases; and as for cases outside the Arbitration Court, Mr. Henderson assured the Brighton Conference that these were being considered in a hopeful and earnest spirit. With the knowledge of these proposals in his mind, the Prime Minister had sailed to America, to make a beginning with an agreement between the two chief naval powers on the subject of further naval disarmament. Thus although the Geneva Protocol was not formally revived, the all embracing spirit of that celebrated agreement ruled the whole course of proceedings at this memorable meeting at Geneva.

It was quickly realised by the more violent partisans in the other two parties that something of this sort was involved in the Labour policy at Geneva. The official Conservatives had never really relished the idea of arbitration, even in justiciable disputes, and some of their organs tried to minimise the effect of the new advance by explaining that, having regard to the reservations which the British Government had made, no Conservative administration need, if they were not so minded, carry any cases to the International Court at all. Besides—some of the things that were said went so far as this—these foreign international courts have no developed law like the English law, and why should our country submit her case to an alien tribunal unless she is sure that the chances are somehow weighed in her favour? This, however, is simply to play fast and loose with the solemnity of all engagements, and illustrates why our own nation has in

many cases won unpopularity when confronted with foreign minds.

But the attitude of the stiffer and more unbending Conservatives to arbitration was as nothing compared with that of a section of both Conservatives and Liberals to what they conceived as a revival of some of the hateful principles of the Protocol. The Conservative critics mostly concentrated on the Strakosch plan for financial assistance. All kinds of evil consequences were conjured up from a diligent study of its different sections and clauses. Great Britain would have the devil to pay, and other nations would be sure to run away from their debts, and in short, every notion of co-operative honour would vanish from the world. To do them justice the Liberal critics did not seem so much impressed by these financial pessimists. They allowed that there was little to censure in the calculations of this plan for enlisting money on the side of righteousness. The Manchester organ of the Liberal Party, however, saw in all kinds of variant motions emanating from the British delegates, only fresh concessions to France, and a return to the hated Protocol. To this newspaper, as to Mr. Lloyd George, France was the great opponent. It is interesting, too, in this connection that Lord D'Abernon in the latest instalment of his memoirs tells us that it was because of his hopeless attitude to France that Mr. Lloyd George lost his Premiership. Whatever France supported was to be looked upon as discredited in advance. Whatever France rejected was to be regarded as thereby invested with a faint halo of approval. France had no love for disarmament. France did not want to disband a single soldier. One would almost have forgotten, after reading such jaundiced comments, that it was M. Briand that first proposed the Kellogg Pact, and that the language in which it is drafted is still mainly his own. Whatever may have been the intention of such a line of comment as this, its effect was amply apparent. It reinforced the impression made by Locarno that Great Britain did not take Covenant obligations very seriously to heart.

The same tactics had been followed, in the same Liberal quarters, at the Hague Conference, and Mr. Snowden's action there had been principally applauded on the ground that it showed a disposition to set himself in opposition to the purposes of France. So evident indeed became the evil results of this

immoderate and unguarded language that Mr. Henderson was eventually obliged to issue an open repudiation of any such unauthorised interpretation of the designs and motives of the Labour Government. Indeed, it is difficult to see what can be gained for the peace of Europe, by insinuating that France is not sincere in her support of the cause of disarmament, or that Great Britain could not be trusted to honour her responsibilities under article 16 of the Covenant, beyond those which she has undertaken under the Pact of Locarno. If that is the considered mind of the leader of the Liberal Party, then he has postponed the coming of Disarmament to an indefinite date in a future that may never arise. The people of this country, if one may judge from their attitude to the Labour Government, are not prepared to suffer any such deplorable consummation. To them war is a grisly and destructive reality, and they are the last to allow themselves to be deprived of an expected blessing by some unguarded manifestation of a hostile tone and temper.

Taking all such considerations together, it is easy to understand why the Labour Government to-day occupies an unassailable position. Neither of the official leaders of either of the other two parties could bring us anywhere near the ground which has already been won after a few weeks of office. And there are more gains to follow. If, as the result of the Prime Minister's conversations with President Hoover, we may look forward to the United States considering the question what sanctions should be applied to the nation which breaks the Kellogg Pact, then we have made an appreciable step forward, and, the slope which leads to Peace and Disarmament is easier and gentler than it seemed before. Article 16 of the Covenant has always been a critical consideration for the United States. When ex-President Wilson returned from Paris, with the League Covenant in his hand, it was on this article that his opponents fixed their most deadly guns. What did article 16 really mean? Was the United States compelled to go to war on a foreign frontier at the behest of the League of Nations? And was not the consent of Congress necessary before war could be begun in any particular case? Ex-President Wilson, to judge his statements in cold print, did not appear to be at all happy in his explanations. He talked about "moral obligations" as opposed to other kinds of obligations and he somehow was the first to

spread about the idea, afterwards much fancied in this country, that article 16 could be made to disappear in a misty cloud of comment. The United States opponents of the ex-President did not think out things in this fashion. To them an obligation was simply an obligation, and there was no need of any minimising or indeed of any qualifying adjectives. They were at that time not prepared to honour the obligations of article 16, and so the United States parted from the League. It is the past history of such questions as that which shows the progress which has been achieved during the last four months.

What a step, for example, would be taken towards bringing the Kellogg Pact into connection with the League Covenant if the United States, in some future discussion on the Freedom of the Seas, could be induced to deny that freedom to any future violator of the Pact by the strictest application of the severest maritime law? Then there would be indeed a veritable police of the sea, and a new impetus would be given to the movement to make unlicensed and aggressive war nothing more glorious than an ugly international crime. It is certainly true that such ideas are in the air, and this fact may be the occasion of fresh surprises at that meeting of the Five Power Conference to which • invitations have just been issued. There are many who point out the difficulties of such a conference, and these difficulties are not to be candidly obscured. It would have been absolutely impossible for Sir Austen Chamberlain, and it would certainly be impossible for Mr. Lloyd George, to convene such a conference with the slightest chance of obtaining any considerable measure of naval disarmament. The Conservative statesman was halting in his support of any of the great ideas of the Protocol, and he was quite openly sceptical about closing the gaps in the Covenant. Mr. Lloyd George, on the other hand, has used such immoderate language about the European settlement that, to guard against his bad language, the parity might have been fixed so high that Armament rather than Disarmament would have been the inevitable result.

Things are changed now; and this is a great achievement. It is also an achievement which must be first in our minds whenever we are estimating the parliamentary prospects of the new Government. The country has simply risen to the thought that peace is no longer the synonym of an idle Utopia, and it is

difficult to find any issue in internal politics which to-day would seriously undermine the Government position. Most of the burning domestic questions have their international side. The coal question cannot be disconnected from international discussions in Geneva. Unemployment has now its world-wide repercussions. Improved trade includes improved export trade; and if you desire to improve your export trade, as Mr. Newbold reminded the Brighton Conference, you must not regale yourself by hurling unguarded taunts at your neighbours, and you must certainly keep on good talking terms with France, Germany, and Poland. It is this international success of the Labour Government that thus stands them everywhere in good stead. Nor is it in this connection without significance that Mr. William Graham, the Labour President of the Board of Trade was one of the successes both at the Hague and at Geneva. He it was who obtained the big order for coal from the Italian Government, and he it was who made the significant proposal of a close time in Paris. It was the tragedy of the late Conservative Government that while at the League of Nations there was an international movement towards freedom of commercial intercourse in Europe, they, the representatives of a free country, were engaged in erecting new trade barriers where none had been erected before. In this way they were wholly out of sympathy with the main international currents of the time. They could not with any degree of consistency have joined with M. Briand in his conception of a United States of Europe. Some of them even appeared to question the genuineness of this movement, but in this they were surely mistaken. M. Briand, as the history of the Kellogg Pact plainly shows, has the trick of bringing great ideas home to their realisation at last.

Mr. Lloyd George has lately made his contribution to the Liberal Conference at Nottingham by forecasting a new appeal to the electors, but he does not claim that he will be in a position to force on any such appeal. Rather he anticipates that the success and prestige of the Labour Government will increase so that they may themselves ask the electors for a more decisive mandate. But that is to misunderstand the whole situation. There is still much to be done. The Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, if he is to deal with questions like Land Taxation for example, would need at least two Budgets for their elaboration.

But the Labour Government, while it is doubtless secure against Liberal or Conservative attacks, still has some difficult tasks to face, owing chiefly to the supineness of the late government in almost every department of its legislation. Mr. J. H. Thomas, at Brighton, for example, predicted that he himself would become the occasion for many massed attacks. Probably he will; for certainly he has committed the unpardonable sin, in the eyes of Mr. Lloyd George, of not putting all his eggs in one Liberal big basket. But it would be a mistake to assume that he will weaken before such attacks; and in Mr. Lansbury whom all his friends, who have served with him on committees, know to be a good and capable administrator, he has a coadjutor who has a knowledge of unemployment schemes and their administrative effects second to none in the Kingdom.

Probably the most difficult subject before the Labour Government, and that most deeply affecting its future prospects is the question of coal and the miners. Yet the coal question is an international question, and the miners must surely realise that the Labour Government is the only government which can deal with the mining problems successfully from an international point of view. It is more than likely that there will be a National Marketing Scheme, with control of output and prices. If recalcitrant masters are forced to toe the line, there will be for the first time a body capable of speaking for the whole coal trade of the country in international negotiations. If that comes to be the case, it is happily inevitable that the representatives of a national organisation of masters must meet the representatives of a national organisation of the men.

This question will have to be clearly faced, if the peoples' expectations are to be fulfilled. But, fresh from international triumphs, and with ministers at work who have an expert acquaintance with the main subjects of their administration, it cannot be doubted that the Labour prospects for the next session of parliament are of the brightest and rosiest description.

THE NEW SURGERY

By W. H. OGILVIE, F.R.C.S.

TILL the latter half of the nineteenth century, the science and art of surgery progressed with the progress of culture throughout the world, shining brightly in ancient Greece, suffering eclipse with the general decay of knowledge through the dark days of the Middle Ages, reviving with the revival of learning in Europe. Such progress was one of knowledge rather than of performance. Thinkers like John Hunter, working alone, and unaided by any of the instruments of modern research, made discoveries in the realm of surgical pathology as significant as any that have appeared since his day. But, till the advent of Lister, the surgeon was necessarily limited in his scope and checked in his endeavour by the fallibility of his material, the human body. The discovery of anæsthetics removed one obstacle, that of suffering, but the operations which it made possible differed in degree, not in kind, from those of the preceding centuries. Infection barred the door to further progress.

Lister conquered infection and the door lay open. The weapons which he forged sixty-five years ago have proved so potent in the fight against disease, that he has been hailed by Moynihan as the means of saving more lives than all the wars of all the ages have thrown away: they have led to changes in surgery so radical and so universal, that few links of method or even of language remain to bridge the gap between the post-Listerian epoch and the preceding centuries.

The older surgeons amputated diseased and shattered limbs, removed stones of such size that they caused unendurable pain, and cut away cancers on the surface of the body. Only such operations were justified, for the inevitable outcome of the condition for which they were undertaken was death more certain, or misery more intense, than that caused by the suppuration which followed. They were done in the most rapid and simple manner possible in order to leave a wound best fitted to withstand the ravages of infection. To the surgeons of the closing quarter of the nineteenth century a new and strange

country was opened. Suppuration had vanished, and with it, not only the risk to life, but the delayed and unsatisfactory healing of wounds in those who survived. For the first time the whole body was thrown open to surgical approach. Three related problems, all entirely new, required solution: how Lister's principles, the exclusion of bacteria from wounds and their destruction after entry, could best be applied; which parts of the body could be attacked, how, and to what extent; and what diseases in these new regions were amenable to surgical treatment. All these questions were faced, and very largely answered by the pioneers of 1880 to 1900, among whom the names of British surgeons take an honourable place. Antisepsis, the use of chemical germicides, was replaced by asepsis; every region of the body was attacked in turn, and new instruments were devised to carry out the new enterprises; operations as extensive and severe as any done to-day were carried out, giving life and health to the hopeless. Twenty-five years ago the great battles were over, and the victory won.

The advances that have taken place since that time are less spectacular, for, in the main they represent the summation of small improvements which have transformed each inspired experiment into a perfected process. Yet, taken as a whole, they have raised the level of performance so greatly, that surgery to-day can claim to be a craft skilled and effective beyond the hopes of any who practised it at the beginning of the century. This improvement is shown most clearly in the lessened mortality. The death rate in a large series of major operations is now in the neighbourhood of 3 per cent., and if those for cancer are excluded, the figure is under 1 per cent. Turning to surgical emergencies, whose outcome without operation would necessarily be fatal, we find that the mortality for operations on acute abdominal conditions has fallen at the Manchester Royal Infirmary from 36.5 per cent. in 1900 to 8.1 per cent. in 1924: in intestinal obstruction it has come from 44 per cent. to 20.8 per cent., in strangulated hernia from 22 per cent. to 9.4 per cent., and in perforated gastric and duodenal ulcers from 80 per cent. to 11.1 per cent. An index of progress more important, for it is those who survive an operation that are the judges of its value, yet more difficult to assess, since critical analysis of results is of recent development, is the much greater number of patients who can now be restored by

surgery, not merely to a life free from suffering, but to complete and lasting health.

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Many factors have contributed towards this progress. Probably the most important is that diagnosis is now made earlier, and treatment undertaken in time. Before Lister, only those diseases which attacked the surface of the body could be studied from their first origin to their final outcome. Internal disorders were investigated in the post-mortem room, and the symptoms by which they were recognised were, therefore, those of the terminal stages, which brought the patient to his death; there was no opportunity to recognise the premonitory warnings which told of a deranged organ, but only those signs were known which indicated that the whole fabric was in course of dissolution. The operating theatre gave birth to a new science. When the cavities of the body could be explored safely, it became possible, for the first time in the history of medicine, to see and handle the beginnings of disease, and to link these up with the symptoms to which they had given rise, symptoms which would later be overshadowed by the more importunate ones of the closing stages. Before the era of abdominal surgery very little was known about ulcer of the stomach, nothing about duodenal ulcer; appendicitis was only recognised when abscess or peritonitis had resulted; gall stones were looked upon as the occasional cause of grave surgical emergencies, not, as now, one of the commonest sources of ill health in middle age; cancer of the stomach was lost in the general welter of the dyspepsias, cancer of the colon passed undiagnosed till intestinal obstruction called for a desperate operation. To-day all these ailments can be recognised at their onset by the character and sequence of the symptoms to which they give rise.

The last twenty-five years have seen the introduction or development of many scientific methods of diagnosis, by whose aid a verdict based upon the clinical evidence of symptoms can be confirmed or confuted by proofs that leave no room for error. Of such aids the X-rays are undoubtedly the most important.

When first introduced, the X-rays were used for little but the examination of the bones: long exposures were required, and the resulting pictures were devoid of any real detail, sufficient to show the position of a fracture, but inadequate for the study

of those subtle changes which betray the beginning of disease. To-day the Radiologist is called upon to settle questions concerning almost every organ in the body. Modern apparatus gives, with instantaneous exposures, films which are clear in the smallest detail; stereoscopic radiography, now applied to all but the simplest examinations, allows the depth and relative position of the different shadows to be studied as well as their outline; while the newer methods of introducing substances opaque or translucent to the rays into hollow organs, whereby their outline, otherwise unseen, is thrown into relief, have extended the scope of radiography tenfold. This principle of induced contrast was first applied by mixing harmless salts of Bismuth, and later of Barium, with the food, in order to show the outline of the stomach and intestines. Suitable opaque substances and safe methods of introduction have now been found for every cavity in the body. Sodium iodide in solution is injected into the bladder or kidneys to make them visible on a radiogram; poppyseed oil charged with iodine is used for the lungs and spinal cord. To make the gall bladder visible a salt with the unwieldy name of sodium-tetraiodo-benolphthalein is given by mouth, whereupon it is absorbed by the blood from the intestines, ejected from the blood into the bile by the liver, and finally, in the gall bladder, concentrated to such a degree that the outline is shadowed on the films, and any stones are seen as light areas amid the denser bile. Such methods are applied even to the brain, for, though the salts which can be introduced without harm into less delicate organs will not there be tolerated, air can be injected into its cavities, where it will trace their outline, whether normal or distorted by pressure, in relief against the darker brain.

The range of the eye to see and the hands to manipulate has been greatly extended by new electrical and optical devices. The ophthalmoscope allows the retina to be examined, and from its condition that of the brain to be inferred. Instruments combining electric illumination with a system of prisms and lenses have been designed for introduction through all the natural passages of the body. With their aid, the surgeon can look down the gullet as far as the stomach, down the windpipe to the smaller ramifications of the bronchi in each lung; he can see the interior of the urinary bladder and the openings of the kidneys. By passing very fine and flexible forceps, scissors, or cauterising

electrodes, whose working point is seen and guided in its movements through the eyepiece, he can remove foreign bodies, take specimens for examination, and perform minor operations without cutting. The value of such extended observation is incalculable. What the older surgeons learned about the surface of the body, we have learned about its hidden surfaces. Diagnoses are made that were formerly impossible. Thus when we come to examine in detail the figures upon which the reported increase in Cancer is based, we find that those growths which are on the surface of the body, and therefore manifest, are proportionately less common to-day than twenty-five years ago; while those which were then undetected but can now be discovered by modern means of investigation, are accountable for the whole of that apparent increase in cancer deaths upon which so many theories have been based.

No discussion of the help which ancillary sciences have given to surgical progress is complete without a reference to biochemistry. The delicate tests which are now applied to the blood, the bile, the urine, or the secretion of the stomach, can often supply the only clue which will solve the mystery of vague symptoms and point the way to treatment. The surgeon is indebted to chemistry, not only for help in diagnosis, but also, and to a greater degree, for the exact estimation which he can now command of a patient's condition, allowing him to decide whether an operation can be done, or whether it must be modified, postponed or abandoned; what steps he must take beforehand to correct deficiencies which have been revealed in the laboratory, and what risks he must face in its performance.

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The relation between early treatment and improved results needs little emphasis. A fire is easily put out while it smoulders feebly in the corner of a room; when the structure of the house is in flames, the most drastic measures may fail, or may save only the charred shell. So with diseases, there are few which are not, in their early stages, local and curable with a minimum of damage to parts that are not diseased. "Early" is a relative term. A perforated gastric ulcer is early in the first six hours, an attack of appendicitis in the first twenty-four; a cancer of the breast remains a small localised lump for six weeks; a rupture, for the first year of its existence, does no permanent damage to

the muscles through which it passes. In these early stages surgery can do its greatest service; only then can it carry out its true task of construction, restoring parts to normal, instead of destroying or remodelling those that are vitiated. A general recognition of the better results and lessened risks that timeliness brings is undoubtedly responsible for the frequency with which early and hopeful surgical treatment is carried out to-day. Patients come earlier to their doctors, and the doctors refer them earlier to the surgeons. In the case of emergencies, improvements in communications and transport, the wider distribution of hospitals, and the tendency to decentralisation in specialist services, have largely abolished that delay which hourly decreases the hope of saving life. To such an extent, indeed, have large tumours and examples of advanced disease disappeared from our hospitals that the whole aspect of surgical teaching has changed, and the standard textbooks of surgery have been drastically revised to conform with conditions of the present day.

Meanwhile, surgical handicraft, the actual technique of the operating theatre, has been immensely improved, so that the average surgeon of to-day performs any operation very much better than the leading surgeons of twenty-five years ago. Such improvement is, in the main, the fruit of a long period of intensive development. The majority of the operations practised to-day are the offspring of those introduced by the last generation of surgeons: each has been tried over an extended period and modified in many ways, and such modifications have in turn been proved by prolonged experience. What is good has been retained, what is valueless discarded. Simpler ways of doing things have been found, and unnecessary steps omitted. New instruments have solved old difficulties. On the whole the tendency has been to put aside a great many suggested operations which have not been able, after extended trial, to establish their worth, rather than to invent new ones. In acquiring this knowledge and fashioning these improvements perhaps the most important factor has been the system, now almost universal, of investigating the results of operation in the mass. On the basis of statistics drawn from large numbers of patients, the value of any procedure can be judged with certainty, not only as regards the improvement it produces, but the durability of that improvement.

The habit of travel and study, developed to its greatest degree among surgeons of the English-speaking nations, and the publication by important journals of abstracts of their papers in several languages, have enabled improvements as they are discovered in one country to be tried out and applied in others. Peculiar to Britain are the many small travelling surgical clubs, whose members make pilgrimages together each year to different groups of continental clinics, gaining from their numbers the advantage of specially arranged demonstrations by the leading men of the countries they visit, and the greater benefit of being able to thresh out among themselves, red hot, the rights and wrongs of what they have seen. Most British surgeons devote in addition a day or two every month to visiting other hospitals in this country, or in the nearer continental towns. Any man who is known as an operator, a teacher, or the originator of new ideas, will always find when he enters the theatre for his day's work, a sprinkling of visitors from other hospitals or other lands.

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Side by side with these advances in diagnosis and treatment, there has come a new and broader conception of disease, which regards not only the morbid process itself, but the body on which it preys and the spirit that animates that body. The change is illustrated best by the modern attitude towards infection. Pasteur's discoveries and Lister's methods throw so searching a light upon problems which had baffled the wisest brains of centuries, that other aspects of the same problems were forgotten. Surgeons came to think in terms of bacteria only, forgetting that the soil on which a seed falls is no less important than the seed itself. Reaction came. The discovery that diseases such as scurvy and beri beri were due to deficiency and unconnected with bacteria, proved that other elements than infection must be considered; and even in conditions due to infection the part played by the resistance of a healthy body began to be appreciated. But it was in the main the experience of the war that brought about the wider outlook that distinguishes the surgery of to-day. In this tragic school, where the experience of decades was gained in a few months of suffering, it was learnt that infection planted upon damaged tissues, or in bodies worn by exposure and weariness, gained the upper hand over all antiseptic methods, while in healthy tissues even the presence of bacteria did not

prevent healing. Hence to-day the surgeon considers his patient in a way that is essentially new. He looks upon the operation, not as an isolated and conclusive act, but as one step in a line of treatment whose success depends, not only on the method of its performance, but upon its being carried out at the right time, preceded by careful preparation and followed by assiduous after care. Twenty years ago preparation for operation meant the elimination of all possible germs by purgation, starvation, and sterilisation of the skin; recovery meant constrained position and prolonged rest in bed. With such attrition the patient often reached the ordeal itself in an enfeebled state. Every effort is now made to conserve mental and bodily vigour in the healthy, and in the feeble, by careful feeding, correcting errors of metabolism, charging the body's reserves of sugar and fluid to the full, and even transfusing blood, to bring about the optimum conditions for intervention. At the operation the same respect for the natural forces of immunity governs technique. *Sit vulnus sanum in corpore sano.* Tissues are spared by avoiding chilling, drying, or exposure; by the cleanliness of care rather than of chemical antiseptics; by preventing every unnecessary laceration and conserving every drop of blood. In operating as on the high road speed must be suited to local conditions; if excessive, it leads to roughness and unnecessary damage, if reasonable, it allows the journey to be accomplished smoothly and the desired goal to be reached with ease. After operation, natural conditions are resumed as soon as possible, for constrained attitudes mean lack of sleep, and prolonged recumbency means wasted muscles. The average time a patient is kept in bed after a severe operation is now about one fourth of that which was considered necessary twenty-five years ago.

No account of the progress of surgery can ignore the improvements that have taken place in the kindred science of anæsthetics, accompanying, and in many cases paving the way for, advances in surgical technique. It can now be said that no age is too advanced and no disease too severe to allow the performance of a necessary operation under suitable anæsthesia. The old anæsthetics, chloroform and ether, remain, but the methods of their administration are very much better. In severe or lengthy operations they are being replaced to an increasing extent by the use of gas and oxygen. Local anæsthesia, the injection in

solution of one of the many synthetic drugs which have replaced Cocaine, has been so perfected that any operation can be safely done on a conscious patient without the infliction of pain. The one new method which has had the greatest influence on operative progress is intratracheal anæsthesia, without which the major surgery of the upper part of the body, and especially thoracic surgery and reconstructive surgery of the face, could hardly have reached its present development. In this method the anæsthetic vapour is delivered directly into the lungs, being blown by an electric pump down a tube introduced into the windpipe; the amount of anæsthetic required is very small and under direct control, and the whole apparatus of anæsthesia can be removed from the immediate neighbourhood of the patient, leaving the surgeon unhampered. The anæsthetist sits like the engineer of a great liner, seeing nothing but the row of instruments before him, yet in control of the destinies of his charge. Set in his apparatus are indicators on which he reads the rate of flow of each gas as it leaves the cylinders, the pressure of the mixture in the lungs, the movements of respiration, and the beat of the patient's heart; any disturbance is reflected on one of the dials, and corrected. Unseen under the sterile towels the patient lies, not deeply drugged, but just asleep, and ready to wake when the operation finishes.

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PROGRESS implies general and not merely local advance: for this reason stress has been laid upon the basic improvement common to every branch of surgery that have taken place since the beginning of the century. But many new fields have been explored in the same period, notably the surgery of the head, the chest, and the bloodvessels, plastic surgery of the face, and the transplantation of tissues in the surgery of repair.

Operations upon the brain were carried out by Macewen and Victor Horsley in Britain and by v.Bergmann in Germany before the period under review, but their work, much as we must admire it to-day, met with little success. Since their day head surgery has developed a technique in many ways peculiar to itself; the methods of opening the skull, largely mechanical problems, have been improved, and the safest routes of approach to different parts of the brain have been determined, while the diagnosis of intracranial lesions has reached a high degree of accuracy. To-day

exploration of the brain is undertaken frequently in any large hospital with considerable certainty as to the site and nature of the trouble and the prospect of bringing relief.

Thoracic surgery has developed hand in hand with intratracheal anæsthesia. Before the war, operations on the chest were rarely undertaken except for the drainage of abscesses; they are now carried out on the lungs, the gullet, the diaphragm, and even the heart. Recently operative methods have been applied to the treatment of consumption, with results that, in chronic and unilateral cases, are brilliant.

Operations upon the bloodvessels are old in conception, but only lately have they been carried out with any frequency, or with marked success. The most dramatic is the removal from an artery of a plug which has obstructed it, with the restoration to life of a limb that would otherwise have suffered gangrene. The majority of these operations have up till now been done by Scandinavian surgeons, but they are becoming yearly more common as the possibility of relief by such means becomes known.

Plastic surgery of the face was called into being during the later stages of the war, to mitigate those hideous mutilations caused by shell wounds which prevented their hapless victims from mingling with their fellow men. Its scope has by no means ceased with peace, for industrial accidents, aeroplane crashes, and burns from petrol or cordite produce every year disfigurements of the face which are curable by no other means. Bit by bit, by painstaking shaping and modelling, the missing features are re-built, the eyelids by smooth skin from the inner side of the thigh, the eyebrows by strips of hairbearing scalp; the nose is fashioned from the skin of the chest or forehead and supported upon a framework of cartilage taken from the ribs, till at the end of some months the face is restored to human semblance. Nor are these serious cases the only ones to which the plastic surgeon now applies his skill; the demand for new noses in place of old ones misshapen by disease or hunting accidents, or even displeasing to their owners because of their pronounced familial or racial peculiarities, keeps him one of the busiest of men.

The transplantation of organs and tissues, while it has been practised on rare occasions with success since the earliest times, has only become a common surgical procedure during the last

twenty years. The most impressive example, and the most valuable in its power to save life, is the transference of blood from one individual to another. Transfusion of blood from man to man and from animals to man was practised by the ancients, but proved to be so dangerous that it failed to establish a place among curative procedures. With the discovery by Moss that human beings fall into four distinct categories with regard to their blood corpuscles, distinct and in most cases incompatible, transfusion was placed on a rational basis and the way paved for the perfection of a safe and simple technique for carrying it out. During the war transfusion saved the lives of very many of our wounded. In civil life it still affords the only hope of combating severe hæmorrhage, and, thanks largely to that public spirited body of men, the blood transfusion service of the British Red Cross Society, donors can always be found to offer their blood to those in danger.

The war was also responsible for the perfecting of another type of transplantation, that of bone, which, while not a life saving measure, has been the means of preserving limbs that would otherwise have been useless. Here again, the idea in its rough form had come from the brain of one of the pioneers of Lister's day, Macewen of Glasgow: the safety and certainty with which it can now be performed is due to the extensive experience of repair which was gained in the military orthopædic hospitals. Bone grafting is now used for many other purposes in surgery, to repair faults of development, to fix joints whose stability has been lost, and to cure tuberculosis by resting diseased parts. The use of fascial membranes in the surgery of repair is of more recent origin than bone grafting, and of far wider application. When Gallie of Toronto proved that slips of membrane could be taken from the outer side of the thigh without leaving any weakness, and, when placed in any part of the body, would retain their strength and vitality, he introduced the means of repairing in a scientific and permanent manner defects due to numberless causes in almost any situation. Large ruptures, weak and stretched scars, injured joints, and torn tendons, are now repaired surely and permanently by darning them with a lattice work of living tissue which, unlike the foreign substances that were formerly employed for this work, can give no trouble afterwards.

These examples of transplantation all concern tissues of a fairly simple type, whose cells are little differentiated and whose need for blood is modest. Even with them, grafting will only succeed under certain conditions. Blood transfusion, if blood of donor and recipient have not first been proved to be compatible, will lead to disaster. Tissues other than blood and skin can rarely be transferred successfully from one individual to another, but must be taken from the patient's own body. The problem of grafting the more vital structures, such as glands, is beset with the double difficulty that the graft must be transferred from one individual to another, always a precarious chance, and that it must of necessity find, during the first few weeks in its new situation, a blood supply incomparably less than its normal provision. Surgeons in the research department of the Mayo Clinic, working with methods of blood vessel suture under favourable conditions that would be difficult to reproduce in actual operations, have entirely failed to transplant glands successfully. It is, therefore, very doubtful if such operations can be carried out in man. It is impossible to ignore Voronoff's method of rejuvenation by the transplantation of monkey glands into men: but, however attractive the prospect of renewal of youth on the operating table may be as a piece of drama, and however brilliant the conception of this French surgeon, it must be realised that his publications are not calculated to convince the scientific critic, nor has he brought forward such proof as can be accepted by experts, surgical or veterinary. The longing to recapture a vanished youth is as old as humanity itself, and the powerful psychic effect of a dramatic operation purporting to transfer the spirit of anthropoid youth into the body of human senility is sufficient, when acting on a mind buoyed up by such a longing, to explain all the reports of renewed energy which bolster up the method. Old age, decay, and death, are not simple matters of the degeneration of one gland. They affect every structure in the body, are part of life itself, and are the instruments by which evolution has slowly and painfully progressed from lower to higher forms of being.

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Science, as has already been pointed out, is now international, and those differences of precept and practice which formerly characterised the schools of different countries are little in

evidence to-day; standing as we do between two continents we are particularly favoured in our opportunities for the interchange of ideas with both our neighbours. What is perhaps most typical of British surgery is its uniformity, so that in every large town will be found men whose standard of performance is of the highest order. In other countries, surgery is based upon centralisation; the clinics are larger, the surgeons fewer. Such a system produces results that are in some ways more dramatic. Large clinics deal with large numbers, produce statistics on a large scale, and tend, more than small ones, to confer the lustre of international glory on their chief. They also tend to produce the theatrical and brilliant type of surgery, which, from the standpoint of the patient, is bad surgery. Moreover, the dominance of a great man, whose word is law over decades, and whose assistants grow old and fixed in his service, tends to the perpetuation of local tradition and the cramping of true originality as against mere showmanship.

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What of the future? Surgical enterprise has developed for so long in security, and technique has been so polished by experience, that it is difficult to conceive of any exploits which will be really new, or to foresee that further advances will consist of more than detailed improvements in the usages of to-day. There are, however, two methods in present use which may profoundly alter, the one the technique, the other the scope of surgery. Electric currents of high voltage and extremely rapid alternation are being used to-day in many operations instead of the knife: such currents produce a fine arc flame which cuts with the rapidity and cleanness of a knife, yet seals all but the larger blood-vessels in its passage. For some operations the advantages of bloodless cutting outweigh any loss there may be of delicacy in touch. Should such technique prove of still wider applicability, it is possible that nearly all the present instruments of the surgeon may disappear, and the technical assistant be replaced by the electrician. The other new factor is radium, new in the sense that the results it is giving to-day, when applied by modern methods, are infinitely better than any that have been obtained heretofore. Whether it will establish itself in the position claimed for it by some of its supporters remains to be seen; at the present its effects on cancerous growths are, in a few situations

little short of miraculous, in the majority somewhat disappointing. In early tumours arising in these places wide removal by operation still offers by far the most hopeful prospect of cure. But, should radium, or any other method of the future, remove the need for operations in cancer, the surgeons would welcome their expropriation.

It is, indeed, one of the anomalies of surgery, that, over a great part of its domain, it holds sway as an usurper, or rather a governor appointed by mandate. Surgery is a mechanical craft, and its permanent sphere is to mend what is broken, to replace what is misplaced, to re-model what is deformed, to overcome obstructions. The many operations for the removal of diseased structures should disappear when the cause of the disease is understood, and its remedy discovered. In conditions such as goitre and ulceration of the stomach operations are done, not because they are the inevitable treatment, but because, in the present state of our knowledge, they can afford a relief which is unattainable by other means. But, in taking them into his care, the surgeon is consciously holding a watching brief, ready, on the appearance of a successor, to hand over his charge.

WIRELESS WHISPERS

By *Celestial*

[INTRODUCTORY NOTE. It is now possible to give a plausible explanation of the aerial disturbance which, during the last few weeks, are reported as having caused some trouble to the owners of the larger wireless sets. At first a rumour arose that this was merely a temporary phenomenon, which only occurred at the time when the newspaper-editors in Paris and Rome were trying over the best adjectives to express just what they felt about Mr. Snowden at The Hague. It was suggested that the similar disturbances in the London area were due to an equally laudable attempt by the English Tory newspaper men to say what they had unfortunately omitted to mention when their own Foreign Ministers were settling the War Debts. But as the aerial disturbances continued even when all these editors were enjoying the deep sleep that is always granted to such earnest workers, this first theory was insufficient to explain the facts. A correspondent living in a remote valley of the Welsh hills (over the tops of which the peace and happiness of Europe appeared—the only performance, unfortunately—in Mr. Lloyd George's speeches during the war) has been able to give a more satisfying solution. *There is communication going on between this earth and one of the heavenly bodies.* His reason for this explanation is that he has tapped a new wireless beam. He has intercepted the following letter. It is in tolerably correct English, which at first surprised him; but on mentioning the matter to several of his friends of high rank, whose ancestors had served at the battles of Agincourt and Trafalgar, they pointed out—which was, of course, palpably true—that the British are the greatest people in the World or beyond it, and any inter-etherial communications would almost certainly be carried on in their language. This patriotic theory had the support of the best clubs in Pall Mall, which have always maintained the traditions of William the Conqueror and other powerful national rulers. The only doubt thrown on it was—strangely enough—at the Foreign Office; where the officials, with their usual discretion,

refused to discuss the matter, but showed considerable embarrassment—as far as men educated at the best public-schools and universities are ever embarrassed by mere facts. The real English public-school boy has such perfect ease of manner that he does not appear to notice an earthquake or a revolution, even if it happens on the other side of the street. It is this splendid stolidity which has made Britain so great; though, of course, an ignoring of the facts has occasionally caused momentary inconvenience.

But to return to the intercepted letter. With the exception of a few passages which were obviously local dialect, and an occasional sentence where the point of view was so different from that of decent English family-life that the meaning was obscure, this correspondence was easily deciphered. We print it as a not uninteresting picture of how we appear to the inhabitants of another sphere. Of course, many of the thoughts are grotesque and ridiculous—to quote the restrained language of a recent diplomatic dispute—and every now and again this foreign person—whoever he may be—has ideas, and even silly notions, that would never have entered into the head of anyone who had received a proper education at a school where all the members of the staff were perfect gentlemen—and never told the truth unless it was entirely safe and constitutional.

But in this disturbed modern world it is necessary to consider the opinions of the less intelligent sort. In the older times only the "right" people mattered, and in the best days of the British Empire Eton and Harrow had the powerful social influence now possessed by the biggest London Stores. There was a time when newspaper editors paid serious attention to the opinions and desires of Metternich and Talleyrand, and would beg for the favour of a few words from Castlereagh or Palmerston. Then scholars were taught to compose Latin verses. To-day the prizes are for those who can write attractive advertisements; and the editors pursue financiers instead of statesmen. They are possibly wise in so doing. Whether a classical verse or an advertisement for soap be the more useful accomplishment is a question for the best philosophers—and would require much space and more patience. And, after all, the really important questions are never answered beyond dispute. The Early Christian philosophers spent a deal of time discussing how many

angels could sit on the point of a needle, or some other vital problem. It was never really satisfactorily settled—and their most famous successor, Dean Inge, does not seem to attach much importance to the matter. It is a *chose* that will never be *jugée*. That is why the Church is so clever and so eternal—it sticks to the questions that have no answer. But now to the letter . . .]

YOU will never guess what has happened. I'm not sure I've guessed the right answer myself! But what is quite certain is that I've fallen off the dear old Sphere [the actual word is unknown; but it clearly means that the wireless scribe has left one heavenly body for another. The word translated 'sphere' may be the local name for Venus or Jupiter or perhaps the Moon—or even, who knows, an unseen star]. It was an amazing adventure, anyhow.

Do you remember I got certified as a lunatic for trying to make a living by betting that one horse would reach a post before another? I admit it was silly; but I only did it as a lark, because I was bored to death writing every day a column of nonsense I did not believe. [The sentence is very obscure and this is only a rough translation. There are words resembling "balderdash" and others that look like "—— (a word quite illegible) lies." It is possible the scribe had been writing 'leaders' for a daily newspaper in his planet. It is a regrettable indication of the much lower morality of his world than anything we can conceive here]. Well, anyway, I was declared unsafe for society, and was confined in a mental home.

At first it was rather novel. There were all kinds of people one did not have the chance of meeting in the sane world outside. There were fanatics who believed in perfect justice and liberty and equality, and other abstract qualities which are very admirable in a book of philosophy and even at political elections, but totally unfit for every-day use. But I soon got tired of an asylum of inmates who were too good to be allowed out. The comparatively harmless cases, homicidal lunatics, for example, they usually let out after a short 'cure'; for it was decided that it was a thousand chances to one if they killed anyone at all, and certainly hardly anyone that would matter in an overcrowded world. But those fads concerning abstract ideals caused unending trouble, and such cases were detained for life.

The head-keeper of the asylum was a scholar of the highest distinction, who had devoted his whole time since boyhood to the purest scientific principles. He had not considered ordinary beings for five minutes on end. He scarcely knew men and women as they are in real life; but he knew precisely what they ought to be. When he came to live at the asylum he had, indeed, reached his spiritual home—among all the other worshippers of the abstract and unreal. It was, perhaps, because I unconsciously treated him as a fellow inmate—instead of the governor—that he disliked me. I ought to have humoured him, as one compromised, so I have heard, with the gentleman who thought he was the Emperor of China. A few 'your majesty's' or 'your grace's' are much appreciated by the scientists who are, at the moment, the ruling dynasty of the universe. They are not very different from the earlier ruling despots. When one has lived in a town ruled by scientific machinery, with its smoke and noise, one sees it is a very worthy successor of the more ancient tyrannies ruled by despots and priests who burned rebels and heretics. After all, the Inquisitors lighted fewer fires in Europe than the Scientists have done in factory towns; and the scientific fires are more damaging to the lungs and eyes.

However, the head keeper disliked me as much as I disliked him. I saw he had decided I was a bad case—a life-sentence, in fact. I promised I would not be such a silly fool as to bet on a horse race again, but he said I was an entirely unbalanced person in other ways. He had discovered the truth. I was an illegitimate child! As you know, my father and mother had been quiet country folk who rarely came to town. They lived in one of the few remote villages where the old fashioned churches had survived. When they found they were deeply devoted to each other, and had so many tastes in common, they had gone to the village priest and he had married them in accordance with the old rites. They forgot all about the licence from the expert eugenics official at the Public Office of Population.

This simply drove the head scientist at the asylum into a state of fury. To have forgotten the P.O.P. was conclusive evidence of a complete insanity. If the population of the world was to be allowed to grow upon a basis of sloppy sentiments and human affections—as it had in the past—it would be a denial of the

supremacy of scientific thought. This was just where the whole world had gone wrong; because it had followed its thoughtless fancies instead of doing as scientific men told it.

I was a child of this most damnable kind of sin; and it was as clear as a solved equation that I was not going to be let out of the asylum to contaminate the world by the doctrine of licentious love hitherto taught by priests and poets and loose-livers of that kind. If that sort of thing went on the world would never breed clever, thoughtful, well-balanced inhabitants.

On my side, I had an old fashioned desire for liberty. Besides I was more than half suspicious that the head scientist had decided on death rather than life-detention; for he insisted on my being inoculated against all known diseases. However, I unexpectedly survived that; and he then proposed an operation on the brain to remove the infected area. I saw that I was truly in a lunatic asylum, so planned to escape. An aeroplane had by good fortune just landed a visitor. I made for it like a flash, with the whole operating-theatre staff in pursuit. But I fought my way through by the aid of the sharp instrument which was to have removed the best part of my brain. I had a peculiar, though primitive, satisfaction in placing it in the operating surgeon's right arm.

I reached the plane and rose into the air. I made for the shelter of the nearest cloud. When I came out of it and again saw below me, the whole national air force seemed to have started in pursuit. My emotions were stirred. The affair had a touch of the great drama. It was epic. It was the escape of the last free man from the clutch of pedants—call them what you will. I determined not to be caught. I turned every handle I could see. Luckily I turned the right ones, and turned them the right way.

Like most people who find themselves in control of a mechanical instrument, I threw aside all restraint. I went half mad, and simply flashed along without aim. I only wanted to go faster. I had no thought as to where and why. Looking back on it all I see that for the time I had adopted the true scientific mind—which rarely thinks what it is doing. For example, it would be unkind to say it was thinking when it invented poison gas.

I really don't know what happened except that it is clear that

I over-ran the gravitation line; and got into space and floated about until I suppose I was caught by the pull of another world. At least, I've arrived somewhere. It is not yet perfectly clear *where*. But the inhabitants I've so far met, all seem convinced that it is a place of importance. They even talk as if it is the centre of the whole creation. But I'd fallen such a long way that it did not seem to matter very much. In a moment of generous gratefulness for having arrived anywhere, I began to feel that there was heaps of room for several centres. It is only these Primitive-Methodist scientists who are quarrelsome about such points.

My arrival was extraordinarily fortunate. I apparently landed on an island off the coast of a larger island. I gather it is some place in the north of Europe, where the inhabitants always wear kilts or flowing skirts. The lucky thing was that the people were expecting a stranger. They said they were about to elect a representative to sit in the national assembly of Great Britain. A kind gentleman who was quite unknown to them had offered to do anything they wanted in the Parliament—as it is called. When I arrived they assumed I was the man. I scarcely liked to contradict such hospitable people immediately I landed; so the matter was left there.

A slight embarrassment arose when they said that as there were two candidates I might give them a hint which one I was; to which I replied that my political views were those of the largest number of voters. They cheered loudly and said I was clearly a politician of the first rank; and just the man they wanted, for they were the majority of the electors. This was an exceedingly happy coincidence in political desires. I am told that this well-bred harmony between electors and elected often happens in political life in these parts. If any sacrifice has to be made by the candidate, it is his own principles he nobly surrenders to the public good.

I have just come up to Town, as they say, to carry out my duties as the parliamentary representative of the islands where they wear the "kilts." I was rather nervous when I set out because I felt I knew really nothing of the wants of the kilted folk. However, all this nervousness has passed since I reached London, the capital city where the Assembly meets. For I have talked matters over in the smoking rooms and elsewhere; and I

gather that the affairs of the "kilts" are of small importance and my duty is to consider the good of the nation, as a great whole. When I admitted, as discreetly as I could without confessing my somewhat alien origin, that I did not know much more about the national affairs than of the local, they hastened to say that was alright. For the national affairs were settled by a few permanent gentlemen who sat in offices in Whitehall; and these gentlemen told the Prime Minister, who told the chief Whips. So that all I had to do was to go into that division lobby where the Whips sent me. When I asked for an explanation of why the men who conducted the division traffic were called "Whips"—they merely smiled, and said I would soon find out if I did not do as I was told.

This is all very satisfactory; since I gather I need not exercise any intelligence to make myself one of the most loyal and most popular members of the assembly. The less I think for myself, the more everybody (of an official sort) will love me. If I can only learn to go to sleep and merely wake up for the "divisions," then I shall be a perfect member. I shall have the more time to send wireless messages to you, so far away. The only thing that causes me anxiety is whether any of my pursuers fell off the Sphere when I did. If so they may have fallen here also. Of course it might be very awkward if we met. If they reveal my identity, I shall threaten to hand over the Sphere to be added to the British Empire. This will cause the greatest enthusiasm here and make me perfectly safe. It will be considered very patriotic, and prove that I am a sound imperialist. Most of the imperialist patriots here are foreigners; wealthy Jews and others of a like sort. Any suggestion to add to the Empire arouses the loyal support of the Commercial-traveller classes. It increases trade; or at least they hope so.

The people in this World are the quaintest creatures you ever saw. They have such amusing notions. As I am their representative in this Assembly, I regret to have to add that some of their habits and ideas seem to have no kind of sense whatsoever. But that may be alien prejudice on my part. You remember my trouble began by being certified as a lunatic for betting on the result of horse-racing. Well, it strikes me as very funny that in this country backing horses is the national amusement! The newspapers are full of "odds" as they call them: that is, the

chances of one horse galloping a shade faster than the other horses, as guessed by a man who is paid by a newspaper to go on guessing until he comes right. Of course, he does, sooner or later, and then the paper is so pleased and astonished that the results are announced with great pride on bills in the streets.

The betting public might just as well toss a penny themselves (and keep it) instead of spending it on the expert's advice. Nevertheless, quite grown-up men, who have been out of the hands of their nurses for years and years, rush into the streets every day and seize the afternoon editions of the newspapers—hoping against hope that their chosen horse has stretched its neck and legs longer than the rest. When they are not devoting their brains and their immortal souls to horse racing, they are equally impassioned concerning the result of a cricket or a football match—and when, quite lately, some inspired person thought of the idea of making dogs run after a mechanical hare, I am told that a crisis arose in national affairs. It is well that their souls are immortal, for otherwise it might seem a dangerous waste of time. But I suppose the immortals have plenty of time to be completely silly.

Nevertheless, it is positively alarming to meditate how many people are immortally silly in this land. How they ever manage to conduct the affairs of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen—that I understand is the opinion of all the most popular historians here—is beyond comprehension. One can only imagine that Empires—like poets—are born and not made. There is a story they are always telling in these parts that an emperor Nero once, long ago, was found playing his fiddle while his city, Rome, was burning. I suppose that was because they had not yet invented the game of betting on the 2-30 winner.

The more I see of these quaint people the quainter seem their habits. I am told that a short time ago—before I fell on them—most of the people on this earth spent four whole years killing each other as fast as they could. Those who were not themselves fighting, supplied the warriors with food and every kind of dangerous weapon that the scientists could invent. It was the most gigantic and best organised case of killing that has ever been known; but the police and the priests did not interfere; indeed they encouraged it, because, they said, it was for the *Freedom of the World*. This seemed all very clear at the time;

for, of course, everybody is "nervy" and flurried when guns are firing and shells are bursting. But now it is all over, there is considerable doubt as to the freedom. It is not quite certain who is free—if anybody.

This difficult point of law and ethics has been raised at intervals, ever since the battles ceased, at great Conferences where the rival nations meet to discuss the peace terms. It has taken far longer to make the peace than to make the war. But this is only reasonable; for any uneducated man of the most primitive instincts can make a war; but it needs a very smart financier to find the money to pay for it. Hence the delay in the settlement.

I sometimes wonder if these great international men from Exchequers and banks and money-lenders' offices, know how funny they appear to an outsider, when they sit round their Reparations Conference-tables. They are like a lot of naughty fellows who have spent the night before in smashing the furniture and breaking the crockery; and now, in the cooler atmosphere of the next morning, they have met to discuss who is going to pay the bill for their "rag." If anybody knew exactly who was responsible for the war it might be easier to settle. There is another serious difficulty; for the allies who fought side by side are now squabbling as to whom shall escape the penalties of victory. For it is now as disastrous to win a war as to lose it. It was all very well in the old days for a king to ask his subjects to bring along their bows and arrows or battle-axes and set out with him for a few weeks' hunting raids into the next neighbouring fields. If they came back at all, they usually brought some marketable or eatable flocks as spoils; if they did not return, that was an end of it.

But now war is a more serious matter. It is necessary to spend far more in fighting it than you can possibly recover if you win. In these circumstances, of course, no sane person any longer believes that war is a possible solution of any international dispute. For if you win or lose, you are alike ruined. Only the smart money-lending class and the munition manufacturers still see any good in preparations for another war; and, of course, the O.T.C. at the English public schools, where the standard of intelligence is very honourable but somewhat primitive. The Public School boys have always been ready to lay down their lives, rather than trouble to think.

There is just a chance of making a little national profit out of a war if one is clever enough to put most of the expense on one of your allies and keep most of the spoils for yourself. For example, the United States of America were clever enough to do most of the money-lending and munition work and least of the fighting. When the war was over they said there had been enough bloodshed; and it was understood that they were ardent advocates of a League of Nations which was to settle national disputes by arbitration and not by force. This was very generous of the people of the United States; seeing that they had made more out of war than any race since the beginning of history. However, it turned out to be only an American joke; for they immediately announced their intention to build the biggest navy the world has ever seen. This peculiarly dry form of humour, which can be appreciated only by those who live in a suitable climate, does not fit the moister atmosphere of Europe.

So it seems probable that the scientists and the manufacturers and the money-lenders—with the support of the O.T.C.—will still go on preparing for the next war; and the man in the street, being a jolly, happy-hearted sort of fellow, will continue to lose his shillings and half crowns on the afternoon horse races; and anything that is left over he will cheerfully give in taxes for the maintenance of a military system which will, with luck, finally solve all the problems of mankind—by blowing it to bits. Then science and finance and dull-wits—the modern Trinity—will have triumphed indeed. But there are so many sensible and honest people in this quaint place that they may beat the dull creatures, after all. When the air is quiet I may send you some more news. But the ruling class governors of this extraordinary world are such an amazingly half-witted lot that one feels they may blow the whole place to fragments, by sheer thoughtlessness. So I may be hurled back to you any day. The lunatic asylum, from which I fled will seem sane by comparison with some of the local "wisdom" of these parts. Meanwhile, I shall pursue my examination of these strange people; and I'll send you the results whenever I can get through. The new creatures will not teach us much sense—but they do make one laugh.

THE NEW ENTENTE

SOME POLITICAL CONSEQUENCES

BY LT. COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P.,

THAT the results of the successful Anglo-American conversations initiated by the Prime Minister on his resumption of office and continued by him in Washington, are likely to go far beyond a simple Naval Agreement is already obvious. Important as are theoretical parity by agreement, naval yardsticks and the like, very much wider questions have come to the front and have been discussed, it is to be hoped with happy results. Elsewhere in these columns the technical questions involved in an agreement on naval parity are examined. I propose to examine some of the political consequences of Anglo-American agreement.

Let me first, however, refer to some aspects of the situation that had arisen before the first official visit of a Prime Minister to the United States. Before 1914 the strength and efficiency of the United States Navy never entered into British calculations. During a long period before and up to the outbreak of the Great War, there were a series of agitations about the strength of the British Fleet relative to the navies of other Powers. First, France, then France and Russia in alliance, were looked upon as serious naval rivals; and so, indeed, they were. Then came the German bid for sea power and the era of political aggression by Germany backed up, to some extent, by her Allies in the Triple Alliance.

The Entente Cordiale with France followed as a consequence, and we deliberately shaped our naval programme with an eye to the German Fleet. As fast as Germany laid down warships, we outbuilt her. This competition continued up to the outbreak of the War. During all these years, when the strength of the Fleet played a very important part in our domestic politics, the American Navy, though efficient and numbered amongst the first-class Fleets of the world, was never taken into consideration

as a possible rival. It was only after the War, with the German Fleet "off the board," that the American Navy attracted the attention of the British "Blue Water School."

To assess the probable results of an agreement with America now it is necessary to examine the reasons for this sudden and incipient rivalry, following, as it did, alliance in war, comradeship on the battle-field, the co-operation of her Fleet with ours during the most critical months of the war, and association in the drawing-up of peace terms. After this close relationship, why should the American Fleet have suddenly loomed up as a menace to the British Empire in the eyes of British patriots, and why should the British Fleet have suddenly appeared as a danger to the United States in the eyes of the "hundred per-cent" Americans? We may put aside the suggestion that ill-feeling was caused by indebtedness from the one country to the other because all the participants in the late war owe debts to one another; and yet no one has looked upon the not inconsiderable French and Italian naval forces as a peril to our existence. Present and future financial and trade rivalry cannot be fairly considered as a primary reason for this coldness and suspicion; for all the manufacturing and exporting nations of the world are engaged in the international scramble for markets, and we have remained on perfectly good terms in recent years with Germany and Japan, both of them our keen competitors. The only two causes of this latent hostility and rivalry that will bear serious examination are first, that the United States is outside the League of Nations, and that we, therefore, might come into collision with her in applying sanctions under the terms of the Covenant; and second, probably more important still, that we have acquired a habit during the last three centuries of looking upon every strong and growing Sea Power as a potential enemy, and especially the Power with the next strongest Fleet to our own.

The first cause of apprehension is practical and substantial in the absence of any parallel agreement such as an extension of the Briand-Kellogg Pact. It is, however, only the minority of students of international affairs and naval experts who would be affected by it. But the second reason, the instinctive feeling of rivalry for another strong Naval Power, is a far more serious matter.

The belief in the necessity of naval predominance is almost

hereditary among our people. It corresponds to the belief in the minds of the French people in the necessity of a strong Army. Before the time of the Great War, when war as an instrument of national policy was recognised, legitimate and respectable, our final defence lay in the strength of our Fleet. A non-military Power, we have relied on the Navy to preserve us from invasion, to protect our overseas supplies of food and raw materials, to sustain our Colonies in time of war, and to serve as a means of bringing pressure to bear upon an enemy. Spain, Holland, France and Germany in turn had been fought and defeated upon the seas during these last three centuries.

We had acquired a national habit of regarding with apprehension the building up of the next strongest Navy to our own. We have usually made alliances with the lesser but nevertheless powerful Navies of other nations when we have not been strong enough to outbuild or overthrow naval rivals unaided. The Japanese Alliance was aimed at France and Russia; later, the Entente Cordiale and the Naval Agreement with Russia were aimed at Germany. After the War and before the League of Nations had established itself, or the Briand-Kellogg Pact for the Outlawry of War had been considered practical politics, we automatically regarded the next strongest Fleet to our own, that of the United States, as the new rival on the High Seas. The Washington Conference of 1921 brought to an end a real ship-building race which had actually commenced between Britain and America in the great capital ships—battleships and battle cruisers. But it left a wide loophole for rivalry in cruiser building. The 1927 Geneva Conference, called by President Coolidge, attempted to achieve parity in cruisers in the same way as it had been agreed upon for ships of the line; and it failed miserably.

The first consequence of the new understanding with America should mean virtual parity in cruisers and, if desired, possibly in other types of war vessels: destroyers, submarines and the like. Yet the cruisers were the symbol. Agreement in this type of war vessel had proved impossible of attainment two years ago. But once a yardstick had been devised for cruisers the rest followed.

Yet mere parity by itself without a restoration of mutual confidence might well do more harm than good. In actual practice it is no more possible to get parity between navies than between

racehorses. So many other factors, largely incalculable, such as Mercantile Fleets, naval bases, responsibilities to be assumed by Navies, the quality of the personnel and the like, must be taken into account. Mischief-makers could always pretend that one Navy was trying to steal a march on the other, as indeed they have done in the years following on the Washington Agreement of 1921. For example sinister stories had been spread about the battleships of the British Navy having their guns surreptitiously elevated. But the value of agreement on the strength of Fleets lies in the very fact of agreement. It would be wrong to draw an analogy between the Entente Cordiale with France at the beginning of the present century and the Agreement with America; for the Entente Cordiale was really a naval and military alliance and was aimed at a common and known enemy. An Anglo-American Agreement can be aimed at no nation or group of nations: at the best it will be an insurance against peace-breakers the world over. But the Entente Cordiale improved the atmosphere between the two nations who had fought each other at intervals for hundreds of years, and who had been in actual maritime rivalry one with the other immediately before it. Its great value was psychological: this too should be the great value of the agreement that should follow the conversations at Washington and the reception given to the British Prime Minister in America. It should break the habit acquired by the British people of looking on the next most powerful Fleet to our own as, *ipso facto*, the sea arm of a future enemy. So long as this was our attitude, we attempted by all means to make ourselves more powerful at sea than our rival either by out-building her or by forming alliances with lesser naval Powers. Now we are doing deliberately what we should have done after Washington in 1921; that is, surrendering our claim to predominance at sea in *all* classes of war vessels.

On the other side of the Atlantic is another tradition, complementary to our own deliberate policy of naval predominance. The Americans have looked upon the British Navy as a menace to their commerce in war, they being neutrals. The Freedom of the Seas, the demand for non-interference with neutral commerce, has become a national objective in America second only in importance to the Monroe Doctrine. It was obvious that Mr. MacDonald could not avoid discussing this

question. If the President had left it alone, Senator Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, and his friends would certainly have insisted on discussing it. And then we get back, naturally enough, to the first cause I have mentioned of suspicion and apprehension in Britain as against America. Under the Covenant of the League we are committed to assist in imposing sanctions against an aggressor by economic or other means. Economic sanctions means in practice, blockade, and blockade exercised against ordinary commerce is what the Americans, with their experience of previous wars, including the last one, were determined not to tolerate. Leaving aside the habitual naval agitators, the fear that our faithful performance of our duties under the Covenant might bring us into collision with the United States, lay at the bottom of the naval rivalry which, it is now to be hoped, has been ended for ever.

The event which has really made agreement between England and America possible is the Briand-Kellogg Pact which rules out war as an instrument of national policy. An aggressor against the Covenant of the League of Nations, if fairly judged, must also be a violator of the Kellogg Pact.

The second great consequence of successful Anglo-American negotiations must be the partial abandonment of the American position on the Freedom of the Seas in exchange for an abandonment by Great Britain of her ancient and tenaciously held rights of blockade and the interruption of seaborne supplies to an enemy on our own responsibility and judgment. There will be those in this country who will violently protest against any surrender of our Sovereign rights on the High Seas in case of war. But this school should be countered by another school of thought which holds that the new weapons and new technique of naval warfare have made us so vulnerable on the trade routes that we have more to gain than to lose by surrendering our historic rights in return for guarantees against aggression at sea. A Five-Power Naval Conference has been called for next January. It may or may not succeed. If successful, it will be only a preliminary to the further labours of the Preparatory Commission on Disarmament. If it fails it should make no difference to the new Anglo-American relationship. But whether the Five-Power Naval Conference succeeds or fails, this whole subject of international law at sea in time of war must be faced instead of being shirked,

and must be fully and frankly discussed. The measure of success of the Hoover-MacDonald conversations will be the degree of agreement expressed by England and America at that Conference. Fortunately, public opinion in all the nations concerned should play an increasingly important part; and to the undoubted pacifist feelings of the ordinary people in Europe will be added the desires of the respective Ministers of Finance to save money on armaments.

Next we may expect a declaration, if it has not already been made by the time these words are in print, that the reservations put forward by the late Government before adhering to the Briand-Kellogg Pact must not be taken as applying to the United States of America or to other nations who will enter into common agreement with the two English-speaking peoples for the same pacific objects.

Now let us examine the political consequences in our own country. There should be an end to Big Navy propaganda which for the last two or three generations has been actively supported by the Conservative Party. The Opposition dare not attempt to make capital out of alleged betrayals of British interests at sea. Mr. MacDonald will have enormously increased his own prestige. If the new Anglo-American Entente—if I may use that word, with the proviso mentioned above—is followed by a series of successful Conferences and a substantial contribution to the general reduction of armaments, this will rebound enormously to the credit of the present Government. There should be an immediate as well as a progressive saving in the cost of armaments, with benefit to the National Budget. The Shearer revelations in America have given great impetus to the demand for the control of the private manufacture of and traffic in munitions. There will be a fight here, but there is no doubt where the ultimate victory will lie; and this will still further rally to the Government the powerful religious, pacifist and humanitarian sections of the British public. Particularly will this success undermine the position of the remaining Liberals, and strengthen the Labour Party with those particularly difficult and numerous elements of the voters who are broadly spoken of as the "middle class." Providing the Washington success is followed up, the Labour Government is almost assured of three or four more years of office, if it desires them with the present Parliamentary position,

to be followed perhaps by a successful General Election giving the Labour Party a clear majority.

In our Imperial politics the most noteworthy result will be in Canada. There has been uneasiness amongst Canadians at the trend of Anglo-American relations. This feeling of uneasiness reinforced the Canadian demand for greater autonomy in foreign affairs. Anglo-American friendship and the ending of naval rivalry will undoubtedly strengthen the Imperial tie between Britain and Canada.

Our prestige in South Africa will be immensely strengthened. The results in Australia and New Zealand will be highly important. The Australians are still fearful of a challenge to their ideal of a White Australia. The fears of Japanese expansion in the Pacific, and Asiatic demands for emigration rights in Northern Australia, have died down recently, but they are still latent. The prospect of a real Anglo-American rivalry, with all its potentialities for evil, and even for war, would make the Australians extraordinarily nervous of the Japanese opportunity arriving. It was no less a person than Mr. Hughes who made the famous declaration that every new American warship was an additional insurance for the security of the British Empire. Mr. Hughes's prophecy will have been found to be correct if the consequences of the Briand-Kellogg Pact and the Anglo-American conversations are what they should be.

We are threatened with serious trouble in India. With England and America at loggerheads there would have been some American sympathy for extreme Nationalism in India. We have nothing to fear from this quarter now so long as we steadily pursue our avowed policy of assisting the Indian people to fit themselves gradually for a greater measure of self-government, culminating in full Dominion status.

Now as to the consequences in foreign affairs generally. While there is no immediate prospect of the United States applying for admission to the League of Nations, their approach to the League will undoubtedly be accelerated. We shall have to wait at least another decade before American adhesion to the Covenant becomes practical politics. But some means of greater co-operation will undoubtedly be found. The World Court of International Justice becomes not only practical politics but a necessity. Having outlawed war as an instrument of national policy, having agreed

to seek a solution of international disputes by peaceable means, we cannot avoid setting up suitable machinery for the adjustment of differences between nations. I referred earlier in this article to the modification of the rigid doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas consequential on the Kellogg-Briand Pact and the new Anglo-American Entente. How long it will take to convert public opinion in the United States, and especially to convert the Senate, it is difficult to tell; but eventually an obligation not to comfort or supply a violator of the Pact, especially when also a violator of the Covenant of the League of Nations, will be accepted by America. The power of refusing supplies to a war-maker by America, especially in conjunction with the British Empire, is tremendous. Between us we control the bulk of the world's supplies of metals, oils and other necessary raw materials, without which war on the grand scale cannot possibly be waged with success. A friendly agreement for the financial boycott of a potential disturber of the peace would be wonderfully effective by itself. Nor need we be too nervous about means of defining aggression. The real implication of the Briand-Kellogg Pact is that war under any circumstances has been illegalised just as fighting in a properly conducted State between citizens or communities is forbidden and must be prevented if the State itself is to survive. In the event of a street brawl the Police Forces do not trouble themselves about the rights or wrongs of the dispute. Their immediate object is to stop the fighting, and they have the right to call to their aid the armed forces, and, if necessary, the whole of the peaceable citizens of the country to put an end to it. The rights and wrongs of the trouble are then heard in a calm atmosphere by a properly constituted Court of Law. This is what eventually must be the procedure in disputes between nations. There will be no question of deciding who is the victim of, or the nation threatened by, aggression; or of promising support, financial or otherwise, as against the aggressor. The objective, I repeat, will be to stop the fighting, and then to go into the question of rights and wrongs. With England and America in agreement this becomes practical politics. To take an actual example: full Anglo-American agreement should in the long run bring peace in China, together with the open door and a fair field for legitimate traders.

The next consequence is that if the idea of the United States

of Europe, especially if the boss of the shield is turned towards America, is pursued, Britain will not be a participant.

As for the danger of sabotage by other Powers in the subsequent negotiations, especially for an all-round limitation and reduction of armaments, beginning with naval armaments, this need not be exaggerated. Take, for example, the vexed question of submarines. Britain and America are now openly in favour of the illegalising of the submarine by all nations just as has already been done in the case of Germany. But if this is not acquiesced in we could make a joint declaration that we will not tolerate the use of submarines in any future war in an illegal manner; that is, contrary to the laws of humanity and the customs of the sea. And the same could apply to the possible use in a private war, which we may not succeed in preventing, of aircraft against merchant vessels. Indeed, whether the Five-Power Conference is successful or not, Britain and America between them can act as common guardians of the maritime trade routes of the world, and a dangerous naval rivalry may well be replaced by a desire on the part of each nation to provide her quota to the common defence at as cheap a cost as possible. It only requires the jettisoning of some of the old prejudices and old habits of thought for the peoples of the world, led by the English-speaking peoples, to envisage war as the anachronism it is, and for its outlawry to become effective for all time.

THE NEW ENTENTE

PARITY IN PROSPECT

By REAR-ADMIRAL D. ARNOLD-FORSTER, C.M.G.

AT the moment of writing little has been made known of the conversations at Washington on the more vital factors which influence the scale of naval armaments. It appears, however, that there are certain definite points on which provisional agreement has been arrived at between Great Britain and the United States, which it is desired to bring forward as a basis for discussion at the Five Power naval conference invited to meet in London in January, 1930, to consider a general reduction of Naval Armaments.

As between Great Britain and the United States it has been agreed to adopt the principle of parity in all classes of ships. This already exists in battleships. In cruisers, an agreed form of parity will be arrived at by 1936. This involves a gradual reduction of the British Cruiser force to 50, by non-replacement of older vessels when due for scrapping. With regard to battleships, it is proposed to reconsider their replacement programmes provided for under the Washington Treaty of 1922, with a view to "diminishing the amount of replacement construction." And lastly, it is proposed to bring forward again the case for the total abolition of submarines.

It is true that for purely economic reasons any reduction of the burden of naval armaments would be welcomed in the civilised countries of to-day. But the extent to which the active support, or friendly co-operation, of other navies may reasonably be expected is bound to weigh heavily with responsible sea officers of every naval Power, in their difficult task of considering the nature and extent of any proposed reductions in their own navies.

In fixing a minimum strength for their naval forces, they have to envisage the magnitude of the operations to which they may be committed by the policies of their respective Governments.

For the navies of those sea powers which are bound both by the Covenant and by the Kellogg Pact, these are of two kinds only. First, operations in defence of their own country in the event of illegal war made on them by another nation; second, operations undertaken on behalf of the League against the "aggressor" in illegal war in any part of the world. In the first of these emergencies a country's armed forces must be prepared to function to their utmost capacity; in the second, the call is more likely to be on a limited scale.

But whatever the extent of any naval warlike operations undertaken by us, or by any other sea power, on behalf of the League, or in an unsought but legitimate war of self defence, the object would not be to settle the dispute by force; the operations would be undertaken to put a stop to the fighting as soon as possible, and to insist that the matter at issue be brought to peaceful arbitration in accordance with the spirit of the Kellogg Pact.

It is clear, in our case, that while every general reduction of the world's naval armaments reduces our naval liability, either on our own account, or as one of the naval powers supporting the League of Nations, yet the risk of damage from a few hostile cruisers or extemporised surface raiders let loose on the trade routes must always be faced, as well as the possibility of the descent of hostile combined naval and military expeditions on outlying parts of the Empire.

The great value of the active co-operation of other navies—even the smallest of them—in distant corners of the world, was fully appreciated in the Great War. The strictly neutral, but friendly, attitude of the Brazilian navy before they entered the war was invaluable to our squadrons patrolling the South Atlantic in search of hostile raiders. Many other examples could be given. Obviously, at the present time, if we could feel assured of at least the passive support of the efficient United States navy, in case of legitimate need, it would be much easier than it is now to make very considerable reductions in our own sea forces.

Moreover, all other sea powers would be affected in the same way. For though, when a belligerent, the safety of our seaborne trade is vital to us, we are by no means the only naval power seriously concerned in the safety of shipping. The existence of Japan already depends to a great extent on hers; and the trade of the United States, Germany, and other naval powers is also

dependent to a large extent on their shipping. As belligerents, any one of them must look to its naval power to keep its trade routes open.

But considerable reductions of naval armaments could be faced with equanimity by every sea power if the United States navy, as well as our own, could be relied on to provide active or passive support in upholding the principles of the Kellogg Pact. The United States is no more immune from attack on their shipping in any part of the world than any other great power, nor from overseas naval raids and offensive military landings in their territories. But assured support of other navies in the cause of peace would enable them, as well as others, to make considerable reductions in their naval armaments without fear.

If, at some future time, the United States decided to join the League of Nations, an unknown and disturbing factor would at once be eliminated from calculations of world sea power. But this involves large political, economic and military questions for that country, which are outside the special province of the naval officer. When the peace of the world is disturbed, as often as not sea power would not be called upon to interfere. But undoubtedly there are occasions when it can and will be used conveniently and with effect, often by local naval forces already on the spot. And even if *active* support from the United States navy in the cause of peace cannot always be looked for, it would simplify matters for other navies if they were sure of its *passive* support at all times, whether the United States belonged to the League or not.

It is not known to what extent the problems involved in the doctrine of "Freedom of the Seas" have been discussed at Washington. But the principles involved in it bear so directly on the practical application of sea power and the relative strengths of naval forces, that no excuse is needed for referring to it here.

The fact is, this vague catchword can be argued about indefinitely and twisted into many meanings. Those accustomed to use the precise terms appropriate to sea warfare saw little sense in the phrase when first thrown at the world by President Wilson, and can see none in it now. When he first introduced the slogan his head was full of the new idea of a Covenant to prevent war, and a vital part of this idea at the time was "International control of the sea in wartime by a League of

Nations." But a perfectly clear conception was only confused by mixing with it a new principle of sea warfare implying that the seas should be free to all merchant shipping, whether belligerent or not, under all circumstances.

By the choice of that slogan, one can only imagine that President Wilson hoped to appeal to those neutrals who had suffered hardship, inconvenience, or loss during the war then just ended, and also to that large section of Americans who had the ingrained habit of thinking always as neutrals, and who regarded their role as champion of neutral rights as a kind of religion. It could not possibly have appealed to any intelligent people in his own country or elsewhere who were enthusiastic in supporting the new idea of a Covenant to prevent war. For in the ideal League of Nations they sought for there would be no neutrals in the old sense, in a war to stop war.

Had the United States then entered the League, no academic discussion about freedom of the seas would have arisen. Whenever naval forces were to be employed in the cause of keeping the peace, representatives of all the great sea powers, in close touch with their governments, but sitting together, would have been able to agree to, and enforce, any rules they thought fit about blockade and trade restrictions, to suit each crisis as it arose. When required, the present incomplete League would, of course, try to do that now, but might be badly hampered by the necessity of maintaining friendly diplomatic relations with the United States if they held different views on the rights of neutrals and belligerents.

When, after the Great War, President Wilson's famous "point" about Freedom of the Seas was dropped, the United States felt impelled to build a big navy. Their motives, no doubt, were mixed, but a strong one apparently was to enable them, as neutrals, to insist on complete freedom for their merchant ships in every war.

To what extent this view still finds favour is not known, but whatever politicians may think of it, it is hardly conceivable that it can be wholeheartedly subscribed to in their professional capacity by experienced officers of the United States navy.

In these days it is reasonable to declare that war itself is "illegal" under International Law, except when undertaken under strictly defined circumstances. But it seems futile in peace

time to make detailed rules for the conduct of sea warfare, except those of a nature that may appeal strongly to common sense, or to the humanitarian feelings of all civilised nations. To secure agreement for immunity of hospital ships is not difficult. A rule for prohibiting the ruthless sinking of merchant ships in the open sea, rules for restricting the use of poison gas or bombs, and many others, are worth discussing. But it seems useless to discuss a rule that nations actually at war may not interfere with, or capture, enemy merchant ships. There is nothing really inhuman about this practice, and even if it were agreed to in peace time, it obviously could only be upheld by naval force in time of war.

So long as there remain nations outside the League, there are bound to be neutrals whose interests are more or less involved in the upheaval caused by war. But given the possibility of war, legal or illegal, it is too much to ask that possible sea belligerents should solemnly bind themselves beforehand to allow neutrals to sustain the enemy absolutely unchecked. Trading of almost any sort with a belligerent during a long war fought under the old conditions was very good business. But under the new conditions, a war in which the interests of neutral maritime states are affected to any great extent by restrictive measures on their shipping would be short. The maritime nations of the League would endeavour to use their sea power in the most effective way to make it so. Its members would be obliged to put up with any temporary restrictions on seaborne trade agreed to for the purpose of ending the state of war, and it is unreasonable to expect them to agree to neutrals being free to carry on unrestricted trade.

Freedom of the seas to neutral ships in wartime implies not only the surrender of the old rights of visit and search by belligerent warships, but also the abolition of blockade—whether effective or not—as a legitimate naval operation. Some of those in favour of this course make propaganda about the alleged inhumanity of blockade. "Starvation blockade," they like to call it. Others dwell on the great material losses incurred by neutrals. Nothing is said about the check on the hopes of enterprising war profiteers.

The minds of many people in the United States, and in this country as well, are still obsessed by the Great War. They have

not grasped that a blockade like that of the Central Powers by the Allies, which only towards the end could fairly be called a "starvation blockade," was unique in character. That long drawn out blockade, built up gradually with increasing severity, and with very considerable inconvenience and some hardship to certain neutrals, was due to a combination of circumstances and geographical conditions not likely to occur again.

There are many degrees of blockade, and so long as naval pressure is necessary to enforce peace, it would be extremely rash of any naval power—including, one would imagine, the United States—to promise never to undertake it. Blockades have been used for purely military purposes as part of combined operations for sieges of fortified bases; to put pressure on important financial interests with the idea of inclining the blockaded country towards submission; to stop or restrict the seaborne trade of certain specified ports. In every blockade it has been in the interest of the blockader to meet the legitimate and reasonable requirements of neutrals as far as possible. In many blockades the legitimate interests of neutrals have suffered nothing at all.

The degree of loss and inconvenience during sea warfare incurred by neutrals depends to a very great extent on the contraband list agreed to. Armaments and munitions of war would always be included. But prohibited lists of goods useful for warlike purposes would vary according to circumstances. To agree to put on the contraband list foodstuffs, and many other commodities not generally associated with warlike purposes, is quite unusual. It was done during the Great War for reasons that are well understood. Belligerents have sometimes put provisions on the contraband list, but only if intended for the armed forces. In all military sieges of fortified towns, a shortage of food, and of all other commodities for the civil population, must always be faced. But in pure naval blockade an attempt by the blockading forces to starve out a civil population would generally be quite impracticable, and has seldom formed an object of the operation.

The power of visit and search, as carried out under the existing laws and customs of the sea, is by no means the arbitrary proceeding that many suppose. Naval officers soon become acquainted with the appearance and character of many of the trading vessels passing through their station. They also receive

information on the subject by wireless before sighting them. An exchange of signals often enables a steamer sighted by a belligerent cruiser to pass on unchecked. For many other steamers "boarding" is the merest formality, provided their papers are in order. And it must be noted that the "guilt" or "innocence" of a ship detained on the suspicion of infringing neutrality is not decided by the naval officer on the spot. This is decided at a properly constituted prize court on shore by qualified judges versed in international law. And if it can be proved that a ship was unlawfully detained, compensation may be claimed for any material loss or damage incurred.

Once hostilities have broken out, old rules and customs of sea warfare have always been modified to meet the peculiar conditions of the occasion. But it is useful to have in peace time recognised principles governing such matters as contraband, unneutral service, visit and search, prize courts, blockade; the more so when the navies of various nations may be expected to co-operate.

Bearing in mind the strictly defined objects of future naval operations, a common sense guide for conduct in these matters could certainly be found midway between the extreme pro-neutral standpoint represented in "Freedom of the Seas;" and the extreme pro-belligerent standpoint gradually forced on the Allies by circumstance during the Great War. Details could be flogged out later by International lawyers, but general recognition of the main principles governing the legitimate use of sea power to-day is essential now to the case for naval reductions.

If the London Five Power Conference has before it, when it meets in January, a reasonable measure of agreement on those points of sea law, as well as assurances on the position of the United States navy in the general scheme of things, they will start their work in an atmosphere favourable to a general reduction of expenditure on naval armaments.

INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION IN JAPAN

BY CAPTAIN M. D. KENNEDY

AT the outbreak of the Great War Japan was still primarily an agricultural country. It is true that a number of flourishing industries had been established prior to that event; the volume of foreign trade had risen in value from Y26,246,000 in 1868, the year that the Emperor was restored to power, to Y1,223,552,000 in 1914; and Japan's merchant marine had already risen to sixth place among the trade-carrying fleets of the world. Agriculture and agricultural pursuits, nevertheless, still absorbed the greater part of the nation's time and labour, and Japan had not yet become a dangerous competitor to other countries in any important line of industry.

Japan's wars with China and Russia, in 1894-5 and 1904-5 respectively, had each served to give an impetus to the trade and industry of the country, but the development brought about by these two successful campaigns was small in comparison with the progress made during and since the outbreak of the Great War. New industries have sprung up since 1914, and old ones have developed to an extent that few, if any, observers had thought possible in so short a time, while her merchant marine is now the third largest in the world.

Lacking as she is in all those raw materials which are usually regarded as essential for industrial progress, she has, nevertheless, by her energy and skill, overcome many of these natural handicaps. Without iron supplies of her own, and with only coal of inferior quality—the two minerals on which all modern industries are based—she is, with the help of great quantities of iron ore and good coking coal imported from abroad, rapidly building up for herself an industry which should, within the next few years, make her virtually independent of foreign sources for her growing requirements of pig iron and steel and may, in time, even put her in the position of competing in the world's

markets with other producers of these two important basic materials.

But while it will be some time before she is in a position to produce sufficient iron and steel to meet her own requirements and have a surplus for export, her cotton industry has already developed to such an extent as to strike Lancashire a serious blow. Rapid strides are being made likewise in the development of the woollen, flour, oil, and other industries, for the raw materials of which she is wholly or mainly dependent on outside sources of supply. It is, in fact, one of the most striking features of Japan's foreign trade that although, formerly, her imports consisted almost entirely of manufactured goods, the bulk of her imports now consist of raw materials, these being followed next by semi-manufactured goods, while manufactured goods account for less than 14 per cent. of her total imports.

In spite of what has been heard about industrial depression since the close of the War, the output of Japan's mills and factories, her workshops and her foundries, has shown an astonishing increase since 1919 when the post-War boom was at its height. The development of her industries and the consequent rise in production during the War period were natural, for not only was she required to provide her allies with war material and essential supplies of all kinds, but she was also in a position to exploit the markets from which, by the very circumstances of the situation, they had been forced to withdraw temporarily. What is not so well realized is that, in spite of the post-War slump of 1920, the devastating earthquake of 1923, the financial panic of 1927, and the frequently recurring anti-Japanese boycotts in China, production in all the main industries of Japan has largely increased since the close of the War, and shews every sign of further increasing.

Striking proof of the industrialisation of the country can be illustrated by examining more specifically certain industries. In the silk industry, for example, there was a time when all the reeling was done by hand by peasants working in their own homes. This practice has not by any means died out, but machine reeling is rapidly replacing hand reeling, and most of this is done in factories. Further, the production of silk tissue shews a larger increase since pre-war days, and the number of operatives employed has increased six-fold since 1914. The silk industry

is the only industry of first-rate importance that is founded on raw material produced in Japan itself. It occupies the position of greatest importance in Japan's export trade, the amount exported being valued at more than Y700,000,000 a year. Silk tissues and other products of silk bring the total value of silk exports up to roughly Y900,000,000, an increase of about 450 per cent. since 1914. Whereas, therefore, the main feature of most of her industries is that they purchase raw material abroad and turn it into manufactured articles, the silk industry is engaged primarily in the production of the raw material for export to other countries, and does relatively little in producing manufactured goods from the raw material thus produced. Many economists criticise this practice and contend that it would be more profitable to export the bulk of the silk in the manufactured, rather than in the raw form. In years to come, it is quite conceivable that this recommendation will be carried out to some extent and the process of industrialisation will thereby be advanced still further; but this is anticipating events.

Progress in other industries is equally striking. The quantity of raw cotton imported for use in the mills has risen from 6,246,000 piculs in 1914 to 9,667,000 in 1928. The following table of imports will help to illustrate the progress made in other industrial fields.

<i>Imports</i>	<i>Unit</i>	<i>1914</i>	<i>1919</i>	<i>1928</i>
Raw Wool ...	1,000 lbs. ...	12,635 ...	51,376 ...	115,697
Wool Tops ...	1,000 lbs. ...	8,196 ...	4,319 ...	1,715
Wheat ...	1,000 piculs...	1,962 ...	4,298 ...	10,957
Iron Ore ...	1,000 tons ...	298 ...	621 ...	1,616

The great increase in raw wool imports and the falling off in wool tops illustrates the tendency of imports of raw materials for use in the mills and factories to increase, while those of manufactured and part-manufactured goods are decreasing.

Not only does this afford a further proof of industrial progress; it also helps to discount much of the pessimism expressed in some quarters regarding the adverse balance of trade. As an increasingly large part of Japan's imports consists of raw material for manufacture, and of machinery, electric motors, and dynamos for plant, the present excess of imports over exports is not so serious a matter as the figures appear to indicate.

In this respect the adverse balance of trade may be compared with the National Debt, the steady rise of which calls forth gloomy forebodings from time to time. As nearly half this debt represents money borrowed for productive and profitable enterprises such as railways, telephones, harbour construction, electric development and the like, the alarm expressed in some quarters at the rise witnessed in recent years is not so well founded as at first sight it might seem to be.

Similarly, while it is true that Japan is importing more food stuffs than formerly and is, to some extent, becoming more dependent on outside sources for her food supplies, the rise in imports of wheat has but little to do with this question of feeding her people. The majority of this wheat is for use as raw material for her flour industry, which, during the past few years, has developed a very promising export trade. It is, in fact, only since the close of the War that exports of flour have figured in her foreign trade returns, yet the year 1927 showed an export of Y14,270,000 under this heading, and a year later this had increased to Y24,718,000.

In view of the keen competition Japan has brought to bear on the cotton markets of the World, it is conceivable that before many years have passed, she will also be a dangerous competitor in flour and in woollen goods; and, later on possibly, in iron and steel. In so far as the last two are concerned, however, it should be borne in mind that she is handicapped not only by lack of iron ore but also by lack of good coking coal. Moreover, although since 1914, she has increased her output of pig iron more than 3½-fold, and her production of steel nearly six-fold, her own requirements of these two materials continue to rise rapidly, and large imports of both are still needed to meet them.

Mention of the lack of good coking coal leads naturally to the question of fuels and fuel substitutes generally. Under this heading come three industries of great importance, namely, coal, oil and electricity. Coal is not lacking—in fact, Japan is able to export about Y25,000,000 worth yearly—but it is of poor quality. Oil is likewise produced in certain sections of the country, mainly in the north-west coast regions, and was, until almost up to the time of the Great War, sufficient for her needs. Those days, however, are gone, and importation from abroad has increased by leaps and bounds during the past few years. Exclusive of

the oil imported by the Japanese Navy, which brings in several hundred-thousand tons yearly for its own immediate use and for building up huge emergency reserves, the importation last year amounted to close on 400,000,000 gallons, as against approximately, 190,000,000 in 1926. This rapid increase in oil consumption is in itself a good indication of the progress being made in industrializing the country, for it illustrates the growing demands, not only of her navy and merchant marine, which have been changing from coal-burning to oil-burning fleets, but also of her electric light, gas and other industrial plants.

In so far as her electric light and power plants are concerned, oil is largely taking the place of coal for generating purposes, though hydro-electric undertakings are increasing at an even greater rate, and now occupy the major part of this field of endeavour. This brings us to the last of the three chief fuels and fuel substitutes, electricity. At the outbreak of the War in 1914, electric power capacity stood at 716,000 kilowatts. By 1919 this had risen to 1,133,000, and by the end of last year it was in the region of 3,900,000 kilowatts. The proportion of hydro-electric power to the whole in these same three years was 62.7 per cent., 70.6 per cent., and 75 per cent. (approximately) respectively, while the total paid up capital invested in the electric industry was estimated to have increased from Y460,355,000 to close on Y3,000,000,000 during the same period of time. Owing to her special geographical features and her large annual rainfall, which is about double the average for the whole world, the possibilities of further developing the hydro-electric industry are immense, and this should do much to overcome the handicap imposed by the lack of good coal and the meagreness of her oil resources.

It remains to mention the progress made in but one more industry. Prior to the War, Japan relied almost entirely on foreign sources for supplies of chemicals and dyes. The cutting off of these sources led to the erection of numerous chemical plants in Japan itself, and a flourishing industry was established. Home consumption has shewn a rapid increase in recent years partly on account of the growing demand for chemical fertilisers, large quantities of which are imported yearly; these being of vital importance to Japan, in view of her increasingly intensive methods of cultivation. The demand for ammonium sulphate

in particular is very great. Strenuous efforts are being made to increase the home production, the steps being taken including the erection and extension of great nitrogen fixing plants both in Japan and in Korea.

The rapid development of industry and of industrial undertakings in Japan is reflected to no small extent in the expansion of her foreign trade. With the exception of the post-War boom period of 1919-1920, the total of Japan's foreign trade has, since 1924, been greater than ever before, and in 1925 it actually exceeded even that of the two boom years. Never since 1925 has it been lower than approximately $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the value of foreign trade transacted in the year that saw the outbreak of the War. This does not mean that the actual value of foreign trade has increased 350 per cent., for allowance has to be made for the lower value of the Yen since pre-War days. Even, however, when this is taken into consideration, it will be found that foreign trade has expanded to at least double what it was in 1914, while domestic trade is estimated to have increased in about the same proportion.

This great expansion of foreign trade has only been made possible by diverting an ever-increasing proportion of the populace from agricultural pursuits to commerce and industry, and from the rural districts to the towns and cities. Materially, this has been of great benefit to the country at large, but, as in the case of England and other countries, industrial unrest in the shape of strikes and labour disputes, class feeling, slums, unemployment and all the other attendant ills of industrialism, have made their appearance where formerly they were unknown, and the whole social and economic fabric of the country has been subjected to a violent process of change. A situation has arisen that requires the most careful handling, and a cool-headed statesmanship is required for the proper control and guidance of the domestic situation. It is needed too in the field of foreign policy, for Japan's progress as an industrial nation is largely dependent on the friendship and goodwill of her neighbours. Without peace and friendship, she can obtain neither the raw materials on which her mills and factories depend, nor the markets which she requires for the disposal of her manufactured goods. Little wonder then that in recent years she has shown herself to be such an ardent advocate of world peace.

While it would be giving her unwarranted credit to say that she has adopted the policy of industrialisation for the express purpose of assisting the cause of peace, it would not be too much to say that having adopted it, she will do all in her power to see that peace and order are maintained. It may be well, therefore, to examine the main causes which led her to embark so definitely on the policy of industrialisation rather than return, on the conclusion of the Great War, to her former status as an agricultural nation.

While it is true that the War gave a considerable impetus to the development of existing industries in Japan, and to the creation of new ones, a number of other factors combined to make it expedient for her to commit herself once and for all to this policy. Of these, four in particular are deserving of notice, as each has played an important part in the developments of the last few years.

1. The level of productive capacity already attained, and the severe economic blow that would have been sustained, if some way had not been found to maintain that level.
2. The lesson taught by the War, that it was unwise to depend too much on other countries for essential requirements.
3. The growing realization that, as large number of immigrants from Japan were unwelcome in most countries, industrialisation offered the only hopeful alternative as a solution to the question of surplus population.
4. The inability of those who had tasted city life and turned to industrial labour, to return to the country and settle down quietly and contentedly once more to agriculture.

To understand the significance of these factors, it is necessary to consider them in rather more detail. Although the ending of the war boom resulted in a large number of commercial and industrial concerns going under, those that collapsed entirely were mainly of mushroom growth. Taking advantage of the great opportunities offered by the War for enriching themselves, they had sprung up rapidly, but had faded away with equal rapidity when the time of abnormal prosperity ceased. The majority of the big firms and industrial undertakings, on the other hand, were sufficiently strong to weather the storm. To such an extent, however, had they increased their productive capacity during the War years and the immediate post-War boom that followed, that it was essential for them to use every effort

to find markets for their increased production. Unless this could be done, the great plants which they had erected at so much cost must have remained permanently idle, and industrial disaster would have been inevitable. Thanks to their efforts, new markets were found, and old ones extended, and with such success that not only was work found for the machinery and plants which had come into being in order to fill war-time requirements, but further extensions have actually been made, and the productive capacity increased.

This increase in productive capacity owes not a little to the lesson taught by the War regarding the inadvisability of placing too much dependence on other countries for essential supplies. Before the War, Japan had felt but little worry on this score. She herself had been poorly endowed by Nature with raw materials, but there was never any difficulty in obtaining them from abroad, and her requirements were comparatively modest. True, her wars with China and Russia had served to open her eyes to some extent to her dependence on other countries for her requirements of such materials as iron and steel; but it was not until the outbreak of the World War that the full significance of her position was brought home to her. In the wars of 1894 and 1904, she had no difficulty in obtaining all she needed from abroad, but the War of 1914-18 had not been long in progress before she discovered that, not only had her usual sources of supply been cut off on account of Europe and America requiring all they had for themselves, but that she herself was being asked to supply her allies.

As a result of the lesson thus learned, Japan resolved that never would she rest satisfied until she had made herself self-supporting in the matter of iron and steel and other essential commodities. So her pig-iron and steel producing plants are being expanded, large supplies of oil are purchased yearly from abroad and stored away as a reserve in case of need, and other industries are being encouraged to take such steps as may be necessary for the attainment of this self-supporting policy. The natural outcome of all this has been the furtherance of industrialisation, for by no other means can the country be made self-supporting in the matter of manufactured and semi-manufactured goods. Let us now turn our attention to the third great factor in the phenomenal development of Japanese industries during the past ten or twelve

years. This is the important question of surplus population and how to dispose of it.

During the two and a half centuries that preceded the reopening of Japan to foreign intercourse seventy years ago, the population remained more or less stationary around the 30,000,000 mark. Being, in those days, an agricultural nation with modest requirements, the country was self-supporting, and there was generally food and work for all. With the ending of her policy of self-imposed seclusion, however, there followed a sudden increase in population. At first this gave little cause for worry; but, as the years passed and the annual increase became more pronounced, Japan, with her limited natural resources and restricted area of inhabitable land, found herself faced with the serious problem of finding food and work for her surplus millions. Intensive agriculture helped to some extent to provide more food stuffs, and the opening of new industries helped to absorb part of the increase in population. But the pressure soon became such that the only real solution seemed to be emigration.

Unfortunately, the entry of large numbers of Japanese immigrants into the lands which appeared most suitable for them was not welcomed by the people to whom those lands belonged. Restrictions were, therefore, placed on their entry. That Japan recognised the reasonableness of these restrictions, in that they were due primarily to the economic aspect of the situation, is shown by her willingness to enter into agreements with the countries concerned for the control of emigration from her own shores. Nevertheless, it hit her hard, for it meant that the possibility of easing the growing pressure of population by this means could no longer be considered. The culminating point was reached when the American Exclusion Law was passed in 1924, for it added unnecessary insult to unavoidable injury.

Even the expansion of her own territory, brought about by her wars with China and Russia and by the annexation of Korea failed to provide her with the kind of territory adaptable for colonisation on a large scale. Her new possessions, although of great value to her from a financial, economic, and politico-strategic standpoint, could do little or nothing to relieve the pressure of population, for the bulk of those for whom new homes were needed were of the working classes, who could not hope to compete successfully with the cheap native labour already

available in plenty in those lands. Altogether these Territories have absorbed less than 700,000 all told out of a total increase of more than 20,000,000 during the same period of years. Moreover, this figure takes no account of the fact that a great many Japanese were already in those places prior to their incorporation into the Empire, while even the net absorption has been offset to no small extent by the migration of many tens of thousands of Koreans and others into Japan.

The fact is that Japan, while favoured geographically by a naturally strong strategic position, has been poorly endowed by Nature in the matter of those natural resources which are so needful for an industrial nation, and the economic position of her people is such that they are virtually debarred from turning to colonisation as a means of solving the population question. If they turn to West or South, to America, Canada, or Australia, they find themselves unwelcome because their entry would introduce a cheaper standard of wages and therefore of living. If they turn to the neighbouring Asiatic mainland, they find themselves unable to compete with the cheaper native labour already there.

Gradually, therefore, Japan has been forced to realise that she can no longer hope to solve the problem of her surplus population by means of emigration. The days of territorial conquest for colonisation are gone, and the only remaining alternative of any importance is to industrialise the country still further.

It is to industrialisation, therefore, that despite certain obvious handicaps, Japan now looks as the main means for relieving the pressure of her population, a population which has nearly doubled itself in the last fifty years, rising from 33,301,000 in 1873 to 59,737,000 at the time of the last Census in 1925, and which is now increasing at the rate of close on 1,000,000 yearly.

Those who have once had a taste of urban life will not return to the country and settle down quietly and contentedly to agriculture. It is not merely the physical difficulty of finding work for themselves on the land; it is rather the psychological and unsettling effect of life in towns and cities that unfits them to return to the soil.

As late as 1880 there were, in the whole of Japan only 200 factories, employing in all no more than 1,500 workers. By 1921 there were 49,380 factories and, roughly, 1,700,000 workers, more than half of whom were women and children. Most of

this great increase had taken place during the War and immediate post-War period; for, in 1914, the total number of factory workers was only 948,000. Within the space of seven years, therefore, the number of industrial workers had nearly doubled, and all these men and women had been brought into contact with new standards of life and new ideas of living.

This increase was not confined to factory operatives. Trade and commerce too had witnessed an immense expansion similar to industry, entailing the enrolment of a great new army of commercial workers for the towns and cities.

Something like 50 per cent. of the nation is still engaged in agriculture, but, there is a steady shifting of the population from the country, where the standard of life is low, to urban employments, in which wages are relatively high.

The slump that followed in 1920 brought ruin to numberless commercial and industrial concerns, and threw large numbers of the new industrial and commercial workers out of employment; but there was no possibility of starting a "back-to-the-land" movement. Even so comparatively short an experience of urban life and employment had rendered the bulk of these workers unfit for a permanent return to rural life and occupation. All they could do, therefore, was to wait till better times in trade and industry offered them the chance of re-employment.

That the unemployment question did not, at this juncture, assume more serious dimensions was in no small part due to the workings of the Japanese family system. From ancient times this system has played an important part in the social structure of Japan. When an individual is ill, or for any reason helpless, he can rest assured of a haven of refuge in the home of his parents or of some near relative. However poor they may be, his right to share their roof and rice will not be questioned. Even to-day the majority of industrial and other city workers can count on bed and board in their old homes, if, owing to trade depression or other such cause they find themselves out of employment. It was but natural, therefore, that great numbers of those, who would otherwise have been left in desperate straits by the post-War slump and by the Great Earthquake, returned to their old homes in the country districts, there to wait until the firms and factories were ready to re-absorb them.

Industrial life in Japan is little more than a generation old, and

such a practice is still possible. The future, however, presents a serious problem. What will happen to the children and grandchildren of those who have forsaken the country for the city? They will not care to become agriculturists, and will only swell the number of industrial workers.

These, then, are the main features in regard to the progress of industrialisation in Japan, its causes and the effects produced. Other factors have, of course, to be taken into consideration, if a detailed study of the subject is to be made; factors social, political and economic. But enough has been said to give some idea of the present position and future possibilities. From being a customer of the industrial countries of the West, Japan has become a competitor; from a purchaser of manufactured goods she has become a producer; from agriculture she is turning more and more to commerce and industry, and from rural occupations her people are migrating to the towns and cities for a livelihood. The whole social and economic fabric of the country is undergoing a process of change, while labour disputes, unemployment, slums, and all the other well-known concomitants of industrial revolution are coming to the fore. With emigration abroad ruled out, however, on account of differences in economic standards, and with her own possessions overseas more valuable to her for development by native labour assisted by Japanese money and brains than for colonisation by her own surplus millions, Japan's main hope for solving the problem of a rapidly increasing population seems to lie in the industrialisation of the country. It is to this, therefore, that she has turned.

PRAYERS AFTER PLAYS: A CURIOUS OLD CUSTOM

BY W. J. LAWRENCE.

EXPERIENCE teaches that Goethe was right in averring that the law of life is continuity amidst flux. Sooner or later, everything is borne away on the stream of time, but custom is the last to go. Such, indeed, are the intractabilities of this static quality that it ends by dulling our intelligence and blinding us to the absurdities that its long persistence brings about. The association of prayer with amusement is now deeply incongruous, but praying after playing began fittingly enough and was pursued for years with composure and reverence; it was not until the convention had outlived its proper environment that any slightest suspicion of its unseemliness arose. In the earlier days of the miracle play, before the profane drama had its inception, it was in keeping that open-air audiences should have been dismissed with a brief prayer for the wellbeing of the king and commonwealth, since such a finale fully harmonised with the religious atmosphere that had just been created. Nor is it on the whole surprising that when the secular drama began to emerge, the custom extended its boundaries and became consolidated: in this connexion one must bear in mind the tempered didacticism of the moralities. The early secular drama was largely dependent for its fostering and development on court patronage, and, from the days of Henry VII, the court had practically formulated general routine by listening complacently at the close of the play to a prayer from the players for the King, his very good counsellors, and the realm. On that score, there could not well be any change of outlook or of attitude before the building of public theatres and the thorough organisation of the player's calling. Once that stage of progress was reached, once didacticism ceased to be the aim and end of the playwright, or, in other words, as soon as drama began to get into grapples with life, and the people began to look upon the play as sheer amusement, prayer for anybody or anything at the end of it struck a note of discord. Such, however, is the stupefying quality of

custom that considerable time had to pass before the public ear became sensitive enough to detect the jarring; and it was not until a full score of years after the building of the first theatre that intelligent opinion upon the blemish became vocal. It is significant that, writing in 1596, Sir John Harington saw fit to conclude his scandalous opuscle, *The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, by saying:—

"I will neither end with sermon nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L.— players, who when they have ended with a bawdy comedy, as though that were a preparation to devotion, kneel down solemnly, and pray all the company to pray with them for their good Lord and master."

The reference here is strictly to the habit of country strollers—doubtless Harington was chary about passing any strictures upon praying for the Queen—but, *mutatis mutandis*, the reproach applied equally well to the tragedians of the city. As I hope to show shortly, there is some reason to believe that it paved the way to an almost immediate reform. Meanwhile, some attention may be drawn to some interesting matters in connection with the early history of the terminal prayer, especially as they have hitherto escaped note.

All the evidence points to the fact that in the secular drama of the pre-theatrical period the prayer was individual to the play and practically one of its integrants. Many of these prayers have come down to us with the printed texts of the moralities, but none is duplicated. There was then no set prayer, despite the fact that the one formula answered for all. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that in the theatrical era no dramatist ever dreamed of writing a terminal prayer for his play, and that the public-theatre prayer was of a stereotyped order. So meagre, however, is the evidence on the point that but for references in *A Knacke to Know a Knave* and *A Looking Glass for London and England* (which belong, roughly, to the period of 1592), and in a slightly later play of Shakespeare's, we should hardly be able to say positively that the old custom had civic persistence.

Then again, there is the question of method. In the meridian of the morality period, which were also the days when primitive comedy and tragedy began, the terminal prayer was sometimes sung, though, more ordinarily, it was simply said. In court plays written for and acted by choir boys—plays of the type of

Damon and Pythias and *Roister Doister*—the prayer was sung. The method was probably peculiar to boy-players and remained the inalienable heritage of the children companies which occupied the first private theatres. It is noteworthy that in Udall's famous comedy, the prayer concludes, not follows, the performance. Not only that, but its rhymed couplets are distributed among no fewer than six of the characters, though the final couplet was sung in unison. The common method employed only a single speaker. It may be noted in passing that Udall's fine prayer for Elizabeth and her counsellors was revived some thirty odd years ago by the Elizabethan Stage Society in connection with its first Shakespearian revivals, and that it was, moreover, not inappositely delivered at the celebration held at Stratford-upon-Avon on April 23, 1897, in honour of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

There are some few things for which the stage historian has reason to feel grateful, and paramount among them is the practice in the morality period of writing a prayer for each play and printing it with it, as, in cases of very belated publication, the practice enables him sometimes to fix—though oftener only to approximate—the date of the play. Thus, the prayer for Prince Edward and Jane Seymour, his mother, appended to the interlude of *Thersites* satisfactorily assigns the piece to 1537. Caution, however, has to be exercised in these matters, seeing that it was customary where a morality happened to remain long in vogue, to alter the prayer from time to time, so as to meet the exigencies. Alterations of the sort are not always easy to detect, but in one particular instance the reviser was unable to cover up his tracks and left a trace of his tinkering in a false rhyme. Though not published until 1560, or a few months after it had been performed before Elizabeth, the interlude called *The Nice Wanton* had been written and acted during the reign of Edward VI, and had a prayer accordingly. In the printed copy, the final couplet reads:—

"That her Grace may long reign and prosper in all things
In God's word and justice may give light to all queens."

Here the rhyme obviously demands "Kings" where we have "Queens," and the reviser stands revealed. A quarter of a century or so later, there was a sensible habit (almost indicative

of an uncanny prescience that the genius stage historian would ultimately emerge) of specifying the queen's regnal year in court epilogues and prayers. Noteworthy example are to be found in *Old Fortunatus* and *Lochrine*.

Records are silent concerning the period when the practice of terminal praying fell into desuetude, but it happens that by simply putting two and two together we can closely approximate that period. One may safely say that in town it did not survive the great Tudor Queen; in the country, where obsolete and decaying custom lingers longer, it may still have been maintained for a time by tradition-ridden strollers.

Shakespeare affords us only a single clue to the fact that his early plays were, in the sixteenth century, invariably concluded with prayer. *The Second Part of Henry IV* was published in the autumn of 1600, but, in all likelihood, was produced about two years earlier. Its epilogue, spoken by a dancer, is eloquent of the manifold incongruities of the conventional prayer. "My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night:—and so kneel before you: but indeed, to pray for the queen." We are left open to infer, if indeed there be any option in the matter, that the speaker then favoured the audience with a few steps, and, afterwards, in a semi-breathless state, flopped down on his knees to repeat the usual prayer. Little wonder that the puritans of the time proved so hostile to the theatre. But epilogues were not always written by the author of the play, and one likes to think that not here is the voice of the authentic Shakespeare.

Not very long after the production of *The Second Part of Henry IV* came the eventful first day of *Every Man Out of his Humour*, a play which, owing to a terminal disturbance on that occasion, (it might have readily been foreseen) united with Harington in helping to give the *coup de grace* to the time-honoured prayer. In more than one connection besides this, the precise date of Jonson's comedy is vital, but, if it must be admitted that it cannot be exactly determined, still, one is in a position to argue that its production took place at the Globe late in 1599, but hardly later than the beginning of December. So much trouble was there on the first day over the sycophantic and unconvincing manner in which Jonson had resolved his main problem that the wonder is how he escaped paying the full price

for his folly. Better plays were damned for lesser offences. Macilente's "humour," in the old sense, was one of envy and detraction, and it is more than passing strange that so accomplished and careful a dramatist could conceive of no better or more credible way of showing him "out of his humour" than by swamping his intelligence with a sudden vision of good Queen Bess: a sight which, we are asked to believe, caused him to fall on his knees in sheer adoration, having at once become painfully conscious of his faults, and to pray most eloquently that the Queen's abounding virtues might stop the clock and make even Death "forget the use of his inevitable hand." The chances are that that first-day audience heard very little of that nobly-phrased prayer (an ingenious dovetailing of the old, and generally extrinsic, convention); for it was righteously indignant over Jonson's audacity and breach of good taste in bringing a counterfeit presentment of the Queen upon the stage, and for a time pandemonium reigned. The play, by a miracle, escaped damnation. It may be that Jonson, who was in the habit of attending his first days, made promise of immediate amendment, but whether he did or no, amendment was made. But, although he banished Elizabeth's offending alter ego and eliminated Macilente's glowing prayer, he was still anxious that the prayer should be heard—and heard by her in whose honour it was written. Thus it came to pass that when *Every Man Out of his Humour* was presented at Court by the Chamberlain's Men either on St. Stephen's Day, 1599, or the ensuing Twelfth Night, the prayer was used, fittingly enough, as an epilogue.

Even had she been much less given to the swallowing of flattery than she was, Elizabeth would have been less than human had she not been pleased with Jonson's lauds. Meanwhile, however, the disturbance at the Globe, when "the humorous man," in Hamlet's phrase, was not allowed to "end his part in peace," though not occasioned primarily by the prayer even if it was part of the offence, had given the London players generally some disquietude and brought doubts as to the propriety of continuing the old practice. Certain straws reveal how the wind had shifted. Apart from the speaking of Macilente's prayer, (evidently to serve some special purpose), a change of attitude is at once to be detected in court procedure. In court performances down to this period, the prayer had been regularly given, and its omission

would probably have been deemed an offence. In 1597, or at any rate not long before 1598, in which years the play was first printed, *Mucedorus* had been acted before the Queen, and had concluded on that occasion with a rhymed prayer for two speakers in which blessings were craved for Elizabeth, the nobles of the realm and the Commons. Yet we have evidence that within a period of two or three years the old routine was departed from, and possibly for good. Would the players have dared to take the initiative in this matter? Does it not seem more likely that they were acting on instructions from the Master of the Revels?

On December 27, 1599, that very same Christmas when *Every Man Out of his Humour* was played at Court, the Admiral's Men appeared there in a specially made version of *Old Fortunatus*, which included amongst its new features a court prologue and epilogue. What is remarkable about the epilogue is the deft, unwonted avoidance of actual prayer. It was spoken by two players, made up as old men, and surrounded by a goodly muster of their associates, all being on bended knees. (The custom of delivering court epilogues thus lasted until the end of the Caroline period). But there was no appeal to a higher power. The two venerable speakers showered blessings on the Queen's head, amidst the chorussed amens of the other players. That was all.

One is practically forced to conclude that the last terminal prayer heard at Court was the prayer associated with the performance of *Every Man Out* at this period, for when *Liberality and Prodigality* was acted before the Queen by boy-players in February, 1601, there was equal avoidance of the old custom. What little evidence exists of the routine pursued in James's reign fortifies the supposition that the practice had lapsed before he came to the throne, and was never renewed. The third quarto of *Mucedorus* reveals that on a Shrove Sunday before its publication sometime in 1610—doubtless not long before—the play had been acted at Whitehall before the King, and with a special prologue, which, while paying him all due reverence, stopped short of actual prayer.

If Elizabeth, for any reason, had frowned upon the court practice of terminal praying in the closing years of her reign, say in 1599, it seems not unlikely that the practice would also have been

abandoned in the public theatres, though, as I have already pointed out, it might have survived for a time in the country. The question that suggests itself is, Have we any evidence warranting the supposition that the practice was continued in town, at Court or otherwise, anytime during the first decade of the seventeenth century? The answer must be None. The evidence that has hitherto been advanced in support of an affirmative has only to be scrutinised to reveal its fallaciousness. Middleton's *A Mad World My Masters* was entered on the Stationers' Register on October 4, 1608, as acted by the Paul's Boys, and published shortly after. No clue exists to the period of its production, which might have taken place in any intervening year from 1599 onwards, but, as it happens, the date is immaterial. In Act V of the play, Follywit, who, in association with his roystering companions, has just been masquerading in Sir Bounteous Progress's country house as one of a pretended troupe of strollers, says: "This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord Owemuch and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress." If we are to take this as indicative of persistence, it is simply of rural persistence, since a prayer of this order, though prayed in the country, was never prayed in town by resident players.

The only other item bearing on the point is that advanced by Collier, who was rash enough to state that the epilogue to *Two Wise Men and the Rest Fools*—an extraordinary "comical moral" in seven acts, issued anonymously in 1619—presents the latest instance of a prayer for a sovereign. It does nothing of the kind. Praying is neatly evaded. The prose epilogue simply concludes with, "It resteth now that we render you very humble and hearty thanks, and that all our hearts pray for the king and his family and our country's perpetual welfare. *Si placet, plaudite.*" Such was the manner, no doubt, in which the tradition-ridden country stroller salved his conscience when he ultimately fell in line with the city players and forsook the old practice.

Certainly, for a time, the terminal prayer left behind it relics, but they were not so many nor lasted so long as idle conjecture, basing on fanciful concepts, has postulated. We are frequently told that when the players, with the abandonment of the old custom, lost all public means of demonstrating their loyalty, they

compensated for the loss by appending "Vivat Rex" to their bills. But, so far from being peculiar to old playbills, this final flourish, (as its latinity indicates) had been an invariable concomitant of all proclamations for generations before the terminal prayer ceased, and was put on the bills simply because they were reckoned in the category of proclamations. It was as such that the Stationers' Company had the right of determining who should print them. Of equal absurdity is the statement that the terminal prayer "ultimately developed into the playing after the performance of the National Anthem." Since praying must have ended early in the seventeenth century and the practice of concluding with the National Anthem began only in the eighteenth century, one must needs marvel over the ingenuity which traces a late nineteenth-century effect to an early seventeenth-century cause, and blandly ignores the intervening gap of some 280 years. Seemingly there are people who have yet to learn that parallels never meet, and that things that are analogous are not necessarily interchained.

THE WINTER ODYSSEYS

BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE, F.R.G.S.

YOU remember that little poem of Theophile Gautier's, in which he reports the discussion overheard among the swallows as they sat twittering on a garden wall in the shade of the autumn yellowing trees. One says: "Oh, how delightful it is on the old rampart of Athens. Every year I go there and build my nest among the metopes of the Parthenon." Another has his little nook at Smyrna over a café, where the hadjis bask in the sun on the threshold as they count their amber beads. A third halts on the white terraces of Malta, between the blue water and the blue sky, and another one is bound for Cairo, where he will make his winter quarters on the summit of a slender minaret overlooking the brown roofs of the city.

More fortunate than the poet, we are able, with the help of shipping companies and touring agencies, to follow the migratory birds in their flight to regions where the summer still lingers long after it has left our shores. One could become eloquent on this subject of the evolution of modern cruising. Gone are the days when any old "tub" was regarded as good enough for the ordinary tourist. To-day the most luxurious of liners, with spacious cabin accommodation, lounges, gymnasium and swimming baths, are requisitioned for the benefit of the fortunate traveller. What is more, it is not merely a question of journeying from port to port with a few hours ashore, when the traveller is left entirely to his own devices as to the best use he can make of his time. To-day halts are made at those places of interest with well-organised excursions ashore to spots of scenic beauty or historic association. If you trouble to work out these cruises you will be amazed at their cheapness, for it comes to about twopence per mile, no more than the fare charged for ordinary railway travelling, while in the case of the ocean trip, you have sleeping accommodation and food as well.

As a result of the competitive spirit among the shipping companies to-day one is presented with alluring programmes until one is almost bewildered when it comes to making up one's

mind where to go. There are Round the World Cruises on palatial liners with an elaborate programme of excursions ashore; or one can encircle the globe by using ordinary liners in regular travel routes. It is possible now to go right round the world without change of steamers for the not exorbitant sum of £200. Or, if preferred, one can encircle one of the continents which jut southwards into summer sunshine, whilst our dreary winter at home gets ever more unattractive. Or, aboard a liner proceeding one thousand miles up the mighty Amazon, one can enjoy the thrills of tropical forests which at times are but a few yards away from the ship's side. Or again, one can take a cruise where one does not go so far away, but chases solar warmth in latitudes not too distant from the Equator. Here one finds several cruises that are different from the old-fashioned kind. The Isles of the Blest, the glorious West Indies, the coral-reefed islets of the Atlantic, the Spanish Main, are nowadays combined in one tour.

Now can be seen the blue seas of the Mediterranean, the ancient cities of the Near East, Madeira, the Canaries, all in one voyage; or the real East—the mystic charms of Ceylon, India, Burma, the Dutch East Indies, Japan, beckon us, bewilderingly approachable by regular liners, or by means of occasional steamers making calls en route whilst circling the globe. There are the lands of the Southern Cross—South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and the Pacific Islands, where summer reigns in all its full glories.

But one cannot go everywhere, so a choice has to be made. Naturally it will be dictated by the state of our pocket, the time at our disposal, and the sights that this or that touring ground offers. The popular cruises to-day are those where every few days one puts into port and samples the joys on land, seeing strange faces and having excursions up mountains or to lovely land beauty spots, viewing quaint towns, hearing and enjoying the jargon of foreign voices that assail one's ears. This accounts for the popularity of the Mediterranean as a cruising ground. No sheet of water is encircled with such a varied variety of countries, famed for their scenery, historic associations, picturesque peoples and Oriental setting. I have known seasoned travellers who have knocked about all over the world to take an organised trip down the Mediterranean and to have simply revelled in what they have seen.

You can start the cruise from these shores, or you can go overland and pick up the steamer of your choice at Marseilles or Genoa. Many do the latter to escape the unhappy physical qualms caused by the dreaded "Bay." Sea-sickness is largely a matter of nerves. It can often be checked by a very simple and inexpensive remedy—a drink of ginger-beer. I have tested it over and over again and have never known it to fail. I notice that Dr. B. Sydney Jones, who has spent thirty-six years as a surgeon on the Atlantic liners, declares that "sea-sickness is the result of an acid condition susceptible to quick cure." He contends that any person who for a week before boarding a ship takes ordinary dietetic and medical precautions need have no fear of this malady.

Few realise exactly what they are missing by avoiding the Bay. The weather is not always rough, even in the depth of winter. The air is invigorating, and the sight of the Atlantic rollers sweeping majestically shorewards is pleasantly thrilling. One touches at many delightful spots in Portugal—Vigo, Oporto and Lisbon. The sail up the magnificent estuary of the Tagus to Portugal's capital, a very picturesquely situated city of white houses, squares and palm-lined promenades, is a trip to be remembered. That fascinating little Spanish port of Cadiz is also touched, and then comes Gibraltar which, according to the Spanish school books, is "lent to Great Britain."

The Rock rises steeply and is honeycombed with galleries that report says are now store houses and gun replacements. From Gibraltar the ship turns in a northerly direction for Marseilles. Approaching the port, one is afforded a magnificent spectacle. Perched high above the town and overlooking the harbour is the Cathedral of Notre Dame de la Garde, with its great gold crucifix gleaming in the sun. Entering the harbour, the islands of Rattaneau and If are passed, on the latter of which may be seen the famous Chateau D'If, from which the Count of Monte Cristo escaped.

Thence on to Monte Carlo with its world-famed casino, a veritable gem so far as picturesque setting is concerned. Here if you happen to desecrate its cleanly streets by dropping a piece of orange peel, a policeman hastens to remove it, doing so with a smile and not with a frown. Our course now lies down the leg of Italy, calling in at Naples standing at the foot of

Vesuvius and opposite the ruins of Pompeii. Messina is the next port of call. Leaving the ship one may quite easily travel up the slopes of Etna to where the ruins of Taormina lie beneath the lip of the smoking crater. This trip is one of the greatest interest and beauty. Through the Straits of Messina the course leads northwards to Venice, that famous sea-port of ancient times, but now a city which seems to echo only with the pomp of bygone prosperity. Beautiful buildings and bridges, and lovely Southern evenings, when one may drift along the Grand Canal and the lagoon, fix Venice for ever in one's memory.

Southwards again the ship travels down the coast of Greece, pushing a way continually amongst the multitudinous islands, and presently turning a corner, arrives at Athens. The town, perched on the hill of the Acropolis, lies behind the port, the Piræus, and here enjoyable days may be spent in the home of the fine arts. Soon, however, the engines will be thudding again as the cruise is set for Constantinople and the Golden Horn, that superb arm of the sea which penetrates into the city. Constantinople, or Stamboul, once Byzantium, is now partly European and partly Asiatic, and many and novel are the sights to be seen there. Now the zest for adventure is in everyone's blood. The cry is for all things new and the ship tramps grimly onward to Smyrna, Beirut, and Alexandria.

The Holy Land and Egypt, countries now so much to the fore in the public mind, awaken many memories. Here are sights and wonders that carry the mind back to Bible days and beyond. With commendable enterprise many of the touring companies are arranging that Christmas shall be spent in Bethlehem and New Year's Eve in Cairo. Landing at Haifa one journeys to Nazareth and thence to Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee, a spot of sacred memories, and then across the Plain of Esdraelon, an open dreary spot in pre-war days, but now covered with flourishing Jewish colonies, to Nablous, the ancient Shechem, and one of the oldest cities in Palestine. Soon Jerusalem is reached, with its monument, the Dome of the Rock, and that equally fascinating Christian shrine, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, not to mention its ancient walls around which one can now walk, its monuments of a hoary past, its Gethsemane and Mount of Olives. Then on Christmas morning comes the memorable

journey of six miles across historic country to the old-world town of Bethlehem, nestling amid olive groves and vineyards in the Hills of Judea. Here, in the Church of the Nativity, the oldest of all religious edifices, for it dates back to the time of Constantine, may be witnessed the Latin Christmas ceremony. The animated throngs in the market place, the gorgeously attired priests, the women of Bethlehem in their picturesque dress which is that of the Crusading period, present a picture that will ever be remembered.

Next to Cairo by train. This train journey across the Sinai Desert to Kantara and then up to Cairo for the New Year's festivities is full of novelty. The Nile valley, with its ruins dating back to the time of the Pharaohs is rightly looked upon as one of the wonder spots of the globe. Many visiting Palestine and Egypt and the East generally seemed to be perturbed over the question of tips and *bachsheesh*. I have always found it best to follow a definite rule. If the cost of the cruise includes all tips, then you can be expected only to remember those who perform some little extra service. If you stay at a hotel, and you are charged the usual ten per cent. to cover tips, there is nothing more to pay, and the over-zealous *bachsheesh* hunter should be ignored.

It is not surprising, when one remembers the great popularity of these winter sea cruises, to find the leading shipping companies announcing Christmas and New Year's cruises to Ceylon, India, South Africa and the West Indies. Ceylon has aptly been termed "a travellers' paradise." A hundred guineas carries you there and back. The climate varies but little throughout the year, though the ideal months for visiting the island are December, January and February. It is well served with railways and motor roads, the latter being the mode of transport preferred. A favourite motor run is from Colombo to Kandy, with its picturesque lake and that revered of Buddhist shrines, the Temple of the Tooth. Just beyond Kandy are the Peradeniya Botanical Gardens, where, growing under natural conditions, may be seen specimens of all the vegetation of the Eastern world. Then we have Anuradhapura and the buried cities with their wonderful ruins of ancient dagobas and palaces.

They tell us that an Englishman's education is incomplete without a voyage to the Oriental Empire of His Majesty, and

this he accomplishes to-day by a winter trip to India. December and January will be found to be perfect months; though, strictly speaking, India has no winter and there is not any period when her fields are quite without crops, or when hills or forests are devoid of rich foliage. It is a land that never fails to grip the imagination, it is so full of colour and variety. There are its populous cities, its stately and curious edifices, diverse races, with their quaint manners and customs. India, in a word, satisfies all tastes; those of the lover of Nature, the naturalist, the sportsman, or the statesman or politician seeking rest and change without idleness. Hitherto the cry has been that one cannot take in a whole empire on a short vacation. The State Railways have long recognised this fact and they cater specially for such tourists. Within a fortnight of landing at Bombay one can cover almost the whole central portion of the great dependency, visiting Lucknow, Delhi, and Agra, with its famed Taj Mahal. One obtains in this short stay an indelible picture of Indian art and culture, present day life and activities and one can note her principal races and their varied creeds and faiths.

"I wish it might be possible for all to have the chance of at least one journey to these Isles of the Blest," declared Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister, on his return from Jamaica last winter. To-day the West Indies can be reached quite cheaply, some lines offering first-class return fares for as low as £60. Of these island gems, set in a tropical sea, Jamaica is perhaps the most favoured. It certainly possesses extraordinary scenic charms, a wealth of tropic fruits and beautiful flowers, combined with a glorious climate.

The return fare to Cape Town and back is only £60 second-class and £90 first-class. At this season of the year the climate of South Africa is ideal, and there is some magnificent scenery within easy reach of Cape Town. But no longer can this great, awe-inspiring country be termed the "Dark Continent." Perhaps in Livingstone's time it may have deserved it, but to-day the epithet is not apt of any part of a continent which has been quick to seize the help of modern sciences and inventions to develop and open up her country. The extent to which this has been done is shewn by the fact that when the members of the British Association who held their meetings this year in South Africa visited the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, they camped within a

few yards of the spot where David Livingstone, fever-stricken and half-dead, halted when he stumbled upon this, the mightiest of cataracts, some seventy years ago. For height and width, beauty of situation and picturesque surroundings, the Falls easily put Niagara in the shade. They are only four days' journey from Cape Town. The Sudan, Kenya Colony, Uganda and the Great Lakes can be reached with ease and comfort. Khartoum is only three and a half days from Cairo, and there is a weekly service from this point to Uganda, and the Belgian Congo.

Travel to-day has been brought to a science. The educated man is a traveller, for education never tolerates the second-best, and the ease of travelling to-day has ousted the second-best knowledge derived from books. It sounds paradoxical to speak of travelling as restful and youth-renewing; yet such is the case, especially when cruising. The social life on board a liner is a tonic in itself. You become a little world of your own, a community with one central idea, and the wonders of the world seem to draw you together in perfect unity. The mere change of air and change of scene brings about physical and mental changes for the better. The mind is refreshed, the nerves are harmonised, the muscular system relaxed and then invigorated. "The sinewy vigour of the traveller" is no idle phrase of Shakespeare's. Does not Seneca in "*De Animi Tranquillitate*" say, "Voyage, travel and change of place imparts vigour." This is perfectly true. It has been proved over and over again until it now admits of no argument to the contrary. Perhaps hence the popularity of winter sea cruises, the pleasantest way of seeing and enjoying the wonders of this world.

THE PEACE OF THE BALKANS

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS

BY ROBERT MACHRAY

NEVER since the War had the peace of the Balkans appeared more consolidated than it did in the early months of the present year. Yugoslavia and Greece had reached a friendly agreement respecting the Free Zone of the former State in Salonika, after a long period of barren negotiations. If the Italo-Yugoslav Treaty of Friendship, commonly known as the Pact of Rome, had been allowed to lapse, the relations of Belgrade to Mussolini were no worse than they had been before. And a Yugoslav-Bulgar Conference held in February at Pirot looked as if it would result in the reopening of the common frontier of the two Balkan States. It had been closed by Yugoslavia in October, 1927, in consequence of the murder of one of her generals at Ishtip by emissaries of the IMRO—the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization—and of other "incidents," an expression which only too often, at any rate in that area, is a euphemism for particularly brutal murders. There had been a cessation of these tragedies after the frontier was closed. Dr. Marinkovitch in Yugoslavia and M. Bourouff in Bulgaria were known to be working for peace between their States, and meetings of the League at Geneva in which both took part gave them their opportunity of frank discussion. There was thus a good preparation for the Pirot Conference, which, however, ended in failure. Before its Protocols were, or indeed could be ratified by Yugoslavia there was a renewal, with horrible frequency, of outrages on the frontier, and relations between Belgrade and Sofia became tense. For a time during the summer the strain was so severe that the British and French Governments were moved to intervene; and not without good effect, the controversy thereafter assuming a more moderate tone. But the cause of the trouble remained and incidents did not altogether cease. The amnesty granted by Bulgaria to M. Radoslavoff

enabling him to return to that country gave great offence to Yugoslavia, and worsened the situation.

It was an unhappy state of things. Though there was little or no likelihood of war, peace certainly was not being consolidated—a phrase which implies a process leading to a definite end, and in this case the process had been interrupted, if it had not actually broken down. The controversy over the frontier had its origin in certain provisions of the Treaty of Neuilly, and thus was connected with the highly disturbing international question of the revision of the Peace Treaties. Not only Yugoslavia, but also the two other States of the Little Entente, had taken a strong stand against any such revision; the Little Entente Treaties moreover included one by which Rumania and Yugoslavia categorically guaranteed each other against any breach of the Treaty of Neuilly by Bulgaria, and they were sure of the support of Czechoslovakia. At the end of July the opportunity presented itself to the writer of making a visit, which extended over August into September, to Rumania and Yugoslavia, with a swift run-up into Czechoslovakia and Western Poland. Besides the consideration at close quarters of the relations between Yugoslavia and Bulgaria this rapid but not hurried tour had also the further object of getting an insight, as near to first hand as possible, into two matters of outstanding interest in South-Eastern Europe, namely, the Maniu Government in Rumania and the dictatorship of King Alexander in Yugoslavia. Notes on personal impressions of former Continental tours undertaken to obtain political information from authoritative sources, and to observe economic conditions as they existed, have annually been published in *The Fortnightly Review* for some years past. This tour was at least equally prosperous. It included an audience of Queen Marie of Rumania, of King Alexander, and of President Masaryk, long interviews with M. Maniu and General Zhivkovitch, the Prime Ministers of Rumania and Yugoslavia respectively, and conversations with other Ministers and with political personages of different Parties. Large tracts of country were seen; it was the season of harvest, and the fields told a plain tale.

Before recording some impressions of the political situation in the Balkans the writer must first stress an important fact bearing on the economic situation, but which is also very much

to the point politically. After two bad years in succession both Rumania and Yugoslavia this year have good harvests, that of Yugoslavia being relatively the better. To a great degree both are peasant States, and depend largely on the success of their agriculture for their peace, prosperity and happiness generally. Four-fifths of the population of Rumania are peasants, and there it is a common saying that if the peasants have money everybody has money. The two bad years had reduced many of them to penury, and in several districts the Government had to provide foodstuffs as well as seed. A third successive bad year might have spelt national disaster; this year's satisfactory crops will not only supply plenty of food throughout the country, but will afford a handsome margin for export. Consequently, the economic position in Rumania has greatly improved, and this in its turn has had and has a quite definite reaction on the political situation. If the bad years helped Maniu and the National Peasant Party into power at Bucarest last November, as they certainly did, the present good year has just as certainly told in their favour. If the economic situation had remained bad—it must, of course, have grown worse—the fifteen million peasants to whom Maniu has given a real franchise for the first time in Rumanian history might not have turned on him, but he would have been placed in a difficult position. As things are, the atmosphere is propitious for carrying out his programme of democratic reforms. *Mutatis mutandis* the same may be said of Yugoslavia. In neither State is the contentment that comes with plenty conducive to political agitation and adventure. King Alexander, too, has his opportunity of carrying out his programme.

Their domestic programmes are not the same, yet they have a certain similarity. In neither State is there any change in foreign policy. Soon after his entry into office Maniu sent his Foreign Minister, M. Minorescu, to London and Paris to state that his aim was friendship with all countries, particularly Bulgaria, Soviet Russia and Hungary, but that he stood by the Peace Treaties and the Little Entente. King Alexander, on constituting the Government under himself as dictator, retained Marinkovitch as Foreign Minister, and this meant that Yugoslav foreign policy would go on as before. In his domestic policy Maniu's great effort is to make Rumania, so long governed more or less autocratically by the Bratianu-Averescu groups, into a true democracy

well in line with Western civilization. King Alexander's supreme task is the preservation of Yugoslavia as a unity, and next, after he is satisfied that he has succeeded in this, the institution of "true Parliamentarism and real democracy," to quote his own words. In essence, then, the domestic policy of the King and of Maniu is informed by the same order of ideas. Maniu, however, has not to face a real, vital problem of national consolidation such as that which confronted and still confronts the King. In some circles, to which any dictatorship is anathema, no matter how enlightened and beneficent it may be, the King is alleged to have desired, planned and even intrigued for absolute power, but these statements are not supported by facts, and have their origin solely in the windy imagination of disgruntled politicians of the well-known Balkan "coffee-house" type who have lost their jobs or who see no prospect of getting jobs under the new régime—a fairly numerous class. The simple truth is that the King was driven by the continuous political chaos to intervene in order to preserve the unity of the State.

In the writer's interview with M. Maniu the foreign policy of Rumania was hardly referred to at all. No mention was made of the Yugoslav-Bulgar controversy. Lately there have been no frontier "incidents" as between Rumania and Bulgaria, and presumably the relations of the two States to each other are correct. It was of his programme of internal reforms that he spoke, a programme which might well be described as revolutionary when compared with that of former Rumanian Governments, for it is a complete reversal of the Bratianu-Averescu policies. It starts with the conversion of Rumania into a democracy on Western lines and the decentralization of the administration; it covers economic reconstruction and the encouragement of foreign capital; it includes the reform of the police system, especially of the *Securanza* or secret police; and provides for a liberal treatment of the Minorities. The elections last December gave Maniu an unprecedented majority by straight, not manipulated or intimidated, voting at the polls. With the Regents who had tried to do without him or to make him enter a coalition Government, but had been forced to surrender, he had expressly stipulated for their acceptance of his programme before he agreed to form a Government. His way was thus clear. When the

Rumanian Parliament closed at the end of last July, legislation embodying virtually the whole programme had been passed, despite the opposition of the old political groups, which culminated before the close of the session in their withdrawal from the Chamber as a protest, particularly against Maniu's decentralization measures. He also had to overcome some hostility to them on the part of the Regents; this he did by holding them to the bargain they had made before he had accepted the Prime Ministership; there was no quarrel, but what Maniu termed a "necessary explanation" of his position with respect to theirs.

Having enacted the necessary laws, Maniu purposes to carry them into effect within the next few months—a very heavy task, though he will have the support of the vast majority of the peasants. The Opposition Parties are extremely vocal and predict that Maniu will ruin the country, but he is confident of success in the conviction that they have only a small following and are completely out of touch with the masses of the people, who for their part believe in him and his programme. A point on which Maniu enlarged to the writer was that political corruption and graft, so rife before his advent to power, had been eliminated in Rumania, any cases reported or uncovered in any way having been severely punished. It was the peasants who suffered most under the old régime, and, as is natural, Maniu in his legislation and economic policy takes great care of their interests—for instance, he has provided a special fund to enable them to market their crops to the best advantage. But it is hardly too much to say that the complete, ultimate success of his programme depends almost entirely on himself. One of the objections raised by his opponents to his forming a Government was that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to find suitable men as colleagues in his Cabinet. In a measure the objection was well-founded—so much so, in fact, that his Government is practically a one-man Government, resembling, at least in this respect, previous Rumanian Administrations. Few of his Ministers seem to be able to get on without consulting him at every turn. Maniu, however, is likely to succeed, barring accidents and the unforeseen generally. He is no demagogue, but he firmly believes in the democracy he preaches and practises. He works harder than any other man in Rumania. Above all, there is in him a quiet, confident strength and force, combined

with marked self-restraint, at once impressive and significant. Rumania is in good hands, though Maniu's programme of reforms will need time for its realization.

In Yugoslavia, or at any rate in Belgrade, much was to be heard about the friction with Bulgaria over the frontier question. In England a good deal of sympathy for the Bulgars finds expression—just why is not quite clear; it may be that their case is presented more persuasively by a clever and well-directed propaganda, supported by all those who advocate, ever more pertinaciously and boldly, the revision of the Peace Treaties. In such circles Yugoslavia is held up as the aggressor, Bulgaria as the victim. It would be very strange if there were not faults on both sides, their history being what it is. Sofia accuses Belgrade of not preventing raids across the frontier by Bulgar "Agraro-Communists" from their temporary lairs in Yugoslavia. The answer Belgrade makes is that the root of the whole trouble is easily seen in the encouragement given by the Sofia Government to the Macedonian Organization, and it is hinted, not very obscurely, that a certain Great Power is behind both that Government and the Organization. However that may be, it is not much of a secret that since the *coup d'état* that overthrew Stambolisky in June, 1923, the Macedonian revolutionaries have been in virtual control of Bulgaria—their power would be absolute but for their bitter intestine feuds as shown in the murder of their own leaders; as the situation stands, no Bulgarian Government can disregard them. This is well-known in Yugoslavia, and explains why it is so exceedingly difficult to reach a settlement, or in other words, why the frontier after being opened is so speedily closed again. Belgrade believes that the outrages that immediately followed the Pirot Conference in the spring were deliberately perpetrated by the Macedonian Organization for the purpose of making it abortive and of further embroiling the two States, friendship between whom is the very last thing that organization desires. Since the writer's visit to the Balkans, a second conference has been held at Pirot; it closed on October 2nd and appeared to be successful; but the outrages forthwith began again, and the frontier was closed once more. The inference is clear—Yugoslavia is not most to blame.

Except for this ugly frontier question, internal policy overshadows foreign policy in Yugoslavia. During the summer the

people as a whole were waiting to see what King Alexander would do next. In addition to curbing the politicians whether in Belgrade or in Zagreb, whether Serb or Croat, he had done, so far, certain things in his campaign for preserving the unity of the State. The administration throughout the country has been reformed and graft, formerly rampant, has been rooted out. The national finances have been placed on a sound basis by a genuine, not artificial (as was the case previously), balancing of the Budget. The King thus stands for a straight administration and straight finance. A new land bank has been brought into existence to give cheap credits to the peasants, who will no longer be mercilessly exploited by usurers. This measure is one in which King Alexander takes great personal interest, and he has subscribed for a large amount of stock of the new bank. Again, the laws of the whole country have been simplified. All these things are strictly in keeping with statements published either by the King or by General Zhivkovitch when the dictatorship was instituted, and might be epitomised as the cleaning up of the national slate. The point to stress is that the present régime shows no partiality for Serb, or Croat, or Slovene, and this is borne out by what has taken place since the writer's visit, namely, the King's decision to drop the title "Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes," hitherto the official name of the State, and replace it by the "Kingdom of Yugoslavia," a most significant change. The country will in future consist of nine large administrative districts or counties, named in general after their chief rivers, and of a special administrative unit of Belgrade. Such historical names as Serbia, Croatia and Dalmatia disappear. Evidently the King aims more and more at the fusion of the nation into one solidly unified State, but how far the people will accept such a wide departure from provincial tradition and sentiment as he is now making remains to be seen. Hitherto the great majority have approved or at all events acquiesced in his dictatorship, but they expect him to fulfil his promise to give them a real Parliamentary Government as soon as his work of preparation for it is completed. And "the sooner, the better," is the motto that applies here.

It is interesting to note that decentralization had already figured in the politics of Czechoslovakia. Late last year the Parliament at Prague passed a measure by which four Provincial

Councils were set up, the first for Bohemia, the second for Moravia and Silesia, the third for Slovakia, and the fourth for Carpathian Ruthenia. These Councils, however, are not Provincial Parliaments, but resemble more or less closely the County Councils of Great Britain, their powers being strictly limited to dealing with purely local matters, as President Masaryk explained to the writer. The President is now in his eightieth year. A report was current that he intended to retire into private life on his eightieth birthday which falls in March next year, but nothing in his appearance, movements, or conversation gave the slightest colour to such a statement. With a wisdom and skill universally recognized he has guided the State, which is so largely his creation, ever since it emerged triumphantly from the wreck of the Habsburg Empire eleven years ago. He is not a dictator, not even a veiled dictator, but works under the Czechoslovak Constitution and Parliament, and it is by giving advice and counsel, supported by convincing argument, that he exercises his great influence in the politics of his country. No other nation has so outstanding an asset as Masaryk. For he not only knows his own people and their place in the general framework of the New Europe, but he has an intimate knowledge of the whole European situation, involved and difficult as it is. He is that unusual combination, a pacifist and an idealist who never loses touch with realities; in a recent speech to his people he characteristically reminded them that "two and two made four in politics as in everything else." He sees things as they are, but his wide outlook, profound insight, and long experience enable him also to see all round them, and he is no pessimist. It was evident that he was well pleased on the whole with the progress made by Czechoslovakia, both internally as regards State consolidation and externally with respect to her foreign relations. It was evident, too, that the situation in South-Eastern Europe and particularly in the Balkans—Czechoslovakia is the ally of Rumania and Yugoslavia—gave him no serious concern, though he recognised that it was not free from troubles and difficulties. He had not any doubt that peace would be maintained. Nor has the writer. It is domestic much more than foreign politics that now interest the Balkans.

HARKING BACK

By IDA FINLAY

A MALIGN spell seems to have lifted. The shell-shocked enchantment is broken. They have spoken at last—Herr Remarque, Mr. Blunden and the rest. Women have been more reticent about the war years. But then, unless we nursed the wounded, there was no presence of horror and death to brand those years into our memories. I do not speak of mothers who lost sons or wives who lost husbands. I speak of the generation—now aged thirty-ish—which emerged from school into a world at war and accepted it as part of the grown-up order of things.

How long ago it all seems! . . .

April, 1917—the coldest of cold Aprils—I was planting trees on a hillside by Loch Lubnaig. They were little Douglas firs, with a good piney smell and they looked very Christmassy on the ground rimed with hoar-frost. We planted rows and rows of them, working our way slowly up the hill. Our unaccustomed digging muscles ached but we never seemed to get any warmer. There were icicles in all the burns. We started work early. It was some time before the sun (if it rose into sight at all) got over the hill on the other side of the loch. Every now and then we were caught in a "Macgreegor." A "Macgreegor" is a sharp shower of sleet blown by a piercing wind from the Braes of Balquhiddar. You could see it coming across the loch.

We were five land girls, and Macnaughton. Macnaughton, the only remaining forester of the twelve employed at Ardchullary before the war, was a little old man with rheumy eyes and strong stooping shoulders. He looked at us quizzically as we glanced at our watches or paused to rub our numbed fingers; he listened sardonically to our foolish chatter.

The weather improved. The hillside was gay in a burst of sunshine. We had run out of plants and spent some days hacking down undergrowth—a pleasant change from spade work. On a dry day of wind, not too strong, Macdonald the gamekeeper took us to the top of the hill, an hour's climb. We

were to burn the old heather and make room for the new which is better feeding for the young grouse. Macdonald set the heather alight. Armed like witches with brooms, we raced after the flames, beating them out. It was hard work keeping up with the fire. Behind us the cold wind smote between our shoulder blades although our faces were scorched and the acrid smoke pricked our lungs. The grouse made a fine row. We saw red deer in the distance and surprised a white hare quite close. We returned in the evening sweaty and grimed with smoke. The heather-burning continued until the date when the birds began nesting. We were glad to go back to the planting again.

Now even the most urban of us could tell a larch, an ash, a willow, an elder and a birch before they were in leaf. We knew the difference between a spruce and a Scotch fir. We could distinguish a mavis's note, a peewit's, a blackbird's, and discovered that a blackbird flutters down to the ground when it is frightened, instead of soaring away like other birds.

We lived in the deserted shooting lodge. Mrs. Macdonald, the gamekeeper's wife, "did" for us. In the evenings we walked to the farm, over two miles distant, for milk and eggs. Walking felt like flying after a day's digging on a stiff gradient. I remember the loch all silvered in the moonlight. But what appealed to us most were Mrs. Macdonald's home-baked scones and pancakes and the luxury of breakfasting at nine on Sunday morning instead of the usual six-thirty.

About two months after our arrival a letter from our absent laird informed us, *via* the factor, that our services could be dispensed with. There were no more jobs for us to do. Of course there were plenty of jobs. There was no getting away from it—we had been sacked. I don't think Macnaughton had imparted his opinion of us as foresters. His thoughts were dark and secret and not to be given away. Mrs. Macdonald was less reserved. It was said that she had written to her mistress in London . . . she had rumoured that not all of us were "ladies."

I tried the land once more. On the hills by Loch Lubnaig I had suffered something of the furious winter's rages; in the turnip fields of a farm in Fife I got to know all about the heat o' the sun. It is surprising how pitiless the August sun can be—even in Scotland—when it beats down on the necks of field-workers hoeing turnips.

My companion and I (there were only two of us this time) hoed up and down those endless drills beside women who had done it all their lives. They looked feminine and decorative in their cotton frocks and bright sunbonnets beside us in our stiff, rather drab land uniforms. There was one powerful young man—a *crétin*. All the others had gone to the war.

We hoed turnips from eight o'clock in the morning till mid-day and from one o'clock till six in the evening. Then we hurried back to our one-roomed cottage to do our chores and prepare a meal. For six weeks we hoed turnips. It was the turnips that drove me to a Government office.

At the end of the year, 1917, the Foreign Office engaged a number of women to train as Registry clerks for the British delegation to the Peace Conference. We were initiated under oath of confidence (the possibility of future peace was supposed to be an official secret) in the arts of *précis*-writing and filing papers. My initiation accomplished, I was set to recatalogue the Foreign Office library. I had just reached the end of B when the armistice was signed. In order that we should not disgrace our country in the eyes of the allied and associated powers, we were each given twenty-five pounds to buy clothes. Too much—if you looked at it from the tax-payer's point of view. Too little—if you looked at it from the point of view of getting clothes.

We crossed in December. For some weeks there was nothing to do as the plenipotentiaries weren't ready. However, at the *Majestic* we were very luxurious. We each had a private bathroom, and it was fun exploring Paris. Soon this exploration of Paris was put an end to. We had to sit in our offices at the *Astoria* all day, although the "show" was still hanging fire. It was very tedious. We wished President Wilson would release Lloyd George and let the Congress begin. (We were ignorant of the formula for Utopia in the President's pocket.) We did some manual labour setting up properties and chewed the cud of memoranda on the new registry system.

About the middle of January the delegates began to arrive. Soon the *Majestic* was crowded. It is difficult to recall the central-heated atmosphere, its spurious impressiveness, its air of unreality. So many "celebrities" . . . It was better than Madame Tussaud's. Lloyd George, surrounded by Round Table secretaries, emanated his notorious charm. Mr. Balfour

(he was Mr. Balfour then) was seen pushing his way patiently through the crowd to dine with one of the Colonial premiers. His hand-writing on the jackets of papers became more and more that of a man determined not to reveal his true thoughts. Lord Robert Cecil—full of sombre enthusiasm—worked early and late. (The League of Nations was a new and rather fantastic idea in those days. Where would its headquarters be—Paris or Geneva? The lake at Geneva is said to be the only stretch of water in the world where mirages are seen as in the desert. This seemed ominous.) The Smuts and Botha families looked domestic and self-contained. The Indian princes had strawberries on their table even in mid-winter. Later, Emir Feisal appeared on the scene, a tall figure in Arab raiment attended by Lawrence and Miss Gertrude Bell. A medley company—an important company—and yet somehow a little comic in their incongruity and lack of individual background.

Above all the bass notes at the Majestic, shrilled the high note of virginity. The female staff was ubiquitous. Miss Piggott, who looked after our welfare and morals, clucked like a hen round her large family, fussily apprehensive of the evils of Paris. Paris, she feared, had gone to her charges' heads. As regards the use of lipsalve, for instance, they did in Rome as the Romans did. Miss Piggott blinked dubiously, though not unkindly, behind her glasses. In her young days she had given her face an extra scrub when she wanted to look nice.

We danced. We got up private theatricals for which Orpen drew posters. The comment on the Congress of Vienna was repeated: "Le Congrès danse mais ne marche pas." There were other *mots*. "Blessed are the peacemakers," the profane said, "for they shall see Paris."

The female staff was reduced by 25 per cent. We had been attacked in the *Times* as a "bureaucratic invasion" and there had been a question about us in the House. The depletion of the staff coincided with the moment when the Congress began to move. Papers poured into the Registry. Those of us who were left were kept busy now.

The chestnut trees in the Champs Elysées were in flower by the time the terms were presented to the Germans. There was an uncomfortable delay and then one day in June the news reached us that they would sign. The siren on the roof of the

Astoria hooted. Sirens all over Paris hooted. The citizens of Paris were used to these hoots as air raid warnings. Some of them were actually seen to take cover.

We were given tickets for places on the terrace at Versailles to see the signatories arrive. (Only the more privileged got into the Galerie des Glaces.) Paderewski had the best reception. President Wilson raised his hat in anticipation of applause but a chill silence fell on the crowd. The ceremony lasted about an hour. We outsiders grew rather restive. Then suddenly the guns went off, the fountains began to play, the windows of the Salle des Glaces opened and everyone appeared on the balcony except the Boches who went away quickly. We called them Boches then; they do it still in France.

It was stuffy working at the Astoria in July and August. Most of the British delegation had gone home. But some of us had to remain for the winding up of the Austrian, Hungarian and Bulgarian treaties. The Conference dragged on till December.

Long after we had all left the Astoria, Mr. Dickey stayed behind looking for lost papers—papers which must be found before the hotel was reopened to the public. Mr. Dickey was a Foreign Office clerk who had come over to Paris as one of the Archivists-in-Chief. He was last seen haunting the precincts of what had been the Registry—scratching his head with a baffled gesture.

I wonder what he thought about women getting the vote for the splendid work they did during the war. (True, it wasn't for our splendid peace work we were given the vote, but Mr. Churchill includes the Paris Conference in his last phase of the world crisis.) And I wonder what Macnaughton—the little forester at Ardchullary—thought about it.

REFLECTIONS FROM GENEVA

A CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER

BY HUGH F. SPENDER

YOU will want to know something of the Tenth Assembly, how far it has succeeded in bringing the League of Nations nearer the attainment of its ideals—in getting a move on what you regard as rather a slow coach. So much has been written about the Tenth Assembly, that it is not necessary to do more at this stage than emphasise its more important results. If I write about them, it is to draw some deductions that may interest you.

Now the Hague Conference by its settlement of German Reparations and the agreement to evacuate all the "Allied" troops from the Rhineland at the end of next June, prepared the ground for an advance at Geneva. Another corner had been turned on the road to the reorganisation of Europe on a new basis, and the time seemed well adapted to take advantage of the sentiment created by the Kellogg Pact, to make a bold attack on old prejudices and traditions which still hold Europe in the grip of fear. Fortunately, all this coincided with the advent of our new Labour Government, which was determined, not only to sign the Optional Clause of the Statute of the International Court of Justice, in order to prove their willingness to extend the field of arbitration, but also to make a decisive attempt to persuade the world to disarm. The Anglo-American naval conversations which were the logical outcome of the Kellogg Pact, gave Mr. Macdonald an opportunity for a push all along the line. It was clearly for him to direct the new forces at work, and the beat of the wings of peace across the Atlantic set Geneva astir with expectation as the date of the Tenth Assembly fell due.

The most important achievement of the Assembly to my mind was not the results of the discussions in the Disarmament Committee, which I fear may prove inconclusive, but the proposal which Sir Cecil Hurst made in the Legal Committee for the

amendment of Article twelve of the Covenant, with the object of bringing it into line with the inhibition against war in the Kellogg Pact. Hurst's aim was to close the "gap" in the Covenant, which you have heard so much about, and his proposal has an important bearing on the greatest of all the problems which the League has to solve, namely, how to prevent another war. The gap in the Covenant, as you know, permits two States to resort to war after they have fulfilled their obligations under Articles twelve, thirteen and fifteen of the Covenant, to settle a dispute by arbitral or judicial methods or by the good offices of the Council, and have refrained from hostilities until three months after the award by the arbitrator or a judicial decision, or the report by the Council has been given. The delay to which Members of the League have agreed to submit and which might extend to nine months in all, for the Council is not bound to make its report until six months after the hearing of a dispute, is one of the most valuable provisions of the Covenant. It was hoped by its authors that in this way peace would be maintained, for in delay lies time for reflection and the cooling of passions, and for the mobilisation of public opinion against an aggressive State. Moreover, if the Council apart from the disputants, were unanimous in making its recommendation for the settlement of a dispute, it is probable that joint action would be taken by the League of Nations to preserve the peace.

There is nothing new in the provision of a period of delay for the settlement of international disputes. It was an essential feature of the Bryan Peace Commission Treaties which were negotiated by the Foreign Secretary of the United States in 1913. How far we have advanced since these Treaties were made, may be measured by the enthusiastic reception which was given to the Kellogg Pact with its actual inhibition against war as an instrument of national policy. But neither the Pact nor the Covenant are sufficient in themselves. They are, in fact, incomplete bulwarks against war, and will remain so until some effective machinery is discovered to bring them into line and to give practical effect to the great idea which underlies them both. It was a bold stroke on the part of the new Labour Government to attempt to do this, for the reception of Sir Cecil Hurst's proposed amendment to Article twelve was not encouraging. Governments still cling to the right of private war, if not openly

yet secretly, as an inherent part of their sovereign right to do what they please in the last resort. They fear that the surrender of this right will weaken their diplomacy which they regard as still based on force. They are nervous of the appeal which may be made to them to reduce their armaments as the logical result of renouncing this right to strike at their neighbours. National pride and prestige, and the sentiment of the powerful classes which look to militarism and armaments for position and wealth, are ranged on the side of keeping the door open to war. When one is tempted to throw one's cap over the Kellogg Pact, it is necessary to face realities.

Hence the reaction in the Legal Committee of the League against Sir Cecil Hurst's proposal which, by eliminating the last words of paragraph one of Article twelve and ending the sentence with the words:—"And they agree that they will in no case resort to war,"—deprives any Member of the League of the right to go to war, except in support of the League. The delay prescribed in Article twelve, during which no private hostilities are to take place, would thus be stretched to infinity. Small wonder that there was a gasp of surprise, and that the delegates in the Legal Committee got up one after another to plead that they must have time to reflect. A sub-committee was, however, appointed to consider Sir Cecil Hurst's amendment, and by sheer persistence he won his way through to a report, which embodied his proposal with its consequential amendments in other articles of the Covenant.

Now, this is a remarkable achievement. But the Hurst proposition has still to be examined by a committee of eleven jurists. This proposal to close the gap in the Covenant will, however, I believe be accepted by the Eleventh Assembly, if public opinion backs it strongly enough. If it is accepted, we must not rest on our oars, but insist on the establishment of better machinery than exists at present to give effect to this levelling up of Pact and Covenant.

Let us examine this gap in the Covenant a little more closely. First of all, if one of the parties to a dispute refuses to comply with an arbitral award, or a judicial verdict, or a unanimous recommendation by the Council, the party which complies has the right of war against it. In this event the other Members of the League must not resort to war against the Member which

has carried out in good faith any award or decision that has been rendered. Secondly, a case might arise in which neither of the parties "complied," when each would have the right of war against the other. Thirdly, if the Council is not agreed, then it is left to the State Members of the League, apart from the disputants, to take such action as they shall consider necessary for the maintenance of right and justice. Thus if a sufficient number of the more powerful Members of the League were determined to prevent war they might be able to do so. Let me advise you to read an excellent little book by Mr. W. Arnold-Forster, called "The Voice of Reason," to which I am much indebted in tracing the outlines of the "gap."

The Covenant does not prescribe any penalty except in the event of a State Member of the League refusing to abide by its agreement to submit a dispute to peaceful settlement. The economic sanctions would then come automatically into force, that is to say, all the other Members of the League are obliged to subject a Covenant-breaking State to the severance of all trade and financial relations, to prohibit all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the State, and to prevent all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the Covenant-breaking State and the nationals of any other State, whether a Member of the League or not. This, as you will admit, is a tall order, and the last provision, the prevention of all relations between the aggressor and other States, whether Members of the League or not, would certainly not have found its way into Article sixteen, if it had not been assumed at the time that the United States would become a Member of the League. Fortunately the League has never had to consider the application of these economic sanctions, or it might have found itself up against the refusal of the United States to allow an embargo to be placed on the shipment of its goods to the Covenant-breaking State. You know what a serious situation that might create for Anglo-American relations, from what happened in the last war, when we rationed States which were receiving supplies from America and handing them on to Germany. If such a situation occurred again we should be immediately involved in a crisis with the Americans, for nothing but the intervention of the British fleet could prevent America in such circumstances from trading with whom she pleased.

the world may well be trusted to decide where the blame lies, if war breaks out.

Such an idea of an international organisation springing spontaneously out of the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact is not pure fantasy. It might well come about, for it is of supreme importance to ourselves and the United States that war should be prevented in the continent of Europe.

The Americans, therefore, cannot fail to be sympathetic to our efforts to eliminate the danger of war. They are, indeed, beginning to realise the advantage of "putting teeth into the Kellogg Pact," and if this could be done, as Mr. Henderson hinted in his speech to the Assembly, by creating a world organisation for peace, which would enable the League to get at once into touch with the United States, on a threat of war,—is there anything in this that need alarm American opinion? How otherwise, except by consultation with the United States, could the sanctions of the League be enforced? How, indeed, are we to do our duty by the League, and yet maintain good relations with the United States?

To banish war is a dream of the future, you may say, unless nations will agree to an all round reduction of armaments. I agree, and for this reason I regret that Lord Cecil did not put up a more effective front in the Disarmament Committee after moving his resolution. This was excellent as far as it went, for he proposed:

- (a) The application of the same principles to the reduction and limitation of personnel and material whether in land, sea or air forces.
- (b) The limitation of the strength of a force either by limiting its numbers or its period of training or both.
- (c) The limitation of material either directly by enumeration or indirectly by budgetary limitation or by both methods.
- (d) The recognition of a competent international authority to watch and report on the execution of the treaty.

M. Massigli, the French delegate, supported by General de Marinis and the speakers of the Little Entente and Poland, reacted forcibly against the British resolution. He described it as going back on the decisions taken in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission and declared that the Disarmament Committee had no right to dictate to that body which contained non-members of the League, such as the United States and Soviet Russia. The

delegates of the Military Powers detected a veiled attack in the resolution on what they regard as a *chose jugée*, namely their refusal to admit that trained reserves should be included in the scales of disarmament. Publicity for budgetary expenditure is all they will concede. Lord Cecil was right when he said that little or nothing has been done since the spring of 1927 for the limitation or reduction of land armaments. The deadlock which the British Government have to face is indeed complete. Indeed so long as the military Powers claim the right to compel all their citizens to do military service and to arm them as they please, passing all their effectives into a reserve for use in war time, there does not seem any way out of this deadlock. If the size of tanks and the calibre of guns could be limited something might be done; but there is no disposition on the part of the military Powers to accept any inhibition which might prevent their taking advantage of the latest invention. It is easy for the Germans to sign a convention against the use of poison gas. But until such a convention is generally adopted the military Powers will refuse to forego the use of chemical means of warfare. That being so, the discussion on Lord Cecil's resolution merely served to emphasise the extraordinary complexity of the problem.

Now Lord Cecil with all his admirable qualities is not a man to go tiger shooting with. Having found the beast as lively and dangerous as ever, he determined to beat a retreat and was soon engaged in conversations behind the scenes for building a bridge which would enable him to retire from the jungle. This was obligingly constructed by M. Politis, than whom none is more clever in the art of compromise. The Politis formula, which was finally accepted by the Disarmament Committee after Lord Cecil had withdrawn his resolution, was a lame conclusion to Lord Cecil's frontal attack on the position of the military Powers. It says nothing about the necessity of reducing effectives or war material on which Lord Cecil laid such stress that he declared that a treaty which contained no limitation of the machinery of war would be like offering the public a stone instead of bread,—would, in fact, be valueless. It is true that M. Politis paid lip service to the hope that the Preparatory Disarmament Commission would shortly be able to frame a preliminary convention for the reduction of armaments. But it was not clear on what he based this hope. The only suggestion of any value which was

finally accepted by the Disarmament Committee was that the minutes of the various discussions on Disarmament in the Assembly and the Third Committee should be communicated to the Preparatory Commission. Lord Cecil claimed that this left the door open to the raising of all the points mentioned in his resolution. But it seemed to me that he fatally compromised his position by declaring in advance that his reference to effectives did not necessarily include the question of trained reserves. After his flight over the bridge so adroitly provided for his escape, it will be difficult for Lord Cecil to return to the attack with any conviction.

All this was very disappointing, for on Lord Cecil's own showing, the reduction of armaments is the most important of all the issues before the League. Every one, of course, knows that he is sincere; but I should like to have seen him following up the bold attack which he launched, when he roundly declared that if no reduction could be obtained, we might have to submit, but that would perhaps mean not only the end of disarmament, but the end of the League.

I don't, however, like this talk about our having to submit. The moment when we were reaching a naval agreement with the United States which was calculated to strengthen our prestige in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission was not the time to predict that our efforts to reduce armaments would fail. I don't believe they will if we take a firm stand on this question and show a little of that moral indignation which Mr. Snowden wasted on a comparatively trivial issue at the Hague Conference. There, the ground was wrongly chosen for shock tactics. But the question of the reduction of armaments is of such supreme importance to the world that we can afford to show the boldest possible front, when the issue is again joined in the Preparatory Commission.

THE UNBOLTED DOOR

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

"**L**EAVE that door alone, young feller; and remember once for all that it's never to be locked or bolted. Not that there's any fear of it's being locked, as the master always has the key on him."

Mrs. Torquil heard the muffled words. Cote, their seventy-year-old butler, instructing the new footman in slow, impressive tones, as is the way of butlers when addressing their humble subordinates.

But this subordinate belonged to the new dispensation, so he answered back. "That's a funny idea—that is."

"It may seem funny to you, seeing you're a stranger, Henry, but 'tis only a sad one to me."

"Sad? Why that, Mr. Cote?"

From where Anne Torquil had stayed her steps at the door of her bed-chamber, she heard the now quavering, long familiar, old voice answer—"Twas this way it happened. Mr. John—and a rare nice young chap he was—was not just put down 'killed' by his Colonel, when he didn't come back from what was then styled 'a raid in the henemy lines.' He was just reported 'missing'. Cruel I called it then, and cruel I calls it now—for 'twas bound to encourage false hopes."

"It must 'a done, Mr. Cote." The young voice had become grave.

"Mrs. Torquil knew well enough what 'missing' meant. But the master he just couldn't bring hisself to believe his son—his heir, too, mind you—had gone, so to speak, for ever. I mind well how a few days after the Armistice Mr. Torquil came along one night just as I was locking up, and he says, says he, 'Just leave the door of the small hall as it is, Cote. Master John always came into the house that way, because of the short cut from the gate. Many soldiers are coming back now from Germany who was put down as 'missing', so my son may walk through that door hany day.' That's what he said then, poor

gentleman; and that door, Henry, has never been locked or bolted since—"

The men's footsteps died away, and something stirred in Anne Torquil's unhappy atrophied heart. How very strange that she should not have known, till to-night, of her husband's order. It was true that at all ages past babyhood, the boy had been wont to burst through the outer door of what was called "the small hall" with a cry of "Mother! Where are you? Upstairs?" And yet, dearly as he loved her, close as they were to one another, she had always known that John had cared most for his inarticulate father.

She was so moved, now, that something of the frightful anguish of six years ago came back, and restlessly she began to walk up and down the beautiful bedroom many of her friends envied her. How piteous that to her it should have become a room of intolerable memories.

In the wide Jacobean bed, where she now spent her often wakeful nights, had been born the son whose coming had seemed inevitable. Convinced that as to this matter she would be as lucky as in all else, she had laughed at the thought that her baby could be a girl. How often, in the last six years, she had wished she had died on the glorious day her boy was born.

Her good friend then, and still her good friend, Dr. Maynard, the old village doctor, had taken it on himself, more than once, during the perfect years which had followed John's birth, to hint that it was a pity the child had no brother, no sister, to share his delightful nursery. But she, Anne Torquil, had been wilfully deaf to such advice. Always, during the whole of her happy spoilt young life, she had done what she wanted; and never had she done anything she had not definitely wished to do. She had given her Jack a splendid son, what good old Cote called an heir; that, surely, was quite enough?

Suddenly, now, she stopped in her pacing opposite a carved wood mirror. She had been standing just here during her last happy moment of life. It was in the autumn of 1918; her husband was home, convalescing from what had been a severe wound; there were rumours of Peace, and they were confidently expecting their boy home on his first leave. At exactly three o'clock, on a fine early October day, there had come what had been, then, a very familiar knuckle knock on her door. Even when

she was a bride of seventeen, and the two were more like a pair of happy children than a married couple, Jack had always knocked before he came into his wife's, Anne's, room.

Blithely she had called out, "Come in, Jack!"

And he had come in with a telegram open in his hand. It was as if she could hear to-night, six years later, the sound of his hoarse voice uttering her name—and then, when she had put up her arm with an instinctive violent movement to ward off the blow, the further words, "Thank God not killed, my darling! Only missing."

Only missing? And John's father had gone on not only hoping against hope, but firmly convinced that, from the depths of some German prison, or even from some German mental home, the boy would come back.

She, from the first, in dry-eyed despair, had felt no hope at all. And her husband's obstinate—what to herself she more than once harshly called his idiotic—optimism, had pained, exasperated, sometimes maddened, her.

She stared now, as if hypnotised, at her own reflection in the dark glass of the mirror. Though she would be forty-five on her next birthday, it was true, as tiresome people so often told her, that she still, at times, looked like a girl. Time had scarcely touched her lovely face and slender rounded figure with his rude finger; but Jack Torquil, not yet fifty, might have been ten years older than his age. For the first time in her life, to-night, Anne asked herself, with a touch of unease, if her husband was as unhappy as she was herself.

This evening she had watched him sitting hunched up in an easy-chair, a book in his hand, on the other side of the fire. Suddenly he had taken up a pencil—it was a thing Jack Torquil was given to do, and it always irritated his wife—and marked a passage in the book he was reading. Looking up, he had thrown her a queer, shamed, pleading, look; and when he had risen and left the library, to go through his usual ritual of taking a turn out of doors with the three dogs, she had walked across the room to see what it was he had marked in his book. And then she had been at once annoyed, diverted, and, maybe, a little touched; for what her husband had marked had been two lines, the first ridiculously familiar, the second, till this moment, unknown to her.

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute."

And now, while slowly undressing, she remembered the two lines Jack had marked. What he no doubt still thought of as "a little rift" between them was, in actual fact, a chasm which was ever yawning wider and wider. Yet once, only once, in their now long joint life, she had spoken bitter words to him.

It had been years ago, at a time when he was still full of hope, and she, alas! starkly hopeless, as to their son's possible return. The lover in him had awakened, and when his lips had sought hers she had said fiercely, "Never, Jack. Never again." So literally had he accepted her decree, that not once, since then, had he even knocked on the door of the room they had shared so happily for twenty-one years.

To-day, the eve of Armistice Day, had been an intolerable day, and Anne told herself that next year they would have people here for the first fortnight of November. They were rich, hospitable, both, in their quite different ways, popular. But the real reason why they were never alone, excepting for the Christmas holidays, and part of November of each year, was that a dual solitude becomes intolerable when shared by a man and woman who were once ardent, exultingly happy, lovers.

As Anne Torquil got into her great bed, the stable clock began striking twelve, ushering in another Armistice Day; and, as she lay back, smarting difficult tears rose to her still undimmed eyes.

The thought of her boy was very near to her to-night, so near, indeed, that an overwhelming wish to gaze on his pictured face came over her.

Slipping out of bed, she went over to a painted cabinet where she kept certain sacred, secret, things. Among them were her husband's adoring letters, each beginning "My darling little love," written during their short engagement; also all her son's photographs from babyhood.

She had had a sketch done of him by Sargent when he was at Sandhurst. That now hung in his father's bedroom. There was no portrait of him in any other part of the house which knew him no more. Some of their later friends did not know they had ever had a child.

Unlocking the drawer in which lay all the photographs of

John, she took out the last one, taken of him just after he had received his commission, and wearing his first uniform. While she gazed into the boyish face, he seemed to be smiling proudly, confidently, merrily, up at her.

As she put it back in the drawer, she remembered a clumsy attempt, most kindly meant, of sympathy on the part of their Vicar. He had met her during one of the long lonely walks she had taken that first year of woe, in between her still strenuous war work, for, after the Armistice, Torquilton House had gone on, for a long time, being a soldiers' convalescent hospital. And he had said in a low voice, "Who being dead, yet liveth."

Throwing her head back, she had exclaimed: "You know my husband is still quite convinced that John was not killed. He thinks he may come back any day." Looking startled, the would-be comforter had gone his way.

To-day, at almost the same place, oddly enough, she had had an encounter with old Dr. Maynard which had not hurt, so much as angered her. He had retired in 1919, and she never saw him alone, now. But this time his only son—a son the war had spared—had dropped him from their car, so that he might have a little walk.

The old man had taken her hand in his, and said feelingly, "I should like to think you happy, dear Mrs. Torquil." And, as she had shaken her head—she couldn't pretend to him—he had gone on, with a touch of real admiration in his feeble voice, "You're wonderful! You won't mind my saying so? But how young you keep! Why this afternoon, you might be twenty-five instead of—"

"—nearly forty-five? Yes, and I do still feel young, worse luck. I'd give a good deal to feel old, Dr. Maynard."

And then he had said a word about her husband which brought the colour rushing up into her face. The doctor had always been chary of his words, but every word had always told. "Can't you bring yourself to be kind to him?" he had said, looking straight into her still lovely face. She had answered at once, and very coldly, "Not in the way you mean."

Shaking his white head sadly he had taken her hand in his again, "You must forgive an old friend—eh?"

She had nodded quickly. But she had felt then, and she

felt now, that she could not forgive that—yes, impertinent—question.

The twelfth stroke of the clock fell on the still air, and all at once she heard the electric light being turned out in the hall below, followed by the sound of her husband's footsteps coming up the stairs. There came over her an odd, unexpected, impulse. To just go out and bid him goodnight. But she restrained that impulse. All the same, she walked across to the door, and, turning off the light, noiselessly opened it a little way.

Jack Torquil was making his way up the easy stairs with the steps of an old man, though, as she and Dr. Maynard both knew, he was still young at heart, however deeply grief and hope deferred had scarred his face. And, still moved by what their old manservant had unconsciously revealed, she waited to hear those slow footsteps make their way into the room which was no longer called "Mr. Torquil's dressing room."

And then it was as if her heart stood still, for the handle of the unbolted door in the hall below turned in the darkness, and there came an upward rush of cold air, followed by her husband's startled shout, "Who goes there?"

There was a moment's pause, and after that pause, as if from infinitely far away, there rang out two words in a voice she had never thought to hear again, even in another life, for Anne Torquil had come not to believe the promise the Vicar had repeated, thinking to comfort her.

And the words uttered in her son's voice pierced her innermost soul, for "Poor father," was all her beloved had come back to say.

Then she heard Jack Torquil's eager, joyful—"John? My boy! Where are you?" and the sound of his feet pounding down the stairs.

As she rushed out, on to the circular gallery she heard the handle turn again in the darkness. The lights below were put full on and, looking over the balustrade, she saw her husband standing in the empty hall, staring, with bewildered eyes, at the closed door.

At last he turned, and, looking up, saw her pale face and wide open eyes gazing down.

"You heard him, too, Anne?"

Straightening herself, she ran round the balcony and so down-

stairs. There, with what had become a way of forgotten tenderness, she took his hand. "Of course I heard him too. The door opened, and he came in with the wind. Having said what was in his dear mind he went back—but where, Jack, where?"

* * *

Later that night, as Anne lay in his arms, John's father muttered, "He came back for you, my darling; to comfort you. That was quite right."

"For me, Jack? Oh no—"

"But he did, little love. Surely you heard what he said?" and she felt the surprise in his voice.

She whispered, "What did he say—to you?"

"Only what you heard—only the two words, Anne, 'Dear mother'."

He waited a moment, and then he said humbly, for he was a very simple kind of man, "Just to let you know, dearest, and perhaps to let me know too, that all is well with the child."

SURRENDER

BY DIANA CARROLL

The dark slow-running deep,
 Beneath the hurrying surface stream which flows—
 The vivid hues which sleep
 Fast folded in the petals of a rose—
 Like these my love shall be,
 That only he
 Who dares to plumb the depths, who cares to pluck the rose,
 Their beauties may disclose.

Yet, though against the world
 So jealously concealed my love would seem—
 The flower closely curled,
 Most silent and mysterious the stream—
 Yet in my heart I know,
 Should Love's wind blow,
 Straight would the scattered rose, the leaping troubled stream,
 Proclaim my treasured dream.

THIS ROOM

BY LESLEY GREY

This room will never be the same room now:
 I loved it well before, for work and play—
 But who recalls December's graceful bough,
 Where blossom swoons to-day!

So, here, for half an hour you cast off care
 (And made, thus honouring it, my plain room fine),
 Leaning your head in peace against the chair
 Where daily I lean mine.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT

BY F. J. BUTLER

RICHARD and Mirabel kissed one another before going to bed, while Mrs. Dreckler plumped up the cushions. A French waitress who caught a glimpse of them through the half-open door, threw up her hands in horror. These cold English girls! She would like to have shown Miss how she could embrace so beautiful a young man, for although she had seen him only yesterday for the first time, her fiery nature was already in flames on his behalf. But then Richard's feelings had been ruffled that day, and Mirabel was aware of it, and thought him childish; of which circumstances the waitress knew nothing at all.

The Drecklers had insisted on coming to France. They said that the English sea-side places were impossible at holiday time. So, of course, Richard had come with them. There was no accommodation to be had either at Le Touquet or Paris-Plage, for even in France holiday-makers must go somewhere, but they had eventually got rooms at the hotel in Fort Mahon. That suited them well enough, for, after spending a quiet morning on the beach, they could motor over to play golf at Le Touquet, or wear their summery clothes amongst the gay people on the Plage.

Fort Mahon itself was not gay. The hotel and the brightly-painted bungalows had been popped down rather shortsightedly on the edge of a field of sand dunes, so that in windy weather the inhabitants found drifts of sand forming in their verandahs, and a thin powder sifting into the houses under the doors and through sun-shrunken window sashes. Every spring the roads to the bungalows must be swept and great drifts cleared from the short esplanade. But the winter encroachment of the dunes was no more to be stopped than the summer invasion of Parisians, who brought their children and nurses, with dogs and gramophones, to live in shrill ecstasies of light-heartedness until their affairs called them home again.

Richard had come with the Drecklers because he was engaged

to Mirabel. They were both very young, and perhaps the mother could have told the tale of his courtship better than Richard himself. Still, he was fortunate. She had looks, and freshness, and character. But he would have been wild had he known of the care with which Mrs. Dreckler had probed into his character, before giving him his chance with her daughter. For she was rightly proud of the finished product of her care. Her daughter's health and schooling had been supervised with a minuteness and a wisdom that left nothing to chance; no promising shoot of her individuality had been nipped in the bud, her striving towards personality had been carefully fostered, and any urge she had towards self-expression had been met more than half-way. It would be hard to say whether the girl owed more to nature, or modern education, or her mother, but unquestionably she was a credit to all three of them.

Mrs. Dreckler also kissed Richard before going up to bed. She was very fond of him, for had she not given him opportunities to win Mirabel, that other men would have given their ears to obtain? But she had been particular to a fault. This man had been turned down in her mind because his addiction to whiskies and soda might be the first sign of an insidious thirst, perhaps later to become unassuageable without intemperance. That man had a sensual mouth. Another had flirtatious eyes, possibly not to be dulled by matrimony. So it had gone on until the choice fell upon Richard. Richard was attractive; Richard was clean-run. He was of good family, and of sufficient income, with expectations. He was clever and ambitious. Richard was the perfect mate for Mirabel.

So Richard and Mirabel were engaged to be married.

Before he went to sleep, Richard turned the day's doings over in his mind. The way he was slicing his drives was becoming notorious amongst his friends. This afternoon at Le Touquet he had driven into a party on the next fairway. Although he had yelled "Fore!", a distinguished personage had been struck in a place that distinguished people do not refer to. Of course, he had apologized; and been shortly dealt with by his victim, who was smarting considerably from the blow. Richard pointed out that he had given warning, but a supercilious little man who called himself an aide-de-camp (one seemed to dislike that title) opined that one should not even shout 'fore' at his excellency.

Richard gravely promised not to do so in future, but withdrew discomfited. Hang it all, people didn't slice just for fun. But Mirabel had advised him to play his tee-shots with an iron, for you never knew . . . at Le Touquet. He had objected to that, and argued that all men must run the risks of their selected sport. And he would have continued to play with his driver, had he not broken it on the next tee. Then he lost the match; not that it mattered much, for Mirabel had seen him when he was on his game. But he began to doubt if he ever would play decently again, and Mirabel became more steady every time she went round.

But the really humiliating incident had occurred on the way home. He was driving, and met two other cars at a cross-roads. They were all going slowly and there need have been no accident, had not Richard momentarily forgotten the French rule of the road and swerved instinctively to his left. The three motors collided, without hurt to the occupants, and with only superficial damages. From one car was decanted an excited party of Frenchmen, who, gesticulating freely, called on high heaven to witness Richard's blameworthiness and their broken number-plate. From the other car descended a German of homely aspect, his tongue wallowing in a slough of luscious gutturals. Against such a spate of foreign tongues Richard's halting, pen-of-my-aunt, French was of no use at all; so he too became heated and spoke his native tongue, rapidly and colloquially. Mrs. Dreckler, telling Mirabel to remain where she was, joined the vehement group. She saw that a calm reasonableness was needed to make these foreigners understand the situation. She approached them with dignity, her head thrown back, but with a propitiatory smile, for they were, after all, in the right of it. But they would not heed her; they were still too full of ideas themselves suddenly to become willing listeners. She herself found it difficult to keep an air of calmness when she was forced to speak so stridently. Finally she had to shout, and all pretence of calmness vanished. Reasonableness itself forsook her when it became necessary to scream shrilly, in order that the men, who would not be quiet, should hear her for their own good. Finally it was Mirabel who had made peace. She smiled steadily at the most vociferous of the Frenchmen, until he, hat in hand, declared that the damage was a nothing, but nothing at all. The German, not to be out-

done in courtesy, bowed stiffly and clicked his heels. From a large letter case he produced a pack of visiting-cards, which he dealt out to the bystanders. He gave Mirabel a photograph showing his wife on the doorstep of a German home, a daughter's head pillowed on each shoulder. As a reason for foreign travel Richard thought them incontrovertible. So the incident had ended with Mirabel talking fluently to the Frenchmen, now gallant to admiration, and occasionally throwing a well-constructed German sentence to the Teuton whose saxophonic blarings had gradually mellowed into throaty trumpeting. Later, as they approached another press of cars on the road, Mirabel had said the words that rubbed salt into his wounded self-esteem: "Remember, the right, this time." As if a fellow would do a thing like that twice running! Afterwards he had quite frankly sulked. And she had remained undisturbed, but talked literature over his head at dinner. He knew that he was being punished for his ill-humour but would not lie down to it. When she spoke of enjoying Pirandello only in the original Italian, he had declared that, for his part, he could only read Chekov in Russian. He chuckled at the recollection; that had brought her up with a round turn! But this was not the way to be thinking of his lady-love. He frowned . . . but his mind refused to engage with that problem, and wandered off to browse on an encounter of the early morning.

He had gone for his usual dip in the sea before breakfast. Where a sandy road led steeply up from the beach to the esplanade, he had met a fisher-boy urging a decrepit old horse to draw a cart-load of seaweed up the slope. Good-naturedly he had put his shoulder to the wheel and with his help the horse had struggled to the top of the rise. The boy had left the panting animal's head and come round to thank Richard for his aid. A handsome bare-legged boy, an old felt-hat crowning a flushed brown face: elfin-eyed, too girlish—by jove it was a girl! She smiled at Richard; her eyes danced; she made to brush away the sand plastered onto his bath-sheet by the cart-wheel. She touched him; he could still feel her hard little hand on his ribs. Then with a blush and a tiny cry of dismay, she flew to the horse's head and urged him into a lumbering trot. And that was all. But this fleeting vision of a brown-skinned fisher-girl, this speechless meeting of a few moments, this touch as of a

bird's wing, had stirred Richard to breathlessness. And Mirabel had not achieved that in a year.

Mrs. Dreckler took a great pride in Richard. She felt that he was to be relied upon. All her delving had unearthed no peccadilloes, discovered no signs of wildness. She took credit to herself for steering Mirabel through the shoals of the fortune-hunters, the objectionable and the poverty-stricken. And Mirabel herself was proud of a possession envied her by other girls. Richard had always been more pursued than pursuing. There was a sort of baffled look in his eyes that attracted women, a look as of a trusting dog whose food is inexplicably withheld. She looked forward to their marital relationship without either trepidation or enthusiasm. She had decided not to have any children for a few years. But she thought very little about such matters. One cannot have everything, and when the present is satisfyingly enjoyable, the future is not likely to be particularly enticing.

As they all three sat at breakfast that morning, Mirabel was glad to see Richard in good spirits again. But he was more than that, only he could not for decency's sake allow it to appear. He was feeling riotously gay, and all because he had met his beach-fairy and had had some talk with her. He had found her gambolling bare-legged behind the sea-weed laden cart, the horse being led by a pessimistic-looking man who was her father. For sheer good spirits she was running rings round herself and turning cartwheels like any abandoned urchin. But she stopped larking as soon as she saw him approaching—Yes, it was a glorious morning, and he'd had a splendid bathe. No more bacon, thanks—Georgette was her name, and she and her father and brothers were going to dredge for shrimps after visiting their stake-nets at low tide that evening.—Oh, golf, certainly, and home for dinner, pity to waste a lovely evening at Paris-Plage. Nothing to do here? Why he met a family of fisher-folk this morning, who said he could go shrimping with them that night. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad scheme. Good sport, shrimping—Her eyes really did dance, and were sea-grey, and her neck was golden with the tiniest brown flecks. And she had looked at him as if she liked him. And he . . . Oh Lord!

"But you must come, Mirabel, shrimping is much better fun

than reading Pirandello in the original. Mirabel, do please come, I want you to come."

"Why of course she'll go, Richard, won't you dear?"

"Yes, of course I'll go."

Then quite suddenly Richard hated her, and her mother, and himself worst of all.

"It'll probably rain," he said dismally, and left the room trembling.

Mrs. Dreckler answered her daughter's unspoken comment: "Men are often trying at breakfast, dear," she said equably, and helped herself to some more coffee.

But Richard was up and down all day and Mirabel discovered an interest in his moods of which she had not previously been aware. And the study of his moods led her to a consideration of the man himself. As they stood waiting on the tee, while a purple-necked golfer flogged his way doggedly through the rough, she wondered of what Richard was really thinking as he gazed unseeingly into the middle distance. It came over her then, as it does at times over most people, in what awful isolation each person holds himself spiritually inviolate from his nearest and dearest. It struck her too how desirable Richard was, and with a little shiver came a tiny premonitory thought that she had no real hold over him, mentally or physically. Perhaps she would be wiser to—But an angry bellow from a bunker stopped the train of her thoughts and gave a grudging permission to play through to the green.

Richard was thinking that of course he wanted to marry Mirabel. The other was a flash in the pan, a mid-summer madness, a passing fancy . . . and probably a minx. No, no, not that. Anyway the thing was absurd; how people would laugh. But he didn't laugh, and nothing but superior physical force should prevent him from going out shrimping that night. Let Mirabel come if she would, there was nothing to hide.

But that hardly applied two hours later.

On the way back they stopped for petrol at a little farmstead, which was also a wine-shop, two kilometers outside Fort Mahon. The garish pump contrasted oddly with the old-world, rather ruinous buildings. Nobody came in answer to their horn-tooting, so Richard went into the "barn" to explore. There stood Georgette, tidying up a little clover-mow. She

had on a sun-bonnet, and a blue apron, her feet being in clogs. To Richard she was more bewitching than ever. He took her in his arms, all hot and clover-scented from her work as she was, and kissed her mouth. The roguish look had vanished from her eyes; deep grey pools, they returned his gaze and said all that there was to be said, more even than her answering kiss. Speech was a slower bond than looks between them, for his French was rudimentary. He explained that they must go, because his cousin awaited him in the car. They left the barn sobered by the sudden revealment of their emotion; the girl clattered into the house to get a key for the pump; the man went back to the car where Mirabel waited impatiently. She said that people should not have petrol-pumps if they could not attend to them. Then he had to stand impotently by while significant looks passed between his fiancée and his new-found love. He knew misery then, and despised himself, even so deeply as to include his fine feelings for Georgette. What would people, what above all, would Mrs. Dreckler have to say of a man who preferred a fisher-girl to Mirabel?

As he started the car, he said, trying to help out his uncertain voice by the clash of a clumsy gear-change: "It is her people with whom we are going shrimping to-night."

Mirabel looked back at the blue figure standing by the flaming-red petrol pump.

"Dear Richard," she said a moment later, and just touched his cheek with her fingers. Richard tried to reply to her rare caress with a smile.

On their return they found Mrs. Dreckler, who had spent the afternoon shopping, urgent to try the effect of some new wool against Richard's golfing-suit. She proposed to knit him a pair of stockings, and her simple pleasure in the good match she had obtained touched him almost to tears. He thought of her steady kindness, her many presents, the motherly affection she had for years shown towards him, for Richard had few relatives and those self-centred. She wanted to measure his foot; that was the difficulty with hand-knitted stockings, to make them a good fit round the foot and ankle. He looked down at her ageing face, and thought of how she had worn herself out in Mirabel's service. And he had been hardening his heart to give her a stab in the back! No, it was impossible. To-morrow he

would tell her that they must leave Fort Mahon, giving her just an inkling of the reason. She could be relied upon not to badger him.

And to-night he would show Georgette by his manner that the kiss in the barn had only been light-hearted folly. Absurd to read deep meanings into an everyday traffic of that kind.

During dinner his mind piled resolution on resolution, building up a wall of defence against the mental pictures that would intrude. Of Georgette turning cartwheels; of her eyes when he had kissed her; of the feel of her hand on his ribs. . . .

He must banish her; and his wall grew and grew until when at last he and Mirabel went down to the beach, no enticing vision of Georgette was able to peep over his defences.

But they collapsed like a house of cards the very moment he clapped eyes on her, leaving his mind emptied out and his mouth dry. She was wearing a boy's shirt and rolled-up trousers, and in place of the old felt hat, a naval tam-o-shanter with a red pom-pom, pulled on at the most rakish angle possible.

All for his benefit, he thought happily; yet she was distant and cold, called him m'sieu, gave him a shrimping net, ignored Mirabel, and splashed away to her brothers at the stake-net. Her eyes did not dance, there was nothing roguish about her mouth. Miserably Richard pushed his net along the bottom, never looking to see if he caught anything. Mirabel waded out to the nets and talked with the fishermen, and then with Georgette. Richard watched her anxiously.

At last they all left the nets and began steadily to dredge for shrimps. The old man gave to his task an earnest patience that allowed of no intermission. The younger men had a greedy side-glance for Mirabel, whose physical charms were as dazzling to them as an expensive shop-window doll might be to a gutter-snipe. Richard's eyes, now baffled to the point of desperation, followed Georgette. But she would not stay near him, or meet his pleading looks.

At length he so contrived it that they were both shaking out their nets into the pail at the same time. He was so moved by her nearness that he was unable to say a word. But as they bent over the bucket she hissed at him under her breath. "You cannot catch shrimps, I hate you, go away with your fiancée!" Savagely she kicked over the pail, hurting his ankles and upsetting

the shrimps over his feet. "There, see what you have done, clumsy one!" she cried, and tripped back into the water, leaving Richard to gather up the shrimps as best he might.

If Mirabel had not understood this by-play it was not because she did not watch it; but he was too troubled to care.

As he knelt on the sand he gazed out over the evening-tinted sea. In the foreground Mirabel and Georgette pushed their dredge-nets within a few yards of one another. Mirabel with pinned-up skirts was in silhouette at a disadvantage with his slim brown sea-urchin. Mirabel, a finished product from her gold shingled head to her white-skinned legs, was a polished diamond rather out of place on this sandy shore, yet standing for all that his training, his ambitions, and his environment had taught him to find desirable.

Georgette, as unadorned and relevant to her surroundings as a gleaming ribbon of seaweed, challenged all that was in him of the natural man, appealed vividly to his sense of romance, revived smothered hopes of that ideal and beautiful life which can be lived with someone, somewhere. . . .

The choice lay between a many-faceted diamond, and a delicately curved ribbon of seaweed.

A warning cry from the old man caused them all to look in the direction of his arm, which was pointing out to sea. The fisher-people knew at once what they had to deal with. On this coast every few years there comes in at low-tide a wave rather larger than the ordinary. The fishermen say jokingly that it is a seven millionth wave, and seriously believe it to be the harbinger of heavy weather. But these men knew that there was no real danger. Not so Richard, to whom the roaring of the advancing wave sounded very menacing. The two girls were equi-distant, but Richard sped straight as an arrow to his sea-urchin. The sudden emergency had caused everybody to act by impulse rather than by reason. Georgette's father, with a peasant's instinct, made a dash for his jacket. Her brothers ran towards Mirabel, whom they pawed rather unnecessarily. The wave, already broken on the sand-banks into many lines, came frothing by, wetting them to the waist. They all made shorewards, Mirabel angrily shaking off her two opportunists. Richard was carrying Georgette in his arms. She may have found it difficult to understand his jerky mixture of French and

English, but his hold on her was subject to no language-bar, and his kisses could cross frontiers. He behaved as though none but the gulls were near to witness his emotion. With his meagre French, he was fighting a battle for his happiness. His fiancée was now not his fiancée; he loved Georgette, her he would marry or nobody. She stroked his neck with one hand, with the other she twisted off the top button of his jacket . . .

They all, except Mirabel, who had gone home, gathered together round the ramshackle cart which carried the fishing-gear. An argument started, and lasted a long time. Richard could only understand the general sense. At first the talk was excited but peaceable. When Richard had made it clear that his intentions were not only matrimonial but financial, a bitter wrangle broke out. Georgette tried to cheapen her value by threats of what she could do: it was plain that she feared her family's greed would compromise her own financial security. Richard's face became whiter and whiter as he realized that his sea-nymph was disclosing the temper of a fish-wife. That petrol-pump at the farm-steading was no anomaly. The fishermen-peasants who on the sea-marge won butter for the bread earned by dignified farm-labour, were if anything more rapacious than those who had left these ideal occupations to seek gain in cities. The father spoke fiercely, avarice in his eye. He kept running to and from the dispirited horse, making in his excitement unnecessary adjustments to its harness. The sons fought viciously with their sister over their share in the price to be paid for her body. And she, with whom he had hoped to live a life simple and passionate as bread and wine, was showing momentarily more plainly that her elfin looks covered a vulgar mind and a common heart. He turned away sorrowfully, never heeding their cries, and walked along the edge of the sea. Georgette followed him, egged on by her father, and tried every art of seduction to win him back. He hated her, and he told her so.

To think that he had been prepared to abandon Mrs. Dreckler and Mirabel for people like this!

The moon was shining now and made silver ladders across the rising tide. Ah! If one could swim right out to sea, open one's mouth to a bar of liquid moonshine, and disappear

But Richard squared his shoulders and marched up to the hotel, ready to take his punishment like a man.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

ALL the world has been preoccupied with Mr. MacDonald's journey to the United States, and Great Britain was, it would seem, somewhat dazzled by the enthusiasm of his reception. No wonder: report gave the impression of an ocean of faces and arms, all lit up and moving in a vast gesture of welcome. America's hospitality even to the most ordinary visitor is by all accounts illimitable; the Americans, always good-humoured, feel their blood dancing with an exuberant prosperity, and they are prodigal of this well-being, flinging their tribute joyously to whatever touches their generous imagination. It was no common occasion when for the first time a British Prime Minister came on a visit of ceremony to the President of the United States; but enthusiasm was reinforced by the thought that this Prime Minister was a man after America's own heart—raised by his own effort from the ranks. All this has been seen and felt in England, and the manifestation, accepted without reserve, has helped to confirm the impression already produced among Conservatives that the Labour Government have been either very clever or very fortunate—and that it does not greatly matter which. Among Mr. MacDonald's own following it has generated a confidence that found expression in the speech of one of his junior colleagues, who said that, given two or three more years of power, Labour's Chancellor would settle the whole question of Europe's debt to America. Mr. MacDonald, then on his way out, probably read that observation with a wish that he could have pulled the colleague's coat-tails.

For, naturally enough, these occurrences do not present themselves in the same light to America as to Great Britain. America, when it turns out to line the streets in Mr. MacDonald's honour, is not thinking in terms of business: it is simply obeying its own traditional friendly impulses. There is a general desire in the United States for the advancement of the world's peace, but that desire has a very different quality from the same emotion in

France, Belgium, Germany, or Great Britain, for it is purely philanthropic; no remote shadow of apprehension for America's own safety can enter into it. If Mr. MacDonald's visit meant anything in particular to the ordinary American, it meant this: Never again will an American ship need to heave to because a British war vessel has challenged her. The seas are free now to America as they have been free to England—and to England only. It was the festival of Parity, rather than of Peace; and America is fully aware that Parity is America's concession to the elder power. For America could afford to buy Superiority.

There are, no doubt, many Americans—Theodore Roosevelt was one, and it is safe to assume that the views which he held are still held by a large section—who attach an importance to the idea of solidarity among English-speaking peoples; who would certainly accept parity at sea with England more willingly than with any other great power. But in the main, America is concerned simply to secure what seems necessary for America, and parity gives this. A letter, written by Mr. Scott-Mowrer of the *Chicago Daily News* to *L'Europe Nouvelle*, sets out very clearly, for the information of continental readers, how these recent developments look to an American. He takes Great Britain to be urgently desirous of a close understanding with the United States. Successive measures—abandonment of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, acceptance of the principle of parity, Mr. Baldwin's agreement on the question of the British debt, and finally the settlement of the Irish controversy—all these appear to him to have been dictated with a view to some such entente. But the failure of the Naval Conference at Geneva made it seem that after all America showed no active desire for any form of co-operation, so a move was made by England in the direction of France. But the Anglo-French naval compromise, when rather brusquely announced, came to be interpreted in America as an agreement against America. English public opinion at once declared itself against anything that could ruffle American susceptibilities. The result therefore of Mr. Baldwin's—or Sir Austen Chamberlain's—advance towards France has been to lead up to Mr. MacDonald's move towards America. Mr. Scott-Mowrer makes it quite plain that the American public sees in the Prime Minister's visit, not only a proof of England's anxiety for an understanding, but also a

recognition of the commanding position which the United States has newly attained in the world, whether from the point of view of diplomacy, of finance, or of military considerations. But he does not indicate that America sees or desires any advantage for America in a closer union of the English-speaking peoples.

It is probable, however, that for electoral reasons—which always govern America's moves in foreign policy—a reduction of expenditure on ships is desired. This would improve President Hoover's chance of a second term. Yet all that we—or America—can hope is the avoidance of increase rather than the achievement of reduction. The life of capital ships is to be lengthened, by common agreement.—As to the uses of the navies between which theoretical parity is to be established, in 1936, there is room for some understanding. Great Britain, being a member of the League of Nations, might feel called on to use her navy to blockade the ports of a power denounced as an aggressor under the Kellogg Pact. The United States, free from such obligations, might conceivably use its naval power to break such a blockade in the interests of its own commerce. Under present conditions, no formal pledge against such action is likely to be obtained from the United States; but it might be admitted in argument that the logic of events would inevitably oblige that nation to act in accordance with the spirit of the Kellogg Pact, and consequently that the fear of America's making such a blockade may be dismissed.

The revision of debts, tending to a reduction of America's legal claim by her own consent, is advocated by certain eminent American publicists who see without pleasure that whereas the total payments made by Germany under the head of Reparations will not exceed 27 milliards of dollars, America's claim on Europe for war debts amounts to 21 milliards, thus leaving less than one-fourth of the whole for the work of restoring devastated areas. But in Mr. Scott-Mowrer's opinion, American feeling at large is in no way ripe for a reconsideration of America's claim. The indications are, therefore, that English hopes of gratifying results for the tax payer from Mr. MacDonald's pilgrimage are doomed to disappointment.

There is in his opinion one circumstance which might cause the friendly relations now established to have a definite result. The two greatest naval powers have come to a preliminary under-

standing, designed to lead to a general agreement including naval powers of the second rank; and invitations for a new naval conference have been accepted by France, Italy, and Japan. If this Conference should fail of its desired result because these powers, or some of them, are opposed to what has been provisionally agreed, the effect would be to draw England and America closer together—and, in short, would emphasise that Anglo-Saxon domination against which Latin Europe is already in revolt.

For the whole French press, and much of the Italian, is already convinced that Mr. MacDonald's visit to America, taken in conjunction with Mr. Snowden's attitude at the Hague, means that England is turning her back on Europe and seeking to join America in her voluntary detachment. It is quite unnecessary to repeat the disobliging things that are being said: but two facts stand out. One is that France and Italy refuse entirely to abolish the submarine, although America has joined England in advocating this course. The reason is perfectly simple: the submarine is a much cheaper weapon than the surface-craft. These secondary powers find themselves in a world which agrees to renounce war as an instrument of policy, yet maintains mechanical armaments whose expense can only be met by the very rich States. England and America outdo all competitors in the provision of this machinery, and now at the same moment when they agree to stand equal, at a point bearing the relation to 10 to 6 as compared with the next competitor, they further propose that the submarine should be abolished. The result of this would be greatly to enhance their relative effective superiority as compared with the Mediterranean powers. As if this were not enough to raise the resentment of Mediterranean States, Lord Cecil, as a British delegate at Geneva, proposed the reduction of continental armies. Not unnaturally the French regard this as a move directed against the provision, on which in their opinion their security rests, exactly as, in Mr. MacDonald's own words, the security of England is held by the English people to rest on the British fleet. It is quite clear that at least until the whole civilised world is pledged to some effective guarantee for the peace of the world—in other words, until America has entered the League of Nations and has agreed to organise international sanctions for the international peace—the Continent will not

abandon or limit its usage of conscription, nor will it abandon that maritime weapon which, in its belief, does most to secure free transit for its divided forces across the Mediterranean. This power of free movement is even more vital to France than to Italy.

The result of all these facts is very definitely a continental drawing together, in answer to England's movement away from that grouping which made Locarno. In all camps of the French press M. Briand's idea of a United States of Europe begins to be seriously discussed; and this goes with discussion of the question whether England's place would be inside such a combination. But there is no hesitation at all in foreseeing an economic alliance between France and Germany—which would certainly involve closer political relations. The truth is that France, the centre of continental Europe, finds itself cut off from England not only by the rate of exchange—for that makes the same difficulty with Spain for example—but by the whole standard of living. Everywhere on the continent people are *des gens modestes*—even as compared with England, where on the whole the standard of living is nearer to that of the United States than anything to be found on the continent. To almost all observers on France, the natural evolution for England appears to be Mr. Chamberlain's old idea of an Imperial Tariff Union; yet everyone in England realises the extraordinary difficulty of approaching a project which needs the acceptance of a tax on food in Great Britain. It is not the Labour Party, for all its courage, that will or can propose such a measure; and owing to their clear perception of this fact, the statesmen in the Labour Party probably see clearer than anyone else in Europe that there is no line of approach to the desired end, except through the League of Nations. On the other hand, they must also know that without America the League of Nations can never seriously work. No doubt in their hearts they believe it their special mission to bring America into the fold; and there is this to be said: If the United States agreed to come in, the American instinct for organisation would lead to a prompt adoption of the steps which are necessary to make the League a working piece of machinery.

In so far then as the Labour Government's attempt to establish solidarity with the United States is successful, England may be said to be working for Europe even when she appears to turn

her back on it. Mr. Henderson is entitled to argue that when a naval agreement is negotiated with America, he is bringing America at least to the League's door; for that agreement of two powers is only preliminary to a conference of five nations, and the purpose of that conference again is "to take steps which will facilitate the task of the League's Preparatory Commission on Disarmament, and of the General Conference which must follow."

But there is more. The United States has already waived the Monroe Doctrine so far as to agree that the League has the right to intervene between States of Latin America; it has accepted the International Standing Court of Justice; it has signed the Kellogg Pact. It is now faced with a contradiction between its claim to the full rights of a neutral, and its signature to the Kellogg Pact. Under that Pact all war of aggression is declared to be immoral. There is now judicial organisation provided to decide whether aggression has been committed. If it is pronounced that there has been aggression, what becomes the position of a great neutral power towards the immoral aggressor? Can the neutral, which as a signatory of the Pact declares the aggression immoral, nevertheless honestly provide the aggressor with munitions or other sinews of war? Americans as a nation are not prone to elude the ethical consequences of their pledged bond, and it is plain that the Kellogg Pact, their own creation, has involved them in certain responsibilities towards and along with the less isolated nations. Yet a door should be either open or shut. At present, as neutrals, they reserve to themselves the legal right to defeat economic penalties which members of the League seek to impose upon a transgressor of the Kellogg Pact. That right if exercised would be exercised to put money into American purses. It is not believable that Mr. Hoover's Government or any conceivable government of the United States would stand for this; yet, while that door is left ajar, the general sense of security will be lessened because the chance that an aggressor may find countenance outside the League remains, with no guarantee against it but a presumption from the general character of the American people.

* * *

These are the thoughts that were agitating Europe when its insecure repose was shaken by the news of Herr Stresemann's

death. There was no doubt how that evil tidings would be received in England; but it has been striking to observe how general and how sincere were the tributes paid in France. The French had learnt to consider him as one of the men who were reconstituting a Europe in which society could breathe freely; and at the present moment they do not feel able to count securely that his successor will have the determination, or if he has the determination, will have the power, to continue Stresemann's building. It must be said that Mr. Snowden's outburst has shaken equally their conviction that the policy of Locarno will be continued; for they see in Locarno the most real step taken since the war to an establishment of peace, and they regard it as the work of three men, of whom only M. Briand remains active. They may yet learn to count on Mr. Henderson; but Mr. Snowden's startling personality has somewhat thrown into the shade his less dramatic colleague. In regard to Germany, the French hold that at least Herr Stresemann's death has overawed opposition to his policy in a way that his own eloquence could scarcely have achieved. Germany is now invited by the Nationalists to vote against the compromise he had effected, which ensured reduction of the annual payments, and immediate evacuation. Men begin to ask whether, if Stresemann's work is destroyed when he is not there to defend it, Germany may not find the foreign troops moving in again, to enforce the larger payments.

* * *

Mr. Henderson has decided to renew ordinary diplomatic relations with Moscow and the Russians have carried their point; for they demanded that the exchange of ambassadors should precede discussion of debts and of pledges against subversive propaganda in Great Britain. A commentary on the possible consequences has been provided by events in Paris. There, an envoy from the Tcheka descended upon the Russian embassy, established himself with certain myrmidons, and proceeded to a catechism of M. Bessedowsky, Counsellor to the Embassy—the Ambassador being then absent. M. Bessedowsky, apparently in an ordinary conversation, expressed some disapproval of Moscow's internal policy, especially in regard to its treatment of the peasants. Then, said the representative of the Tcheka, you are in a state of heresy and must return to Moscow to give an account

of yourself. M. Bessedowsky thereupon decided that it would be for the good of his health to fly, but on attempting to leave the Embassy he was confronted by myrmidons with revolvers, who told him that he was under arrest and must remain in his room. Pretending to acquiesce, he bolted through a back door into the Embassy's garden, escaladed its uncomfortably high wall, and found himself on the free soil of France; but unhappily this adjacent garden belonged to a house whose inmates were in the provinces, and he had to renew his gymnastics, till finally, reaching the street, he made his way to the police, and put himself under their protection. He also requested that his wife and children should be brought away from the Embassy—where they were still under Russian jurisdiction. The representative of the Tcheka, after the usage common to-day in Russia, proposed to hold M. Bessedowsky's family as hostages, till finally the French police took the strong measure of forcing their way in, in disregard of diplomatic privilege. Let us hope that the Labour Government may not find itself obliged to commit some similar breach of international etiquette in London. Meanwhile, the Parisian press asks with some insistence why it should be considered necessary to prolong the presence of such national guests.

* * *

Since these notes were written in France, it may be well to set down two of the occurrences which have most interested the French during these past weeks. First comes the astonishing story of a swindler who for many years masqueraded as the Marquis de Champaubert, and who falling on evil times saw no resource but literature. He decided to write his memoirs, and, having fully realised the advantages which accrue from skilful publicity, set out to become a nine day's wonder. He caused himself to be buried alive with a tube leading from his coffin to the air; then typewritten letters were despatched to suitable persons, purporting to come from the "Knights of Justice" (*Les Chevaliers de Themis*) a supposed organisation for the punishment of criminals. (It is evident that the *faux Marquis* had devoted some study to the works of Mr. Edgar Wallace). These letters stated where the body would be found, with the further detail that death had purposely been made lingering. The expectation was that police enquiry would lead to investigation within some twenty-four hours; meanwhile a confederate had

been ordered to attend and pour some refreshment down the tube. However, the staff-work went wrong, and when disinterment took place, the poor man was dead in good earnest; and the publicity achieved went for nothing, since his Memoirs were not even written. The accomplice is being tried for homicide due to carelessness.

The second story is much better worth telling. M. Alain Gerbault, a French yachtsman, set out in 1924 to sail his little cutter, the *Firecrest* (36 ft. long), round the world single-handed. The various stages of his Odyssey have been recounted by him in separate volumes, of which the first described his passage from Gibraltar to New York, during which he was for 101 days alone at sea. The second carried him through the Panama Canal, and as far as Tahiti. The South Sea islands detained him for long, partly by choice, but partly of necessity, for he was wrecked among them and had to re-fit with assistance from a French gunboat; and it was only at the close of last July that he entered Havre, after an adventure spread over five years—of which two were passed actually alone on ocean journeys. His three volumes make excellent reading. Meanwhile the *Firecrest* lies somewhere by the Quays of Paris, where is also to be seen the *Roald Amundsen*, the reproduction of an old Viking dragon ship, in which the young Norsemen who built her have faced the sea like their ancestors.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Fortnightly Review*.

Sir,

Mr. Duff Cooper's article is so full of delightfully clear-headed honesty and common-sense that his recent political defeat at the polling booth is completely explained. But is he not in error when he suggests that the Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer is a Jingo of the same rollicking, bounding (if the printer spells it *bounder* I shall not object), Rule Britannia type which was Lord Palmerston's ideal in diplomatic life? Personally, I happen to believe that, with all its faults, the French nation is the highest form of culture that civilisation has produced. Yet it gave one quite exquisite joy when the man from Yorkshire (a most inferior place) taught the French such a sound lesson at the Hague. That lesson I take it was, roughly this: "If you (the French and Germans) are going to be so barbaric as to spend your time in wars of revenge and conquest then you must pay for them out of your own Treasury." That refined sentiment is not Jingoism. It is, on the contrary, one of the wisest diplomatic pronouncements in European history. Mr. Snowden is clearly a better-educated man than most of his predecessors; and it seems that he has at last realised that a large part of the diplomatic history of Europe has been the lamb-like stupidity with which English money has been supplied as subsidies to half-savage rulers who were trying to steal each other's lands. There is no use shutting our eyes to the plain historical fact that France and Germany—their rulers, not their peoples—have been disturbing the peace of Europe by squabbling over Alsace and Lorraine since the Treaty of Verdun in the ninth century. Mr. Snowden was not a Jingo, but a cultured gentleman, when he quite gently hinted at the Hague that England has now better use for her money than encouraging these unseemly international disturbances. He was acting the part of the sincere friend of all the best people in both France and Germany. Mr. Duff Cooper calls that Jingoism. I suggest that it is well-bred manners in diplomacy at last.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

MIDDLE TEMPLE,

E.C. 4.

NOVEMBER

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SIR CECIL SPRING RICE. *The Letters and Friendships of Sir Cecil Spring Rice.*

A Record edited by Stephen Gwynn. (Constable & Co. 2 volumes. 42/-).

Of how few books can one say that they are wholly delightful? And of how few men? Yet here is a book of which one can and must say it; and here is a man. Cecil Spring Rice ("Springy" to his many intimate friends) was gifted with ample intellectual endowments, and was set to a work in life exactly fitted to his abilities. With a great talent for affairs he had a genius for friendship, and the proofs of both lie before us in these letters.

Spring Rice was fortunate in serving his apprenticeship at the Foreign Office under Lord Granville and Lord Rosebery, in the Secretary of State's room. His first post abroad (from 1886, with brief intervals, until 1895) was at Washington: and as Ambassador at Washington during the fateful years 1913 to 1918 he closed his active service. At the end of the year 1917 the War Cabinet decided, in view of the intricate financial relations between Great Britain and the United States, to anticipate Spring Rice's retirement, and appointed Lord Reading to take over his job.

That the message of recall, conveyed by telegram, came as a painful surprise to Spring Rice is not concealed by the skilful and tactful editor of these volumes. No word of querulous complaint escaped the lips of Spring Rice himself, but speaking at Ottawa after his final departure from Washington, he confessed that he felt deeply the loss of his work, a loss to him "immense and irreparable." Senator Lodge, an intimate friend, believed and said that "the cessation of his work and responsibilities . . . caused a reaction and a loss of will to live, as they term it now, which in the old days used to be termed a broken heart." So, indeed it was. Spring Rice died suddenly at Government House, Ottawa, on February 14th, 1918. Mr. (now

Earl) Balfour had indited a fine tribute to his work—to his "unfailing judgment and unwearied forbearance at a time when a single false step might have had the most serious consequences for the cause which he represented." Unfortunately Spring Rice did not live to receive it. It remains, however, on record, and expresses the more than well-earned gratitude of his country.

These volumes will live as literature; for letters more delightful have never passed from friend to friend. Nor will any future historian of these pregnant times be able to ignore them. Spring Rice was at Berlin, in the days when the young Kaiser had but lately dropped the old pilot, and was beginning to assert his own personality in European politics (1895-8). He was Secretary of Embassy in St. Petersburg (1903-6) when Russia reeled under the shock of her defeat by Japan, and when domestic revolution first reared its head. He was Minister at Teheran when the Anglo-Russian Convention was signed—and, wholly loyal as he was to his country and his chief (Sir Edward, now Lord, Grey), he could not but feel for Persia. He was Ambassador at Washington from 1913 till near the end of the war (January 1918).

It is on this final episode in his career that public interest will concentrate; and on which criticism may fasten. It has indeed fastened already. Mr. Gwynn writes: "Since the publication of Colonel House's *Papers* we are faced with the fact that House regarded the British Ambassador as ill-fitted for his post in such a time. This judgment cannot be ignored because House was the most confidential adviser and agent of President Wilson. Access to the President was impossible because of Wilson's deliberate self-seclusion; yet authority and initiative were concentrated in the President's person. If Spring Rice was to conciliate or influence, Colonel House was the most important person

without his reach. Now the *Papers* make it plain that the intercourse between these two was stormy. It was. Nor are the reasons far to seek. Wilson's attitude towards the war, and towards the combatants, particularly his view that it was "six of one and half-a-dozen of the other" could not fail to be irritating to an Englishman who was convinced that Germany had a monopoly of moral delinquency. On the other hand, House believed that Spring Rice's well-known friendship with Republican leaders like Roosevelt and Senator Lodge gave them the opportunity of poisoning the mind of the British Ambassador against the Government to which he was accredited. As a fact, during these critical days Spring Rice as Mr. Gwynn says, "Cut himself severely off from intercourse from Roosevelt", though not from Lodge, whom he was entitled to approach as a Senator. None the less House's suspicions, though unjustified, were not unnatural, nor did they ease the situation.

But with all this Mr. Gwynn is surely right in insisting that "for sheer power of divination and accuracy of forecasts, which were the most essential qualities in that particular crisis in British-American relation, it would be hard to beat Spring Rice's periodic reviews of the American situation." For example, when Wilson and House began to develop the idea of an organisation which should impose permanent peace on the world, Spring Rice at once warned his Government that the public opinion of America would never consent to "guarantee the sanctions necessary to make such a League effective." Spring Rice proved, of course, to be absolutely right in his forecast. He was right, too, in his perception that Wilson, if he acted at all, would act only when he saw that the mind of America was definitely made up. To watch and to interpret the American opinion, rather than the President's, was, therefore, the supreme function of the British Ambassador at Washington. That function Spring Rice performed with unfailing perspicacity.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

PETER THE GREAT, by Stephen Graham. Ernest Benn. 21/-.

As an adventurous traveller and observer, Mr. Stephen Graham is well known. This is his first excursion into the field of history. It cannot be called a success.

The publisher's note sums up the misapprehension under which Mr. Graham seems to have written this book. "Contemporary interest shifts from Peter the Empire Builder to Peter the Man". Nothing could be further from the truth. That Russians differ infinitely in their estimate of Peter's work is nothing to the purpose. They are at one in recognizing its vast importance; they are more interested than ever before to examine and assess the significance of that tremendous reign.

It is impossible to visualize the man apart from his task. An attempt to separate biography from history must fail. From 1697 onwards Russia's life is Peter's. But here are scores of pages about Peter's alleged Sadism, about his buffooneries, about his debauches for every paragraph that deals with his reforms. It may be said that the biographer's concern is with psychology. But his reforms are as much part of Peter as his epileptic fits. The result of Mr. Graham's method is caricature.

Peter was one of the most active men who ever lived. He can only be compared with Napoleon. How would a biography of Napoleon appear which concentrated on his "private" life, upon his moody youth, upon his relations with La Walewska or Josephine?

We are told that Mr. Graham has written from "original sources". He does not give a single reference and his pages abound in glaring mistakes. But beside his capital defect of vision we can almost forgive these things. His point of view is wilfully limited. This is a lively distortion of history; nothing more.

IGOR VINOGRADOFF.

An Imperial Idealist

THE APOLOGIA OF AN IMPERIALIST. *Forty years of Empire Policy.* By W. A. S. Hewins. 2 vols. Constable & Co. 30/- net.

MR. HEWINS, whose first conspicuous public service was the organisation of the London School of Economics, is regarded by orthodox economists as one who has fallen from grace. In this Apologia he begins by telling us how this lapse occurred. He looked out upon a changing world, and it seemed to him that its economic salvation could not be wrought by the rigid application of the dogmas of Free Trade and *laissez faire*. He looked round for other means, and found what he sought in the old Mercantile System. Here was political economy in its true sense of a branch of the science of statecraft, a system not inspired by abstract aims but having a very practical object: "the creation of an industrial and commercial state in which by encouragement or restraint imposed by the sovereign authority private and sectional interests should be made to promote national strength and efficiency."

The principle underlying the Mercantile System, with its rejection of the method of free competition and its insistence on other aims than the mere pursuit of wealth, seemed to him applicable to the problems facing the British Empire, which was threatened with disruption by the growing sense of separate nationality in the Dominions and the economic pressure of countries which, like Germany or the United States, had adapted their economic policy to the changed conditions of industry and commerce. The correct line of policy for English statesmen, he maintains, was not to cling to old theories, but to investigate the new conditions, organize the British Empire, make the states composing it an ordered comity of nations united in allegiance to the British Crown, and, beyond this, be prepared to enter into close relations with foreign countries by treaties which should as far as possible

realise higher aims than the mere pursuit of wealth.

Certainly this is no mean ideal, since it envisages not only a united Empire, but a united world; and whatever difference of opinion there may be will not be about the ideal but about the methods of its realisation. Cobden saw in universal free trade the ultimate guarantee of peace; the method of Mr. Hewins' *neo-Mercantilism*—as the admiring Germans dubbed it—is that of scientific tariffs, preferential duties mutually conceded by the states within the Empire, and commercial treaties with those without. Neither method has yet found favour, and the result is disquieting.

The varied interest of this book can only be suggested here. It is an autobiography, insofar as the author details his own activities as lecturer, writer, organiser, politician, and pilot to politicians at sea in an economic fog. It is, above all, a history of the Tariff Reform movement, of which Mr. Hewins was, if not the only begetter, at least the most authoritative oracle; and, since it carries us behind the scenes, we are able to see what obstacles this movement encountered not only from its enemies but from its friends. Mr. Hewins, for instance, complains that while the typical Labour man will take any amount of trouble to master a subject, the Conservative politician likes to have the economic aspects of some complicated question summed up in a ten minutes' conversation. It was naturally irritating when politicians of this type, mistaking what was meant by Tariff Reform, preached sheer Protection. This, together with the misrepresentations of avowed opponents, wrought untold harm to the cause. The election 1923, says Mr. Hewins, was lost on issues which neither Chamberlain himself, nor Balfour, nor Stanley Baldwin's Advisory Board, had ever dreamed of raising.

For the general reader the second volume, which covers the period of the War, will probably be of most interest. Mr.

Hewins, who as organiser of the Tariff Commission had a vast amount of statistical information at command, and was, in general, a man of experience and ideas, was consulted by statesmen of all parties, and from 1917 to 1919 he held office as Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. The copious extracts from his diary which he publishes thus carry us behind the scenes, and it must be confessed that the spectacle revealed is not very edifying. Perhaps the most succinct account of it can be given by quoting his own statement, that giving advice to Ministers was like "shouting into chaos." In giving to the world the often derogatory estimates of public men jotted down in his diary he is but following the modern fashion, though there is much to be said for leaving popular idols on their pedestals. But, on occasion, the observations and forecasts in his diary are singularly shrewd. In one case, however, which is not without significance in its bearing on the whole question of *neo-Mercantilism* as a basis of international organisation and peace, the entry in his diary suggests food for thought. Under date of 29th January, 1917, he says that the plan for organizing the economic strength of the Empire after the War, in consultation with the Dominions, must be done through the Tariff Commission, if it is to be in time, since "the Berlin Committee is hard at work with its plans for circumventing our design and carrying through their own Central European plans." As a matter of fact, the negotiations for the commercial rapprochement between Germany and Austria-Hungary were not seriously begun until July, and at the opening meeting of the delegates at Vienna, on the 23rd, the president, Dr. Richter, gave as the reason for urgency that "at the end of the war the Powers of the Entente would open an acute economic war against the Central Powers." Even under the pressure of this threat the negotiations dragged on, and the treaty establishing the Central European customs area was not signed till 11th October, 1918—just a month before the Armistice.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

MARCO POLO. *The Most Noble and Famous Travels of Marco Polo, together with the Travels of Nicolo de' Conti.* Edited by N. M. Penzer, M.A. Argonaut Press. 42/- net.

THE triumph of those who build better than they know may be slow, but it is sure; and there is no better example of its surety than the case of Marco Polo, the famous Venetian traveller. It cannot indeed be pretended that he underrated his service to the knowledge of the "strange and marvellous things of the world", for he claimed at the outset that, since the dawning of the Christian era, "there hath been no man, Christian nor Heathen, that hath come to the knowledge and sight of so many divers, marvellous and strange things as I have scene and hearde." Nevertheless, even he, in the most enthusiastic of his dreams, could hardly have foreseen the perennial interest which posterity would take in his pioneer travels, or the production, six hundred years after the event, of this sumptuous and elaborately documented recension of his faithful effort "in manifesting and declaring the truth."

This is indeed a thoroughly notable piece of editorship, upon which everyone concerned is to be heartily congratulated. The format of the volume is superb: the printing by the Cambridge University Press on delicate Japan vellum, the fine series of maps, based upon the cartography of Sir Aurel Stein by Miss Heath, and the laboriously detailed introduction and notes by the editor, Mr. N. M. Penzer, all combine to render it a memorable and permanent addition to the growing library of Polian literature. Finally, the fact that the reprint appears after the publication of Professor L. F. Benedetto's exhaustive study of the subject, issued in Florence last year, has enabled the editor to record an increase in the known MSS. from 78 to 138 different versions, and in particular to do full justice to the text of the most notable MS., fr. 1116, the worth of which has been thoroughly vindicated by modern palæography.

Mr. Penzer's edition has a further interest in that it reprints for the first time an Elizabethan translation of the Travels by

John Frampton (1579) of which only three copies are known to exist, two in the British Museum, and one in the library at Lambeth Palace. This version was made from the Castilian of Rodrigo Fernandez de Santaella, founder of the University of Seville, and has a peculiarly rich and racy flavour, which its latest editor has happily preserved by adhering to the original Elizabethan spelling and punctuation. Of Frampton himself little is known, except that he lived for many years in Spain, returned to England about 1576, and occupied his leisure by translating a number of Spanish works into English. Mr. Penzer has done good service to his memory by recalling his industry and taste to the recognition of another age.

The full and scholarly notes of the present edition are relegated to an appendix, where they may be conveniently consulted by readers who are sufficiently interested in the details of the text to appreciate a collation of the various MSS., and an analysis of the additions and omissions which the translator permitted himself in the performance of his task. Marco Polo, as Mr. Penzer says, "offers unlimited resources to the student of research"; but, though the editor seems to regret the ubiquitous obligation to be brief, the general reader is likely to be filled with admiration for the conscientious thoroughness and clarity of his workmanship.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

The Future of India

THE DILEMMA IN INDIA, by Sir Reginald Craddock. *Constable*. 15/-.

WITH the Report of the Simon Commission imminent, it is of the first importance that we should be reminded of Indian realities. There are not three living Englishmen better qualified, by length and variety of highly responsible administrative service, for that task than Sir Reginald Craddock, and to read his book is the duty of every educated elector. For, be it remembered, of every four of the subjects of King

George three are Indians, and neither by delegation nor by any other means can the people of this country escape the obligations of their trust.

Sir Reginald is of those who consider that the ingenious experiment in what is known as diarchy has hopelessly broken down. Ruling out reversion to the pre-Montagu system, what can be substituted for it? His own proposal is that in each of the Indian provinces we should set up a unified Government, half of the Ministers being Indians and half British, half officials and half drawn from elected members of the legislature. The present electorates, he rightly considers, fail to guarantee a representative legislature, and he has suggestions for representation by class and interest rather than by territorial constituencies. The need of a strong central Government he emphasizes; and, putting forward a scheme for a reformed central legislature in which the present second chamber would be superfluous, he recommends the creation of an advisory Durbar in which what is of the traditional East would be combined with what is of the innovating West.

There is no space here to examine Sir Reginald Craddock's criticisms in detail. They derive from his personal experience as an administrator; they are clearly and temperately expounded; and they cannot be dismissed by any honest reader as inspired by autocratic unwillingness to share power. The question for him, for all of us, is— with whom? On the one hand, we cannot brush aside the Indian intellectuals, a minute minority, certainly, but under any sort of parliamentary system entitled to great importance. On the other hand, we cannot hand over the masses, without guarantees for their welfare, to an infinitesimally small oligarchy or postpone all progress till the masses are literate and qualified to choose their rulers. Would it not be the wisest policy to proceed by way of a partnership in government in which the functions of the partners would be varied on personal grounds rather than in accordance with a diarchical schedule?

T. EARLE WELBY.

1. THE LIFE OF BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, by William Flavelle Monypenny and George Earle Buckle. (New Edition. 2 vols.). *John Murray*. 21/-.
2. THE LETTERS OF DISRAELI TO LADY BRADFORD AND LADY CHESTERFIELD. (2 vols.). Edited by the Marquis of Zetland. *Ernest Benn*. 42/-.

No better proof of the perennial interest in Lord Beaconsfield could well be afforded than the simultaneous re-issue of the original *Life* and the publication in full of the extraordinary series of letters, which he addressed through the last ten years of his life to the two ladies whom he adored. We have been familiar for nearly two decades with the *Authorised Life*, originally entrusted to Lord Rowton, the 'Monty' of the intimate letters, but handed over by him in 1904 to W. F. Monypenny of the *Times* staff and completed, as to two-thirds, after Monypenny's death by Mr. Buckle, for nearly three decades Editor of the *Times*, in his vigorous years of retirement. It remains a monument, if rather an overwhelming one, of erudition, and a model of capable editing. But six volumes were a serious encroachment on book space and the original price a heavy tax on journalistic purses. Every political writer will welcome its re-issue at only 21/- in two volumes, though their bulk and weight may occasion a passing regret for the old-fashioned three-volume biography, of which we had a recent revival in Lord Ronaldshay's *Life of Lord Curzon*.

It is to Lord Ronaldshay, now advanced to the less familiar title, Marquis of Zetland, that we owe two of the most delightful volumes of political letters of this, and many other publishing seasons. Disraeli was a prince of letter-writers, and his septuagenarian romance for the two sisters whom he had known in girlhood and with whom he renewed a friendship, rapidly ripening into something warmer,

after the death of Lady Beaconsfield in December, 1872. It was all very well for Brunnow, the Russian Ambassador, to sneer at Disraeli's social circle as *toutes grand 'mères*. Where else could he so suitably have found the sympathetic understanding his sensitive nature craved as in the society of ladies of grace and charm who had themselves suffered? Be that as it may, there is no doubt at all that with a heart younger and softer at seventy than many men's hearts are in their youth, Disraeli loved Lady Bradford, the younger of the two, at that time fifty-five, and felt the tenderest friendship for Lady Chesterfield, like himself widowed and septuagenarian. He even proposed marriage to the second and her rejection of the proposal was as gentle as if she had not known that his hope was to strengthen the links which bound him to the younger and married lady.

The letters themselves, apart from their great political interest, are full of delightful touches. Queen Victoria in the character of "the Faery" may provoke a smile, but Disraeli easily gilded the objects of his devotion. After 1878 and his Berlin triumph he had become, as the *Times* said in a leading article, the idol of society, and there are many accounts of famous banquets, royal visits and "a good many royalties still lingering about looking as if they wanted a dinner". Poor *rois en exil*! We had too many of them in this country in the 'seventies. The letters bristle with famous names, some in odd connexions, such as George Curzon "a nice lad", with whom Disraeli plays billiards at Lady Chesterfield's in 1875, and the five little boys at Hatfield in 1879, the youngest, the present Lord Hugh Cecil, "quite an urchin, hardly breeched, but giving his opinions on public affairs like his brothers."

Space forbids me to quote any of the flashes of political wit and insight which illumine the letters; they are numerous and entertaining.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

The New "Britannica"

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA
14th edition. London and New York.
Various prices.

THE new edition of what has long been regarded as the most useful work of reference in any language has some solid merits by inheritance and has acquired other merits under the editorship of an eminent and vivid-minded British journalist. It would be carrying piety too far, however, to describe it as wholly satisfactory. And yet what individual reviewer can presume to judge it as a whole?

The present writer once made the acquaintance of a young woman of letters who was on the staff of a small popular cyclopædia, and who said she was "doing the letter B." "The letter B?" "Yes; Brighton, Bright's Disease, Buffalo, Bun, Byron, Byzantium, you know." His temerity would equal hers if he ventured to pronounce on the letter B in a work that has everywhere secured the assistance of leading specialists. Yet some few criticisms may be hazarded.

There is some difference between employing on a subject the writer who has made a special study of it without being deeply committed as a man to a particular view of it and employing a writer who is an official apologist. Some of the departmental editors of the fourteenth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica seem to have overlooked that difference. We may admit that in a sense the founder of the Boy Scouts knows more about them than anyone else, but inevitably he is the last person whom we can ask for a detached view of the movement. So also it is not from a prominent worker in Christian Science that we can expect a critical and proportioned account of Mrs. Eddy.

This criticism touches but few of the articles. A more serious complaint may be made against a larger number. Whether in pursuance of the policy of making the articles as readable as possible, or simply out

of concern to save space, a good many have been stinted of facts and dates, or bibliographies. No doubt this has been a reasoned economy; the matter denied the reader is such as, in the opinion of the Encyclopædia authorities, the average reader is unlikely to want. But the Encyclopædia is not merely or mainly an instrument of self-education for persons who wish nothing more than to pass as well informed. For much more than a generation it has been the work to which hosts of specialists turned first for information just beyond the frontier between their own subject and the rest of knowledge. The critic of literature or of one of the arts in need of information regarding the historical event or social circumstance or phase of philosophic speculation which affected the man or movement he is studying was wont to count on the Encyclopædia, for first aid, at least. It was the emergency consultant of the scientist for art, of the artist for science, and so forth, not because they wished to be able to talk of what was beyond their real knowledge, but because they needed for their own purpose some information which affect their theory, their practice, or their view of the evolution down the ages of their own subject.

Now, it does seem that a good deal of the fourteenth edition has been formed on the democratic supposition that all men go to an article for the same purpose. I have not looked at the article on Nero, which may be perfection, but using its title simply for purposes of argument, it seems rather often to have been assumed that the function of the Encyclopædia, in its fourteenth issue, is to supply the sort of information about Nero that is required equally by all persons who have no concern with him, ignoring the particular concern with him of fiddlers and firemen. The deliberately grotesque illustration may be pardoned by those who find it brings out the criticism.

Too many of the older articles have been shortened; too much space has been given to articles on American towns whose existence has hitherto been little more than

a rumour dismissed by workers for Anglo-American friendship as one dismisses malicious chatter about one's friends; and in the text pages there has been waste with pointless little illustrations, some of them borrowed from the film and other unworthy sources. On the other hand, especially perhaps in regard to science, to recent political history, and to literature, some of the newly added matter is excellent, and some of the full page illustrations are of rare excellence. The index, so far as can be judged from a score of arbitrary tests, maintains the high standard of the eleventh edition.

T. EARLE WELBY.

THE SABUROV MEMOIRS; OR
BISMARCK AND RUSSIA, by
J. Y. Simpson. (Cambridge: *At the University Press.* 15/- net.)

P. A. SABUROV, the writer of these memoirs, was the Russian Ambassador in Berlin who negotiated with Bismarck the so-called *Dreikaiserbund*, or triple entente, between Russia, Germany and Austria, which was signed in June 1881. Saburov belongs wholly to an age which has passed into history (it is typical that his memoirs were originally written, and privately circulated, in French, not in Russian); and he may be counted fortunate to have died within a few months of the Revolution. His memoirs contain no sensational revelations; but they describe from the Russian side negotiations hitherto mainly known from German sources, and the student of the period will be grateful to Professor Simpson for having, for the first time, made them available in full.

The Crimean War left Russia for more than twenty years without a friend in Europe save Prussia; and it is significant of the stupidity of the Russian policy that no sooner had Bismarck made himself the most powerful friend—or enemy—in Europe than Gortchakov, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, began to

direct against the young German Empire a policy of arrogance and provocation. Saburov alleges that Alexander II never approved this attitude; but even if this contention be accepted, the Tsar is exculpated from the folly of a mistaken foreign policy only by pleading guilty to the less venial folly of giving a free hand to a Minister whose policy he believed to be ill-judged. Russia paid for the error at the Congress of Berlin when Bismarck withdrew his support; and from this moment it was always Bismarck who called the tune. The *Dreikaiserbund* was entirely Bismarck's conception. His policy, complex in detail, was based on the magnificently simple principle that, so long as there were five Great Powers in Europe, he meant to be one of three, not one of two. France and England were ruled out; it therefore remained, by patient diplomacy, to bring together into the German fold the traditional enemies, Austria and Russia; and one of the baits which he held out was the necessity of a union of the three Emperors against the "revolutionary tides" of western democracy—a sort of new Holy Alliance. But the *Dreikaiserbund* was not the only scheme in Bismarck's ample quiver; he concluded, almost simultaneously, a secret alliance with Austria specifically directed against Russia, and in the next year hitched the German-Austrian alliance to Italy's rising star. The *Dreikaiserbund* was renewed in 1884; and when it lapsed in 1887 Bismarck replaced it by what he called a treaty of "re-insurance" between Germany and Russia. But Bismarck's day was almost done; the seeds of the Franco-Russian alliance had already been sown; and the continental Powers were already re-grouping themselves into the positions which they were to occupy in 1914.

The impression which the Saburov memoirs leave of the writer's personality is pleasant and sincere, but not otherwise remarkable. Bismarck's policy was unscrupulous and purposeful. The Russian policy was perhaps not more scrupulous; but it escapes equal condemnation by its lack of any consistent purpose or direction.

E. H. CARR.

THE DARK JOURNEY, by Julian Green. Heinemann. 7/6.

BLACK MAGIC, by Paul Morand. Heinemann. 8/6. Translated by Hamish Miles.

WHEN . . ., by J. L. Pole. Chapman and Hall. 15/-.

I HAVE arranged these three books according to the measure of their escape from life. With Mr. Green one is released at once into imagination's potent night; with M. Morand one escapes into the plutocratic cabaret of sensationalism; with Mr. Pole one can hardly be said to escape at all. One is deeply and cunningly imprisoned in suburban memories. Mr. Green's scene is in a small French provincial town, a bleak, lifeless and boring place such as aggravated the appetites of Madame Bovary. His chief character, Paul Guéret, has something in common with her. He is a poor tutor, tied to a wife whom he no longer loves, a heavy, weak-willed man maddened by sexual frustration. Roused to fury by the failure of his clumsy love to win a laundry maid whom he has been furtively pursuing, he beats her almost to death and his terror drives him to murder an innocent old man. He escapes, but returns to the town under the fascination and curiosity of fear, and there is recognised by the mother of the boy whom he has been teaching. Madame Grosgeorge is a feminine image of himself, weak, frustrated, tired of marriage to a gross provincial man, a typical nouveau riche. But she hides her weakness under a mask of cruelty and fierce-mindedness. The effect of the assault and the murder upon the town had been to frighten and shock everyone; but Madame Grosgeorge, it has excited and thrilled. Madame Grosgeorge's power over the murderer, her sympathy with him when she hides him in her house, and her sudden jealousy when she realises that he has really returned to the town to see the laundrymaid who has survived, are bound, and, as it were, crushed together under the pressure of Mr. Green's forceful, dramatic and ingenious handling. At

the beginning the story loses by the overdoing of a lesser character, a sullen restaurant keeper and procuress, into whose hands the laundrymaid has fallen. This woman hangs like a baffling cloud in the narrative, though she fills her Dostoevskian rôle.

With M. Morand we take one step nearer life. *Black Magic* is a collection of eight stories of nigger life, treated chiefly at the point of some racial collision with the white man. Here is the Voodoo curse that claims the beautiful dancing negress from her Parisian triumphs, the bored American woman who, having been carried off as a child by a negro in a Charleston riot, is the victim in middle-age of an overpowering physical attraction for the leader of a negro orchestra in the south of France—at least the negro is the victim, for her countrymen murder him. In another story a wealthy and cultivated negro woman who passes on a world cruise for white, is unmasked and left behind on the African coast where gradually she reverts to an exultant savagery. Finally, bored of writing *pour embêter les yanquis*, M. Morand imagines an ingenious and farcical nigger rebellion in Haiti, where the negroes set up a Soviet and imitate the customs and tyrannies of Lenin. M. Morand's chief attraction has been his malicious treatment of the eternal 'jazzmine' of *le grand tourisme*. The sensuous draughts of Loti have been shaken, by his clever hands, into tropical cocktails. We have had, in the literature of travel, our conquistadores, our priests, our slavers, our missionaries, our Kinglake caravans, our Borrovian vagabonds, and Doughty prophets; and all went well until the people who stopped at home to read them, suddenly took it into their heads to see a little life for themselves. There was scorn and confusion among the literary travellers until the age of tourism produced its Norman Douglas, its Aldous Huxley and its Morand, who accepted the new scene and maliciously included the sightseers among the sights. The new literature is fashionable, sensational, snob-



Government publications entertain within their scope a range of subjects not always contemplated by the general reader. The arts and the sciences, research and experiments in many and various directions, industrial management and welfare, economics, education and social questions comprise but a few of the problems dealt with in publications the authoritative nature of which stamps them as documents of first rate importance. Some recent issues are listed below.

EAST AFRICA.

A Report of Sir Samuel Wilson's visit to East Africa. This visit to Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda was made with a view to ascertain on what lines a scheme for closer union in East Africa would be administratively workable and otherwise acceptable. The Report explains the views held by the Local Governments and various communities on the recommendations of the Hilton Young Commission and describes the position of Indians in East Africa. Cmd. 3378. 9d. (10d.)

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

The Present Position of Latin and Greek in Grant-Aided Secondary Schools in England. A memorandum indicating the methods by which the decline in the tuition of these languages, prior to the Education Act of 1902, has been arrested, together with the history of the developments in facilities for acquiring them during the last quarter of a century. 9d. (10d.)

ROAD TRAFFIC.

The Royal Commission on Transport has issued its first Report, which is devoted to the more urgent problems arising from road traffic in general and from motor vehicles in particular. The drastic recommendations which follow the Commission's discussion of these problems envisage a new code of traffic regulation and control remarkable alike for its scope and importance. Cmd. 3365. 1s. (1s. 2d.)

THE CITY.

A monumental survey of the ancient and historical buildings of the City of London has now been issued by the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. Profusely illustrated with original photographs, it embodies a concise statement of modern archaeological discovery and knowledge of an immensely important historical area. 21s. (22s.)

A volume devoted to East London is in preparation.

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bish; and while in *Black Magic* M. Morand retains its descriptive excellence and readableness, I am doubtful whether in his lengthening excursions from pure observation into fiction, he is as satisfying.

Mr. Pole's book is at great pains to assure the reader that it is genuine autobiography when it very clearly is not. Of course, that does not matter, but I think a great deal more could have been made of these memories of a man brought up in the Victorian suburbs and seeing the transition into the present times, if the author had introduced some of the frankly dramatic effects of fiction. The writer passed from a fairly riotous period at Oxford into a dubious career in Fleet Street and ended his days as a dipsomaniac. He became an unholy trinity of "Littery gent, piety monger and licentious novelist," and between four in the afternoon and dinner time, fortified by a couple of pints of beer, could rattle off a *Susan's Repentance* or a *Cleverness and Goodness*, with cynical gusto. The failure of his marriage—it was never consummated—and the further frustration of a love affair which came too late, the demoralisation of work in a government office during the war, increased his sordid obsession with drink and landed him first in a padded cell and finally in a mental home. It is a grey picture, here flecked with intimate beauty of memory, there scrawled with caustic humour. As a record of social transition it is not particularly interesting, but there are passages here and there, such as those which describe his furtive, suburban courtships, scenes in his married life, small events wrested from the triteness of memory, which have a poignant faithfulness. The man is frustrated, ignoble and scarcely defiant even in his unrepentance. His book is an interesting piece of self revelation and a curious tour de force.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

THE SENSE OF GLORY, by Herbert Read. Cambridge University Press. 10/6.

THE revival of the essay, so marked a feature of the last two years, is an encouragement to lovers of literature, especially when, as in the collection before us, there is a central and guiding idea. Mr. Read is already well known for his study of "English Prose Style," for previous volumes of essays and for some distinguished war poetry. Here, in the persons of Froissart and Malory; Descartes, Swift, Sterne and Vanoenargues; Bagehot, Hawthorne and Henry James, he discusses the different attitude to glory of mediævalism, the philosophic mind, the 18th century, and pre-war modernity. Glory, he tells us, despite Froissart, is no longer "the measure of all things, the crown of all virtues. For us it has become something remote and elusive, even something romantic and literary. We have lost the sense of glory because we have lost the habit of faith." Or again, writing of Malory, though we must cease to connect glory with nationalism, and must recognise that military glory is not essential glory, we must not, for that reason, lose the pure love of glory which animated men like Sir Philip Sidney, and in a memorable phrase he reminds us that glory is "the radiance of virtue."

The later essays on the moderns are less obviously studies in glory, but they are models of fine literary criticism.

A word must be added in praise of the format of this book; it does the Cambridge Press much credit. Type, spacing, margins, even outside wrapper, all so satisfying, not to omit to mention the happy 'conceit' of beginning each essay on a left-hand page preceded by a page blank of all but the single name of its subject.

J. E. C.



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THE HOUSE OF GOLD, by Liam O'Flaherty. Cape. 7/6.

SKETCH OF A SINNER, by Frank Swinnerton. Hutchinson. 7/6.

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow. Heinemann. 7/6.

MR. O'FLAHERTY has done it again: that is to say, he has made an interesting and significant story out of materials that might seem at first sight merely ugly. I leave others to determine to what extent his work constitutes a valid criticism of life. Many readers will question, and may be excused for questioning, whether the seven deadly sins are to be found illustrated in such profusion in a comparatively small corner of Ireland; and many will certainly complain that *The House of Gold* contains not one admirable character, perhaps not even one "sympathetic" character. But for me it is sufficient that this writer possesses a shrewd eye, a quick intelligence, a vital and vitalising energy, and a conspicuous skill in narrative. He is excited by his fiction, and he communicates his excitement. He is ruthless and tempestuous and extravagant. His style is both staccato and prestissimo. It is as if he is resolved not to waste either his time or ours by searching for the exact word and the evocative cadence. For this reason, though his prose teems with bright images and effective phrases, he does less than justice to his sense of beauty. For poetry, which the very fury of his descriptions of brutality affirms by implication, is too shy a bird to be attracted by the machine-gun rattle of his sentences, which do, however, put one in possession of the relevant facts with all possible speed. Here, for example, we see him setting the stage for the passionate episode with which the book begins; for his method is extraordinarily close to that of the dramatist, and it cannot be denied that these brisk stage directions do, by their very form and cadence, communicate something of the fever of desire that possesses that fierce young man, Francis O'Neill. The scene is "the Black Cliff above the town of Barra". The

dramatis personæ are O'Neill and Nora Costello, the wife of Ramon Mor Costello. It is midnight.

The moonlight was shining on her golden hair. Her hair lay in a thick luxuriant mass of curls on her crown. It bunched about her ears and descended in waves along the back of her head to her neck. On her crown it had a reddish tinge. At the back of her head the colour was of a deeper gold and the hairs were more delicate and soft. Her eyes were of a golden colour. They were rather small, with long lashes that were tipped with gold. Her eyebrows were so fair as to be barely visible. Her ears were small and perfectly moulded. Her lips were full and voluptuous. There was a dimple in her chin. Her complexion was of a creamy colour. She had a swan-like neck, that widened to her bust in a perfect curve. She was tall, with long, supple limbs and a slim body on whose chest two breasts, like rimless bowls upturned, strained against her jersey of green silk. Her skirt just reached her knees. Beneath it her legs showed, modelled with the same perfection as her neck, with voluptuous curves.

This Nora, of whose charms we have now a complete specification, is the flame in which all the other principal characters disastrously burn themselves. Apart from O'Neill, of whose personality I should have been glad to know more, there is Ramon Mor, her monstrous, elderly, impotent, tyrannical husband; there is Doctor Fitzgerald, a very cunningly portrayed character, well-intentioned, idealistic, kindly and craven; there is Father Michael Considine, who rapes the young woman at the beginning of the story and murders her at the end; and there is the wretched, frustrated, neurotic virgin, Mary Costello. Lust, cruelty, avarice, drunkenness, hypocrisy, wantonness, cowardice, cant and murder—these are Mr. O'Flaherty's nine muses. But his work is far from being the mere riot of unpleasantness that this bald summary may suggest. It is redeemed, if redemption is necessary, by the

speed and vigour and demonic quality of his imagination. Most of his people, it is true, are half-demented; but there is no dearth of action, there are flashes of wit and (more rarely) of humour, and there is a chorus of villagers that is comic without being incredible. The action is confined within twenty-four hours, and one can only hope that it is not an entirely representative Irish day.

Within certain limits Mr. Swinnerton's new novel is a delicate and satisfying piece of work: outside those limits it has a somewhat contrived air. His portrait of Lydia Rowe, the young wife of a more than middle-aged dealer in antiques, is singularly firm and convincing, and her parents, as dull and depressed as their suburban environment, are presented with equal fidelity. There is no one who can create, with such skill and verbal economy as Mr. Swinnerton, the grey atmosphere of London's meaner streets, and the peculiar dinginess of their domestic interiors. Here is a lightning sketch of Lydia's father, who was employed as traveller by a very small firm of book publishers "specialising in devotional studies": he also dealt in diaries, calendars, and text cards. This alone, were we told no more, would bring a picture to the minds of most of us. But Mr. Swinnerton tells us more: "Never a cheerful man, and never a religious man, Tom Cottar grew less cheerful—and perhaps less religious as business slackened. His arms seemed to become longer, so that raw-boned wrists hung from his coat sleeves; his eyes began to protrude from his lean brown cheeks; his feet grew more painful; and a glass of beer and a nap were increasingly the two comforts to which his mind turned as he trudged the streets and with battered jauntiness entered melancholy little shops, carrying a heavy bag full of cards and samples. He was developing some eccentricities of manner which did not help him in business, wore his hat, which was too large for him, on one side, pinched his lips together in a wrinkly way as if he were an old man, and might have been any age between sixty and seventy. In fact, he was fifty-six." His home,

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Volume 2

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which we see through Lydia's eyes, is like himself.

It was the kind of room that crushes the spirits, as Hornsey Road is the kind of street that crushes the spirits. The walls were dark-papered with a pattern which, when new, had been considered sumptuous, and the pictures hanging upon them were equally dark. The brighter colours had faded; the gilt had browned; a film of age hung over all. This was an old room, and those who dwelt in it were prematurely old. Charlotte still swept and dusted, and carefully arranged the ugly little ornaments upon each side of the dead, monumental clock in front of the mirror upon the mantel-piece; but she never threw the ornaments to the floor, and smashed them, and she never persuaded Tom to strip the walls and cover them afresh with a light-coloured distemper. She only washed herself and did her hair in the style she had used twenty years before; and dressed herself in high-bodiced black frocks with white collars and a row of cloth-covered buttons from neck to waist, as she had done for quite as long. It was as if she had died twenty years ago. Poor thing! Darker and darker grew the room; darker and darker grew the spirits of Tom and Charlotte; deeper and deeper sank Lydia's heart every time she came to visit them in this mausoleum to lost hope.

Mr. Swinnerton's chief concern, however, is not with Lydia's parents, but with Lydia herself, and Lydia's chief concern is with her husband, Sebastian (for whom she has a powerful maternal affection but no romantic love) and with the two other men who, as the story develops, arrive to compete with him for possession of her. Lydia is intimately observed and deftly presented. We share her joys, her anxieties, her exasperation; but, for a reason that will appear later, we cannot quite share her loves. With his men, Mr. Swinnerton is less successful. This is due, no doubt, partly to the inevitable defect of the method he has chosen, the time-honoured method of presenting the whole story from

the point of view of the chief character. Sebastian is well enough, so far as he goes, but he amounts to little more than one of the factors of Lydia's situation: he is a static character. Ambrose Thayer, the young man who falls hopelessly in love with Lydia and subsequently dies of meningitis, is indeed not static; but he begins and ends as a romantic apparition. And Gerard, the other lover, is no more than a cardboard figure for which Mr. Swinnerton has written some crisp dialogue. He turns up, with mechanical regularity, at every small crisis of Lydia's life; he plays providence to her parents in order to become acquainted with her; he makes her his mistress and is intending (or so we and Lydia are led to believe) to make her his wife when he is run over and killed before her eyes. His death cost me no pang: cardboard is comparatively cheap.

Mr. O'Flaherty, although his is by no means a derived inspiration, writes somewhat in the manner of the more ferocious Russians. He is full of exuberant contempt for his fellow countrymen, if not for his fellow mortals without distinction of nationality. Mr. Swinnerton is an artist in another mode, careful to distinguish the elusive psychological tones concealed in the drab of dull and thwarted lives: his descriptions are a triumph of atmosphere and his dialogue is a triumph of unobtrusive naturalism. Miss Ellen Glasgow, in *They Stoop to Folly*, is less wild than the one and less careful of surface probability than the other. In dialogue, especially, she gets her effect more by statement than by suggestion; and the same is roughly true of her book as a whole. It requires, indeed, no great effort to suspend one's disbelief, to silence the sometimes protesting voice within; but it remains true that not only Miss Glasgow, but Miss Glasgow's characters as well, are a shade too well aware of Miss Glasgow's semi-didactic intention. Nevertheless, she too is an artist, and a skilful one. She has wit and wisdom, a vein of admirable irony, an adequate and gainly style, and a steady hand in character-drawing.

GERALD BULLETT.

HARRIET HUME, by Rebecca West. Hutchinson. 7/6.

If Mrs. Virginia Woolf had not last year given us *Orlando*, we should have welcomed *Harriet Hume* as an entirely new departure in present day fiction. Not that the novel is in any sense derivative, nor that its appearance second instead of first is anything but an accident. It is merely Miss West's good or ill fortune, it is hard to say which, that makes the delighted reader of her flowing and rhythmical and in a sense hurrying prose recall a similar delight a year ago. How lovely that prose can be, let one descriptive passage prove. It is fast growing dark in the garden where Harriet walks with her lover: "Evening, when she had begun her story, had rested upon the scene as bloom on the grape, but it had now assumed a more dominating part. The sky had been blenched of its daylight blue, and though it had not yet been invaded by the dark tone of night its transparent pallor was pricked here and

there by a star to show that this would not be long delayed. In the garden each colour was yielding up its essence to the darkness. The upward-looking faces of the flowers were merely pale, and so too were the downward-looking faces of the leaves on the trees. The soil in the beds and the tree-trunks were merely night-coloured; and the lawn they trod showed that if grass had a ghost it would be the same greyish hue as, it is commonly accepted, are the ghosts of men."

But the fantastic tale of Harriet, the lovely witch and involuntary clairvoyante, who divines her lover's worldly ambition and lets him go, yet returns and is at hand in every crisis of his life, is as full of delicate humour as it is beautiful in its setting. Take the site of the mysterious Mondh, the very pivot and keystone of a Mangostan treaty. Not even the India Office knew where it was, yet they dared not ask a Mango since the British Raj must never admit to a Mango that it does not know

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everything. "Once the secret were to leak out, the insolence of the Mangoes at present studying law and mathematics in this country would become unbridled and there would not be a rupee or a virgin left between Middle Temple Hall and Cambridge."

Miss West is very wise as well as witty. How well she knows her menfolk and even her dogs! The "sauntering tone by which men disguise themselves," when they want just casually to mention what they think will heighten their importance. Or Condorex's indignation when Harriet divines his thought too shrewdly. "Let the witch burn. For she had come between him and every human being's right not to know quite what he is doing." A dog, she says, when describing its inappropriateness in an Italian garden, "is the very antithesis of opera. A cat would get the idea in ten minutes, but a dog would never cease to ask 'Why?' and that is a difficult question to answer when it concerns opera."

But quotation can give little idea of the continuing fascination of this book. It deserves to be read, and read in a sitting or two, so as never to lose the atmosphere of fantasy, shot through with rays of wisdom, in which Harriet moves at such ease and her clumsier lover stumbles after her.

JANET E. COURTNEY.

THE HISTORY OF BUTTON HILL, by Gordon Stowell. Gollancz. 10/6.

THE publisher is perhaps wise to label this book definitely on the jacket, "a novel". Its title does not sound like a novel, nor does it look like one—it is a large book. Yet it is both a readable and lifelike novel, and a piece of social history. Button Hill, a select suburb on the outskirts of Fleece (probably Leeds) is a microcosm of the England of the time from 1894 to the present day—a period during which we see its rise, decline and fall, and watch the fortunes of some of its inhabitants.

Even allowing for a youthful touch of scorn and satire, no English community has ever been more faithfully shown in print. There are no exaggerations: equally, there are no excuses for its follies, or for the cant and claptrap, for the humbug and hypocrisy which were as common to Button Hill as to the rest of England.

The central character is Eric Ellersby, son of a father who was a conscientious objector, a pro-Boer, a pacifist and a vegetarian! When Eric was born, Button Hill was a new and pleasant suburb. When he came back to it after the war, it was in decay, declined to shabby gentility and tenements, destroyed largely by those very trams which in the 'nineties had seemed the last word in progress. The history of Button Hill, in this aspect, is that of many a suburb.

And the people, especially Eric and his companions, are as truly drawn as their setting: rather advanced young people, some of them, finding in the works of Mr. H. G. Wells, a new writer, incitement to ready rebellion against Victorian ideas and shibboleths. One must be contemporary with or only a little older than Eric and the others to appreciate how true to life are the portraits of these youngsters, with their ambitions and ideals, their ideas about religion, sex and Socialism.

Button Hill suffered dreadfully in the war years: not only in the changes in its own nature due to war conditions, but by the loss of half its young men in one of those delusive theoretical victories which were really defeats.

At the last, Button Hill, fast falling into shabbiness and decay, a mere appenage of Fleece, makes a fittingly grey background for Eric's tragic memory of the day when the girl who had waited for him all through the war—and a likeable, decent, clear thinking sort of girl she is shown to be—was killed at his side. For Eric, as for Button Hill, there is no happy ending. But one does not expect any of the usual conventions of the novel in a book which lives so closely up to its title as a piece of social history.

KENNETH KINNIMONT.

THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES, by 'G. Lenotre'. Hutchinson. 21/-.

THIS is a source-book, not a history of the massacres. As such it is very good. The ten accounts which it contains were all written by eye-witnesses (eight of them all but victims) of the slaughter; they give the reader authentic glimpses into three of the Paris prisons in the revolting days of September 1792. 'M. Lenotre's' plans are excellent (he is a recognised authority on the topography of the Revolution); his notes valuable though short. He has added an account of the exhumations at the Carmelite convent in May 1867, a number of hitherto unpublished police reports upon alleged "septembriseurs" and three most interesting documents touching that strange figure, Stanislas Maillard.

The words of the Marseillaise remind us of an essential ingredient in the outbursts of violence which mark the revolution's course. The secular strength of the French monarchy preyed upon the minds of "patriots", who could not quite believe in its collapse and saw conspiracies of resistance everywhere. Hence the morbid sensitiveness of the revolution which Brunswick's manifesto and the revelations of royal duplicity after August 10th only inflamed. 'M. Lenotre' quotes the title of a pamphlet which was probably on sale on September 1st:—"Louis Capet's great treason. Plot discovered to assassinate during the night of the 2nd of this month all the good citizens of the capital, to be carried out by the aristocrats and recusant priests assisted by the robbers and criminals confined in the prisons of Paris, signed Charles Boussemart, unwhiskered patriot." This was the spirit which produced the massacres. It found most typical expression in two suspicion-maddened invalids—the one a principal, the other an agent, Jean-Paul Marat and Stanislas Maillard.

L'Ami du Peuple was silent during the September massacres. Its editor had other work to do. Marat's part on the Commune's *Comité de Surveillance* is well known.

Maillard has generally been judged by

his acts alone. He led the mob against the Bastille and the "poissardes" to Versailles; he presided without a single rest over the tribunal at the Abbaye; he took a leading part in demanding the arrest of the Girondins; under the Committee of Public Safety he organised a band of sixty informers and spies. Yet he had nothing to conceal or to regret. 'M. Lenotre' has rendered his best service to history in printing three papers which throw a remarkable light upon the mind of this extraordinary man. The two last are hitherto unpublished justifications which he wrote when he was under arrest in 1793-1794. He was barely thirty, but he had worn out his frail consumptive constitution in the "people's" service. On April 15th, 1794, "he surrendered his licence for existence to Nature from whom he had received it."

The Maillards were a tiny minority; but they made the Revolution in France.

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PULLING STRINGS IN CHINA, by W. F. Tyler. Constable & Co. 15/- net.

THE reader who, misled by the title, looks forward to unravelling a tangled skein of Bolshevik, British or even Chinese intrigue will be disappointed in this book. But to one reader at any rate the disappointment was extremely welcome; for he found himself beguiled by a delightful and varied narrative of adventure in a world that has almost ceased to exist, in the China that came to an end about the time when Mr. Tyler left it for good in 1920.

Mr. Tyler was employed for many years, afloat and ashore, in the Marine Department of the Chinese Customs Service, of whose organisation by Lay and Hart he gives a brief retrospective account; but official routine plays a less important part in his story than the adventures into which he was led by his own temperament and the turbulent conditions of the country. His heart was in China; and the only "grouses" in the whole book relate to his periods of leave in England, where the bureaucrats of Whitehall turned a deaf, though polite, ear to his opinions and representations.

Mr. Tyler's enjoyment of life is infectious, and there is not a dull page in his book. He finds time *en passant* to explain why China was the real cause of the Great War; to give reasons for his conviction that Shanghai is destined to be the greatest port in the world; to dabble in psychology (western and oriental) and psychophysics, on which he has published two pamphlets; and to discover that the League of Nations is "rather like religion in the genuine need for it and the mixture of good and evil that permeates it." The reader may or may not agree with Mr. Tyler in these and other matters; but his dogmatism is of the breezy kind that does not stay for an answer, and disagreement need be no bar to enjoyment of a sincere, lively and thoroughly readable narrative.

E. H. C.

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- PETER THE GREAT. (p. 715). By Stephen Graham. (Ernest Benn).
- THE APOLOGIA OF AN IMPERIALIST. 2 vols. (p. 716). By W. A. S. Hewins. (Constable).
- MARCO POLO. (p. 717). Edited by N. M. Penzer, M.A. (The Argonaut Press).
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- THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. (p. 720). The 14th Edition.
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- WHEN. (p. 722). By J. L. Pole. (Chapman and Hall).
- THE HOUSE OF GOLD. (p. 726). By Liam O'Flaherty. (Cape).
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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

DECEMBER 2, 1929.

CONFLICT IN PALESTINE

By KIRBY PAGE

THE riots and massacres in Palestine during the past summer, the Jerusalem outbreak in 1920 and the Jaffa disturbances in 1921 were merely incidents in the relentless conflict steadily being waged between Jews and Arabs in that land. Actual violence has broken out only a few times, but bitter enmity and hostile rivalry are continuous. The stake at issue in this struggle is political and economic supremacy in the Holy Land. If the present attitudes and policies are maintained on both sides, periodic outbreaks of violence are certain to recur during the coming decade.

This conviction is based upon my recent observations and experiences in Palestine and its neighbouring countries. In Jerusalem, a companion, Sherwood Eddy, and myself had important interviews with both Jewish and Moslem leaders, as well as with British and American residents. Among the outstanding Jews with whom we talked were Attorney General Bentwich; Harry Sacher, a member of the Executive of the Zionist Organization and the Director of Labour and Colonization Departments; and A. M. Hyamson, the Director of Immigration. We had also an extended conference with Haj Ameen El-Husseini, Grand Mufti and President of the Supreme Moslem Council of Palestine; Mousa Kazem Pasha, President of the Arab Executive; and Wadie Bustani, a distinguished Christian Arab. In the neighbouring country of Iraq we secured an audience with His Majesty King Feisal, and then had a two hour conference with a group of leading officials, including the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Communications, the Minister of the Interior, the Superintendent of Education, and the King's Secretary. In this way we were able to discover the attitude of other Arabs toward the situation in Palestine.

Both sides are able to present such a good case that the problem appears almost insoluble. It is easy to be convinced as to the justice of either position if it is considered alone, but the reconciliation of the conflicting interests and desires is extremely difficult. There is much to be said for the Zionist case. After centuries of terrible persecution and cruel discrimination in many lands, it is natural that the Jews should long passionately for the recovery of their ancient homeland, which they say was promised to Abraham by Jehovah and which they have never ruled since the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans in A.D. 70. In the words of the Joint Palestine Survey Commission: "Palestine became for the Jews more than a mere country; it became a symbol of regeneration, of a return to the days of its youthful vigor, to health bodily and spiritual." On November 2nd, 1917, Lord Balfour, as British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, issued the following declaration:

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

This proclamation was subsequently reaffirmed by the Supreme Council of the Allies at San Remo in 1920. It was later embodied almost word for word in the instructions issued by the League of Nations to Great Britain as Mandatory for Palestine. All political parties in England are on record as favouring the Balfour Declaration. In 1927 a group of distinguished British statesmen, including J. Ramsay MacDonald and Lloyd George, signed an open letter in which they expressed the desire "that the hopes and ambitions for the establishment of a National Home for the Jews in Palestine may be realized." The Palestine Mandate Society has been formed, with Viscount Cecil as President, for the purpose of helping "to give effect to the co-partnership created between the British Empire and the Zionist Organization in accordance with the terms of the Mandate for Palestine." Consequently, the Jews could hardly desire to be more securely buttressed with promises of a national home than they are at the present moment.

The Arabs, on the other hand, are passionately convinced that

they are the victims of gross injustice and that their future is gravely menaced. They point out that their ancestors have been in possession of Palestine for many centuries, that most of the soil remains in their hands, and that they still constitute four-fifths of the population. The idea of transforming their territory into a national home for an alien people from Europe and America is regarded by them with extreme repugnance. The Grand Mufti remarked to us that if the Jews are justified in claiming a land which they lost more than eighteen hundred years ago and which they originally obtained by conquest, the Arabs would have a right to demand the return of Spain to their control since they had more recently occupied that country. Moreover, the Arabs also are descendants of Abraham, through the line of Ishmael, and feel entitled to share equally with their Jewish cousins any rewards arising out of promises made to their common ancestor.

The Arabs complain bitterly that the promises of independence made in order to secure their entrance into the World War on the side of the Allies have not been kept and that they have been betrayed. Promises made in wartime are likely to be vague in meaning. The Balfour Declaration itself is capable of several different interpretations. The British authorities deny the authenticity of certain pledges which the Arab leaders say were made. Doubtless the pledges given were capable of varying interpretations. Certainly most Arabs thought that they had been promised independence and freedom to form a great Arab nation in the event of an Allied victory. The Grand Mufti stated this opinion emphatically and said that Palestine was included in the territories promised independence. This same idea was expressed by King Feisal during our interview with him. The group of officials with whom we had a conference in Baghdad were united in the belief that during the war the whole Arab world had been pledged independence. Certain relevant documents from the King's personal library were placed at our disposal. In a paper entitled, "Note on the Arab Question to His Britannic Majesty's Government," submitted by King Feisal himself, we read:

"The Arabs took up arms against the Turks on certain promises my father (King Hussein) made them; those promises were based on pledges given him by Great Britain. . . The Arab movement was in existence

long before the war; the Arabs have always held before themselves the ideal of re-establishing their independence and renewing the glories of the Arab Kingdom and Caliphate of past generations. Those pledges, given to my father by the British Government, are plain and unequivocal. . . In a letter dated July 14th, 1915, my father requested that 'England should acknowledge the independence of the Arab countries, bounded on the north by Marsina and Adana, up to the 37th degree of latitude on which falls Berejik, Urfa and Mardin, up to the boundaries of Persia on the east by the frontiers of Persia up to the Persian Gulf, on the south by the Indian Ocean with the exception of Aden, and on the west by the Red Sea and the Mediterranean up to Marsina. . .'. In regard to those portions of the territories therein in which Great Britain was free to act without detriment to her ally France, obviously making an exception of the Syrian littoral only, Sir Henry MacMahon (on October 24th, 1915) added: 'I am empowered in the name of the Government of Great Britain to give the following assurance: Great Britain is prepared to recognize and support the independence of the Arabs within the territories included in the limits and boundaries proposed by the Sheriff (King Hussein). Regarding the vilayets of Baghdad and Basra the Arabs will recognise that the established positions and interests of Great Britain necessitates special measures of administration and control in order to secure their territories from foreign aggression. . .'. The British Government through Lord Curzon, Foreign Secretary, repeated this pledge in a letter addressed to me on October 9th, 1919. Mr. Lloyd George on September 19th, 1919, at a conference in Downing Street, at which I was present, said: 'The Arab forces had redeemed the pledges given to Great Britain, and we should redeem our pledges.'"

The Arabs are afraid of the Jews. This fear is not personal, but corporate. As a group the Arabs are severely handicapped. The Jews are shrewder business men; they are backed by the wealth of Zionism throughout the world; they occupy a privileged position in the government of the country; their more extreme elements are aggressive and provocative.

The Arabs are not as a rule skilled in commerce and finance, realms in which Jews lead the world. This discrepancy in ability is accentuated by heavy subsidies to Jewish settlers from Zionist funds. During the past ten years a sum of not less than 10 million pounds has been contributed by the Jews of the world in support of the Palestine programme. The budget of the Zionist Organization is now approximately one million pounds annually. The Joint Palestine Survey Commission found that the cost of settling a family on the land varied from £1,000 to £1,400, as compared with the average of £120, exclusive of the grant of land, required to establish a Greek refugee family. The total Jewish immigration into Palestine from 1919 to March,

1929, was 99,757 and the Jewish emigration was 24,109, leaving a net gain in the Jewish population of 75,648.

Were it not for the substantial contributions from abroad most of the Jewish settlers would be unable to subsist on the proceeds of their labour. Not one of the Zionist colonies has as yet reached the point of actual self-support. Concerning this point Sir John Campbell, former Vice-Chairman of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission, and one of the experts selected by the Joint Palestine Survey Commission, wrote:

"The broad fact which emerges is that no single colony is at present on sound economic ground, irrespective of the date of its establishment. No repayments have been made. . . From the time the work in Palestine commenced, there has been continuous and heavy over-expenditure, relative to income."

Another important advantage possessed by the Jews is found in the privileged position they occupy in the government of Palestine. The Arabs have uttered vigorous protests because they are taxed without representation, while the Attorney General, who drafts the laws and exercises considerable political influence, is a Jew and an ardent Zionist. The number of senior governmental positions held by Jews is greatly in excess of their ratio of the population. In spite of the heavy Jewish immigration since the war, the Jews still constitute only about 18 per cent. of the total population. The Joint Palestine Survey Commission has estimated that of the cultivable land of Palestine, "approximately 8 per cent. is now in Jewish hands." Nevertheless, the small Jewish minority exercises far greater political power than does the Arab majority. Sir John Campbell expressed the opinion that "the primary defect" of the Zionist administration is that its efforts have "hitherto been mainly political." The Arabs have consistently rejected all invitations to participate in the government in an advisory relationship. Sir Herbert Samuel sought to establish an Advisory Council, with four Moslems out of twenty members. An effort was later made to create a Legislative Council with eight Moslems out of twenty-three members.

Jerusalem has long been a hot-bed of enmity and conflict between races, nationalities and religions. In such an environment any religious or racial controversy may lead to violence. As far as the Jewish-Arab quarrel is concerned, its repercussions extend

far beyond the boundaries of Palestine. The whole Arab world is seething with resentment against the great powers and periodic revolts have broken out across a wide front since the World War. In Damascus we saw the ruins of numerous buildings which were demolished by the French bombardment and air raids in crushing a serious rebellion during 1925. The French and the Spanish with extreme difficulty suppressed the revolts among the Riffs. In Baghdad we were greatly disturbed by the bitterness manifested by leading Iraqi against the British. At the time of the riots in Palestine last summer the Progressive Party of Iraq, under the presidency of the present premier, cabled protests against Zionism and the Balfour Declaration to the League of Nations, the British Government, and the High Commissioner of Iraq. A substantial sum of money was contributed in Baghdad for the relief of their co-religionists across the border.

Thus the deadlock is complete; the whole situation is highly dangerous. The Jews themselves have most to lose by the prolongation of the present crisis. Not only is there peril to life and property, but as well the existing economic boycott is ruining trade. Under all the circumstances, what can be done to improve conditions? One Jewish leader expressed the strong conviction that the Balfour Declaration constitutes the root difficulty. But certainly we have no reason to anticipate its repudiation. The British Government and the League of Nations are too completely committed to turn backward at this late hour. Fortunately, however, the Balfour Declaration is exceedingly vague in terminology and is susceptible of various interpretations. Thus far, primary emphasis has been placed upon the first section, namely, the establishment of a national home in Palestine for the Jewish people. It would be possible, however, to stress the last clause, that is, the safeguarding of the rights and interests of non-Jews. Without violating the Balfour Declaration, it would be possible to provide a home in Palestine for Jews, to guarantee the same rights to them as are granted to other races, but not to accord them a privileged status as is now the case. In that event, the Jews would be given only the degree of political power to which they are entitled by virtue of their ratio of the total population. Since the vast majority of the people are Arabs, they would be granted commensurate political power. The British

Government as Mandatory would administer the government impartially for Moslems, Christians and Jews alike.

The real difficulty, therefore, does not arise out of the Balfour Declaration as such, but emerges from the present interpretation of that document. Decades of hostility and violence will surely result from the continued effort to transform Palestine into a Jewish state. The only way out is to safeguard the rights and interests of the Jewish minority and at the same time abandon utterly the effort to place it in a privileged political position. That the two groups can live together in peace has been proved in many lands. At the present time 60,000 Jews in Baghdad dwell amicably with the much larger Arab population. Indeed, the Arabs of Palestine are now receiving substantial benefits from the activities of the Jews and from the heavy foreign contributions. In industry, agriculture, sanitation and education the Jews are making valuable improvements for the whole country. If the existing enmities could be removed the two groups would be mutually helpful to each other.

Ten years ago, on September 16, 1919, a correspondent of the *London Times* offered the following words of wisdom:

"Let the Zionists make known the moderation of their demands from the housetops. . . . The Moslems, who have it to their eternal credit that, while Christendom acted very differently, they have always shown toleration to the Jews, are in danger of spoiling their record, because now for the first time they believe they are threatened with a Jewish domination."

The way to break the present deadlock was indicated by a Zionist with whom we talked. He expressed the opinion that his people had made a fatal blunder by placing undue emphasis upon politics and by assuming an aggressive and vociferous policy, whereas it would have been the part of wisdom to make an economic success of their agricultural colonies and to create in Palestine a cultural and spiritual home for the Jews of all the world. Any other procedure will produce fatal consequences. To have Palestine dominated by an alien minority would not only be gross injustice; it would be perilous for the Jews themselves.

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF POWER

BY T. EARLE WELBY

AS it appears to an obscure person concerned with the Conservatism of life and letters rather than with that of politics, the position of the political Conservatives is exquisitely ironical.

Their leader is a man exceptional among politicians by reason of his sensitiveness to the quality of our heritage, a man incomparably fitted alike by his temper and his limitations to lead a great revival of Conservatism outside politics. And this man, universally respected, widely loved, happens to be a child in political strategy, a debater who ingeminates peace whenever presented with an opportunity of thrashing the enemy. What does he do? What do his political followers expect him to do? Act in the region where he might to-morrow be the greatest leader we have had since Disraeli, and much more truly national than he? By no means. It is in the region in which he is incompetent that he acts, that his political followers expect him to act. The immense assets that he has he does not use; he adventures only where he is bankrupt. And yet he is kept at the head of his Party only because of those unused assets, because he is an Englishman with the sense of what is essentially English in every nerve of a constitution far subtler than is popularly supposed.

If any man, Mr. Baldwin ought to know that the future of political Conservatism, on any long view, depends on developments outside politics far more than on events in politics. He ought to know that it is true generally, Conservatism being the instinct of the English to remain English, and that it is doubly true when Conservatism is led by a man with his gifts and disabilities. In another place, if a mere man of letters may use a phrase belonging to the august beings who determine our taxes and the hours within which we may drink, in another place I once called Mr. Baldwin the Bombardier Wells of politics. Bombardier Wells forfeited no popularity by his

charming consistency in defeat, and neither does Mr. Baldwin by his failures: but Bombardier Wells, all the same, should have quitted the Ring for the Book, and Mr. Baldwin might well act on analogous principle.

Political Conservatism under Mr. Baldwin is merely opportunism tempered by inability to perceive the opportunity, and consoled by the reflection that it was lost quite honestly. But put him in a sense outside politics and he is a potential master. And political Conservatism would not suffer, would, indeed, benefit incalculably if Mr. Baldwin were to lead his following onto the ground where he would be seen as a great general instead of affording us, on ground he does not understand, the spectacle of vague pacificism and passive resistance. For to strengthen the cause is to add to the effect. Let the springs of Conservatism outside politics be made more potent, and it will very soon be found that political Conservatism has recovered more than the vitality lost to it.

The argument of the appeal I would address to Mr. Baldwin is too large for complete statement here, but perhaps the main points in it can be made even in the space at my disposal.

First, then, it is to be considered that, though Liberalism has repeatedly been a valuable corrective, and though even Socialism may have its momentary uses, it is Conservatism, when it is not a hash of the things left out of the programmes of other Parties but truly itself, which best suits this nation. The reasons for its suitability are never stated by politicians, so it may be as well to enter into them rather elaborately.

Of all nations fairly to be brought into comparison, we depend, and of necessity, most on tradition and intuition, least on education. Which is to say that, whether political Conservatism be in power or not, we are always in some degree dependent on Conservatism, as understood by the minority who understand it and not by the majority who take Conservatism to be a matter of attitudes towards particular "momentarily momentous" Bills and notions of legislation. For all extremely democratic systems, and all systems directed, under democratic pretence, to the establishment of an oligarchy of the proletariat, presuppose for success that the national technique of life, the national secret, can be mastered by direct intellectual attack on it—as our's cannot.

Our political constitution, the very existence of which Tocqueville denied, and came near to truth in denying, is not written and rigid and apprehensible by whosoever will a little study it. We have to deal with it as Walter Pater's Gaston dealt with the poetry of Ronsard, "expanding it to the measure of its intention"; contracting it, also. It is rich in anomalies, in latent but not quite certainly lapsed powers. Because it came into existence not by any one logical act, and not by definition of the powers left with the Crown, but by very gradual and mostly tacit transfer to Ministries of the vast and vague prerogatives of the Crown, it is a constitution to be worked only by those who have the spirit of it in them. Our capital commandment, in the moral sphere, is nothing more explicit than, "Play the game!"—an injunction meaningless to those who have not the instinct of the game. Our very language is incapable of being fully taught, since it has never been shaped by academic authority, and indeed exists, for all its finer uses, only in the conflicting, self-determined usages of a number of great writers.

The English secret, in short, is of the kind the poet was thinking upon when he said, "no secret can be told to any who divined it not before." But if we are thrown back on divination, as we are, the case for advanced democracy is lost. Compulsory education has had remarkable results: at the general expense it has produced readers and fortunes for the late Lord Northcliffe, the present Lord Rothermere, and others. But education, which some of us indeed regard as an initial handicap to be pluckily overcome, can no more produce persons possessed of the English secret than it can produce water diviners. And it is only educational facilities that the State can provide: it cannot mechanically multiply the means of enabling its citizens to apprehend what is so unmechanical as English life. "This country," said Disraeli to an inquisitive and dismayed foreign visitor, "is governed by Parliament, not by logic." The English conduct of life, Mr. Santayana has rightly insisted, is determined not by reason but by "psychic weather." Ours is thus essentially an aristocratic life: a national life in which direction can come only from the elect natures in each class, and from them only if they have kept to the old English ideal of what some may call amateurishness but I prefer to call wholeness. This is not a nation to be governed by professional politicians; it is a nation

that profoundly suspects specialization and instinctively requires of its leaders that they should be politicians only incidentally and in consequence of their concern about many and humanly interesting matters. That is to say, except for short fits, this nation subconsciously or consciously seeks to be governed by those who, whatever their label, are at heart Conservatives.

It was a profound saying of Bagehot's that Conservatism is enjoyment. Indeed it is. Put beside Bagehot's saying the traditional epithet for England, "merry." And then ask how the political Conservatives of to-day come to include restriction-mongers. The answer is that a Conservatism conceived in merely or mainly political terms is bound to bring together, in nominal unity but in temperamental discord, men who are Conservatives only in the sense that they obey the Party Whip. Conservatism is not an attitude towards this Bill or that: it is an attitude towards life. And it is only by constantly remembering the true nature of Conservatism, as something transcending politics in the usual interpretation of the term, that Conservatism can be made to prevail.

The thing has only to be said for the truth of it to be evident, to those capable of receiving this kind of truth. Official political Conservatism is not in that category. By a paradox that only onlookers see, the Central Office of the Conservative Party is utterly unaware of the whereabouts of the centre of Conservatism. It concerns itself with what an enormous electorate may think, under instructions from a few newspaper magnates who have confused the things that pay with the things that are, "stunt" with "sunt," with particular measures. It does not reflect that in this country, because it has not quite ceased to be itself, there are still multitudes who care little about particular measures, who care much for the general way of life—and for the individual's right to go his own way in enrichment of the national heritage of humour, poetry, and, above all, character. The personage who happens to be Mayor of some town when the eyes of official Conservatism are cast upon it, he is selected for knighthood, while, to think upon no others, two great Conservative scholars, each of whom has rendered in no case indirect services to Conservatism, go officially unrecognised. Not the O.M. could add anything to their status in the eyes of those who know them for what they are. No! but official

recognition, however belated, would be an indication to the general public that political Conservatism had discovered its allies outside politics.

It must do that soon or cease to have any real significance. Even Bombardier Wells eventually ceased to matter: even Mr. Baldwin may be ejected from the Ring. It would be the supreme tragedy of Conservatism if the man peculiarly qualified to win its battles on its proper ground were to perish on ground which he does not know, which he persists in frequenting with his clean hands clenched until it is time for fighting.

The one hope for Conservatism is that it should discover in time, or, rather, remember in time, where its sources are situated. If it is to be an affair of opinions on this Bill and the other, it can be no more than Baldwinism against the grain, opportunism by a man who is no opportunist except in the perversity of missing his opportunities. But should it choose to draw on the untapped sources of unpolitical Conservatism, before the meaning of Conservatism is forgotten, it may dominate our national life, with the briefest interruptions, for generations to come. The man and the opportunity are here; and neither his modesty, his democratic willingness to make an ass of himself in order to keep the other asses in countenance, nor the inability of the Central Office to conceive of Conservatism except in day-to-day political terms should be allowed to wreck the chance of a Conservative revival outside politics with the certainty of Conservative effects inside politics. We have a man with imaginative vision: why should we persist in capitalizing only the blind spot in his mind's eye? Let Mr. Baldwin think less of Bills and much more of the national way of life; let him call to himself the non-political allies of Conservatism. The result will not be immediate, but it will be immense.

FIELD SPORTS AND THE HUMANITARIAN

BY THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK

THE columns of our daily papers are from time to time enlivened by more or less exacerbated controversies between people who regard field sports as a legitimate form of recreation and those who object, on the ground of cruelty, to the hunting or shooting of wild animals for pleasure. An objection to hunting, like adversity, sometimes makes strange bedfellows. It is not unusual to find the humanitarian who denounces the pursuit of the fox unevenly yoked in his protest with the more fatuous type of socialist agitator who in reality cares nothing about the feelings of foxes and knows rather less than those animals about agricultural affairs, but in his anxiety to find a stick wherewith to beat the capitalist dog, launches out into a fine frenzy of indignation at the idle rich whose steeds trample down the crops produced by honest labour.

As one who is intensely interested in animal life and has had in some directions unusual opportunities for its study, I find myself to a great extent in agreement with the humanitarian's main contention: undoubtedly it is a Christian duty and a desirable ideal to inflict upon the humbler forms of life the minimum of suffering that is necessary.

Unfortunately, however, some of the most active and vocal of the humanitarian school are doing their best to bring ridicule upon a good cause by the lamentable ignorance they display both of men and animals. We find in the van of the protest against field sports distinguished authors, distinguished actresses, distinguished clergy; but very rarely a distinguished naturalist, and never a landowner who has actually had to tackle the problem of the control of wild animals on an estate.

The humanitarian who rushes into print is usually exceedingly ignorant of the habits of the animals whose cause he champions; he has never in his life killed one, nor has he had to direct its killing in defence of human property; in a discussion he appears constitutionally incapable of sticking to the point: if cornered on an awkward practical issue relative to the control of deer, his reply may be "Well, anyhow, what about pheasant shooting?"

In his judgment and handling of men he is equally far astray. He is often grossly unfair in his estimate of the character and intelligence of people who take part in field sports and he is for ever trying to run before he can walk and to make bricks without straw, expecting a certain line of conduct from people, before, by education, he has produced that kind of character and outlook without which it is utterly unreasonable to expect them to adopt the policy he desires.

The humane control of wild animals and the task of persuading people to adopt the ideal attitude towards them, is an exceedingly complicated and difficult problem and by no means the simple matter the humanitarian appears to suppose.

Let us consider the animals of the chase in some detail, pointing out Nature's way of keeping their numbers in check, for a reason to which I will allude further on.

The red deer, for instance, while it may appear a harmless and beautiful animal to a resident in Upper Tooting, is, unfortunately, exceedingly destructive to crops and plantations and is apt to be regarded by the farmer or forester in the light of a gigantic rat or rabbit-vermin of the worst kind. In a really wild country Nature's principal check on the red deer is the wolf whose pursuit is rather more cruel than that of a hunt and is conducted at all seasons of the year. In England the red deer has practically no natural enemies to check its unlimited increase, with the exception of certain internal parasites which cause a lingering and painful death when the animal's constitution has been weakened by semi-starvation due to man denying it access to the tree-food which forms an important part of its natural diet. The only two effective methods at present known of keeping down the numbers of deer are shooting and hunting with hounds. Humanitarians are continually agitating for the suppression of staghunting as it is practised on Exmoor because their feelings are harrowed by the thought or sight of the suffering of the deer during the closing stages of the run. Unfortunately, however, they do not tell us what is going to happen with the deer if hunting were put a stop to. Some appear to imagine that the animals, out of gratitude, would practise birth-control in the interests of the farmer. Others, with a confidence quite unjustified by any practical tests, recommend shooting as a far more humane method of checking the

increase of deer. It is, of course, obvious that a stag shot dead suffers less than a hunted one; but it is equally obvious that a wounded stag may suffer much more and much longer. I remember reading, in a humanitarian pamphlet, of a youth who killed over a hundred deer on a Highland forest. Nothing, however, was said about the number of beasts the boy let away wounded, nor was there any record to state if some of the deer killed had to be followed up after being wounded with the first shot, and, if so, for what period of time they were in pain. There was no indication, either, of any readiness to make allowance for the fact that, while it may be comparatively easy to kill at first shot a high percentage of deer on open ground, it is quite another matter to shoot humanely when the animals spend much of the daylight hours in thick woodland. The opponents of staghunting also overlook a vital human factor in the problem. Even if careful experiments, not yet undertaken, did establish the fact that shooting by skilled marksmen is, on balance, a more humane method of deer control than hunting, the humanitarians have not, as yet, the slightest grounds for concluding that farmers and foresters would leave the shooting of the deer to experts and would refrain from firing at them at any sort of range with any sort of weapon whenever they believed the animals were doing damage. I know from personal observation that the fate of deer, where they are potted in this manner by unskilful marksmen, is infinitely more cruel than it now is on Exmoor under the hunting regime. The humanitarian, however, like the ostrich of the fable, is too apt to think that he need not worry about things which are not brought pointedly to his notice. Let his tender feelings be spared the sight and story of the hunt and he will be able to live in a fool's paradise, believing that every deer killed is being killed humanely.

The fox, like the deer, is a very destructive animal, though in a different way. Its enemies in a really wild country would be wolves; eagles taking a few young cubs; mange; hydrophobia. In England the mange parasite would be about the only check on the fox's increase—an enemy that kills far more slowly and cruelly than any hunt.

Practicable methods of reducing the number of foxes are hunting; shooting, trapping, poisoning and introducing terriers into the earths.

The objection to shooting foxes is the same as that to shooting deer, namely the risk of prolonged suffering through wounding. The fox being a wary, nocturnal animal of no great size is not apt to offer a very large number of easy and therefore humane shots.

A humane and effective fox-trap has yet to be discovered; the ordinary steel traps are far more cruel than the chase and the animal is kept in agony for a much longer period. Poisoning, too, is obviously exceedingly cruel. The death of a fox in the jaws of a terrier is apt to be more unpleasant and prolonged than when he is overtaken by a pack of big hounds, unless, of course, in the case of a very tiny cub. Small cubs, however, often hide themselves in side pockets to the main earth where a terrier cannot follow and perish miserably of starvation if the vixen has been killed. It is well to remember, too, that a number of foxes do not breed in earths.

The idea that foxes are artificially bred for hunting, though commonly believed by humanitarians, is, of course, nonsense. The number of hunts which import foxes into their country is very small and the practice is not looked upon with much favour. Humanitarians sometimes draw a pathetic picture of poor, pretty, little cubs, snatched from a safe and happy home to be turned out and pursued by cruel people with hounds. The real truth of the matter, however, in the cases where cubs have been kept in temporary captivity, is that they have been removed from a district where foxes are shot, trapped, poisoned and worried by terriers the whole year round and turned out in a country where the not very efficient modern foxhound is their only enemy and that not during the critical period of the breeding season.

As with staghunting, the humanitarian who calls out for the cessation of foxhunting turns an obstinately blind eye to the fate of the fox should hunting cease. Speaking again from personal observation, I know that the treatment of the fox in places where it is regarded as an outlaw is much more gruesome than it is in a hunting country, not because the people in such districts are fond of cruelty, but because the only known practicable methods of fox-killing, alternative to hunting, are cruel, and people are not yet educated to that very high pitch of altruistic kindness which will make them willing to endure the

depredations of vermin sooner than deal with them by methods that cause pain.

The otter, is usually regarded by humanitarians as a harmless creature to which only greedy fishermen grudge its share of spoil. The amount of damage the animal does in a river is, perhaps, a debatable point, the quantity of game fish taken, being balanced by its destruction of eels which devour the spawn and young of trout and salmon. But what the humanitarian does not know is that the otter by no means confines itself to a diet of fish, but is a deadly enemy to waterfowl. I know of cases of the most appalling havoc having been wrought by otters in valuable collections of ducks and geese, even when every effort had been made to fence them out, and I have myself watched a pair of otters wiping out a family of half-grown mallard, the distracted mother who could probably have decoyed away a fox by the broken wing trick, being quite unable to cope with an enemy which attacked her brood in their own element.

It is rather difficult to say what the natural enemies of the otter might be in a country where the balance of wild life has not been upset by man. In Great Britain it appears to have no natural enemies to check its increase. The methods of reducing the number of otters, alternative to hunting, are shooting and trapping. Living as it does in an element which deflects shot, and coming out, as a rule, only by night, it is difficult to get any kind of shot at an otter, let alone a humane one which does not wound. Steel traps are always intensely cruel. Even a trap which drowns the otter is not humane, for an otter takes a very long time to drown and is probably despatched more quickly by a pack of hounds than by suffocation under water in the jaws of a trap. All that can be said in favour of the trap is that it spares the otter the fear and exhaustion of the closing stages of a hunt.

Hares, like deer, can be very destructive to crops and plantations when they occur in any numbers. In a wild country their enemies would include nearly all beasts of prey and the larger birds, insect and worm parasites and microbes causing epidemic disease. A few of the hare's natural enemies would kill it fairly speedily; many no more humanely than a hound; while the parasites and microbes cause great and lingering suffering. In Great Britain the hare's natural enemies would be the fox and the stoat—the latter often a cruel and slow killer—and the parasites

just alluded to. If hares are not hunted their increase must be prevented by shooting. This is all right when the animal is killed dead, but a wounded hare, like a wounded deer, suffers much longer than a hunted one.

Bird shooting may be defined as an attempt, for sport, food, or the protection of property or a combination of all three, to inflict an instantaneous and therefore painless death, under circumstances the difficulty of which may frustrate the end in view; the quarry being either wounded or missed. With regard to its legitimacy no hard and fast rule can be laid down, for it will depend on the degree of necessity that exists for shooting a particular bird and on the practicability of more humane methods of destruction. In a wild country the larger enemies of birds usually kill them in a speedy and humane fashion. Game birds are, however, also subject to the attacks of microbes and parasites which cause a painful and lingering death. In many parts of England the larger natural enemies of game birds are very scarce, nor can their increase be permitted where the prosperity of the poultry and sheep-farming industries must be considered. Regarded from a strictly humane standpoint, the shooting of a destructive bird, like a wood pigeon, could be justified; but the shooting of harmless birds, like a snipe, would be hard to defend; except on the plea that it was needed for food. This opens up the whole medical question of vegetarianism with which there is not time to deal. A critic might say that the matter is far more than a medical one, the taking of life being involved. The answer is that you cannot 'take' life; you can only shift it into another existence where there is no reason to suppose that it is any worse off. The shifting of an animal's personality from this world to some other state is often neither a serious nor an evil act. Some birds may be harmless in one place; harmful in another, as grouse for example, which in certain districts eat nothing but heather and in others do damage to oat crops. Incidentally Nature's principal check on the increase of this species—parasitic worms—is so unpleasant for the grouse that shooting to keep their numbers in due proportion to their food supply may, on balance, save them from suffering.

The legitimacy of breeding and rearing such birds as pheasants for shooting depends largely on whether existence is to be regarded as an evil or as a blessing. If we adopt the standpoint

of some Eastern religions, it must be wrong, but if we take the commoner, and, to most people, more reasonable view that it is better to live than not to live, then, on balance, the pheasant breeder can claim to have conferred a benefit on the bird, even if he should be unfortunate enough to render a part of its existence unpleasant by inflicting shot wounds. Of course the supporter of a counsel of perfection might add that it would be better, having, in a sense, bestowed on the bird the gift of life, to do nothing afterwards that might interfere with its enjoyment of your bounty.

Fishing, for the purpose of our discussion may be defined as an attempt to catch fish, for sport and food, under circumstances of difficulty, which, while they greatly increase the fish's chance of escape, may also tend to lengthen the period of fear and pain it would endure were other methods of capture involved. Possibly rod-fishing for sport is incompatible with the very highest consideration for the feeling of animals, but in extenuation of the offence, if offence it be, it is well to remember that fish have but a limited capacity for feeling pain; most of them are predaceous and live on other creatures whose lives on earth (or in the water) are prolonged by the removal of their enemies; while Our Lord Himself freely assisted the capture and destruction of fish for food.

In his judgment and handling of men, as well as in his ideas about animals, the humanitarian is apt to fall into grievous error. In the first place he often assumes that people who hunt or shoot are heartless monsters, or guilty of extreme lack of moral vision. Nothing could be further from the truth. The average sportsman does not take any pleasure in the sufferings of the animal; that he regrets and endeavours to shorten or prevent. He derives his enjoyment from the exercise, the country sights and sounds, the test of skill, or the excitement and perhaps risk of riding an unknown course of uncertain direction and duration. (It is the comparative monotony and safety of the drag hunt that put it at an unavoidable disadvantage as an agency for producing sport).

If an animal has got to be killed, it is very debatable indeed whether it be wrong to derive enjoyment from circumstances connected with its necessary destruction by methods as humane as any that are practicable. Most people who hunt are, more-

over, as satisfied with the escape of the quarry as with a kill, provided they have had an enjoyable ride. Hunt officials and servants are keen on "blood," not because they like hurting animals, but because they believe that the efficiency of their hounds and their ability to show sport depends on the satisfaction of a deep-seated canine instinct. They may, too, have a sense of responsibility in the method of reducing the number of deer, foxes, or hares so that they do not cause excessive damage to the property of farmers and others in the district.

Undoubtedly the vast majority of sportsmen feel that they are perfectly justified in their treatment of their quarry, provided they are not more cruel to it than wild nature commonly is, and this they certainly are not. In an age which still believes in wars between civilized nations and tolerates slums and the separation of old married couples in the workhouse, it is utterly unreasonable of the humanitarian to expect ordinary people to act as only those do who are possessed of the, in this age, abnormally highly developed Christian or moral vision which sees that it is the duty of man, by reason of his intelligence, to be far *more* considerate of the feelings of animals than Nature is. The great majority of men and women, if they think about it at all, imagine that Nature represents the perfect working out of God's will by the methods He has ordained and they quite reasonably assume that if they are not more cruel to the animals than God is, they are not open to censure for inhumanity. The idea that in Nature, as well as in the affairs of men (to adopt a popular, but somewhat fallacious distinction), we see a lot going on by reason of the abuse of freewill which is anything but the wish of God, is, as yet, something quite new and revolutionary, and is imperfectly accepted and understood. Finally, humanitarians go the wrong way to work when dealing with those who engage in field sports. Instead of according full and generous appreciation to those humane qualities they already possess, and from that trying to lead them on to greater heights of consideration for animals' feelings, they often slang them unfairly and abuse them with outbursts of silly and ignorant hysterics which simply put their backs up and render them deaf to the element of justice in the humanitarian plea.

My parting words of advice to humanitarians are, therefore, these. Don't rush in and start laying down the law until you

really know what you are talking about. Make up your minds to settling down to a long period of patient survey of a very intricate subject, and don't give tongue too loudly until you have got a report that is worth listening to. While your survey is in course of preparation, there is plenty of work you can do and talk about in such matters as securing the humane slaughter of domestic animals, the humane transport of cattle and the prevention of the working and export of unfit horses. Don't call for the production of silk purses from sows' ears. Before you have, by education, produced a clear realization in the minds of the majority that Nature is not the perfect working of God's will and that man has a call to show himself kinder than Nature, don't expect conduct which can only spring from such an enlightened outlook, and don't curse people for doing what they have not, as yet, the mental equipment to perceive to be wrong.

A PASSAGE FROM RHODES

By EVELYN WOOD

More vivid, more intense than simple blue,
The waves lift crests of spindrift, featherlight,
Aegean-sunlit, scintillating bright,
Whipped by a wind that ripens, plucks anew
The glinting blossom, scatters it in flight,
Bridge-high, and weaves a cerement of white
Encrusted salt from prow to whirling screw.

Cyclopean, the naked Cyclades
Whose mountain cliffs guard bay on trembling bay:
Naxos and Syra, ghostly images
Glimpsed in veiled mirrors, loom and pass away.
The vessel plods through headlong winds and seas
To Athens, pale beyond the haze of spray.

SAILORS AND SHOPKEEPERS

BY CLIFFORD BAX

IT is said that when Sir Francis Drake set out on his voyage round the world, the shopkeepers of Plymouth were so contemptuous of the enterprise that, without staying to wish him God-speed, they returned to their shops and to a sensible mode of life. The story stuck in my memory because it is an ideal illustration of two temperaments,—the romantic and the rationalistic.

In the literary world, for the time being, the Rationalist is triumphant. The very word "romantic" is now frequently used by authors and reviewers as though it were a synonym for "childish" or "muddle-headed." This frame of mind has, no doubt, many causes, and one of them, unquestionably, is the strong influence which Bernard Shaw has had upon many people who are now between twenty and forty-five. Just as the prestige of Queen Elizabeth made dark hair unfashionable at her court, so has the bias of Shaw's temperament made romance unfashionable among the *intelligentia* to-day. An after-war Romantic, indeed, must feel like a canary among sparrows. All the books or plays that he or she will hear discussed or commended are the work of writers who assume that the romantic spirit has been finally pecked to death by ridicule. Shaw and his disciples, however, achieve their effect by means of a trick. They pretend that an attack upon sentimentality is an exposure of romance. A brief article does not give scope for precise definitions of the words "romantic," "rationalistic," and "sentimental," and accordingly I can only offer suggestions, honestly made, of what they mean, and hope that, from point to point, the reader concurs.

The Rationalist is a man whose intelligence is stronger than his emotions. The Sentimentalist is his true complement. The Romantic stands half-way between the two; for although he values life chiefly for its emotional yield, he disputes the claim of the Rationalist to a monopoly of intelligence. Now, when the Rationalist says that a cinema-manager is romantic, we see

him performing his trick. He is implying that the Romantic persistently falsifies reality (of which more hereafter), presents life as though "love" were its only great interest and, with his instinct for concealing the dustbin behind a rose-tree, insists upon a happy ending to every story. Those, however, who plume themselves upon their immunity from mental astigmatism, ought to see that romance may be present as much in a voyage of discovery or a search for buried treasure as in a quest for the ideal companion; and ought to reflect that Prince Charlie, Mary Stuart, the Emperor Julian, and indeed, most of the historical persons who are generally accepted as romantic figures, were persons who failed and whose lives had certainly no comfortable ending. If I say, then, that the manager is sentimental and not romantic, I am suggesting that sentimentality is a spilling of emotion,—is emotion unconstrained by intelligence.

The Old Maid who treats her dog as though it had human sensibilities; the old man who resorts to a packet of faded love-letters, as another might to the bottle; and the anti-vivisectionist who talks as though a surgeon were actuated by a passion for giving pain,—all these are sentimentalists; for the Old Maid ought to know that her dog does not suffer if somebody calls him ugly; the old man that, in the sum of things, he is according too much value to his personal memories; and the humanitarian that the surgeon, perhaps mistakenly, believes himself to be about to prevent incalculable suffering. So, too, any person whose intelligence is not under-developed ought to know that art and science, the ruling of a country, the winning of wealth or renown, or a fight with injustice are objects in life that are as interesting as "love" itself, and that a happy ending is, in reality, not more common than the triumph of virtue.

When the Rationalist claims that the Romantic falsifies the truth about life, he brings us to the core of the quarrel. What truth does the Romantic falsify? Truth as seen by the Rationalist. Suppose, though, that "romance" is a flavour in life which some people only can detect? The man who should say that it is not there, would be twin to the man for whom nothing is comic. If you do not "see" a joke, you will say that it is not amusing: if you do not feel romance, you will say that romance is nonsense. The Romantic regards "love", for example, as a major experience of life, and women as, at best,

fit objects of idealisation. The Rationalist is nothing if not "knowing". He sees clearly that the Romantic is being fooled, for he "knows" that women use the male idealisation of themselves for the simple purposes of Nature and that, in consequence, a sex-relationship is a plain and practical business. Manifestly, if he takes this view of women he precludes himself from discovering anything else in them. Dante's view was considerably different; and if Shaw were to say that Dante was deceiving himself, Dante might well rejoin that Shaw is no better qualified to pronounce upon the subject than the shopkeepers of Plymouth to describe the South Seas.

II

If romance, then, is not sentimentality, what are the factors of which it is composed? Perhaps we may say that they are three, and that all three must be present together. The Romantic aims at self-realisation through his feelings. He considers that he will have misused life if he does not try to make it yield up the fullest and highest emotional experience of which he is capable. The first factor, then, is that, whether the emotion be adventurous, amorous or religious, there must be an emotional quest. Only the journalist, the nursemaid and the Rationalist assume that "love" is always romantic. There is nothing romantic in the decision of two people to live together, yet the journalist reports every wedding as a romance because he assumes that it is the culmen of an emotional quest.

He is using the word, however, too glibly. Neither Paolo nor Drake would be romantic figures if the former could at once have married Francesca or the latter have bought a Cook's coupon for the South Seas: for where there is no difficulty to overcome, there is no romance. The Romantic wants a great happiness so intensely that he will dare any danger and endure any hardship in order to obtain it; and if no dangers or difficulties confront him, the romance in his nature remains potential. And here is a spirit not common at the present time, for the after-war generation either does not believe that a high emotional experience is possible or is unwilling to try for it at the cost of much suffering.

To these two factors—the emotional quest and the tackling of

obstacles,—we must add a third. We must say that in a life or a story that is romantic there will be something of the unusual—that which Pater called "an element of strangeness." Why is the life of a city-clerk, whatever he may be potentially, not a romantic spectacle? Because it is repetitive and suggests no unexpected events. For the same reason we do not associate romance with machinery. For the same reason, again, there is less romance, by suggestion, in a straight road than in one that winds, in the streets of New York than in those of Naples, in a modern liner than in a sailing-ship. Moreover, if a millionaire marries the daughter of a stevedore, the journalist uses the word "romance" with redoubled gusto because, in addition to the emotional quest on the part of the millionaire, he perceives the factor of unexpected change in the life of the stevedore's daughter. The jog-trot of ordinary life has been varied. It is because of his liking for the gay-unexpected, that the Romantic, who more rejoices over the one Neapolitan barrel-pusher who became a world-famous tenor than he grieves over the ninety-and-nine who were left, ardently hopes that the Rationalist will never achieve a society of complete equality. And the Rationalist has usually a tendency toward socialism because, being predominantly intellectual, he would prefer that society should have the uniformity of a machine-product than the variety of something produced by nature. He had rather that the world should be dull than that it should not be as neat as a mathematical demonstration.

Literature will support, I think, these indications of what it is that makes up romance. Which are the high peaks of romantic fiction? Here, I submit, are some of them: *Sakuntala*, the *Odyssey*, *Aucassin and Nicolette*, *Le Morte d'Arthur*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *The Tempest*. What do we find in them? *Sakuntala* is the story of a king who hunts in a forest, finds a maiden whose personality is still fragrant after fifteen hundred years, falls in love with her and intends to marry her. After prolonged separation and distress, they reunite. The *Odyssey* tells of a king who, after long absence, experiences immense difficulty in coming to his home, his wife and his son; who kills those that have usurped his place and finds the happiness which he sought. Aucassin and Nicolette are two very young lovers who, forbidden to marry, become separated, and only reunite after much wandering and distress. The *Morte d'Arthur* is the story of a

king who inspires his knights with a longing to find the Holy Grail,—the object which, of all objects in the world, has for them the greatest emotional value. Romeo and Juliet are lovers who risk everything for the hope of a great happiness and who do not survive the difficulties which they encounter. *The Tempest* is a story of various people (not excluding Ariel and Caliban) who are seeking for various kinds of happiness and who, after persevering through many difficulties, achieve their desires. In all these stories we follow the fortunes of someone who goes all-out for the sake of experiencing a great emotion, and who meets with difficulties and with unusual events.

If I omit the wild story of Sinbad the Sailor it is because the protagonist is not inspired by any emotional quest. Just as a king may be royal in everything except in his nature, so may a man be the centre of romantic events and yet not be himself romantic. The life of Bernard Shaw, so far as I know of it, provides an excellent illustration. It has, in fact, so many parallels to the story of Sinbad that, in due time, Bernard Shaw is likely to be regarded as a fabulous figure. Think of it,—he sets out from a small green island to seek his fortune; he comes to another and larger island; he is frequently capsized into the sea of poverty; he is carried aloft, not by a great roc, but by a powerful editor; he knocks the serpent of hypocrisy on the head; he is plagued by the Old Man of the Sea, who is now known as Popular Prejudice, and gets rid of the Old Man by intoxicating him with sparkling jests; he meets a Strange Lady who conjures up the phantoms of his imagination in the dark cave of the Avenue Theatre; another Sorceress befriends him in like manner in a terrifying city which is perpetually overhung by smoke; he begins to consort with princes and wezeers; he gains vast wealth, his renown becomes immense; and finally his life, in at least one respect, outmarvels the life of his prototype, for now “when Sinbad’s beard was whitened by age” his lightest whisper travels immediately right round the earth. I can detect the romance in this story, but apparently the protagonist cannot.

III

Every disputant knows that it is easier to attack a statement than to justify it. The Romantic asserts that life can be beautiful

if we keep ourselves at high tension. He aims at a fine thing. Now, it is the fine thing that can most easily be ridiculed. Who can parody the mediocre? And the easy device by which the Rationalist ridicules the Romantic is the use of anti-climax. An anti-climax is produced by thwarting an expectation of beauty, and it amuses us because we all have an inclination to let ourselves “run down.” The Rationalist enjoys a play in which Julius Cæsar is presented as a funny old gentleman and Cleopatra as a thimble-headed schoolgirl. These persons, once fancied to be of more than common stature, have been reduced to his own size, and he need not stretch his personality in order to understand them. Again, he applauds the notion of using the early Christian martyrs as figures in a farcical comedy. *Androcles and the Lion* delighted its audience because they welcomed the invitation of an able writer to belittle the great. In reality, they were behaving like the oafs who, when they see a portrait of Nelson (let us say) on an advertisement-hoarding, display their wit by adding to it a pipe and a monocle, or like those ladies-in-waiting who, when their old mistress would no longer look in a mirror, blackened the face of Queen Elizabeth (as Ben Jonson tells us) and rejoiced in their comic genius.

Or again, we might say that the Romantic is like a man who attempts the high dive and the Rationalist like one who remains on the brink of the bath, paddling his toes. The latter is not only safe from making himself absurd but can complacently deride the failure of the unlucky, and, even if the diver succeeds, can readily prove that it is more sensible to slip into the water than to imitate the swallow. So, too, when middle-aged people refer to romance as a mere illusion of youth they are usually parading the fact that they have let themselves run down. It is easier to become paunchy than to keep athletic. And if they are dropping into the common error of identifying romance with sex-love, they are talking as foolishly as if they were to deride youth for being able to run faster than they themselves can any longer run.

IV

If we say that life has, for some people, a romantic flavour, we are not saying that it seems to them continuously or even

predominantly happy. I sometimes think that the *Odyssey* is an immortal story because it is the typical story of human life. For we must remember that when Odysseus arrived at Ithaca, he arrived alone, and that many of his companions had perished on the way, some having been devoured by Polyphemus, others changed into swine and others, again, sucked into the whirlpool between Scylla and Charybdis. Only the hero completely triumphs, only the man who is at once indomitable and lucky. Most of the voyagers neither triumph nor perish but meet with an intermediate fate.

Indeed, I should say that every man might recognise a large part of his own life when he reads the *Odyssey*. He has only to transpose the events of the old story into modern terms. What though it be an abstract evil, instead of a physical monster, that we have to slay? The emotional experience will be no different, and that is the romantic element. Similarly, though we do not steer a ship in an unknown sea, we steer our consciousness through sixty or seventy uncharted years. Once we have started upon our voyage we find about us a world of inexhaustible interest,—of rivers, mountains and forests, of cities bloomed by the history of centuries,—and, above us, a sky which by day shows the burning heart of our planetary system and by night is “fretted with golden fire”: a setting sufficiently beautiful and strange to befit the most romantic of journeys. And is it not, too, in the spirit of romance that at last—perhaps in pain, perhaps in a dream—we should disembark on the boundary of the familiar world and go, as if across a range of blue hills, into the void or the new and unimaginable country that lies beyond them? All that is lacking to make life a romance is that the traveller should believe in the possibility of finding a great beauty; and if we have no such belief, we are not perhaps wiser than those who have, but are merely like the shopkeepers of Plymouth.

Love will not give to us anything finer than what we ask of it, nor will the ruler of a country direct it more nobly than we require of him. We are poor-spirited if we wantonly allow life to run down, and vulgar if we deride those who strive to maintain it at a level of some beauty. No Romantic looking back on experience, however far it had fallen short of his hope, would envy the temperament of a Rationalist.

THE NEW EMPIRE CRUSADE

By J. H. HARLEY

LORD Beaverbrook, in that New Empire Crusade of which he has become the diligent sponsor, has, at any rate, obliged us to consider some of the less proximate problems of politics. There are, to be sure, a few parliamentary cynics who persist in regarding what is acclaimed as a Policy for Prosperity, as designed simply to resuscitate the faded fortunes of a dispirited Conservative party. Perhaps these critics are dowered with the historical complex and imagine that the present is only a disguised edition of the past. At any rate, according to the testimony of General Seely, in some fragments of his coming Memoirs which have recently appeared in the Press, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain launched his older idea of an Imperial Zollverein in the summer of 1903 on account of the hopeless confusion of the Government and the Unionist party at that particular epoch. It was sometime before that date that he had conceived his great idea. He had paid a memorable visit to South Africa and expected to find on his return to England a strong and united party. Instead of that, he found the older men confused and divided, and the younger men out of touch with their weak party leadership. He tried to stir the nation to a fresh interest by his new campaign and it is no doubt tempting to the historical mind to believe that, in this case, history is repeating itself.

But it would be a mistake to think of this latest movement for Empire Free Trade as simply born of the difficulties of the day, and therefore destined to decay and fritter into oblivion when the day has passed to its close. It is true that, in some respects, this new Empire Crusade is associated with a party point of view. Lord Beaverbrook, for example, could hardly have stood in the shoes of Mr. William Graham, the Labour President of the Board of Trade, when, at Geneva, he proposed to the European nations a Customs Truce to last for two or three years. Rather would Lord Beaverbrook have come bearing not peace but a sword. Still the notion of regarding the Empire

as a single economic group obliges us to pause and think, because it connects itself with some of the deeper and more significant tendencies of the time. All kinds of national and social movements are craving to be linked up in wider and wider combinations. The separated Presbyterian Churches of Scotland merge into one. Industry asks to be rationalised in formidable cartels. Russia constitutes herself a Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. At Kyoto there has met an Institute of Pacific Relations. Briand ventilates the idea of a United States of Europe, and as all true statesmanship, like the Hegelian philosophy, consists in thinking out things together, it will certainly repay us for our pains if we connect Lord Beaverbrook's important proposal with other suggested combinations, especially with that of the United States of Europe.

Of course there is a great deal, in the particular form which this proposal of an Empire Crusade has assumed, which both invites and withers under criticism. Its main object, as has been pointed out, is to regard the British Empire as a single economic group, but there is no pretence that with all its wide territorial expanse—occupying one fourth of the world's surface—the British Empire, or as some would prefer to call it the British Commonwealth of Nations, is at the present, or will at any immediate future time be regarded as absolutely self-contained. Of necessary foodstuffs a surplus would still have to be obtained from other nations. For essential raw materials it could not hope to supply the whole manufacturing demand. But, when in doubt for the present, a draft can always be drawn on the more distant bank of futurity. The Empire to-day is grossly undeveloped. Throughout its vast areas there are millions of acres lying idle which might presumably be used for the production of food. Surely an Imperial Zollverein would stimulate such potentialities into active and energising actualities. It is all very prospective, no doubt, and it is hardly fitted to give an island race that sense of security which is needed, if they decide to change their horses when crossing a deep and difficult stream.

There is, however, another pertinent criticism which may be offered. The object of the new Crusade is to bring about a condition of free trade all throughout the Empire. But, perhaps owing to a preoccupation with the future rather than the present,

there is no recognition of the fact that to-day India is practically a Free Trade country. Indeed, Free Trade is in effect enjoyed by practically 95 per cent. of the population of our Empire. Consequently, in the first place, the Free Trade efforts of the Crusaders would have to be directed towards converting the Irish Free State, as well as enlisting in their new quest the other self-governing Dominions, such as Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. In these countries is it really self-evident that the Crusaders would be entirely successful? Are the Dominions yearning to break down these Tariff wars which shut off their infant industries from the onset of a country more industrially developed? Lord Beaverbrook has evidently some lingering doubts as regards their answer to this very essential question. And to provide against undesirable contingencies, there is the proviso in the programme of the New Crusaders that, in the case of certain key industries, "a measure of protection is absolutely essential even against imports from other portions of the Empire." So much then for a Free Trade Empire!

Still, when all has been urged that can be urged against Lord Beaverbrook's proposal, it remains true as has already been indicated, that it is one of these excursions into the remoter possibilities of politics which every thinking statesman must consider and evaluate. In some respects it is connected with present day political divisions and it would undoubtedly be regarded as characteristic of the ideals of the more active spirits of the existing Conservative party. But in other respects it cuts across the narrow boundaries of merely party associations. It is not without justification that Lord Beaverbrook adduces, as evidence of the catching quality of his proposals, the statement of Mr. Ben Tillett, M.P. at the Trades Union Congress on 2nd September, 1929, that, "We must organise as America has organised." It is significant too, that Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P. the Lord Privy Seal, when he has to find some hope for the unemployed, goes first to Canada to interview the heads of great industries in that country. In fact we are all bound, unless the future is to surprise us like a thief in the night, to consider the attitude and place of Great Britain in the wider combinations of the future. How do we stand in relation to our colonies and dominions as members of a great and formidable world Commonwealth? How is the idea of the British Commonwealth

of Nations related to the cognate idea of the United States of Europe? Can Great Britain be related only to the one, to the exclusion and even to the rough exclusion of the other? Will her right policy not turn out to be connected in some particular fashion with both?

One thing is quite certain, and that is that the conception of the United States of Europe is not even at this stage to be dismissed as nebulous or impossible. One of the last articles that Dr. Stresemann wrote before his death was a contribution to the 'American Ladies' Home Magazine' commending this project. M. Zaleski, the Foreign Minister of Poland, made the point, in regard to it, that there should be justice and equality as between its agricultural and industrial constituent parts. Obviously its orientation as well as that of the parallel proposal of Lord Beaverbrook is in the first place economic. There is no purpose served by looking on it, as some of its British critics have done, as primarily the proposal for a big political Federation like the United States of America. Its first fruit would probably be a Convention for a Customs Truce for two or three years, signed by a number of European countries. Then this brief interval in time would be utilised for negotiating a Collective Agreement for the lowering of Tariffs. At Geneva, as has been pointed out, the proposal for a Customs Truce has already been made by Mr. William Graham, under the auspices of the League of Nations itself. Already, however, the pertinent criticism has been made that this is giving the League economically too exclusively a European aspect. There is some amount of point in this criticism, and that is the justification for the economic functions of a United States of Europe with its rationalisation of industries, its quotas, and its regulation of output according to the latest fashion.

Now it is perfectly evident that in the form in which he presents it at present, Lord Beaverbrook's Free Trade Empire would be brought into instant economic antagonism with the United States of Europe. Indeed the whole course of Conservative economic policy, before the last General Election tended not in the direction of freer, but of more fettered trade with the Continent. The Safeguarding movement is a case in illustration of this general thesis. The suspension of diplomatic relations with Russia is another. Lord Beaverbrook's economic

indifference to Poland is a third. And this economic coldness showed itself during the Foreign Secretaryship of Sir Austen Chamberlain in a growing sense of political disinterestedness, so far, at any rate, as the Eastern part of Europe was concerned. This is quite implicit in Sir Austen's Pact of Locarno, and one of the most vehement utterances at Geneva of the last Foreign Secretary was that in which he declined to take on any fresh responsibilities for the future peace of the Continent. Often his deeds cut deeper than his words, but his words plainly showed what difficulties for Great Britain are latent in a plan which means that this country, reversing her Free Trade policy, may begin to erect high and yet higher Tariff walls against all the rest of Europe.

It might be advisable to face such economic antagonisms if the continued existence of the British Commonwealth of Nations were the stake for which we played. But is there any real evidence that this is the case? We have seen in the first place that it is doubtful whether the Dominions would ever consent to enter a purely Free Trade Union, which would expose their younger industries to the full force of our unfettered competition. And even if in the second place they founded their economic union with the Mother country on a voluntary system of preferences, is it at all certain that they would formally ask, as a return for such preferences, for the abandonment of our Free Trade policy? This may become quite clear in the economic conference which it is hoped to hold next year at Ottawa. But, up to the present time, the meetings between the Empire Premiers have not indicated that the Dominions would adopt any such stiff and stubborn attitude. Probably Mr. Coates of New Zealand, among recent Dominion Premiers, came nearest to the formulation of such a demand. Mr. Bruce, the last Prime Minister of Australia also appeared to sympathise with it. But all the same the demand was never formally and uncompromisingly made. It probably never will be made; and in the assurance of this fact the future position of Great Britain, as regards its relation to the British Commonwealth of Nations on the one hand, and to a United States of Europe on the other is made much more certain and clear.

What is the logical deduction from all this? Surely that the continuance of the British Free Trade policy is essential to Great

Britain's future economic prosperity. Only as a Free Trade country can Mr. Graham keep us in touch with a freer trade movement, in a future United States of Europe, without prejudicing the future of the British Commonwealth of Nations itself. As a Free Trade country Great Britain can become the mediating link between the great economic combinations of the future. She is not then exposed to the risk of a Tariff war with the United States of America. She can join wholeheartedly in the European movement towards freer trade and the rationalisation of fundamental industries. She can speak with a clear conscience in the coming economic conference of the British Commonwealth of Nations. This dual rôle in Europe and in the Dominions would be impossible, if either the United States of Europe or the British Commonwealth of Nations was going to be a Federal Union, as unyielding and compact as that of the United States of America. But the old Federal Union of States with contiguous territories is a combination born of the past. We are moving to looser and equally vital combinations where there can be greater autonomy in the parts and where seas or land corridors may separate one constituent state from its neighbour. Dr. Stresemann was evidently working to such a conception, though it was her failure to realise it immediately that has made Germany exhibit such a hopeless attitude in regard to the slice of Polish territory which separates her mainland from East Prussia. Obviously, in a United States of Europe, this question will have ceased to trouble and it is also because the ground plan of these future combinations of States is so different from what it was in any older generation, that Lord Beaverbrook's idea of a Zollverein, confined to the Empire alone, is such an extremely superannuated thought. In the latter part of the nineteenth century Sir John Seeley anticipated peace from an imaginary United States of Europe which would be framed on the exact analogy of the United States of America; but that is not the dominating conception which competes to-day with Lord Beaverbrook's proposal of a new Empire Crusade.

Goethe has somewhere reminded us of Saul, son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. In the same way we have started this paper on the quest of the new Empire Crusade, but we have ended by discovering two new combinations, the United States of Europe, and the British

Commonwealth of Nations. Only these new combinations are not at all like the old. They need not indulge in an unyielding rivalry by launching a series of disastrous Tariff wars. There is the Free Trade Britain to mediate between the two, by being connected as an integral part with both combinations. This produces many results in the political sphere which are of infinite importance for the world's future international unity. It prevents the possible breaking up of the League of Nations. If, for economic purposes, a British Empire and a United States of Europe formed two rival combinations with great high Tariff walls separating them from each other and from the United States of America, it is difficult to believe that this insensate economic separatism would not invade and influence the political sphere as well. But the fact that Great Britain, to the extent already discovered, mediates between the two larger economic combinations will give the victory to political internationalism, despite the coyness of Russia or of the United States of America. Otherwise it would be impossible for Great Britain to make her position in a European combination consistent with her duties to her Dominions. According to General Smuts, in his recent Rhodes lecture at Oxford, that difficulty has already emerged. But General Smuts argues from the conceptions of the past. He still remains in that Lloyd George mind which supervened after the Treaty of Versailles, and his attitude to the Continental nations is such that, on his lines, disarmament would be for ever impossible. New times bring new conceptions to birth; and it is to the lasting credit of Lord Beaverbrook that he has obliged us to march a little further in our Empire Crusade than he himself had intended, in search of the great animating conceptions which are to rule the political and economic combinations of the future.

WALL STREET AND THE INTERNATIONAL BANK

BY H. C. TRENCH

TWENTY-TWO years ago the United States faced the most disastrous financial catastrophe in her history. At that time, in the latter part of 1906, Europe had become involved in great stringency of money due to the heavy demand for gold on American account, and prophets were not lacking to foretell the fatal consequences of the reckless speculation and over-trading then in progress. In March of the next year a severe fall took place in American stock values while financial affairs all over the world were dominated by American influences. For a few months the position steadied, and the London bank rate was raised to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.: then in October the inevitable happened. The failure of the Knickerbocker Trust caused the usual run on the Banks and Trust Companies. Other lesser concerns, top-heavy for too long, crashed almost in unison, and in a few days the American money market was involved in a disaster of unprecedented magnitude. The only durable consequence of this catastrophe, since misfortune will never allay the desire to speculate, was the planting of the germ of the Federal Reserve System—the aim being to provide, by means of a Central Bank, a way of escape from the domination of the New York money market. In 1913 the results of the Aldrich commission, which was appointed to examine and report on the banking systems of the leading European Countries, were seen in the establishment at the end of the year, of the Federal Reserve System, by means of which it was hoped to secure for the United States a degree of financial stability and order unknown in her previous history. The events of the last fifteen months, and in particular the spectacular falls of October and November provoke the question as to whether in fact the system has, in its 15 years of life, given cohesion to American banking; whether it has exercised at all any serious influence and control over the money market.

The World War changed the position of the United States

from a debtor to a creditor nation to the extent of approximately fifteen thousand million dollars. The United States alone among the belligerents was able to remain on the gold standard, and she contrived to accumulate about one half of all the monetary gold in the world. She was, thus, in a position to start on a peace programme in almost ideal conditions. The absorption power of Europe for American goods appeared unlimited, and profits and prosperity rose to undreamed of heights. As a consequence, the vast speculative movement, of which the end has just been seen, swept into its orbit all classes of the community, and the number of paper millionaires multiplied prodigiously. For the rest of the world this movement was the source of the greatest embarrassment, to which no sharp termination will be put by the "slump." So far as Great Britain is concerned, among other inconveniences, were the increased cost of finance to traders, the increased cost of the floating debt, increased cost of the service of the British Debt to the United States, increased cost of imports and the reduction of the gold stock in one year by nearly £50,000,000 sterling. In addition, the movement also provoked a crisis in the Foreign Exchanges.

But little advantage has been gained by America in those six years of international embarrassment, nor can the Central Bank find cause for satisfaction in the losses and inconveniences sustained by the rest of the world, for the outstanding factor in these events has been the complete failure of the Federal Reserve to exercise any control whatever over the Money Market. Instead of taking active steps to cure the over-speculation movement and relieve the credit situation by a gradual and persistent increase in the re-discount rate, the Federal Reserve, with the exception of an advance of 1 per cent. in August, contented itself with warnings, appeals and vague threats. In such circumstances, and with such an example, it is not to be wondered at that, in March last, when the call money rate rose to 20 per cent., certain of the larger Banks supplied funds for the declared purpose of supporting the market and deferring the impending money panic.

Why, it will be asked, did the Federal Reserve take no steps to remedy or relieve a state of affairs of which the ultimate consequences must have been seen as inevitable? The answer lies in the fact that in spite of the good account which it gave of itself in the War years, the system is fundamentally unsound.

Unsound for the reason that it contravenes one of the basic principles of Central Banking, namely, that a Central Bank as regards policy and management should and must be, free from Government control and the influence of politics. Political considerations gave birth to the system: political considerations continue to govern its administration; and political considerations must inevitably influence the control exercised by the co-ordinating body, the Federal Reserve Board. In appointing as Chairman of the Board, the Secretary of the Treasury, and as a member of the Board, the Comptroller of Currency, the Act paved the way for an inevitable entanglement between the Reserve System and the Treasury policy.

This unnatural alliance has resulted in the sort of clash which generally takes place where there is an attempt to marry politics to finance. We do not have to look far to trace the reason why political considerations were allowed to over-rule sound financial practice. The political results of firm action would obviously have been awkward for a party who, since the Coolidge boom, have taken national prosperity as their particular pride and property.

So melancholy an object lesson in the failure of finance when dominated by politics may well give cause for reflection to those enthusiasts who would see our own Central Bank controlled by the Government in power.

* * *

The influence which politics may exert on finance has been noted, but some equally striking results can be observed when the position is reversed, when a check is put on political activities by means of financial pressure. For many years the Austrian Bodencreditanstalt occupied a prominent position among Continental Banks. As is the custom of such Institutions, the Bank had wide industrial interests, the most notable being the Steyr Motor Works, the Mautner Textile works and the Fante Oil refineries. Among its more prominent shareholders were the National Bank of Austria, Messrs. Schroder & Co. of London, Messrs. J. P. Morgan of New York, and the Belgian Solvay concern. The balance sheet for 1928 received some adverse criticism on the score of unhealthy proportion between its own resources and the funds entrusted to it, and rumours as to its unreliable position were current on the Continent for several

months prior to October; in particular it was known that the Bank was engaged in political activities, affording special support to the Austrian Fascist group. It thus became involved in the recent political crisis, with the immediate consequence that the substantial loan about to be granted to it by an American Financial House was cancelled. The Bodencreditanstalt, faced with inevitable collapse, was saved by the direct intervention of the Austrian Chancellor, who prevailed on the Creditanstalt to rescue it by absorption and so save the country from a political and economic disaster of considerable magnitude. The downfall of this influential Bank after sixty years of progressive prosperity is again an object lesson in the danger of allowing legitimate financial activities to become subservient to political aims.

Time and again in Post-War years have politics come into conflict with finance and in no single instance has there been a successful union of the two, for the reason that while politics vary with the expediences of the day, the principles of sound finance remain immutable.

Before considering whether the International Bank can carry on its activities irrespective of political fluctuations, it is well to remember what are its ostensible functions and its possible lines of development. Its operations as a Clearing House for Reparation payments and, since the relation has been recognised, for Inter-Allied Debts, is theoretically simple, and offers, among others, the manifold advantages of cancelling out and so eliminating the risks of fluctuating exchanges. Of what nature the relation will be between the Bank and the Federal Reserve, since they can apparently have no official connection, it is difficult to foresee. But while the recent visit of the Governor of the Bank of England to New York resulted in the adoption of a more cautious attitude to the project on the part of the United States, more recent indications go to show that the recovery of a certain amount of gold for the purposes of the Bank would be facilitated by the Federal Reserve, and there is no doubt that this would contribute appreciably towards alleviating the difficulties of the new Bank's foundation. Meanwhile, however, the problem, attendant on so unprecedented an undertaking of the selection of Headquarters has been settled, the Baden Baden Committee having decided upon Basle. In addition to acting

as Trustee and administrator of the Reparations Scheme, the Bank will act as a Clearing House for gold transactions, thus eliminating to a large extent the transshipment of gold. Among numerous objections it is stated that it will interfere with existing Central Banks, and that it will take on duties already adequately performed by the latter. This objection, however, is surely met by a consideration of its constitution. As the nucleus of the Directorate is composed of two Directors from each of the Central Banks of the seven Reparation Countries, it is fairly certain that no interference will take place in their respective national spheres; and since Central Banks must depend for their success on co-operation, a co-ordinating instrument in the shape of the International Bank should be all to the good.

An interesting example of such co-operation was to be seen a few weeks ago in the action of the Bank of Poland. Although it was, at the time, more advantageous to buy gold in London, the Bank of Poland covered its requirements in New York at an additional expense estimated at £10,000, no trifling sum for a country of Poland's financial capacity. In view particularly of the fact that Central Banks whose position was much stronger, were at the time filling their requirements in London, the action of the Bank of Poland was in the highest degree praiseworthy.

To what extent the Bank will conform to the recognised principles of Central Banking, or to give it a more complete and specially applicable designation, Central Reserve Banking, is a question that is generally asked. Will it ultimately come to possess the right of note issue? This, for reasons in connection with gold supply, appears to be inevitable. More than one eminent economist has drawn attention to the increasing scarcity of gold, and the menace provided by a new Bank coming into the market as a competitor for this commodity is one which Bankers fully realise. Unless the scarcity is efficiently counteracted, it may well cause a general and serious economic depression, and without systematic regulation of the monetary demand for gold, there appears to be little hope for the stabilisation of the value of the commodity itself. There are two obvious means of limiting the demand, either by eliminating the use of gold coins as currency, or by gradually reducing the demand for gold from the Central Banks for covering their notes.

The latter expedient has, of course, been practised to some extent through international co-operation under the guidance of the Bank of England, but the policy of the Federal Reserve, in view of America's holding, appears to dominate the situation. Increased international co-operation between the Central Banks to limit the demand would seem imperative, and though in the beginning the International Bank may appear in the guise of a new competitor, this rôle will be only a transient one. But the danger of an appreciable rise in the value of gold, through competition to acquire it, meaning as it would a serious aggravation of the present international burden of debts, is one too serious to ignore.

Again we must come back to the World's creditor nation, which it would appear must either accept goods and service in payment of the debts due to her or face the risks involved in a demand for payment in gold. No more illuminating exposition of the dangers of the gold position has been made than that of the Federal Advisory Council at the time of the Dawes Reports:—

“ Unless America finds ways and means to permit her excessive banking strength to benefit other countries, particularly those striving to bring their house in order, the dollar cannot maintain its position as a world standard for exchange, and foreign countries—and even American banking and commerce—will, once more, in a larger degree become dependent upon and tributary to the pound sterling, to the greater exclusion of the dollar. It is idle, however, to preach the use of the dollar, unless at the same time we render it possible for other countries to avail themselves of our dollar facilities. It is obvious that our credit power cannot continue to grow indefinitely without danger of over-saturation. If the stream of gold that floods our shores is not stemmed in time, it is to be feared that ultimately we will not be able to ward off its inflatory effects. Credit and currency inflation would only aggravate the economic maladjustment already existing within our boundaries, a maladjustment which not only disturbs and endangers our trade with other countries, but which makes our agricultural situation particularly difficult and distressing.”

After five years the flood of gold shows little sign of abating,

while the question of supply has become one of the major problems of world finance.

If the International Bank, in its capacity as a Central Bank of Central Banks, and by the establishment of a real understanding with the Federal Reserve divorced from political control, can provide the basis of a solution to the gold question, then it will have more than justified the hopes of its sponsors. Next to the matter of gold supplies the most important sphere in which the Bank would operate would be in the purchase and sale of securities—releasing money or credit by the former, and withdrawing it from the market by the latter process. The effects of such operations on currency could, undoubtedly, be deep and widespread. Although ordinary commercial activities are outside its proposed scope one most definite function is to further the development of world trade, open up new markets and use the credits at its disposal for that purpose.

While no appreciable progress can be made without the collaboration of the world's creditor nation, it is also quite certain that the need is mutual between debtors and creditor. America's international financial position is inseparably linked with the policy of the Federal Reserve and the foreign Central Banks; and upon the degree of co-operation between them will depend the degree of smoothness or disturbance which will characterise her financial progress. If the International Bank plays a leading rôle in directing the large monetary movements necessary to the liquidation of international debts, it may be safely claimed that the whole world will benefit by its operations.

OTHER PEOPLE'S MEMORIES

By E. M. MARTIN

MUCH of pleasure has come to us by way of memory, other people's memories rather than our own; haphazard tales, adventures, romances that have grown with us, colouring our judgments and making certain figures stand out from the past "large as life," or possibly a trifle larger. It is thus we come to be on terms of easy friendship with men and women we have never seen; are as familiar with their faces as though their portraits were hanging on our walls; and have learnt to understand a habit of life and thought that had left the world long before we were born into it. Sometimes when chancing across the names of these real though shadowy people in some recently published book, we are astonished, even a little hurt, to find that our impressions do not always fit in with the author's facts: "it was not thus they looked" when we first heard their story from those who had either known them, or else in their turn remembered. Memories of still older memories, they had about them the glamour of some half-forgotten page of history, often through some personal link of association with the first listener, so that for us, as once for him, they were as tales but of yesterday.

Content to catch some colour from other and more varied lives, I have always been a willing listener, accepting, without too close a questioning whatever garrulous gossips were pleased to tell me. Most of the tales were probably true, though some may have been skilfully ornamented to bring them nearer to a finished perfection: so have all true artists fashioned their works since Homer told of the two tongues.

To-day Louis Philippe can find but few sympathisers. Honest, stolid, lacking dignity, he stands as the incarnation of all those virtues before which we have long ceased to burn incense, and for us, eighteen hundred and forty-eight is no such vital landmark in history—we have lived through tenser days. But to those who were young when, throneless and crownless, the French

king came to ask hospitality from the English queen, he was not merely a romantic figure but a portent; a foreshadowing of what might one day happen in their own carefully guarded and governed island; and his name gives a touch of romance to a story that without it, would have been merely a setting back of the clock that one small child might learn how far and how fast the world had travelled for the story teller. An orphan, with no future before her but what she could make for herself when she had worked out her apprenticeship as pupil teacher in a "select" school, her life was bounded by the walls and hedges of its great garden in the year of storm and stress that brought the French king to England. It was then tragedy came to the school. A girl was dying; dying, so said a doctor more truthful than polite, of neglect; and though it was hardly possible they could come in time, someone must carry the news to the father and mother: oddly enough the choice fell on the youngest pupil teacher. Of that anxious journey she remembered every mile—the goodbye at the school door in the dusk and chill of early morning; the order to "spare no expense"; the gold and notes slipped into the unaccustomed hand that had never held so much of wealth before and was seldom to hold as much again; the drive along country roads past villages that loomed ghostly in the mist; until at Richmond, the first halting stage was reached, and driving up to the "Star and Garter" she asked with the reckless ease of a new made millionaire, for "a room, a breakfast, and a post chaise."

But at the "Star and Garter" all was bustle and excitement. The French king and his suite were expected, and no one had any time to spare for a red headed school girl; for her, there was no room in the inn. Everywhere she heard the same tale, until it almost seemed that the fall of a dynasty was to touch even her quiet life. At last, after many delays and rebuffs, a bed was found for her in a cottage where grooms and stable boys were sometimes lodged, and a post chaise promised for the rest of the journey across country that, as yet, the railway lines had not touched. Wrapped in her cloak in the room in the roof that was all the cottagers could give her, she lay on her bed, watch in hand, fearful lest they should forget to wake her; and that room stayed in her memory when other and more outstanding experiences were forgotten: in the chill of extreme old age she remembered the diamond paned windows, the white curtains with their

border of pansies, and the lump of white coral set in a flower pot on the window sill. Roused from her sleep by the rumbling of wheels, the friendly clip-clop of horses' hooves, the cracking of whips, she ran down the narrow stairs and stood on the doorstep to watch a long line of carriages go past; then someone whispered, "The French King," and she saw Louis Philippe and always believed that he, too, saw her. That moment she never forgot. "I knew then what it meant to have lost everything"; so she told the tale. The heavy jaw; the sombre eyes; the stooping figure that had so little of dignity about it, was for her, something almost sacred: the man who had lost everything was at that moment re-anointed, re-crowned. The rest of the journey passed without let or hindrance; the father and mother were in time to see their child die: then the tale wandered off to the sudden closing of the school, and her own consequent struggles, triumphs and disappointments.

With another of her stories the earlier chapters of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* are tangled up; perhaps because it too told of a London as strangely remote as the London of Becky's school days. Her father—an author who had some passing success in his day—had met with most of the writers of note at Colburn's friendly dinner table where they were smiled upon by Colburn's pretty wife: he had joked with Hook, laughed with Harriet Martineau and at Hepworth Dixon, and formed a close friendship, unbroken till his death, with Tom Hood. The tale was of a party given by the Hoods somewhere about Christmas, to which she, being a delicate child, was sent in a bath chair, with the glasses down, muffled up in shawls, rugs and cloaks like some lame old woman, for those were not the days of the fresh air habit. Half stifled; stiff from the mummy-like wrappings; dazzled by the London lamps that seemed of a wonderful brilliance to eyes newly come from the soft darkness of country lanes; the party with its homely gaiety, charades, snapdragon and feasting held her tongue-tied: afterwards she remembered it as a picture from which some of the colours had faded leaving the rest all the more sharply outlined. Of the children who romped and played with her that gay, long ago Christmas she could remember nothing; but of Fanny Hood she always spoke as "the most beautiful girl" she had ever seen; she could give no description of her, only the impression remained of a rare and unusual beauty. When she

was home again in the country rectory where gaiety was a none too frequent guest, her father asked if she had seen Mr. Hood? Yes, she had seen him. And what had she thought of him? This was a harder question to answer. At last, after some hesitation she said he came in late and was very silent; but whenever he did speak, he always said, "something funny and everybody laughed. But he had such a sad face all the time; I never saw anyone look so sad." Her father, who was then writing to Hood, told him what the child had said; his answer, a postscript at the end of a long letter, ran—"Your pretty Fanny sees far too much with those bright eyes of hers."

That letter, with many others from Hood to her father, travelled about with her for the best part of a long life; but since poverty is often a-foot having no abiding place, on one of her many journeys the box was lost. Whether the loss was as great as she imagined it to be, who can say; it had vanished long before the beautiful voice, that time itself could not spoil, began the story telling.

To a child, a tale told is always more real, more convincing, than anything he can read in a book, that is if it tells of real people: fairies, goblins, the world of enchanted woods and waters, of good and evil spirits, are best believable seen on the printed page. For with but few exceptions, when grown people talk to children of things that were once a part of the nursery creed, something of unreality is apt to creep through all the fanciful painting: the frame work of their dream house has rotted with the years. The book has no such troubling hint of unbelief; so left to himself the child may take livery and seizin of the Fortunate Isles, or peg out his holding in the land of Cockaigne. The only condition is that the book shall be read in solitary places—under the garden hedge, in the orchard, or the lumber room where no one is likely to come and break the quiet: it was the peace of the cloisters that brought visions to monks in their cells, and made the very wisest of them, in moments of ecstasy, as innocent of doubt as the child under the hedge.

To-day the telling of tales has fallen somewhat out of fashion. People guard their memories jealously until the time seems ripe to make them into a book; where, set in a waste of words and finished with elaborate care, they lose all freshness, like wild flowers kept over night in a heated room. Among the men of

old time there was a larger generosity: all the crumbs were not swept up in a spirit of carping parsimony; some were left on the floor that hungry dogs might have their fill of them; and in this way were gathered together a goodly store of fragments—rags from the torn skirts of history; not all, perhaps, of equal value, but at least to be reckoned among the Eastern merchants' semi-precious gems. As such they have not been despised by writers all along the centuries, Herodotus being perhaps the best known example; though monkish chroniclers have trod the same flowery way, enlivening their pages of dreary theology or dry disputations upon "Grammar, Rhetoric and Dialectic" with tales that, even if we count them as fables, show us the living minds of the men who thus let their pens and their fancies go on holiday. A common-place book is often the best of company; not because its bald statements sometimes contradict the careful notes of approved scholars; but that we may learn from them what men thought, as well as what they did, in the old time before us.

There were great letter writers in the days before Rome broke and new men set to work to rebuild the world out of the highly polished fragments of her ordered learning; and the man who can write a good letter, should by all the rules of odd and even be too a good story teller. For a letter is the most intimate form of writing, more so than all the "Confessions" and "Diaries" that were never meant to perish: it is, or should be, effortless, with no thought of any other ending than the fire or the dustheap; a conversation made to please to which the answer can only be heard by the quick ear of friendship. Yet it can be too, a finished piece of hypocrisy, at the sheer cleverness of which we stand amazed, though it may leave a sour taste on the tongue. Great letter writers to-day are few; the telephone and the wireless are driving the pen into the enforced inactivity of an honourable old age; the click of the typewriter has largely dispelled the old illusion that a writer needs quiet, though a comparison with the best known names of the moment with those of the day before yesterday make this at least, an arguable dictum. A writer who stands mid-way between the two schools, once told me that his eye helped him fully as much as his ear, and that guiding the pen to form the letters on the page was an effectual check on careless expression that no fingering of the keyboard, or dictation could ever give. Whether at the time I believed him or not I

cannot say; now, comparing his earlier work with the new, I have but little doubt he was right; the beauty and balance that came "from guiding the pen to form the letters on the page" have gone.

Had some of the great story tellers of the last century known the day of the typewriter and the sympathetic girl secretary, would they have gained or lost? The erasures in the manuscripts must give the answer—those considered errata of the artist who worked on a large canvas and yet never blurred the details of his picture.

I once heard a story that, so far as I know, has not found its way into print; a story of a dark night barren of stars, and of two men crossing the Channel on the mail packet, who, in spite of wind and weather, never left the deck but paced it side by side talking of the Paris they both knew, yet with the inbred caution of Englishmen saying nothing that could make them known the one to the other. At last the talk turned on smuggling, a subject of which the one man had seemingly a wealth of knowledge, the other little or none. Finding they were both staying in Folkestone until the noon of the next day, the older man suggested they should spend the morning together, and prowl round the more picturesque parts of the town, especially the smuggler's quarters, then still but little touched or improved. To the young man that was an unforgettable morning, and the hours flew, swift-winged; for he was listening to a romance of the sea told with so much of force and fire that he could almost believe himself to be playing a part in this unwritten drama; now as the smuggler with a price upon his head, now as the runner slowly but surely tracking him down.

Held by the flood of words, compelled by some charm in the story teller's voice and manner, he willingly agreed to lunch with him at a shabby little out-of-the-way inn only known to sea-faring folk, and afterwards to walk along the cliffs to Dover. The tale went on as the miles went on—of a murder; a late repentance; an escape along the very cliffs on which they were walking. At one dramatic moment they stood still, while the story teller pointed to a clump of gorse and bramble in a hollow just below the cliff's edge. "He lay hidden there for six hours," he said impressively, speaking of his ragged hero; and sounding through the breaking of the waves below them, it seemed to the listener

that he heard the panting breath and beating heart of the hunted man.

The end came all too soon. As they neared Dover, a curious change came over the tale teller—suddenly he seemed to stand aloof, to be almost unfriendly. "Here we part," he said abruptly; "you to your way, I to mine;" then seeing the disappointment in the young man's face, he added with an air of conscious patronage, "I have been glad of your company." But not so would the other say good-bye to this magic maker. "At least tell me your name? I have never known"—He was waved to silence; while taking off his hat and standing like an actor about to speak his closing lines, the tale teller said, with all due solemnity, "Charles Dickens"; and was gone before there was time for an answer.

PROSPERITY IN SWEDEN

BY T. G. BARMAN

THE history of modern Sweden is largely the history of her great joint stock companies. Her post-war prosperity is due to a great extent to the far-sighted leadership of her handful of great industrialists, and, even more, of her financiers. The shares of these great joint stock companies are regularly dealt in on the Stock Exchanges of London, New York, Paris, Berlin, Frankfort, Amsterdam, Basle, Zurich, and, of course, Stockholm, and are thus of great interest to foreign investors. There are six of these international companies, and they have a total share capital and debenture issue of Kr. 800 millions, or about half of Sweden's national debt. The market value of the capital and the debentures is close on Kr. 2,500 millions, or more than fifty per cent. in excess of Sweden's total foreign indebtedness. It is quite impossible, therefore, to consider the history of modern Sweden without also closely considering the history of these Companies which are mainly responsible for her present prosperity and wealth.

A country not originally rich in capital, Sweden has expanded and grown wealthy by a wise and cautious financial policy, and by a judicious use of the surplus funds of wealthier countries. All this has been done without political pressure, without mailed-fist methods, without military adventures of any kind. It has been done by a small power with a tiny and scattered population, and with no colonies from which to draw treasure. Indeed, one might almost go so far as to say that if Sweden had been a great power, it is more than probable that other States would have done everything possible to hinder the triumphant march of these companies. But as Sweden is a small power, of no great military or naval significance, her motives are not immediately and spontaneously suspect. "We Swedes are proud to state that Sweden's progress began slowly but steadily soon after her decline from the status of a great power The nineteenth century marks the change of Sweden from a principally agricultural

to an industrial country. But the most material development has taken place in the present century" So wrote his Excellency Eliel Lofgren, the late Foreign Minister of Sweden. For Sweden's decline from the status of a great power gave her people time and occasion to reflect, and made them realize that the effort of remaining a Great Power was altogether too great for a country as thinly populated as Sweden. In the course of aggressive wars of expansion, the country had been bled white: agriculture and the handicrafts had been neglected:

" The green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock;
The nine men's Morris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable."

The finances were disorganized, the administration was inept and somnolent, and the country was, as it were, running to seed. When a bullet put an end to the life of King Charles XII in 1718, the life and soul of the Greater Sweden movement, the whole edifice slowly collapsed like an inflated balloon, and Sweden reverted to her more natural position. Charles XII was killed in the Great Northern War which raged early in the eighteenth century and during which Sweden was attacked simultaneously by Poland, Russia and Denmark, with the final assistance of England. This disastrous century was followed by an even greater calamity in 1809, when Russia, secure in her strength, robbed Sweden of Finland, although by skilful diplomacy the country subsequently secured a free hand as against Norway from the Tsar.

It was not until the final collapse of Napoleon, however, that the work of national reconstruction made any headway. One of Napoleon's generals, Marshal Bernadotte, had become King with the consent of his Emperor, under the title of King Carl Johan (Charles James), and under his vigorous leadership, the foundations of the present prosperity of Sweden were laid. The finances were thoroughly overhauled and re-organized, and the bank-notes which had lost considerably in value under an orgy of inflation were brought back to their par value in 1834. The King put in hand vast public works, chief of which was the construction of the Gotha Canal connecting the Baltic with the

Kattegat, and hence the North Sea, by way of Stockholm and Gotenburg. Trade and commerce were encouraged. Transportation was improved. The whole system of education was extended and made to conform with modern requirements. And the nation as a whole made strenuous efforts to put its house in order.

There was every reason why these efforts should meet with success. The country had natural resources which placed her in an exceedingly favourable position. At the end of the eighteenth century, Sweden was not only the largest manufacturer, but also the largest exporter of iron in the world. Her iron ore resources are immense, and the puddling process having destroyed her supremacy in the iron industry, she now exports about $6\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of ore per annum, out of a total production of about $8\frac{1}{2}$ million tons. Her total known resources of iron ore are estimated at 1,750 million tons, of which 1,400 million tons are controlled by the Grängesberg Company which supplies about one half of the high grade iron ore available in the open market. Her timber resources were and are the largest in Western Europe, and even in the Middle Ages a large export trade was carried on. Great progress was made in the timber industry in the last century when Great Britain in 1866 removed all duties on the import of timber, and free importation was allowed into France as the result of a commercial treaty with that country in 1865. The introduction of steam power, and subsequently of electricity, too, proved a great impetus, as saw-mills could thereby be operated near the seaboard, instead of in the interior close to the waterfalls which provided cheap power for the mills in the shape of water-wheels. It is of interest to note in this connection that one half of Sweden is covered by productive forests and that while Europe as a whole has an average of 74 hectares of forest per 100 inhabitants, Sweden has 497. These resources have since given Sweden a dominating position in the paper and pulp industries of the world, and with a total annual export of about 1,300,000 tons of chemical pulp, used to a large extent by the artificial silk industry, she is ahead of all countries in this field. The extremely fertile plains of South Sweden, almost as large in area as the whole of Denmark, provided a promising field for the extension of agricultural activities. And finally,—though this came much later—the development of electricity from water-

power, thereby liberating Sweden from the onerous yoke of imported coal, has also been of vast importance. About $1\frac{1}{4}$ million horse-power are now harnessed for industrial and domestic purposes, and some of the surplus power is exported across the Oresund to run the tramway service in Copenhagen. There are between four and six million horse-power commercially available all the year round, or about ten millions for six months of the year.

This is the economic background for Sweden's present prosperity. The historical background is no less important. Sweden considers herself, and is generally looked upon, as the last stronghold of Western European civilization in the Northern Hemisphere, against the encroachments of Russian and Asiatic influences. For centuries the Baltic has been to all intents and purposes a Swedish lake. In the ninth century Swedish Vikings founded Novgorod and Kiev, two of the most important cities in Russia. In the thirteenth century Sweden conquered what is now Finland and laid the foundations of her Baltic supremacy which lasted for more than five centuries, and which, in a different form, shows signs of resurrection to-day. In the sixteenth century the Thrones of Sweden and Poland were united under a Swedish Monarch, while earlier in the same century Estonia had been occupied. In the early seventeenth century, as a consequence of a resounding victory over Russia, the latter was denied all access to the Bay of Finland and all territory adjoining the Bay passed under Swedish dominion. Latvia and Lithuania were also occupied, and East Prussia and Pomerania as far as Danzig, were the fruits of Swedish conquests. As a result of the Thirty Year's War, which left Sweden at the apex of her glory, the country became, in the middle of the seventeenth century, a Great Power, and the arbiter of Northern Europe. But, as I have already described, the effort proved too great for this thinly populated country, and the mighty empire of the North disappeared, like a trickle of water in the desert.

It has taken many years for Sweden to recover the ground lost during the eighteenth century, and, as Mr. Lofgren has pointed out, it was not until the present century that progress of any real importance was made. It was particularly after 1905, the year when Norway severed her connection with the Swedish Throne that Sweden made the greatest advance. In that year

Sweden had been prepared for a war to maintain the personal union with Norway, but the wisdom of her King and pressure of the Great Powers (particularly Great Britain), compelled the military party to sheathe the sword, and hostilities were fortunately avoided. It cannot be denied, however, that the incident caused a searching of hearts, and it is not improbable that it was this final loss which really set in motion the wheels of progress and prosperity, the signs of which are so clearly apparent to-day.

While I would be the last to deny the importance of a psychological reason such as this, I feel more confident when I stress the purely material reasons why the present century has witnessed the greatest improvement in Sweden's national economy. The development of electricity from water-power, as we have already noted, is the first reason. Secondly there is the growing demand for high-speed steel for various industrial and commercial purposes: and no other country is better equipped to supply this steel, or the ore for making it, thanks to the unusually high grade of iron ore available. The growth of elementary education with the consequent spreading of the reading habit has created an enormous demand for newsprint: next to Canada, Sweden is the largest producer of it. The invention of the artificial silk process, resulting in a constantly increasing demand for certain types of chemical woodpulp, means another call, a very important call, on Sweden's industries. And lastly, the stabilization of conditions in the Baltic is making Sweden into a great trading country, with Stockholm and Gotenburg as important transit centres. For centuries Copenhagen has been the trading capital of Scandinavia and the Baltic. This supremacy, however, is now passing to the Swedish cities, for reasons which are too involved to go into here. Suffice it to say that whereas previously Danish bankers and financiers did a good deal of financing in both Sweden and Norway, the rôles are now reversed, and Swedish bankers have assumed the leadership. This became fully apparent some months ago when the well-known Privatbank in Copenhagen found itself in temporary difficulties, and was furnished with a sufficiency of liquid resources through the agency of the Swedish Wallenberg group, represented by the Stockholm Enskilda Bank.

But it is not only in this purely financial and commercial sense

that Sweden is assuming the leadership. To-day Sweden is, indeed, the Defender of the Faith in the Baltic. The Baltic States, close to Russia, previously a part of Russia, and bound to Russia by many economic ties, are afraid of succumbing to Russian influences, and naturally look to Sweden to save them from this possibility. Both Estonia and Latvia are fully conscious of this, and encourage contacts with Sweden in every way possible. As regards Finland, the situation is somewhat complicated at the present juncture, owing to certain ultra-nationalistic tendencies in that country. Finland owes practically everything that is worth anything in its civilization to Sweden and Swedish influences. Sweden has been a staunch friend when Finland was suffering under some of the worst orgies of Russian aggression. But for various reasons, Finland is doing her utmost to oust the last remnants of Swedish culture from her boundaries. The Swedish language, hitherto spoken by a not insignificant section of her population, is to be rooted out. On the other hand, Finland wants to be considered a Scandinavian nation and to take part in the co-operation existing between these nations, despite the fact that the Finnish language is Magyar in origin, and has no affinity whatever with any tongue in Northern Europe. At present, however, the "national honour" is too deeply engaged to permit of any argument. Some time will have to elapse before we can expect a more liberal spirit to prevail. One of the penalties of liberty is that a newly liberated nation is always antediluvian in its conceptions of liberalism. And no useful purpose would be served by magnifying the differences between Sweden and Finland. In her heart of hearts Finland knows that Sweden is her only bulwark if Moscow should prove aggressive.

In England, the "Russian Danger" is a subject for polite conversation, like the weather and the difficulty of keeping one's servants. But in Sweden this danger is a very real thing: nowhere in Europe have I had the feeling that here was a nation on guard, as it were, against some evil force. Sweden's pro-Germanism during the Great War was a perfectly natural and logical and patriotic thing. For Sweden, while fully cognizant of the rights and wrongs of the Anglo-French dispute with Germany, had only one mind about the Russo-German conflict. How could a normal Swede, who from his childhood upwards

had constantly been warned against the Russian danger, whose nurses frightened him with the Russian bugaboo, and whose father and grandfather and great grandfather had always looked upon Russia as the hereditary enemy, how could this Swede for one moment contemplate doing anything which might conceivably aid his bitterest enemy, the anti-democratic Russia of the Tsars? Nobody who overlooks the bitterness engendered among the democracies of Northern Europe at the support given by the democracies of England and France to the semi-civilized Russia of the Tsars in her attack upon Germany, can ever appreciate the true reasons for Swedish pro-Germanism. That this pro-Germanism weakened as the war progressed, is, of course, a fact, and one of the most important things that has occurred since the Great War is that Sweden no longer looks solely South, to Germany, for support, but also West, to England and France. This, again, is due in the main to her rapidly growing financial interests.

With Russia impotent, and having Moscow instead of St. Petersburg as a pivot, Sweden is again the Mistress of the Baltic. The succession states must be strengthened in every way possible, and must, I repeat, look to Sweden for support and leadership. Hence the recent visits of the King of Sweden to Helsingfors, Tallinn, and Riga. A strong and friendly Poland, too, is an advantage. The most serious danger is, obviously, a rapprochement between Germany and Russia because this would definitely abrogate Swedish hegemony in the Baltic. This is an extremely unlikely contingency, however. At the same time, there does not appear to be any reason to fear, for a generation at least, Russian aggression in the Baltic. And for these reasons: the Soviet is still too intent upon consolidating its own position to think of military adventures far from its own administrative headquarters. The necessary financial background for a successful war of aggression is lacking. By moving the capital to Moscow, Russia has stressed the fact that she is an Asiatic rather than a European power, and Asia and not Europe will probably be the scene of any dramatic adventures. Then, too, Russian aggression in the Baltic would be a menace not only to Sweden and the rest of Scandinavia, but also to Poland and Germany and, indeed, to practically all powers who are naturally interested in maintaining the present status quo. And, finally, with conditions

as they are to-day, the Soviet would find it most difficult to make an advance upon the Baltic states because Russian territory bordering upon these States is peopled mainly by races of Finnish or Estonian descent who look more to these states than to the Soviet for guidance and leadership.

The Baltic states realize that they must not rely upon Sweden only, in a military sense, however. Finland has a standing army of 27,000 which can be increased in time of war to about 200,000. Estonia has a standing army of 20,000 which can be increased to 90,000. Latvia has a standing army of 20,000 which can be increased to 100,000. The Lithuanian standing army is estimated at 22,000, but it is believed that this could be increased to about 200,000 in time of war, owing to the fact that German recruits would be available. These nations will remain "militarist" as long as there is any Russian danger. France has been particularly interested in the military progress of these States, and French military instructors have been placed at the disposal of the various Baltic Governments, while Finnish, Estonian and Latvian officers have been attached to the French army from time to time.

But Sweden is not a war-like nation. There are, to be sure, some Swedes who maintain that Sweden ought at all costs to play the same part in the Baltic as does Italy in the Mediterranean, but the majority of Swedes are not for ever "seeking the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth." They want progress by peaceful means. And any advance they may make will be a cultural advance, will take the shape of establishing Swedish chairs at foreign Universities, of supporting the Protestant Church in every way possible, particularly in the Baltic States, as one of the greatest bulwarks against the onslaught of the Soviet, and of encouraging Swedes to travel abroad and foreigners to travel in Sweden. It will also take the shape of planting the flag of Swedish enterprise in the four corners of the world.

Planting the flag of Swedish enterprise in the four corners of the world. That is exactly what the six great Swedish companies to which I have already referred have done and are doing. They have planted the flag of Swedish enterprise everywhere. They have made Swedish financiers and Swedish engineers famous all over the world. And they have made Sweden into an economic power to be reckoned with, and Stockholm into a great

Continental financial centre, second only to Berlin and Paris, and fully equal to Amsterdam and Brussels. The activities of these Companies are so frequently referred to in the daily press that an exhaustive description of them would be out of place here. First and foremost there is the Kreuger & Toll Company and its satellite, the Swedish Match Company, presided over by that diffident financial genius, Mr. Ivar Kreuger. The Swedish Match Company, with a share capital and reserves of about £26 millions, and having another \$185 millions at its disposal through its American subsidiary, the International Match Corporation, is one of the greatest industrial enterprises in existence to-day. Established in 1918, its ramifications are now world-wide, and it is estimated that the Company controls about 80 per cent. of the world's match trade. In many European countries, the Match Company has secured a Government monopoly for the manufacture and sale of matches in return for a loan granted by its associate, the Kreuger & Toll Company. This Company, with its American and Dutch subsidiaries controls a capital, exclusive of assets and investments, of about £25 millions. Up to the time of writing the Kreuger & Toll Company has granted foreign Governments loans totalling nearly £40 millions, all of which has been raised at a much lower rate than the Government concerned could have obtained in the open market. A brief reference to a conspicuous example will illustrate this. In 1927, the Company lent the French Government \$75 millions at 5 per cent., issued at 93½. Subsequently, the Company issued the greater part of this loan to the public in the form of its own debentures at 98½. The operations of the Kreuger-group are so world-wide and so extensive that it is exceedingly difficult to keep track of them.

Next in importance is the Swedish Ball Bearings Company, founded in 1907. The Company is the largest manufacturer of ball-bearings in the world, and supplies more than one third of the world's trade. The Company is a self-contained unit, controlling its own raw materials (iron ore and charcoal) through the various processes of steel manufacture down to the finished product which is marketed through the Company's own sales organization established in practically every country. This Company has a share capital of about £7 millions.. Then there is the Separator Company, with a capital of about £5 millions.

The original Company was founded in 1883 for the production of cream separators, of which it is the largest manufacturer in the world. The Company controls the De Laval Steam Turbine Company of Trenton (U.S.A.), manufacturers of steam turbines, centrifugal pumps, etc. Fifthly there is the L. M. Ericsson Telephone Company, with a total share capital of £3½ millions, and controlling manufacturing companies in many countries. The Company also operates the telephone systems in Warsaw and elsewhere in Poland, in Smyrna and environs, in Naples, in Mexico, and in certain towns in Argentina. Finally, there is the Elektrolux Company, with a share capital of about £3½ millions. This Company was founded in 1910 and its production staples are vacuum cleaners and refrigerators. It is the largest manufacturer of vacuum cleaners in the world, and, in the refrigerator field, the General Motors Corporation is its only serious competitor. These six Companies, more than anything else, have made Sweden what she is to-day, created a livelihood for thousands of people, and laid the foundations for an even greater trade, an even greater prosperity. From a capital-importing country, as Sweden was before the war, the country has now become a substantial exporter of capital. As recently as two years ago one of Sweden's leading financial authorities wrote me saying that he did not believe there was any appreciable net export of capital from Sweden. He stated that it was, of course, very difficult to compile exact figures, but that his estimates showed that, if anything, there was until the end of 1927, a net import of capital. The official view, the view propounded with great energy by the late M. Moll, Governor of the Bank of Sweden, was that there was a considerable export of capital, an export not altogether healthy, and larger than warranted by existing circumstances. It was natural for the Bank of Sweden to hold this view as the Bank very obviously desired Swedish joint stock banks to maintain their surplus funds on deposit with the central institution. The joint stock banks, on the other hand, could see no reason why they should keep large deposits with the Bank of Sweden earning little or no interest when they could get a safe six to eight per cent. abroad and even more (on the New York call market ten per cent. and over has not infrequently been paid). Personally I incline to the view that up to quite recently imports and exports of capital balanced very

closely; that there is now a natural surplus available for export; but that some years ago an "unhealthy" export no doubt took place in view of the general uncertainties of the European financial situation, and the difficult labour problems with which Sweden was then faced. At the present moment, Sweden's bank rate is among the lowest in the world, and the kronor exchange on London is so favourable as to make gold imports from London profitable.

Sweden's wealth and the section of world credit which she controls, is growing so rapidly that her surplus capital, too, is rapidly increasing. This is accentuated in appearance by the coincidence of two phenomena, a coincidence which occurs only very rarely: with boom-like conditions prevailing financially and in staple industries, no new enterprises of any dimensions are being started at home, as is only too usual under a boom. The money which in other circumstances would go into such new enterprises is therefore compelled to seek new fields, and is, in the final analysis, forced to emigrate. If Sweden continues to progress at the same rate as hitherto, this tendency will become even more pronounced, as her birth-rate is the lowest in the world, and her population is not far short of being stationary. It is, however, complained that despite the activities of such companies as the Kreuger & Toll, appropriate channels for organizing this emigration are not adequate, so that the small investor is, in effect, precluded from participating in foreign financial ventures, with the result that there is an artificial plethora of money on the Stockholm money market. This, again, tends to keep the bank rate at a very low level, and lower than at most other financial centres.

While the country is thus growing in wealth, there is none of those social extremes with which England is, unfortunately, altogether too familiar. There is no grinding poverty: there is, indeed, no poverty at all in the sense of that existing in England's great cities. "Prosperity in Sweden is general, the standard of life is high, Swedish industrial workmen have, in reality, wages higher than in any other European country . . . Sweden is . . . a modern industrial country, and the past generation has witnessed such economic and social development as has made Sweden, in proportion to its population, one of the most advanced countries of the World." And the fact that the country has

enjoyed more than one hundred years of peaceful progress, enables Swedes to make the proud boast that the national debt is wholly invested in productive assets, and the income from the productive capital of the State exceeds considerably the interest on the national debt. It is estimated that no less than 80 per cent. of the whole national debt is held in Sweden, by Swedish subjects. No wonder this was the first European country able to revert to its pre-war gold standard.

The advance in the cultural life of Sweden has kept pace with the economic development. It is a question for the philosopher of history to determine whether all progress in things of the spirit does not rest in that well-being which the Athenians emphasised and which seems to be the taking-off point of intellectual and artistic flights. The story of Athens, Rome, Florence, of Venice, seem to indicate this. Particularly can the Sweden of to-day, especially as manifested in Stockholm and Gotenberg, be compared with the Venice of old. Just as Venice was the important trading centre and served as the link between Europe and the Orient, so Sweden serves as a link between Western Europe and the Baltic. Like the Doges, the aristocrats of Swedish finance and industry devote large sums to the encouragement of arts and crafts on a scale unequalled elsewhere, and acknowledge a far-reaching social obligation. The adventurous Sweden of the Vikings, and the military Sweden of Charles XII and Gustavus Adolphus has been superseded by the economic and cultural Sweden of to-day. The foundations of this last seem securely laid, so that we may look forward with confidence to continued contributions from Sweden to modern civilisation.

THE SUNDAY NIGHT PLAYS

BY IVOR BROWN

THE production of plays on Sunday nights (usually for single performances but sometimes with a Monday matinée) is a peculiar feature of London theatrical life. A few years ago there were as many as a dozen societies offering three or four productions each year, but (to the relief of the critics) time has thinned these ranks. A nation would have to be singularly rich in dramatists if it were to feed with a satisfactory output not only the ordinary theatres of commerce but this clamorous family of 'highbrow' interlopers. Whenever a new body of this kind is formed, there is much talk on the prospectus of helping 'the unacted dramatist' whose work is really worth while. But years of assistance have only proved that this victim of managerial stupidity is mainly a figment of the imagination; unhappily he is a figment useful to those in search of an excuse for drawing attention to themselves. When, for example, the exhibitionist members of women's clubs organise Sunday night entertainments and invite the Press, there is usually a pretence that they are rescuing from cruel oblivion the unacted masterpiece of some sad clerk or vicar's daughter.

But, fortunately there is more in the Sunday night show than the vanity of well-to-do ladies, who resemble most members of the community in having written a play but are unusually fortunate in being able to pay for a performance of it and so to inflict it on their friends. The original motive of the Sunday Movement was excellent. It aimed at giving opportunities to the intelligent playgoer which were denied him by the completely unintelligent theatre of the eighteen-nineties. People grumble nowadays about the dullness of the London theatre, but there is infinitely more opportunity now for the unconventional dramatist to get a hearing than there was thirty years ago. The state of affairs in the early nineties has been described by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

'One of the worst privations of life in London for persons of serious intellectual and artistic interests is the want of a suitable playhouse. I am fond of the play, and am, as

intelligent readers of this preface will have observed, myself a bit of an actor. Consequently, when I found myself coming across projects of all sorts for the foundation of a theatre which should be to the newly gathered intellectual harvest of the nineteenth century what Shakespeare's theatre was to the harvest of the Renaissance, I was warmly interested. But it soon appeared that the languid demand of a small and uppish group for a form of entertainment which it had become thoroughly accustomed to do without, could never provide the intense energy necessary for the establishment of the New Theatre.'

A little had been done in the way of Ibsenite pioneering by Mr. Charles Charrington and Miss Janet Achurch, who, though never a figure in the fashionable theatre, was acclaimed by the best critical testimony as one of the greatest actresses of the times. That, it must be remembered was a period of exceedingly high standards, for Duse, Bernhardt, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell were engaged in a tremendous tournament of personality and virtuosity. Mr. J. T. Grein founded the Independent Theatre in the early nineties as an English parallel to Antoine's Théâtre Libre in Paris. Mr. Grein has to his eternal glory the fact that he gave Mr. Shaw his first hearing on an English stage, producing "Widower's Houses" at the Royalty Theatre in 1892; but the Independent Theatre found life difficult and there was a new clutch of Mr. Shaw's work ready for hatching when the Stage Society was founded in 1899. This was the first and is still by far the most important of the Sunday dramatic producing Societies. During the first four years of its life the Stage Society gave the original English performances of *You Never Can Tell* (1899), *Candida* (1900), *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* (1900), *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (1902), and *The Admirable Bashville* (1903). There were fearful difficulties to be encountered in the case of Mrs. Warren, the managers refusing to house her by hiring a theatre to the Stage Society for the Sunday evening lest they should be contaminated by the dreadful nature of their guest. However, three days before production premises were found and the grim orgy of seeing this tract performed was permitted to the members of the Society.

Play-going is illegal on Sunday in Great Britain. That is to

say you cannot open a theatre on Sunday night and take money at the doors. But since laws are usually built with a leakage, there is a way of getting round this ordinance. If you do not take money at the door but take it in advance under the title of subscriptions and limit your audience strictly to the company of your subscribers, then you can borrow or hire a theatre and hold a private performance on Sunday for the benefit of the subscribers. Furthermore a Sunday theatre thus conducted, being legally as much a private entertainment as a party given in your own house, has the tremendous advantage of being free of the Censorship. In Great Britain no play can be performed which has not been read by the Reader of Plays on behalf of the Lord Chamberlain and licensed by the latter; the Censorship, though it has relaxed the stringency of its taboo on sexual matters and has licensed in recent years many plays long forbidden such as *Ghosts* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, is still extremely pernickety about political comment and maintains an inflexible veto on the cartooning and even the kindly portraiture of living personalities. It is less fussy about sex than it was, but makes occasional raids when it thinks that British Institutions are being menaced. One of its most charming and typical idiocies of recent times was the censorship of Mr. van Druten's *Young Woodley* (a ban since revoked), because of the sacrosanctity attaching in official minds to the English Public School. *Young Woodley* was not, in fact, produced on a Sunday, but it was done by the Stage Society and Three Hundred Club in association under similar conditions of privacy at the Arts Theatre Club. The critical protests at the stupidity of banning public performance of this play caused the Lord Chamberlain to visit the piece and see in the flesh what he had condemned in the letter. He graciously revoked his decision and *Young Woodley* went to the public stage with the best advertisement of all. So, though the saving of the play was not due in actual fact to a Sunday night performance, it was due to a Society which has been the leader of the Sunday Movement.

The Stage Society began very humbly. Mr. Clifford Bax, the present Chairman and historian of the Society, has told the story of its beginnings.

"In July, 1899,—three months before the outbreak of the Boer War,—'about fifty persons,' meeting at a house in

Red Lion Square, founded the Stage Society. The purpose of these Homeric figures was to present stimulating but unmarketable plays on Sunday evenings. No theatre, they assumed, would open on a Sunday, so they arranged to meet in Large Studios and to do their plays 'with costumes but without scenery.' The available studios, however, were not so 'Large' as they had expected: and in some perturbation they dashed about London in their hansoms, inspecting picture galleries, circuses, and even skating rinks. All these places, it seems, were owned by godly men who frowned upon 'the intellectual observance of the Sabbath,' and it was only when the Royalty Theatre defied convention that James Welsh was able to produce the Society's first play, *You Never Can Tell*.

"These were great days. Members took seats in the order of their arrival,—apparently with exciting but uncomfortable results. Walter Crane served on one of the Committees; and the Honorary Librarian was young Nigel Playfair. In the summer of 1900 the Society actually held 'a Reception at the Royal Botanical Society's Conservatory in Regent's Park.' We are told, too, that 'the Band of the Royal Artillery attended;' but only an aboriginal member could inform us whether the Band also functioned or whether it had been invited solely for its splendour."

The history of the Stage Society henceforward was an epitome of the history of the 'advanced' theatre in England. This advancement in the first decade of the twentieth century meant realism with a sociological impulse. Mr. Shaw's view that the stage was the true platform and even the pulpit of a modern democracy, was taken with immense earnestness and the members of the Stage Society gathered on Sunday nights to 'sit under' a dramatist as Chapel folk on the same evening were sitting under their pastors and preachers. The radical stage-sermons of Brioux were naturally favourites with the Stage Society: let the commercial theatre adorn its tales; the Stage Society existed to point morals and to write in grease-paint the more sombre conclusions of radical thinkers. Romance, imagination and symbolism were suspect. The Sunday nights of the Stage Society were at that time a Sunday School of Sociology; the highest point of grim devotion was attained when

a play was rapturously produced with the title of *Dull Monotony*.

Mr. Granville-Barker, who had established himself as an actor and producer of the Stage Society's Shavian work, became a dramatist in his own person and had his early pieces produced along with those of Messrs. McEvoy, Hankin, Houghton and others whom we associate with the 'Repertory Movement' which sprang up in English provincial towns (with its spiritual headquarters at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester,) during and after the year 1909. In 1911 the Stage Society discovered Chekhov and the tradition is strong that many of its members were so bewildered by a piece which contained no political doctrine, no sexual reformism, and no economic theory that they walked out in disgust from the first effort to render in English the autumnal beauty of *The Cherry Orchard*.

The success and the repute of the Stage Society brought similar bodies into existence. The Pioneer Players with whose direction Miss Edith Craig, daughter of Ellen Terry and sister of Gordon Craig, was much concerned, did interesting work in discovering new and reviving old plays. The most notable of their revivals was a performance of *Hamlet* (1913) in which that remarkably fine actor of the old school, Mr. Louis Calvert, played the prince as a burly, bearded fellow who might well utter the rude and rasping lines set down for him instead of as the glass of fashion naturally preferred by the fashionable actors who featured themselves as sleek courtiers in this part. The Play Actors made up another Sunday group; they were chiefly responsible for producing the work and developing the reputation of a young American actor working in England called Harold Chapin. Chapin enlisted in the English army and was killed in 1915. His plays, particularly the shorter pieces, are still much regarded by the little and the community theatre companies.

During the war the Sunday Societies had a hard time of it, but the Stage Society continued its operations, discovering Mr. Miles Malleson and Mr. C. K. Munro as dramatists, and staging several revivals of Old English comedy, Farquhar's *The Recruiting Officer* being an obvious topical choice and a good variant on the masterpiece of Congreve. Immediately after the war the Society produced *The Spirit of Parsifal* Robinson by Mr. H. F. Rubinstein, a versatile, ingenious, and rather unlucky

dramatist who has served on the Council of the Stage Society for some years.

After the war there was an immense boom in Sunday production, and group after group came into action. The Pioneer Players had a revival and Miss Sybil Thorndike staged for them Miss Susan Glaspell's strange and stark play *The Verge*. The Play Actors were again in action and gave some interesting performances of plays by Mr. A. N. Monkhous and others, including Mr. Rubinstein's *Peter and Paul*. The old pupils of the chief dramatic academy in London made up another band of Sabbath-breakers and offered many interesting programmes including work by members of the modern French school such as Mm. J-J. Bernard and Lenormand. The Repertory Players were a new foundation, aiming rather at discovering commercial pieces and giving them a trial with a view to subsequent productions in the West End. Naturally actors on the edge of things are very keen to figure in such trials as, in the event of the play being taken up by a commercial management, they are likely to be engaged for a run in the parts which they have played at the Sunday night performance.

In 1920 the Stage Society decided, somewhat rashly, to propagate a child. The Sunday night revivals of classics had been so popular that a new club, the Phoenix, was created in order to take over this antiquarian side of the productions. The old comedies were given in a completely unbowed form (even such ferociously improper pieces as Wycherley's *The Country Wife* being played without cuts) and the smart set from Mayfair for a time were eager to join the playgoers of Hampstead, Bloomsbury and Chelsea in the extremely liberal education which Sunday nights with Wycherley afforded them. Consequently the Phoenix thrived abundantly and many members of the Stage Society, unable to subscribe to both, gave up their old love for the new. But the fashion did not last and there was a certain monotony about the Phoenix productions; the Society was reduced for lack of varied matter to playing the routine pieces of the Restoration period. The productions, too, grew spiritless and, when the allure of raffishness palled, there was no other appeal. As Mr. Bax puts it 'there is a tinge of irony both in the fact that the Phoenix, at the hour of its highest glory, gave a

matinée on behalf of its progenitor and in the fact that two years later the Phoenix had expired and the Stage Society was still producing notable plays.' It must be added on behalf of the latter that in the years after the war it introduced to England such dramatists as Kaiser, Toller, Pirandello, and Elmer Rice. It also gave the first renderings of *The Man with a Load of Mischief* (Ashley Dukes), *Young Woodley* and *Journey's End*. Had it not been for the Stage Society, Mr. Sherriff's world-conquering war-play might still be lying on the shelf at home. In 1927 the Stage Society coalesced with another group "The Three Hundred Club" which, founded by Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth, had been pioneering with the dramatic work of J. E. Flecker, Robert Nichols, Aldous Huxley, W. J. Turner, Richard Hughes and others. Now there are three Sunday night performances given every year by the Stage Society and one other which is described as being under the auspices of the Three Hundred Club venture.

The Sunday Societies live laborious days. Many are born and few survive. The longevity of the Stage Society is a striking exception to the rule of rapid rise and slow decay. There is always more enthusiasm in the founders of new clubs than eagerness among the public to pay subscriptions. It is a great tribute to the keenness of the actors that it is always possible and even easy, to recruit casts for these occasions. After all it means hard work in learning lines and going to rehearsal and the reward is immaterial. Some Societies pay the players a nominal fee to cover expenses; others pay nothing at all. Even so the Societies find it hard to exist. The players must look for their return in the pleasure of playing new parts, in gaining fresh experience, and in being seen by managers and critics. There is no doubt, whatever, that the Sunday Societies have been able to help actors as they have certainly helped authors and there is scarcely a single leading player who has not at one time or another served, and been served by, these Sunday night shows. For instance, the late Meggie Albanesi, not long ago the most brilliant of our rising stars, enormously increased her standing while still a girl by her appearance in Heijermann's *The Rising Sun* for the Pioneer Players. Even actors who hold the highest rank in the theatre are often glad to appear in a Sunday show, either to play a part which has long particularly appealed to them, or to try-out

a play with a view to its production later in the ordinary way of business. To the unknown author the Societies may be a great boon. Mr. Sherriff and *Journey's End* are likely to be the classic examples of what a Sunday show may do.

At the same time a play may suffer from a scamped production on a Sunday night. That is inevitable. The producer of a Sunday night piece lives an appalling life; he can never be sure of his cast. Obviously, if paid work suddenly becomes available, the actor who has just volunteered to tackle a part free for a single Sunday performance must be released in order to take it up and earn his living. Consequently the producer is dealing with people who naturally have their eyes on another and more golden horizon and who may be compelled to let him down with scant notice. It is often impossible to get the stage on which the performance will take place until the last minute; scenery and effects must be improvised and lighting very hastily arranged. When the piece comes to be acted the prompter has often a particularly busy evening and all sorts of fine shades designed by the author may be blurred in the rough-and-ready rendering that results. None the less the subscription-clubs of which I have written have been of immense service to the English stage. They have provided a way of short-circuiting the Censorship; they have introduced the intelligent minority of playgoers, in a community where the theatre is extremely conservative, both to the past history of their own stage and to the present achievement of foreign dramatic art; they have immensely benefited actors while benefiting in turn by the actors' enthusiasm and energy, and they have been of incomparable service to British authors from Shaw to Sherriff. Now their work is being paralleled by the experimental week-day work of some small private theatres like the Gate Salon and Players Theatre, and by the private productions of the Arts Theatre Club. But their faith and works endure. Owing to hard circumstances they have offered their small public many a botched production, but they have also offered abundant encouragement and relief to lovers of the theatre and writers for the theatre when the offerings of the workaday commercial drama appeared to have reached the bottom depth of staleness and stupidity. In short, the Sunday Societies have been our compensation for the worst that Wardour Street could frame for our eyes and Shaftesbury Avenue could inflict upon our ears.

YOUNG ITALY—OLD AFRICA

BY MAXWELL H. H. MACARTNEY

THERE is an old Turkish proverb which says that is easier to make war upon lions than upon flies. The experiences of Italy in Libya bear out fully the justice of this saying. It is just eighteen years since Italy took Libya from the Turks, and yet it is only within the last few months that she can really be said to have imposed anything approaching a true and effective pacification upon the Berber and Arab inhabitants. The intervention of the Great War and, no less, the troubled and uncertain political situation which followed upon the War were, no doubt, powerful obstacles to any rapid and easy settlement. Even, however, without any such superimposed difficulties the task of Italy would have been hard enough, and the really remarkable thing is that Fascism, inheriting such an unfavourable situation, should have succeeded in establishing order and law to the extent that it has in such a comparatively brief space of time.

When on September 29, 1911, war broke out between Italy and Turkey, and Italy proceeded to the occupation of Tripolitania and Cirenaica, the Turks were in no position to offer any very desperate resistance. Having eventually established a loose domination over the local tribal chieftains the Turks had not kept very powerful forces in the country, and, owing to the Italian superiority at sea, they were unable to send adequate reinforcements. Tripoli was occupied by the Italians without difficulty on October 5, and in the course of the same month Derna, Bengasi and Homs suffered the same fate. A decree of November 3, 1911, placed Tripolitania and Cirenaica under the sovereignty of the Italian Kingdom. Italy thus gained one of her principal objectives by preventing any other European Power from occupying the Libyan seaboard and thus dominating the central basin of the Mediterranean. But it was one thing to overcome the resistance of the Turks and another thing to compel the obedience of the local chieftains. Already on October 23, a native rebellion had broken out, and the Italians had come to realize that the presence of the Roman Giaour would not find among the native inhabitants the same acquiescence that

had been accorded by them to their co-religionists from Stambul. There was some sharp fighting at Charachat, Homs, Bir Tobras, Derna, Bengasi, Misurata, Zuara and Zanzur. The Treaty of Lausanne, signed on October 18, 1912, brought the Italo-Turkish conflict to a close and left the Italians a free hand to deal with the recalcitrant natives. In the two following years the Italians gradually extended their sway over oasis after oasis, and Colonel Miani even executed a spectacular raid far into the interior and carried the Italian arms right down as far as Fezzan. But this raid had no lasting military significance or success, and when the European War broke out and the hands of Italy were tied a general revolt swept away the still flimsy structure of Italian influence and penned the Italians within a few coastal districts.

The years immediately succeeding the close of the Great War illustrated at once the precariousness of the Italian hold upon Libya and the feebleness of the Government in Rome. Just as the French statesman of the 18th century had consoled himself for the loss of Canada to the British by declaring that he was signing away a few hectares of snow, so also Signor Nitti made contemptuous references to the folly of fighting for hectares of desert sand. The policy of conquest was now abandoned in favour of a policy of negotiations with the local chiefs. By the "Libyan Statutes" of 1919, the most extensive political concessions were conferred upon the indigenous populations which, in effect, were left to their own devices. But although by the royal decree of June 1st, 1919, the natives of Tripolitania had been considered as "Libyan citizens," enjoying the same political and civil privileges as the Italians, exempt from compulsory military service and endowed with a deliberative Assembly (which, however, never came into being here) they were not satisfied. In the following year the chiefs held congresses at Azizia and at Garian where they put forward frankly revolutionary claims and in particular demanded an Emir for Tripolitania. Almost the whole country was plunged into anarchy, and for two years there was incessant fighting between the Arabs and Berbers until the latter were finally defeated, and in December, 1921, sought the protection of the Italians at Zuara.

A parallel policy was meantime being pursued in the sister colony of Cirenaica. By a royal decree of May 17, 1919,

Cirenaica was made an autonomous government under a Governor aided by a Secretary-General. On the last day of the following October, Cirenaica was furnished with a Parliament elected on a basis of universal suffrage, though there were also a number of nominated members, whose total, however, was not to exceed one-sixth of the total of elected members. This Parliament approved the regulations necessary for the application of the principles contained in the "fundamental law" of October 31. It also deliberated upon direct taxation and upon questions of the public services maintained out of funds coming from the budget of the colony. As was indicated above, the Tripolitanian Parliament never functioned because, owing to the disturbances there, the requisite elections were never held. In Cirenaica, on the other hand, the Parliament sat regularly so long as the political collaboration between the Italian Government and the Senussi remained in force. When this collaboration came to an end and a rebellion broke out the sittings of the Parliament were suspended. They were, however, resumed and the Parliament met for the last time in June, 1925. Meantime the body of public opinion in Italy had become very hostile to this Parliament as being far too advanced for a population utterly incapable of appreciating the principles of democratic government, and consequently the "Libyan Statutes" were eventually recast by the Italian Minister for the Colonies in such a way as to make them more suitable to the actual situation.

If the establishment of Parliamentary government on western democratic lines was doomed to failure from the outset there was almost equally little chance that the political collaboration between the Italian Government and the Senussi could last long on the lines upon which it had originally been conceived. By the agreement of *er-Regima* concluded on October 25, 1920, the Italian Governor De Martino, conferred upon Said Idris, chief of the Senussi confraternity, the title of Emir and the autonomous administration of the oases of the interior Augila, Gialo, Giarabub, Kufra together with Agedabia as his headquarters. But this agreement was of brief duration. Its conclusion which marked the high water mark of the Senussi fortunes and the corresponding abasement of the Italian position, had been celebrated by a banquet. It was noteworthy that alone among the local chieftains Omar el Muktar, whose recent surrender has

been rightly acclaimed in Italy as an event of capital political importance, declined to accept any Italian hospitality or to receive any decorations and titles. The significance of his abstention was of evil omen. Nor was this omen belied. Senussi camps were wrongfully maintained in the north of Cirenaica on various pretexts. Alleging reasons of health, Said Idris himself took refuge in Egypt. Moreover, in November, 1922, he accepted from the rebels of Tripolitania the title of Emir over that colony also and he sent his cousin, Safi ed Din, formerly President of the Cirenaican Parliament, to command the insurgents. Thus some sort of single front was constituted against the Italians whose position again was very seriously threatened. Fortunately for them the direction of affairs was now passing into more resolute hands. At the very beginning of 1922 Count Volpi, whose reputation as Governor of Tripolitania was subsequently enhanced by his brilliant administration of Italian finance, launched an attack upon Misurata, and in this and other campaigns he was lucky enough to have such energetic officers as, for example, Colonels—now Generals—Mezzetti and Graziani. At the same time the Governor of Cirenaica, General Bongiovanni, destroyed the Senussi camps in northern Cirenaica, and, finally, by means of four converging columns succeeded in overcoming the sharp resistance of the Senussi and in capturing Agedabia which fell on April 21, 1923. Immediately afterwards the Governor of Cirenaica informed the Senussi that all pacts and agreements previously concluded between the Italian Government and the confraternity were therewith abrogated, together with all the special privileges accorded to its members. The Senussi were permitted to remain in Cirenaica as a purely religious confraternity, giving to their activities a strictly spiritual character and abstaining from all interference in the affairs of the State.

All these military operations and political negotiations have been recalled in some detail because not only do they serve to show the sort of difficulties with which the Italians have been confronted but they also make plain the noticeably more rapid advance that has been accomplished since the arrival in power of Fascism. If anybody takes the trouble to look up on a map the names of the places referred to in this article he will notice that with the exception of the ineffective raid down to Fezzan, and one or two other minor operations, practically all the fighting

had occurred upon the very seaboard itself of Libya. After the expenditure of considerable sums of money, of men and of effort, the Italians had not succeeded in establishing over the interior of their colonies even that shadowy and loose control which had been exercised by the Turks. All the credit for the more rapid progress now made must not, of course, be ascribed to the Fascist regime. The efforts and struggles of previous years had left their mark, and Signor Mussolini was a gainer thereby. Colonization is, after all, an art that demands a long apprenticeship, and the Italians are having to gain their experience in the same way that other European nations have done and are still doing.

There is, then, no need to trace in detail the military operations by means of which the Italians have gradually extended their effective control over greater and ever greater tracts of territory. Success came more quickly in Tripolitania than in Cirenaica. There were several contributory reasons for this fact. The Italians were, perhaps, more anxious to make good their position on the Franco-Tunisian frontier than on the Anglo-Egyptian boundary and consequently opened the purse-strings more freely for Tripolitania. The predominantly Berber population of Tripolitania, again, is more inclined than the Arab population of Cirenaica to settle in oases, and is consequently a less nomadic and more vulnerable foe. Be that as it may, the Italian penetration did progress more rapidly in Tripolitania, and it was, therefore, possible to proceed sooner with the work of colonization and to give the native inhabitants ocular proof of the material advantages to be derived from an acceptance of Italian suzerainty. The problem in Cirenaica was more difficult—largely for geographical and topographical reasons. One of the main centres of resistance was the central Gebel or hilly region round about el Merg (the Barca of the ancients). This district is full of gullies and ravines, covered with woods and scrub, and admirably adapted to that guerilla warfare practised by the nomadic Arab. Averse from anything like permanent cultivation even on the fertile uplands the Arab offered to the Italians far fewer territorial objectives than their columns had found in Tripolitania, and the struggle developed into an exasperating variety of military "tip and run." When in the early summer of last year the writer of these lines was, by the

courtesy of General Teruzzi, then Governor of the colony, enabled to make a motor-car tour through this region he was somewhat surprised to find what precautions were taken for his safety. Not only were rifles and cartridge belts handed out for each man in the motor-car but we were escorted all the way by another motor-car containing six soldiers, and during certain periods of the journey this escort was further increased by a motor-lorry armed with a machine-gun. Even more significant was a train journey from Bengasi up to el Merg. The distance is only about 70 miles, and railway stations and small fortified posts occur at pretty frequent intervals all along the line. Nevertheless there was a truck of machine gunners at either end of the train and for part of the way at least where a road ran parallel to the railway-track an armed lorry gave us additional protection. No train has, I believe, been attacked for a long time past, but a raid upon a railway-station only a few kilometres outside Bengasi which occurred during my visit supplied the proof that all these and other precautions were by no means superfluous.

From the date of this occurrence up to the surrender of Omar el Muktar, little more than a year elapsed. The military operations of the foregoing twelve months or so had made a repetition of any such episode as the raid just mentioned very unlikely. By a series of well-concerted drives the Italians succeeded in cleaning up their possessions down to the 29th parallel, and, what was of real importance, they thoroughly scoured the Sirtica hinterland and so established effective communication by land between the two component parts of Libya. This freedom of communication is the more valuable in that the Sirtica gulf is often anything but pleasant to cross in the small vessels obtainable, and indeed it is, in the winter months, very often quite impossible to land at the open roadsteads of such places as Homs or Misurata. Eventually, of course, this region will be traversed by a railway, and, when the extensions have been built in either colony, it will be possible to travel from Zuara on the confines of Tunisia right up to Porto Bardia at the far Eastern extremity of Cirenaica.

The realization of this ambitious programme is, of course, still in the distant future. If, however, the surrender of Omar el Muktar produces all the happy consequences so confidently anticipated both this and other schemes will be realized much

sooner than seemed at all likely only a few months ago. So far as Omar el Muktar personally is concerned there is no reason to doubt that, having once made his submission, he will abide by it. More important, however, than the actual submission of any one chieftain, whatever his importance, were the circumstances inducing that surrender. Marshal Badoglio, Governor of Libya, was undoubtedly in a position to execute the threats contained in his proclamation against those insurgents who did not at once obey his summons to surrender. What was, however, really significant and what augurs so well for the future is that the surrender was due to the initiative of the tribes themselves, quite apart from any influence or intervention on the part of the Senussi leaders. The natives who had already made their submission exerted pressure upon the insurgents and threatened to abandon them completely if they remained obdurate. The movement in favour of peace, in fact, began among the tribes faithful to the Italians, spread gradually from them to the rank and file of the insurgents and thus finally was imposed by these latter upon the recalcitrant chiefs. One admission which is particularly gratifying in the light of certain past accusations is that the rebels were not aided from Egypt. Writing in the *Gazzetta del Popolo* on June 27th last, Signor Achille Benedetti emphasized the fact that the Egyptian Nationalists, while filling their newspapers with talk about Moslem unity and the junction to Egypt of an independent Cirenaica, did nothing to turn these platonic aspirations into concrete facts. Not a cartridge, not a rifle, not a bushel of barley, he says, came over the Egyptian frontier, and thus the rebels were compelled to live on their own resources and on selling the plunder which they obtained from their more peaceful neighbours.

But this success would never have been achieved so quickly and would have lacked much of its importance were it not for the new outlook which has been instilled into Italy by Fascism. Signor Mussolini's repeated allusions to the old Roman Empire and his visit to Tripolitania in 1926; the fervour and enthusiasm which Signor Federzoni brought to the Ministry for the Colonies; the indefatigable propaganda which General De Bono carried out on behalf of Tripoli Fair; the corresponding ardour with which General Teruzzi set out to make Bengasi an important mart; finally the week's visit which King Victor Emanuel and

the royal family paid to Tripolitania in 1928 all combined to give a powerful impulse to Italian interest in colonial expansion and made Italians in Italy realize what was being done by their compatriots on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. It must not, of course, be supposed that, even should the Italians never fire another shot, Libya will at once be ready to absorb countless thousands of Italy's teeming population. According to the estimate of a very level-headed Italian officer, with whom I had the privilege of spending much of my time, half a million represents the outside number of native Italians who can, in favourable circumstances, be settled in Libya in the course of the next fifty years. *La duna è mobile* is no mere parody on the famous operatic *aria* but represents exactly the continuous struggle of man against the encroachments of the Sahara. Despite, however, the desert, the heat and the lack of water, Libya can show a creditable export trade. Barley, live stock, wool, butter, tunny-fishing are all notable items. The alfa of Tripolitania, which formerly went almost entirely to England, is now being exported to Italy where it is used for cellulose in the manufacture of high class paper, and it is also proposed to utilize it on the spot in the textile industry. Tripolitania is also a suitable ground for the cultivation of the olive, and it is hoped to achieve as much success in its cultivation as has been achieved by the French in the region of Sfax. The sponge fisheries of Cirenaica have already attained a considerable development, and great attention is also being paid in that colony to the production of salt. Both Tripolitania and Cirenaica have established extensive experimental farms in readiness for the day when the land will be taken up by colonists numbering thousands where to-day they only number a few hundreds. A visit to these experimental farms is an exceedingly interesting experience, and it is most instructive to observe the results of the trials which have been conducted in the growing of cereals and fruit-trees, in the cultivation of silkworms, in the raising of live stock—which has been greatly diminished by the exigencies of warfare—and in poultry farming.

A few words must be said in conclusion upon the importance of the Italian success from the standpoint of international politics. By a coincidence the surrender of Omar el Muktar and his fellow chieftains happened to occur at almost exactly the same

moment that the French suffered a minor military set-back in Morocco. The coincidence was seized upon by the Italian Press to point the obvious moral. Thus, after paying a high and doubtless sincere tribute to French colonial achievements, Signor Roberto Cantalupo wound up an article in the *Corriere della Sera* with the following words:—"But we must say to France, on the day on which the strong Italian policy in Cirenaica has attained all its military and political objectives, pursued for seven years with renewed tenacity and with the sacrosanct pride of Fascist Italy—we must say to the French that this young Italy of Africa does not wish any longer to be opposed, paralysed and injured. She wishes the nationality of her sons in Tunisia to be free and secure; she wishes to see free of every unjust mortgage the natural southern boundaries of that Libya which we are in course of pacifying, with an effort that is advantageous to all the other colonizing Powers of north Africa and that is harmful to none." These words of the former under-Secretary for the Colonies are only what were to be expected. When King Victor Emanuel visited Zuara in 1928, among the people who greeted him there was a party of Italians from Tunisia who had made a considerable journey by motor-car across the frontier. The incident should neither be exaggerated nor minimised. It must, however, be borne in mind that the Italian occupation of Libya is now a factor of indisputable political importance. Only a few hours steaming from the Mother Country and situated between Tunisia and Egypt, Libya stretches also down towards those regions of central Africa which are now being developed by other colonizing Powers and of the potential wealth of which Italy is fully conscious. There is no reason to view with a hostile eye the aspirations of Italy. Rather the contrary. But a benevolent wish for the success of Italian colonial policy in Africa should not blind other Powers to the realities of the new situation. In the days of the old Roman Empire "something new" was proverbially forthcoming from Africa. Under the energetic impulse of Fascism Africa may yet spring more surprises upon the world.

PORTRAIT OF A FAIR CITY

BY G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR

THE Tuscan city of Florence has a right of historical greatness that ranks it with the proudest claimants. One can think of nothing happening in exactly the same way if Florence had never existed. Its deeds and its thoughts have wound themselves so intimately into the commonplaces of life that they have become, unconsciously, part of the human tissue. Florence has stamped itself on the politics, the art, the literature, the architecture, the beauty of the world; until it is blended with the common texture. One may know little, in any definite manner, of Dante, Giotto, Donatello, or of Boccaccio and Machiavelli; nevertheless, if they had not been bred in Florence and nourished by their city-mother, we (who know so little in detail of them) might easily have been half barbarians, instead of reasonably pleasant cultured folk. Of very few other cities could one say as much.

If it had not been for Giotto and Masaccio the most modern impressionist artists might still be painting like Byzantine mosaics—one may even regret the escape. If there had been no Donatello and Ghiberti, Rodin's figure of Balzac might have been like an Early Victorian statue-doll. But, of course, if it had not been for the Florentine Boccaccio, Balzac might never have written at all. Then, try to imagine the gap in the mind of man if Niccolo Machiavelli had never lived. The rogues in political life would have had no philosophical explanation for their roguery; statesmen might never have found a plausible excuse for doing in public life what they would be ashamed of doing in private. Of course Machiavelli was a prim, unselfish moralist in politics compared with many of the charlatans who pose as virtuous patriots to-day. He has been carelessly read in great part. And what exactly (for good or evil) would be the artistic standard of the modern world if Botticelli's *Venus rising from the Sea* and his *Spring* had not been reproduced in the

million copies for our walls and albums? It is possible that the sweet young ladies (and gentlemen) may have misjudged and overestimated, Botticelli's Venus as badly as the politicians have misquoted Machiavelli's *Prince*. Nevertheless, he is there on every other wall, and the world of pictures is still reeling under his dainty colours and fragile lines. The world has been ruled by more delicate weapons than battle axes.

In accepting Florence as one of the great dominant facts in the history of the world we must do so with frank impartiality. We must, as hinted in the last paragraph, take the evil with the good. We should not pick out all the juicy pieces from the vast Florentine dish, and leave the unsavoury remnants concealed in the steaming stew. There is, however, no need to fear the completed result. The more one examines the history and the present face of the city of Florence the clearer it becomes that, as a great whole, it has tended more to the civilisation of man than most other facts in history. Within its few square miles of territory one can find the fountain source of as many desirable features of human culture as can be traced to any other definite spot on the face of the globe. If modern civilisation had a single cradle it has no more likely place than this Italian town.

The peculiar aspect of the subject which incites the present essay is an endeavour to discover whether it is not possible to gather together the multitudinous facts of Florentine history and put them into a single character-study of small dimensions; just as much, at least, as it is possible to express the essential character of Napoleon Bonaparte on the flat surface of a single canvas.

The theory here advanced is that Florence in a very real sense, and not as a fanciful paradox, has a composite character of its own, the sum total of its hundred-thousands of citizens and their millions of deeds, which have together made its history. The total life of Florence can surely be expressed in a single character study, just as one considers the mind of Luther or Robespierre quite apart from an individual biological examination of their component cells—though one may have to find the origin of Carlyle's style in a disordered liver! Florence is as much an individuality as Plato or Oliver Cromwell.

To-day it has, perhaps, too much of the quiescence of an extinct volcano. Or one may think of it as the decaying home of a great

family that history has left behind in the race for power. It may be that its real owners live only in a small corner of their grand city palace. At a rapid first glance it might seem that the real proprietors are tourist-agents who show curious visitors over the premises and among its treasures; just as the carekeeping of ancient homes is too often in the hands of the collectors of entrance fees. It is all a little sad, having, perhaps, the qualities of faded silk. Yet the individuality of the old Florence is very much alive; for it has entrenched itself impregnably in the records of history. Our own present is itself a large part of the past Florence. Every educated visitor is one of the heirs of its body.

Rightly understood, the view of the existing city from one of its surrounding heights, explains the first and most essential fact of this town's personality. The city on the plain beneath us began, not as a fortress on the hills, but as a place for merchants and traders by the bank of the river Arno; just where it was convenient to cross it on the great highway from the older Rome to the newer world beyond the Alps. The most definite note of the story of Florence is that it was made by merchants and men of industry. Rome has scarcely produced an ounce of material wealth in its long life: it has been a place where the chief men were always soldiers or politicians—and when its rulers dressed themselves in the robes of the Church they remained politicians still. Rome did not live by the making of goods and by selling them (as Florence did in its prime); it grew wealthy by collecting the taxes and spoils of the world, first, of the pagan lay world, and later of the Christian ecclesiastical world. Rome has always lived by taxes and spoils; Florence became great by trade and commerce.

But if Florence was a city on the plain—filled with manufacturers and merchants—it existed in a land where every hill-top was crowned with a castle where lived a feudal noble who was a soldier when he was lucky enough to find a noble crusade, and a highwayman whenever he was out of holy work; and, to be precise, most of his crusades were only distinguished from robbery by the (not disinterested) blessings of the Church at Rome. The victims could not often appreciate the subtle distinction.

The merchants of the plain at Florence were one long

temptation to the robber barons on the hills; and the early history of this city was a continual struggle between traders and warriors. The history of a great part of the world has been the repetition of this struggle; though now the traders have been clever enough to attack each other directly; they merely engage the soldiers to do the fighting at a wholly insufficient wage, considering the risks. But in the days of early Florence the soldiers got the bulk of the spoils for themselves, and the traders in the city remained of comparative insignificance.

Since an unarmed, peaceful man cannot survive against the force of an armed warrior except by cunning, we are at once faced by the next most substantial fact in Florentine history. It was a city founded primarily on intelligence; or, if we must occasionally use a more questionable term, on sharp-practices. Intellect is the chief key word of the internal records of Florence. It was the child of a group of merchants and traders whose wits were the only manner of escaping from the ambushes of the noble highwaymen. Florence throughout its history continued to live mainly by its wits. This small city unit could only hope by craft to survive amongst a surrounding crowd of greater nations and greedily arrogant empires. For Florence was one of the chief military highways of the world. In those days every warrior king was ambitious to march against Rome; and sooner or later the traders of Florence came into unpleasantly close contact with the armed forces of most of the military monarchs of Europe. At one moment it was a German King marching to Rome to be crowned as Emperor. At another, it was a French King who half pretended to be the protector of Florence—but that was an insolent hypocrisy that only very dull people believed. The only way of surviving against either Emperor or Kings was to get the better of them by a clever treaty, since it was useless to meet them with the tools of craftsmen against the weapons of warriors.

It was the brain of a smart Florentine against the battle axe of a dull feudal soldier. And on these terms Florence became one of the greatest cities the world has ever seen. The history of mankind has, in great part, been the story of how intelligent civilised people have conquered unintelligent barbarian soldiers.

This quality of fine intellect and vivacious wit was probably developed by the sheer necessity of surviving on an open plain—

as we have seen—surrounded by highwaymen who swooped down from every hill top of the neighbouring mountains. Just as the smaller animals survive by tricks of mimicry and so on, against the more powerful limbs and wings of the greater animals and birds. But once discovered, this quality of intellect became an instrument which the Florentines used in all the other matters of life—as well as against soldiers. Intellect, or the method of careful thought, became the chief characteristic of their artists and architects and sculptors. If you look at the pictures of the Florentine schools you will see in them a scientific method and aim which usually distinguishes them from the other schools. It was the Florentine Giotto who deliberately set out to paint Nature, its men and its trees, as it really was. His intellectual curiosity made him dissatisfied in continuing to copy other pictures (as the Byzantine mosaicists had usually done), instead of going directly to the object itself. This is really, when we analyse it, the scientific mind.

The note of this intellectual thought was dominant in Florentine art. We can only appreciate this fully if we place it beside the other schools of Italian painters. Of course, there is intellect in all great art, just as there is emotional beauty in all real intelligence. But it was in Florence that the scientific curiosity predominated. We can see it in Giotto, in Masaccio, in the sculptor Donatello, even in the spiritual Fra Angelico and the della Robbias. While on the other hand, in Siena, close by on the south, the artists were much longer satisfied by sheer perfection of line and mosaic-like colour; being content with art for beauty's sake, as it were; quite apart from any special intellectual conceptions. Again on the east side, there was Venice; where the painters above all else were in pursuit of gorgeous colours and voluptuous sentiments. The severe Florentine rules, of cold thought for thought's sake, were only secondary matters in Venice and Siena.

If we turn to the subjects of architecture and literature, the conclusions are inevitably the same. It was the brains of Florentines that thought out the careful plans of Renaissance building. Brunelleschi and Alberti and others were the first of the new architects. Their alien successors (Bernini and his kind) could only copy them; and ruin their logical scientific plans by a superfluity of florid decorations that turned science into senti-

ment. It is the same with literature. There was much inspiration from the Provençal troubadours and the southern Court of the Emperor Frederick II. (and who knows how many unknown village singers throughout Italy); but, in the main, it was intellectual Florence that built the foundations of that mediæval and modern Italian language which supplanted the classical tongue of Rome. To this day the standard Italian language is the tongue of Dante and of Tuscany.

The *thinking* of Italy was done in Florence—in painting, in architecture, in sculpture, in literature—more than in any other centre of the peninsula. It was the intellectual town, *par excellence*. So it is not surprising that it expressed its brain power in another all-important department of social affairs; in the problems of government, in the art of politics. Florence made more deliberate experiments in the methods of government than any other city in the world. Of course the critic may retort that the State which has to try so many different political constitutions thereby confesses, by its own evidence, that it has not had sufficient wit to find a stable one that will meet all necessary changes of circumstances. The perfect constitution is clearly the one that can develop without a revolution, when new problems arise.

The Venetians almost attained this perfection of political balance but that was probably more because they were surrounded by protecting sand-banks than because of the superiority of their brains over the Florentines'. Florence had no protecting mud-flats, as Venice had; indeed, as we have seen, she lived on the noisiest highway of Europe—the road to Rome; and in that never ceasing flow of human traffic, circumstances changed with terrible rapidity. A political constitution which was good enough to bear the strain of an Imperial suzerain in Germany, was no good as the guardian of its liberty when a French King arrived in the city with an army of plunderers. Or, within a decade, a Pope of Rome would come and plant himself in the town, because he had made himself insufferable to the citizens of his own city. A tyrannical Pope needed just as skilful and energetic political doctoring as the tyrannical germs of typhoid or bubonic fever call for a revolutionary change in our personal diet.

So it happened that this city, on the main highway of life, was set more problems of government than most others; and the

Florentine intellect was developed accordingly and became as marked a feature of its civic personality, as we have found it in the other departments of life. In early days, the city's political life consisted largely of wild struggles against unruly feudal nobles who only discussed with swords and lances—not having sufficient brains to carry on a logical argument. So the political childhood of Florence was a hard endeavour to drive the surrounding robber barons into their castles on the hills; or better still, to destroy those brigand-dens. The Florentines sometimes threatened, sometimes bought off, the bandits. The professional soldier, being a mercenary is also a trader at heart; but being inferior in brains to the traders, who have learned a more subtle craft than the killing of men with battle axes or machine guns, he readily succumbs to the intrigues of his intellectual superiors.

So the first real political triumph of Florence was when it persuaded its baronial enemies to come and live within the city walls and serve as the protectors of the town instead of being its thieves. The political blending of the rural robber-nobles with the urban trading-magnates was its earliest important constitutional experiment. Of course the same difficulties arose as when sheep invite a few wolves to live inside the fold; and it is unnecessary to give details of the inevitable conflict of interests and social manners that resulted. But here again the Florentine bright wits came to the rescue. They invented a clever constitution whereby the traders united themselves into powerful guilds which could meet the warlike nobles (who lived in towers along the streets) with some hope of success. Of course, the idea of a guild of traders was not peculiar to Florence; it was common to all Western Europe, and indeed, to the Eastern world. What distinguished it in Florence was the success of the plan. The Florentines made the guilds a great political triumph; they came very near seizing the supreme power in the city during the last days of its mediæval history. It was one more piece of evidence that Florence in its prime was above all else a traders' town. It was a city of manufacturing and commercial guilds, with the necessary legal and apothecary bodies attached.

The complicated political history of this town would take volumes to repeat in any detail, but in sum it all works out, first, as a clear struggle between urban traders and rural soldiers; which continued in a slightly different form after the feudal soldiers had

been admitted to live within the city. All the time the traders were gradually obtaining the chief power in the government, even though they had to admit the country nobles within their guild corporations. Then came the stage of Florentine civil history which is most peculiar to the town, namely when the cleverest of all the clever trading families of Florence made itself supreme over all the rest; and finally, after terrific struggles, the same family made itself, in name as well as in fact, a reigning ducal house.

The history of the Medici family is almost half the political story of the town. It is one of the great romances of history; being a very amazing blend of high thinking and low acting, of stately dignity and contemptible ignominy, of tragedy, comedy and most serious sociology. The records of these Medici in a remarkably precise manner sum up the long history of the city. Cosimo, *Pater Patriae*, the "Father of his Country", was at once the supreme example of the keen Florentine intellect, and also the personification of the great commercial magnates who were the basis of the city's wealth. His son, Lorenzo, was the symbol of its delicate taste in all the arts, and a memorable example of how this passion for culture was blended with the public life of the whole place. His son, Piero, in turn made plain the lesson that an isolated independent merchant city, however rich and accomplished, could not maintain itself in a world of greater national states, that relied on their strong armies rather than their merchant-princes—though a shrewder world is now discovering that it is trade which is the firmest basis of power. The city of traders became a royal ducal domain under the descendants of the merchant family which had been more successful than all the others.

This city of Florence, whose history seems so extraordinarily complex that, at the first glance, it is entirely bewildering, on careful inspection thus resolves its confusion into a few clear general principles, round which all the details sort themselves in understandable order.

But the really significant fact in the city of Florence, is that it was the central spot where burst (with apparent suddenness), the full flower of the Renaissance. It was not really so sudden; for Giotto and Pisano and Dante in the thirteenth century had been forerunners of a deep-rooted movement which the men of Cosimo

and Lorenzo de Medici's time thought such a miraculous revelation in the fifteenth.

Just as the vast number of the details of the history of Florence can be gathered intelligently round a few general principles; so also the bewildering display of objects of architecture, sculpture, painting and craftsmanship (which so easily terrify, and even bore, the traveller into confused stupidity) can also be grouped together in much the same convenient and illuminating way. Instead of a chaos of dismembered limbs, the sights of Florence can be linked together until the whole city becomes a living personality, instead of a rather wearisome museum.

The traveller-student as he wanders through the streets and picture galleries should be able (with tolerable ease) to place each object in its proper place in the whole picture or personality. One should be able to realise how these objects are, in a very personal sense, part of this city; and have very little to do with other cities, such as Rome or Paris or Vienna. There are Florentine pictures in all these other towns, but there they are only isolated, if very beautiful, units; while here, in Florence, they are parts of a whole which is much more important than themselves—just as a man's whole personality is more important than his arm or liver.

But the truth of this generalised portrait of Florence will be best tested by its application to the facts. With the general principles in one's mind, go up, for example, to the steps of San Miniato and consider the view. Even from that distance, if examined with care, much of the character and personality of Florence can be as obvious as the character of a man when we stand before his portrait. In one glance we see this city dominated on all sides (except the west) by hills. Away before us, on the other side of the valley, to the north-east lies Fiesole and to the right of that, still further to the east, is the castle of Poggio, on a lower hill. Fiesole and Castel di Poggio are the visual statement of the all-important fact that Florence was at first a city dominated by feudal strongholds on the surrounding mountains. These two places are but examples of what, in early days, dotted almost every hill top. To-day these many castles have gone or are mere ruins. Their absence is itself evidence of how the merchants of the town on the plain at our feet gradually conquered the nobles. They captured and destroyed

the nobles' chief town of Fiesole in A.D. 1125. That was the first great step towards the end of Florentine feudalism.

Then, turn to the west, where lies the plain. It is the way to the sea; a vision of great fertility of crops and fruits. It is the living symbol both of the productive wealth of the people of Florence and of the road by which their commerce went backwards and forwards to the ocean—the necessary element of most great trade. The history of Florence is the story of the triumph of the traders' plain over the soldiers' hills; and that vital fact can thus be read at one glance.

If we turn to examine in more detail the town at our feet, a great deal is there likewise obvious if we know the few main principles. The proud height of the tower of the Palace of the Signoria (the Palazzo Vecchio) is a symbol of the great strength of the industrial Commune that broke the lords on the hills. It was the meeting place of the government of the merchant magnates, and of some of the wider democracy beneath them. It is, therefore, a far higher tower than the lower Bargello one, between us and the Cathedral; for the Bargello was the seat of municipal authority in the earlier days, when the nobles were still clinging to a large part of their power, and the traders' commune was not yet supreme.

Then, the great mass of the Cathedral, with its enormous dome, was a deliberate deed of pride on the part of its builders; who started with the defiant determination to build a church which would outdo the church which had been already commenced at the rival city of Siena. This Duomo of Florence expresses the desire and accomplishment of Florence to make itself the most powerful town of central Italy. It was not so much a church to the glory of God, but rather to the glory of the Florentines. This sceptical pride was a chief note of the history of this city. It was filled with churches and monastic houses and shrines and sacred pictures and statues; and it was the chief stronghold of the Guelph party which was, in theory, the defender of the Papacy against its Imperial enemies. Yet there was no town in mediæval Europe (except Venice) so pagan at heart. Its religion was a secondary thing, which must give way to the glory of Florence—which was never dominated by the Church, as Rome was. The Florentines burned Savonarola not—as the Romans burned Bruno—because

he had defied the Church; but because he was destroying their pleasures, their art and their paganism in obedience to the dogmas of ecclesiastical puritanism.

The Campanile is the symbol of that instinct for beauty which was almost the greatest contribution of this city to human thought. Florence was a town of merchants; but they invested much of their wealth in the making of beautiful things which did not pay dividends, except in the satisfaction of the soul.

The other great building which stands out above the common level of the houses is the smaller dome of San Lorenzo. It was, in origin, the church consecrated by St. Ambrose in the fourth century; the ambitious Medici practically rebuilt it and made it their family shrine. Its dome is the symbol of their power.

When the traveller enters the city and examines it in closer detail, the apparent chaos of objects will arrange itself readily into a comparatively few orderly groups. Thus, in the older streets, all over the town, will be found the palaces of the nobles: one can sort them out into the survivors of the old feudal families of the surrounding hills, and the newer family of merchant princes of urban breeding. They all then become objects of interest, as illustrating the times when these two classes fought for predominance against each other; and then both against the more democratic commoner men of the workshops and fields. The great Pitti Palace is another material expression of the victory of the Medici; for they acquired it from the powerful Pitti family, who had begun to build it, but were crushed by the Medici before they could finish it. The vast Strozzi Palace, again, is a sign that the Medici victory was against terrible odds and many great rivals.

But, in spite of all these minor rivalries and confusions, if we remember the main facts of the popular Palazzo Vecchio, on the one hand, and, on the other, the many Medicean buildings, we shall be able, with comparative ease, to follow the complicated history of the growth of the Florentine State. In all this confusion the guilds and limited democracy of the Palazzo Vecchio first crushed the nobles; and then the Medici reduced all alike to insignificance. The key to political history is to keep the final victors in sight.

If this classification can be made with the greater buildings, what of the thousands of smaller pictures and statues and objects

of craftsmanship? Much clarity can be attained even in this vast museum if we only recollect that a keen intellect was one of the chief marks of the Florentine people. The development of their art is, in the main outline, the growth of their curiosity to understand the world, and their skill in satisfying it by recreating Nature in its own orderly image. This is the key to the Renaissance—the desire to think more intelligently—and to follow its development of accurate thought is the clearest guide to Florentine art of all kinds. Of course, its thought was not purely accurate and intelligent and of full freedom; for it surrendered itself too completely to an admiration and invitation of Greece and Rome. But that was because of its impetuous desire to escape from the more barbaric dogmas of mediæval superstition. It has always been difficult for man to think for himself, and forget the orders of his ancestors.

TWO RUSSIANS

BY E. H. CARR

THE littlenesses of the great have a fascination for the ordinary man. The cynically inclined, and not they alone, find satisfaction in discovering that the man of genius in everyday life behaves not better, but often a good deal worse, than the man in the street. And there is some consolation in the reflexion that in the contacts of genius with the ordinary man, or even with mere talent, our human sympathies are not always on the side of genius.

These reflexions are prompted by a collection of the letters exchanged between Tolstoy and Turgenev which has recently been published in Moscow. In Tolstoy's youth Turgenev was the rising star of literature, and Tolstoy, like others, was dazzled. Eager to place his youthful efforts under such distinguished patronage he asked, and obtained, permission to dedicate to Turgenev one of his early Caucasian stories. The well-known vanity of Turgenev was not proof against so delicate an attention. "Tolstoy's *Sevastopol*," he writes to a friend, "is marvellous; tears came into my eyes as I read it." And in his letter of thanks to Tolstoy, he gives him paternal advice to leave the army and devote himself solely to literature. Turgenev liked to patronise young men.

All this before the two had met. When Tolstoy came to Petersburg, the reception was as effusive as the preceding correspondence. Tolstoy was invited to stay at Turgenev's flat; and he stayed for several months. When Turgenev's friends called of a morning, they were warned to speak in undertones for fear of waking the guest, who slept in the drawing-room till two after the amusements of the night. The young literary lion was a wilder beast than Turgenev had anticipated, and showed small respect for his self-appointed mentor.

The situation was indeed absurd. Turgenev was lazy, self-indulgent and middle-aged at 35. Tolstoy retained to the end of his days the vigorous intolerance of a self-opinionated undergraduate; at 27 he was totally unable to disguise his

contempt for the opinions and motives of his best friends. He had no need of patronage and would not be patronised. Host and guest quarrelled and made it up and quarrelled again; but it was always the younger man who set the pace. Turgenev was a hypochondriac; he had a thin high-pitched voice, and would escape from a menacing argument by claspings his throat and pleading bronchitis. "Bronchitis is an imaginary disease," shouts Tolstoy; "bronchitis is a mineral."

The ill-assorted friendship continued for five years, but after this first winter meetings were few. It was easier to keep one's temper over letters, though Tolstoy probably writhed when his elder advised marriage "which would give him the spiritual equilibrium he needed." At another moment, they are exchanging childish confidences about 28, the lucky number common to both, Tolstoy having been born in 1828 and Turgenev's birthday being the 28th July. In one letter Tolstoy actually falsifies a date in order to make it appear that he had started a journey on the 28th. The same letter, previously unpublished, contains one vivid foretaste of the later Tolstoy:

"The railway is to travelling what the brothel is to love—just as convenient, just as inhumanly mechanical and just as deadly monotonous."

The clash did not come till 1861 when they met at a friend's country-house. Turgenev was discoursing with pride on the English governess whom he had engaged for the education of his illegitimate daughter, and who taught her charge, by way of charity, to mend the clothes of the poor. Tolstoy was in a bad mood. He had just fallen asleep over Turgenev's new novel *Fathers and Sons*, in which unfortunate posture Turgenev had found him. He knew that Turgenev was aggrieved; and by a queer but familiar psychological process the knowledge drove him to further rudeness. "In my opinion," he retorts, "a well-dressed girl with dirty stinking rags on her lap is acting an insincere theatrical farce." Then, less excusably still, he adds: "If she were your legitimate daughter, you would bring her up differently." At last the heavy easy-going Turgenev is stung, and he threatens to box Tolstoy's ears. Had he carried out the threat, Tolstoy would perhaps have respected him; but he put his hands to his head and rushed from the room.

To the embarrassment of the host, the two combatants, who had arrived at the house in one carriage, had to be conveyed home in two. The situation hovered between tragedy and comedy. A letter from Tolstoy demanding an apology was followed by another challenging his enemy to a duel. In the meanwhile Turgenev had despatched a meek apology which Tolstoy grudgingly accepted. Three months later in Paris, Turgenev hears that Tolstoy has circulated a copy of one of his own insulting letters, adding that Turgenev was too much of a coward to fight; and he in turn sends a challenge to Tolstoy. The latter's reply is characteristic, and shows how severe a strain his Christianity sometimes imposed both on his friends and on his enemies:

Dear Sir,

In your letter you call my action dishonourable, besides which you personally told me that "you would box my ears"; but I ask your forgiveness, confess myself to blame—and refuse your challenge.

Count L. Tolstoy.

This letter ended the relations of the ill-assorted pair for some 16 years. At the end of that time, Tolstoy having undergone the "conversion" which was to destroy the peace and happiness of his family, felt the need of being reconciled with his enemies. "Remembering my relations with you," he wrote to Turgenev, "I felt to my surprise and joy that I have no enmity towards you. God grant your feelings may be the same." The meek Turgenev burst into tears, and replied in the same strain; and the two met again at Yasnaya Polyana, the dangers of unrestrained conversation being avoided by recourse to a game of chess.

Turgenev was old; and Tolstoy at fifty had lost some of his hot-headedness. Their relations survived the remaining five years of Turgenev's life without a visible rift. It is amusing, however, to see the old traits re-appear. Turgenev can no longer pose, even to himself, as Tolstoy's guardian angel; but he can, at least, patronise the dissemination of Tolstoy's works abroad. He sends the French translation of *War and Peace* to Taine, About and Flaubert, and while in London furnishes "the English critic Ralston" with a short biography of Tolstoy. Time and again, he urges Tolstoy to abandon his "Geneva sermons" and return to his art.

But where Tolstoy of old was irritated, he is now merely

bored. He begs Turgenev not to speak of his writings; he has weighed and found wanting his own literary achievement and will be considered only as a moral teacher. Turgenev has no root in realities. He is like an artificial fountain; it plays magnificently, but you know that as soon as some outside agency ceases to feed it, the flow will stop. Ever since he had yawned and fallen asleep over *Fathers and Sons*, Tolstoy had lost his early enthusiasm for Turgenev's sentimental elegance.

Posterity has confirmed each man's verdict on the other. With Turgenev, it deplors the change which led Tolstoy to turn his back on *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* to write tracts on war and art and vegetarianism; with Tolstoy, it yawns over Turgenev and firmly relegates him to the second rank. But in their human relations, our sympathies go out to the man of talent, not to the man of genius.

NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK

By RHYS RAWORTH

When other flowers fling their petals wide,
And glow with brighter colour, and grow faint
Beneath the sun's fierce wooing, you stay close
To earth, indifferent, holding all your power
Folded in sleep. But when the wings of night
Droop round the world, in their protecting shade
You spend your lives, intoxicate the air
With heady perfume that steals down the ways
Of the long garden. Lovers mingle it
With their own dreams, and wonder at their joy.

THE CHEAPJACK OF SAN FREDIANO

By DOROTHY JOHNSON

MY kind Italian hostesses warned me against wandering too carelessly near the Porta San Frediano. Their great eyes burned darkly, like the eyes of the Sibyl, as they hinted at possible encounters with the *cattiva gente*. But I thought that the broad official stare of noon would keep the Bad People in their holes. Anyhow I had to visit the Porta, pickpockets or no pickpockets. I could not rest content with a distant view of it, taken, at my hostesses' suggestion, over the defensive arm of the river. For it was through that gate that, in 1494, Charles VIII of France came riding into Florence; riding lance on hip, in the style of a conqueror, to the infinite dissatisfaction of his Florentine allies. An ugly manikin, who dreamed of glory, whose dreams came all to nothing. Yet the pathos of this figure silences contempt, and besides it had a part to play in the tragedy of Savonarola. I was bound to take my stand near the Porta, on the ground where the cavalcade passed, and try to revive that unpopular pageant out of the dust of Time.

Dust was the word for it. Through the gate of San Frediano the hot wind blew rough with dust. It might be, in part, the dust of Cæsars; it was none the less blinding and maddening. The outer eye smarted and could hardly do its office; the inner eye, surely, could have functioned just as well across the river and in comfort. But I paid my tribute to history; I stood in the archway, and nothing drove over me, and I let myself be properly impressed by the height of the nail-studded doors, pinned back nowadays in dignified helplessness each against its wall. For San Frediano is no longer either exclusive or retentive; anybody may sneak in or out, or ride this passage lance on hip. I began to count the nails, and wearied, and turned to retrace my steps.

A dingy quarter indeed. Florence has many yellows, some ripe and golden and precious, but the yellow of San Frediano is a soiled and jaundiced hue. Whether his children are bad or not, they are unquestionably poor; the Northern Farmer, you will

remember, thought it the same thing. And good or bad, they all seemed to have gone underground. There was literally nobody in sight . . . and then there was a small crowd. I came upon it round a corner, but it was I who had swerved from the straight route; this group of interested Italians had clustered in the very tracks of King Charles. The cynosure was a handcart, tastefully draped with a pleasantly-patterned green cloth. Somebody, then, was trying to sell something; but what was he trying to sell? Tortoises, apparently; for on the outskirts of the crowd a lanky boy, with flat feet and liquid eyes and long eyelashes, was holding up and complacently studying a very portly specimen. Yet I doubted; I ventured nearer, and presently understood. It wasn't tortoises; it was combs.

I heard the vendor long before I saw him. The flow of his talk was smooth, rapid, and unending, his tone neither sank nor rose. He was a little, top-shaped man, tapering from the stout shoulders to a pair of tiny feet, on which he could revolve at will with an exhilarating speed. His gestures abounded in grace, in eloquence, in energy; they were magnificent without being vague, pointedly purposeful and yet uncramped. They were really rather terrifying. One somehow looked to see this man whirl cart, crowd, tortoises, and any rash foreigners who ventured within range, into the ground with him through a small hole bored by those nimble feet. For my part, I hung on the edge of his proceedings like one fascinated by the maelstrom. But the other spectators were engagingly placid. They included certain types that are always found where three or four Florentines assemble. There was the plump and comely widow, her cheeks unfurrowed by time or tears, her hat swathed and hung with yards of textile gloom, a pretty basket on her arm. There was the swarthy, thickset youth of sixteen, in the socks of a five-year-old. There was the official-seeming person, mysteriously disengaged, with plenty of gold lace on his cap and everything handsome about him, who had a fresh complexion and might have been English, if it had not been for the crimson blossom that he nipped by the stem between his white teeth. Englishmen don't carry flowers in their mouths; straws occasionally, cigarettes often, flowers absolutely never. These people were all enjoying themselves, and with reason. Whatever the quality of the goods, the entertainment had no flaw.

The entertainer wore clothes of a dusky purple hue. He had a checked scarf round his bull-neck. His soft purplish hat was crammed low upon his brows and shaded the eyes, pale, brilliant, protruding, of the Man with a Mission in Life. There is no mistaking these eyes. Not far from the Marble Arch, I have seen a pair very similar; aflame, with a vision of terrors to come, above a bellowing mouth. But this hawker neither strained his throat nor meddled with high matters. He was a hawker simply. He had hitched the star of his fanaticism to a commercial waggon; to this handcart, in fact, and its load of combs. He had force, imagination, and method, and to watch him was to watch a well-constructed play. The tortoises, to begin with, were not present just to be amusing. In them we had to recognise his guarantees. Lived there a man with soul so dead, who seeing side by side the finished article, and the raw material in a state of great liveliness, could question that the one was fashioned from the other? The tortoises gave a gallant show, rocking and waddling about the cart with the lightsomeness of high-piled double beds possessed by poltergeists. Orpheus, with his lute, made lions dance; but the Florentines know a trick worth two of that; they can get the brute creation to co-operate with them in their anxious quest of *live*. The animals revel in it. I swear that, down the Por' San' Maria, I observed a grey cat which . . . That, however, is another story. No cats were engaged in the comb-trade. But suddenly I became aware that the cheapjack carried on his shoulders a couple of gay green lizards. These were not, like the tortoises, strictly relevant, their rôle was to tickle (as it were) the eye, to add a touch of vivid and, it might be, mobile colour. One of them, trying too hard, gave a flirt with his tail and fell off. His master's attention being called to his plight by a gravely courteous bystander, he was picked up and popped, in disgrace as I fear, into a convenient bag. The stream of talk slid all unfretted over this incident. One saw it happen as one might see something at the bottom of a clear, swift river.

We had reached the second part of the demonstration; we were now to behold the sort of comb that we must on *no* account buy. A small pale object was exposed to our gaze, under which, and the comb-seller's torrent of obloquy, it seemed to grow smaller and paler. Again and again came the words of doom:

Fabricato in Germania; and meanwhile a fat inexorable finger ran across the teeth of the alien, which fell from it as never teeth of wealthy Hebrew fell to the pincers of our own King John. Indeed they did; these eyes beheld it, or else I was bewitched. *Fabricato in Germania—fabricato in Germania*. Truly, if the German people can manufacture combs like this, that hold together just as long as required and then crumble into dust at a touch, they are a still more wonderful race than I have always thought them. *Fabricato in Germania*. He swept aside the crumbs. And one felt that if he had chosen, he could have palmed off those shams upon every mother's child of us. They would have been perfect till we got them home, then dissolved into thinnest air like fairy gold. I could hardly refrain from raising a cheer for the cheapjack's crystalline honesty.

But now came the crowning act—the display of the genuine goods. These were elegant, neat, richly dark; and he held them up, fan-wise, in threes—five lire, only, for the three! Of the veritable tortoiseshell (here the tortoises, which had been dozing, began once more to perambulate) of the true tortoiseshell, and made in Italy—three, for *cinque lire*! Would we know of their quality, their durability? He would put them to the test. He did. I could never learn the legend of San Frediano, or discover through what tortures, if any, that holy man was made to pass. But he can't have suffered more, or emerged from his ordeal more triumphantly, than did those three-a-shilling combs. Their tormentor lifted one high above his head, and worked the poor thing with his busy hands, till it heaved and glittered like the English Channel in bright but choppy weather. He then held his victim on the cart, edge upwards, and smote upon it with a piece of wood, again and again and again. Such splendid blows they were, sweeping royally from afar, reaching the mark infallibly, startling the drowsy environs with their reiterated thunder. They drew across my mind a tangled train of many pictured martyrdoms. And these modern martyrs, like the old ones, never flinched; and, throughout, the refrain was *cinque lire*—five lire, only, for the three!

And so arrived the epilogue; the testing-time, no longer of the combs but of us, the bystanders. For a moment I feared that we might be found wanting. It did not look a likely crowd; to judge from appearances, some of its members had all the

combs they needed, and the others could not be supposed to have any earthly use for them. And nobody seemed in a hurry to buy; but no one does hurry in Florence. I need not have been in the least alarmed. Lightly maintaining that air of benevolent detachment, everybody began a leisurely search for coin.

The widow brought out of her basket a purse, and out of her purse *cinque lire*. Perhaps, before she came forth shopping, she had disagreed with her excellent Peppina. Little gifts mend little rifts; a good servant is worth propitiating.

The thickset youth cast down *cinque lire*; and Charles VIII, scattering largesse, as he may have done on that very spot, cannot have flung it more superbly. Perhaps he (not Charles, but the youth) had a sweetheart.

The lanky boy, with much difficulty, and not a few grimaces, scraped together *cinque lire*. Perhaps he was hoping for a sweetheart.

And the gentleman with the gold lace and pink flower—but why prolong the tale? There was only one defaulter; and that an alien intruder. The foreigner failed at the test . . . I could not very well help it. For maybe in half-conscious deference to the myth of the *cattiva gente*, I had omitted to bring my purse, and had not a *lira* about me. It did not, however, seem an adequate excuse. I felt, sneaking off in the track of vanished kings, that if I had been of the genuine stuff I should have thrust my watch upon the cheapjack. He was like that; he convinced one of his absolute right to be paid. I shall never recall San Frediano without a twinge of remorse.

CALEB GOES HOME

BY M. A. PRESTON

CALEB Spragg had heard the cuckoo every morning for a month, and it meant no more to him than any other sound that heralded the dawn, no more indeed, than the snores of the old man in the next bed; for however compelling the cuckoo's call may be, it is difficult to feel responsive in a work-house ward, or, as Caleb put it, "When you be coom to the 'Ouse, the weather and nothing doant make a lot o' difference!"

But this morning was different to other mornings. Like the cuckoo, he was to be out and about to-day. Before him stretched twenty-four hours of freedom, to be spent in the old home that he had not seen since that chilly February morning three months ago when he had been compelled to exchange it for more spacious if, in his estimation at least, less comfortable quarters. All that time he had never had a day out, and this was due neither to decrepitude nor homelessness, but to the selfishness of his half-sister, Mary Ann Clark, who kept house for his mother and was the ruling spirit of the home. She had been to see him "a time or two" on visiting days, and one day as they sat side by side on a form in the dreary apartment sacred to visitors, Caleb had suggested a visit home.

"'Appen Oi might coom over one day and 'ave a look at th' old place?"

But Mary Ann had not been encouraging. "I'll talk it over wi' Andrew, an' see what 'e says, but we be in a rare muddle wi' whitewashing an' all, and there ain't a corner where a body can set dacent, let alone lay 'isself, but there! I shouldn't wonder if Andrew came 'isself one day look!"

Although that was in the early days of Caleb's sojourn in the Union, the coming of Andrew was still delayed, and Mary Ann, feeling that discretion was the better part, had not repeated her visit, till at last, time and routine playing into her hands, had so blunted the edge of Caleb's disappointment that if he thought

of a day out at all, he thought of it as a thing that happened to other people but lay quite outside the pale of his own possible experience. Then one day came a letter, telling him that his mother was ill and he had better come and see her "afore she be took."

Caleb was "a chance child," and his mother had married another man afterwards, and he grew up with the other children, always a little bit out of the picture, till at last rheumatism having made regular work difficult, he was told bluntly that "folks as can't keep theirselves, must go where they can be kept and not look for their vittles to them as was born respectable with no call to be be'olden to nobody!"

There was something to be said for Mary Ann's point of view, dictated as it was by economic rather than moral considerations, for whereas the old mother contributed to the family exchequer, Caleb was as yet five years on the wrong side of an old-age pension.

His programme for the day was very simple. He would "get going" as soon as he could, for it would be a longish walk to Littleton, but when he got there he would rest himself a bit, and then maybe, stand at the gate "and see folks a-passing!"

"'Appen parson'll give Oi sixpence an' then Oi'll 'ave me ale at night along o' they chaps at 'Th' Old Angel', an' no one shan't 'inder Oi, Oi'll be a mon sure enough when Oi gets 'ome! An' Oi'll coom in when Oi be ready to coom in, an' lay meself on th' old sofy wi' none o' they draughts a-blowin' from winder, an' none o' they spaces neither. Oi'll lay meself in a proper room once Oi gets 'ome." And in Caleb's eye as it wandered malevolently over the clean emptiness of the ward, gleamed the horror of blank spaces and big interiors so characteristic of his kind.

But alas for the vanity of human wishes, man proposes, but God disposes, and it was not destined to be otherwise with Caleb's day out. It was a perfect May morning. The roadsides and ditches, as yet unspoiled by the dust of full summer, were wavy with fool's parsley and tall grasses, whilst in the meadows on either hand the untrimmed hawthorn hedges, like waves breaking into foam, tossed their white branches between the buttercups and the blue sky. Every time he stopped to rest he looked round at it all, and thought that everything was "looking

grand", but what really interested him most was the unkempt condition of the roadway itself, the dandelions growing unchecked in the gutters, and the fringed untidy edges of the grass, for he had been roadman here three or four months ago, and these silent witnesses to the incapacity of his successor were to him of the most poignant interest. And he chuckled to himself as, turning his back on the golden glory of the buttercup meadows, he stopped to examine with the eye of an expert, a grating half choked with weeds and gravel.

"They looked for to better theirselves when they give Oi the sack," he thought to himself, "but th' old roadman knew 'ow to keep they gutters clear, an' not 'low they drains to get mucked up wi' rubble an' such!"

After an hour's desultory walking, Caleb came at last to the point from which he could see his mother's cottage. It was a very old one, built of grey Cotswold stone and thatched, and it was separated from the road by two yards of flagged path with a paling and gate. On one side of the gate grew a holly tree, with a tall straight trunk and tufted top, like the trees in toy farms, and on the other was a laburnum or "golden chain tree" in full bloom. The little window upstairs was closed, and had a white blind half drawn, and it was the sight of this blind that recalled to Caleb's mind the real reason of his coming. He had been so taken up with plans, and so engrossed by the way with old landmarks, that he had only partially realised that his mother was dying, or even dead, and that her condition was likely to modify any plans he might make for his own enjoyment.

He opened the door and walked in. There was no one in the kitchen, but a small fire was burning in the grate, and over it hung a kettle suspended from a hook. At right-angles to the fire-place, and beneath the window, was the horsehair sofa, on which for years Caleb had slept, and in the middle of the room stood a square table with a shiny black covering of American cloth, on which stood a cup half full of tea.

It was all very familiar, the two clocks, with their loud, insistent unequal ticks, the pink crinkled paper wreath round the picture of Queen Victoria, and the chest of drawers, with its crochet-covered top crowded with treasures, two blue vases filled with dried grasses, a coronation mug, a view of the church mounted on plush, and a small white china dog with a red

collar. Caleb, looking round, silently greeted these household gods, and then sitting down on the sofa, contentedly awaited events. He had not long to wait. Mary Ann heard the click of the latch, and came in from the back with her arms full of "washing".

"'Ow be you, Caleb?" she asked, putting down the basket with a crash on the floor. "Maybe you'd like a cup o' tea afore you go up?"

"Oi be fairly," replied Caleb, "but Oi doant seem to get shut of me cough." And then, after a pause, during which Mary Ann emptied and swilled out the cup and busied herself with the kettle, "'Ow's Mother?" he asked, with a jerk of the head in the direction of the ceiling.

"Doctor don't reckon 'er'll lie long," replied Mary Ann in a matter-of-fact tone. "'Er's that sunk 'er's not much better nor a frame, and I be fair driven off me legs with all this washing and the 'ouse to get ready again' the funeral an' 'er to see to, I've not 'ad me clos off this six nights. You'd best go up and bide wi' 'er a bit soon as you've 'ad yer tea, and give me a chance to get round." And so saying, she opened the bottom drawer of the chest, and drew out a pile of white garments, laying them carefully on the table.

"Jest reach for the 'orse, Caleb," she said, pointing with her elbow in the direction of the wash-house. "I must 'urry up and air these things."

"Oi doant want noa sheets," said Caleb, putting down his cup and walking round the table for the clothes-horse. "Oi'll lay to-night in me shirt look! You needn't go for to warm noa sheets for Oi."

"Tain't likely as I should," replied Mary Ann tartly. "These 'ere ain't sheets, these be grave clos as 'ave laid by rough dry this many a year, an' I've damped 'em and ironed 'em proper, and now I'm going to air 'em a bit, for like as not Mrs. Emms'll 'ave cause to call for 'em afore nightfall, for 'er'll not lie long, doctor says, 'er's a-picking at sheets now, and once they begins a-pickin', they's beyond we."

If Caleb had views on the subject of taking time by the forelock, he kept them to himself, as having set up the horse by the fire, he turned to climb the steep stairs that led by a door direct from the kitchen to the upper floor of the cottage.

There was no door to the bedroom, but a curtain hung over the entrance, and pushing this on one side, Caleb entered the room. His mother was lying on the window side of a four-post bed, but the posts had been lopped to meet the exigencies of a sloping ceiling. The half of the window that a hygienic district council ordained should open, was wedged with newspaper, to obviate any possible draught, and the atmosphere had the close, stuffy smell common to cottage bedrooms, and entirely foreign to the workhouse ward, whose airiness had once provoked from Caleb the criticism, "that it was that cold and blowing as you couldn't rightly tell not from the smell of it, that it was a bedroom!" On the wall above the old woman's head was a photograph of her late husband, framed in conjunction with his own mourning card, and hung above a text bearing the inscription: "All things depend on Thee."

Caleb, crooking his arm round one of the posts at the foot of the bed, watched his mother. Her eyes were wide open, and she was muttering to herself, turning her head in its tumbled night-cap, from side to side of the pillow, whilst her fingers tapped and clutched at the sheet. She took no notice whatever of her son, for her mind, with the long-sighted vision of old age, was back amid the scenes of long ago, living over again the sordid drama of her girlhood. Caleb, by leaning towards her, could only just catch what she was saying.

"Oi ain't to meet yer no more evenin's, Dave," she whispered. "Folks be a-talkin' cruel An' Oi be gettin' me name up all over village long o' you 'Tain't no use you bein' set on Oi Mother says as Satan'll 'ave Oi for sure the way we be goin'," and her voice rose in her excitement.

"Doant you fret yerself, Mother," said Caleb. "Doant yer know Oi? You aint got no call to fret yerself, it's Oi, Caleb, as be coom over to see yer!"

But she did not heed him, and went on whispering as before: "Mother says as Oi'll 'ave to go to the 'Ouse Dave, 'er says as 'er won't 'ave no sich thing 'appen at 'ome, an' Oi doant want to go to the 'Ouse, Oi be skeered o' what's cooming, Dave, Oi be terruble skeered o' what's cooming!" And the slow, pitiful tears of weakness and old age crept unchecked down her cheeks.

Caleb let go of the bed-post, and moving round to the side of the bed, laid his hand on hers. "Doant ye fret yerself like that,

Mother," he entreated, "'tain't good for yer, it's Oi, Caleb, as be 'ere. You be a-wanderin', that's what you be."

The pressure of his hand seemed to soothe her, and she lay still for a few moments while Caleb sat on the bed beside her, gazing out under the blind at the holly tree which touched the window pane, and still further darkened the room. Then feeling the hand beneath his twitch, he turned his gaze back to the bed. The old woman was staring straight at him with a glance of keen recognition, and as he rose to his feet, she raised herself on her elbow, and pointing a shaking finger straight at him: "Dave," she cried clearly and distinctly, "you be coom at last, but you be too late to make an honest woman of Oi." And with that she fell back on the pillow.

Mary Ann heard the cry, and came running up the stairs. She bent over the old woman and carefully closed the troubled eyes, still fixed on Caleb.

"'Er's gone off pretty sharp," she said. "You be only jest in time, Caleb. Doctor were quite right, but there! 'tis the Lard's will. 'E gave and 'E 'ath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lard!" And reaching out one hand to the window, she drew the blind down to the bottom.

From that moment confusion reigned in the little cottage. Mrs. Emms arrived, and Andrew came in to dinner, whilst Mary Ann, usually so Martha-like in her activities, sat idle by the fire, as became a prospective chief mourner. Mrs. Emms was here there and everywhere, keeping up a running flow of conversation in the subdued undertone which decorum alone permits on such occasions. She was the one indispensable woman in Littleton, for she could boast, with Sairey Gamp, that few indeed were the lyings-in or the layings-out at which she had not assisted. True, the certified mid-wife had of late years displaced her in one sphere of her activities, but in the other she still reigned supreme.

"Where be they white stockings, Mary Ann?" she whispered, "for never 'ave I laid out a corpse i' black ones, no, nor never shall, as long as I draws the breath in me body, for a corpse as doant lay in white stockings 'll walk sure enough, and I wouldn't 'ave it on me conscience to do it, not if you and Andrew was to ask me ever so!"

The whereabouts of the white stockings having been

ascertained, she retired upstairs to fulfil her avocations in the death chamber, after the custom of her kind, which, like the Law of the Medes and Persians, altereth not.

Caleb, meanwhile, feeling that he had neither part nor lot in these ceremonies, sought the decent obscurity of the back garden. He was very much put about by the turn of events, and it worried him that his mother had not died happier.

"She 'adn't no call to fret 'erself," he thought; "Satan 'as a power o' folks to look to, without troubling 'isself overmuch 'bout them as ain't worth remembering. 'Er's been a good mother to Oi, let alone Mary Ann and the others! Folks oughter die proper an' peaceful, with 'ands folded respectable and thoughts of 'Eaven, not staring and pointing and fair worriting theirselves into their graves! But there, 'tis the Lard's will! 'Is ways ain't our ways, and 'tain't for the likes of we to dictate to 'E," and he shook his head resignedly.

Nevertheless, as he sat on the short bench at the end of the strip of garden, pulling mournfully at his pipe, resignation gradually gave place to resentment at the way in which Providence was handling his first day out. It was no part of the original programme that he should spend the after-dinner hours communing with his own thoughts amongst the rhubarb and horse-radish of the back garden; it was at best but a poor alternative to the gate and the passers-by, but circumstances were altogether too strong for him, and here he must remain until tea-time anyway, cherishing the hope that perhaps, later on, after dusk, he might venture to emerge on to the doorstep, without unduly outraging the conventions. For Caleb knew as well as anyone in Littleton that it ill becomes the newly-bereaved to court overmuch publicity between the death and the burying. So he sat on the bench, and poked holes in the soft earth with his stick, and wondered how soon he could with decency call at the vicarage for the price of his evening beer.

Presently the church clock chimed four, and with the last stroke there was a movement amongst the rhubarb leaves close to him, and out came a brown hen, clucking to her brood of little yellow chicks.

"'Er's 'atched 'em out foreign," said Caleb to himself, "and Mary Ann ain't got no time to see to 'em now, 'tain't nateral as 'er should, Oi'll jest fetch a sup o' corn and maybe a few crumbs

from the 'ouse," and he drew his now empty pipe from his mouth, put it in his pocket, and rising stiffly, hobbled towards the back door.

As he neared the house, he heard Mary Ann and Andrew talking together in low voices, but the talk stopped as soon as they heard the tapping of his stick on the flags.

"Coom along, Caleb," said Andrew, "you'd best rest yerself an' 'ave a cup o' tea afore you goes back to th' Union. 'Tis a smartish walk for the best of us, an' you ain't the man you was not by a long way."

"'Oo's goin' back to th' Union? 'Oo yer talkin' of?" said Caleb suspiciously. "Master 'ave given Oi leave over night, an' Oi be a-goin' to see parson, coom dark look! when Oi've cleaned meself, and fed chickens," and he glanced defiantly from Andrew to Mary Ann.

Andrew, feeling instinctively that the situation now developing was likely to tax his diplomatic resources to straining point, pushed back his chair with a squeak, and went over to the fireplace for his boots, thereby weakly shuffling the responsibility of immediate reply on to Mary Ann.

"Set yerself, Caleb, for goodness' sake!" said she irritably, "no one can't talk to a body as stands like a image and won't set."

But Caleb, sensing something conspiratorial in the air, and rightly feeling that the standing posture is the only posture of command, leaned his hands on the table and looked down at Mary Ann.

"You see, Caleb," she went on uncomfortably, "there'll be folks 'ere to-morrer. Em'ly and 'er 'usband'll come soon as they gets my letter in the morning, and this room it be all made straight for 'em, so as you can't lay 'ere same as you used. Things be different when there's a corpse in the 'ouse, look!"

"Oi ain't a-goin' back till to-morrer, Mary Ann," repeated Caleb obstinately. "Oi've as much right to be 'ere as Em'ly any day of the week, and what's more, Master'll give Oi leave out for the funeral, so you'd best be fixing up when that's to be, an' Oi can tell parson to-night when Oi goes to vicarage."

But Mary Ann's sense of decorum chose to be outraged at this hustling of events. "For shame, Caleb," she cried, "anyone 'earing you 'ud think as you was brought up savage, fixin'

funeral afore the corpse be cold! You jest set yerself and 'ave yer tea and go back quietlike. 'Tain't my doin' nor yet Andrew's, as Mother be gone off so sharp after you be come."

Andrew hearing the note of appeal in Mary Ann's voice, looked up from the lacing of his boots. "Ay," he nodded, "'er's right, you'd best get a move on after tea, Caleb."

But Caleb never even glanced in Andrew's direction, rightly recognising in Mary Ann his real enemy. He stood his ground firmly, only his arms shook as he pressed heavily with his hands on the table. He knew in his inmost soul that he was beaten and would have to go,—had he not always had to go and come at Mary Ann's bidding?—but he meant to assert himself first.

"Oi shall 'tend funeral right enough," he repeated, "an' Oi shall coom back 'ere when 'tis over and 'elp divide they bits of things as belonged to Mother, Oi bein' the firstborn, it be my place to see to it, and to see as they be divided equal."

And with this declaration of rights, Caleb's eye roamed reflectively over the objects which crowded the little room, till, lighting on the chest of drawers, it met the vacant painted gaze of the china dog.

"That there little dog, now," he mused aloud, "that little dog be a thing as Oi should like to keep, for Oi minds well as it was bought this New Year three years, wi' they soap wrappers as was on they bars of soap as Oi fetched meself from shop time an' again. No one ain't got no better right to the little dog than Oi, that's certain."

Had Caleb possessed more cunning, he would have postponed this ultimatum till a more convenient season, for it had the undesired effect of bringing Mary Ann to her feet, and so giving her at least an equal advantage.

"*You* divide they things!" she cried, leaning over the table till her face was within a few inches of his, "you ain't got no rights over 'em, 'deed you ain't got no rights at all, bein' as you be no lawful child. And what's more, you couldn't take 'em where you live, even if you 'ad been born i' wedlock, the Guardians don't 'low folks to 'ave things at the 'Ouse, and you knows that as well as I do, Caleb, for all you're so 'aving! . . . An' what's more, 'tain't no sort of use you thinking to come over for the funeral, for you ain't dressed proper, no blacks nor nothing, 'tain't Mother as'll set tongues wagging with paupers

a-follering i' corduroys! I doant want to be 'ard on yer, Caleb, 'tain't no fault o' yourn, we all knows, but there's things as is true and things as isn't, and it don't do no good to pretend different!"

This ruthless recital of unpalatable truths, culminating in so insulting a reflection on his wardrobe, was more than much buffeted human nature could be expected to endure, and trembling with rage and mortification, Caleb threw discretion to the winds and let fly at Mary Ann with all the eloquence and invective at his command.

"Damn your eyes! Mary Ann!" he shouted, beating the table with his fist till the cups jumped in their saucers, and the china dog rattled against the coronation mug on the chest of drawers, "you be a wicked woman, you be, but Oi'll best yer yet, see if Oi doant. You thinks as you be God Almighty, but you be wrong, Mary Ann, you be wrong! Oi doant want to say as you be a damned cat, Mary Ann, but you be!" And snatching up the china dog, he thrust it hastily into his coat pocket and stumbled blindly out of the cottage and on to the road.

The sky had clouded since morning, and a chilly wind springing up with its presage of rain, turned back the under side of the lilac leaves, and tossed the golden chain tree till its blossoms made a yellow carpet of the footpath. Caleb trudging along the road, dazed and spent with the emotions and fatigues of the day, had no eyes now for the landmarks of such absorbing interest not eight hours since, and he was nearly at the gate of the workhouse when a hen, scuffling across his path, recalled to his mind that other hen at home, waiting with her chicks for the corn and crumbs he had gone indoors to fetch, and so basely forgotten in the buttering of words that followed.

"'Appen Mary Ann'll serve they better nor she served Oi," he reflected miserably, as he stopped to look down the road that he had come, then, turning, hobbled slowly and dejectedly up the broad path that led to the House.

As he neared the building, he saw with misgiving, the Master standing in the doorway, and hoping against hope that he might not be called upon to explain his early return, he quickened his steps and would have passed in, but the Master seeing that something had upset him, stopped to ask after his mother.

"'Er's gone," said Caleb laconically.

"I'm sorry for that, Spragg," said the Master sympathetically, "but don't you want to stop over for the funeral?"

The dreaded question had been put, but Caleb, tired and dispirited as he was, rose to it like a man, and made one last stand in defence of his mortally-wounded pride.

"Thank 'ee kindly, sir, Oi'm sure," he murmured in a voice that he could not quite coerce into steadiness. "It be very kind of 'ee to think to give Oi another day out, but Oi be pretty nigh wore out as 'tis, with the death let alone the buryin', an' Mary Ann Clark, as is me sister look! 'er says to me as Oi was a-leavin', 'Doant you go for to coom, Caleb,' 'er says, "not as we wouldn't like for yer to be present," 'er says, 'bein' as you be the first-born and that—!" And here, either the sharpness of the contrast between fiction and fact was altogether too poignant for controlled speech, or Caleb's lying spirit suddenly and cruelly deserted him, for he broke down and sobbed like a child.

But the way of consolation was not far off, no further, indeed, than his coat pocket, for as he dived into its depths for his handkerchief, his hand touched on something hard, and he realised even in the moment of defeat, that the honours of war were not wholly with the enemy, so long as he could draw cold but very real comfort from the little china dog wrested from Mary Ann at the last moment, along with the last word.

EBB AND FLOW

A MONTHLY COMMENTARY

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE Armistice Day celebration this year was made notable by the presence of those holders of the V.C. who had been mobilised to attend a dinner in the House of Lords, when the holders of this "most envied of all decorations" (as the Prince of Wales called it in an admirable speech) sat down *The Great Achievement.* three hundred and twenty strong in places allotted by the chance of ballot—thus proving the truth of the Prince's saying that no other order is so democratic in the principles of its enlistment.

The celebration should be something more than a pious appeal to remembrance. A wave of blind disgust seems to be sweeping over civilised mankind, and under the effect of its influx, causes grow confused; bravery and comradeship continue to be commended, but men lose their grip on the fact that fighting may be worth while. The other day in France I met an old man of letters, who had retained the habit of thought. "I lost my two sons in the war," he said, "but I still think that the war had to be fought." There is no need to raise debates of war guilt, but a simple question can be answered without difficulty. If Germany had won, would there be a League of Nations to-day? Those whom we commemorate gave their lives to prevent Germany from winning, and so made it possible to get out of the period which believed in war. For under Bismarck's guidance, Germany had made war prudently, had thriven on war, and, if once more victorious, Germany would have riveted on the world the yoke of people who held that war paid. As things stand now, General Smuts, perhaps the most characteristic figure of his period, jurist, statesman and soldier, defender and spokesman of a very small nationality, who won and held his place in the world-council, could say to a highly educated audience that "we were witnessing one of the great miracles of history."

"The absolute sovereignties of Europe and the world . . . had made the use of that great weapon of national aggrandise-

ment—war—almost impossible and they had finally renounced its use as an instrument of national policy.”

Could this have happened if the Kaiser Wilhelm had ridden triumphant into Paris?

The whole of General Smuts's discourse, delivered as one of the series of Rhodes Memorial Lectures is a thing that should be studied, “lest we forget”, and that we may understand. None disputes the good faith of those who fought in the war, no matter on what side; but those who fought on the side that finally prevailed had a justification for their faith, and no horror of war can excuse us for ignoring it. It is not the names of the dead but their deed, their joint achievement, which should be held in remembrance.

Students of the discourse will note that at its close the jurist, being a practical statesman, seeks to point out a way by which the United States, without abandoning principle so far as to join the League of Nations, may nevertheless help to render the Covenant inclusive by renouncing the right to supply a “war-outlaw-nation”. The difficulty of deciding what nation must be regarded as outlaw remains; and to meet this General Smuts proposes an extension of the existing arrangements for general conference.

In short, this European statesman (who does not belong to Europe) does his best to make bridges by which America can cross from one of her principles to another. We shall all perhaps understand America's position somewhat better after President Hoover's recent pronouncement, in which he explained that America's refusal to join in any guarantee for sanctions was not simply due to her traditional dislike of foreign entanglements. America, he says, believes in the effect of public opinion and disbelieves in violence as a means of preventing wrong. It could surely not be violence to refuse to supply munitions to an aggressor nation at war, and so far as this President Hoover might incline to go. But he suggests that civilised war should renounce the weapon of starvation; that every army should allow supplies of food to go free into every blockaded town, and every navy pass every ship that carried food to an enemy's port. It would meantime be licit to shell either town or port, or to bomb from the air, with weapons that do not discriminate; but women and children could not be starved.

Certainly England would stand to gain everything by the adoption of such a principle; but is it conceivable? Probably President Hoover will find the road to advance more practicable along the line of generally extending international agreements against war, and of organising tribunals with power to decide, even though the decision lack sanction. He will have this very great advantage that General Smuts is to visit America on a tour of lecturing propaganda this winter. There is probably no other man living whose personal intervention could be of so much service at the key position; for it is in the United States that the whole struggle to organise a new international order, ruling out war, must be decided. Meanwhile the correspondent of the *Times* has pointed out two relevant facts: first that decisions of the Supreme Court in America lack any sanction,—any machinery for their enforcement; secondly, that the United States have from the day of Madison refused to contemplate the use of force by the Federation against any one recalcitrant state. Undoubtedly, this did not prevent civil war; but it is well to realise that America's distaste for physical force as an argument between communities is not of new growth.

One should note also President Hoover's public declaration that the Department of State must be strengthened if the way of advance by international agreements is to be followed. Readers of Sir Cecil Spring Rice's Letters will remember his repeated protests that diplomatic action with the United States was largely futile, because the Senate almost habitually cancelled or altered what the Secretary of State had agreed to. Hay, Roosevelt's Secretary of State, was vehemently of the same opinion.

M. Tardieu's accession to power in France has a significance in this relation; for he is one of the Frenchmen, not very numerous, who have considerable experience of America. He writes English without trace of foreign idiom. It is even more important at present that France should maintain good relations with the English-speaking world than that her understanding with Germany should continue to grow. From this point of view M. Briand's interrupted task can be continued much more hopefully with M. Tardieu than with M. Daladier or M. Chéron at the head of affairs. It would be too much to hope that the French Chambers as a whole should support their executive in

international concerns; one might as soon look for this from the Senate of the United States; but as the years succeed each other, a kind of international parliament shapes itself, and in it individual men carry weight by their record and by their familiarity with the conditions of this assembly, which, though nebulous in outline, begins to have continuity. To count there, a man must know and be known, and M. Tardieu has both these qualifications; the unsuccessful cabinet-makers certainly had not the second and there is no evidence that they had the first. M. Tardieu is not yet a name of power in Europe, like M. Poincaré and M. Briand; but he is a known name, and has his chance of winning that high rank in which a man becomes something more than one country's mouthpiece, and commands a volume of accumulated prestige in the counsels of a world which, to rid itself of war, is driven to internationalism.

As General Smuts said, speaking as one who laboured to bring the League of Nations into being, ridicule did its best to kill this new growth; and it is still much the fashion to pour contempt on it. Lusty talkers are loud about Geneva's talking shop. Yet if the dead whom we commemorated did not die to bring the League into being, for what were their lives given? Soldiers have not forgotten how they were called to a war to end war. Cynicism is a tempting pose, it gives an air of superior wisdom, but there was nothing cynical about the mood in which our armies put on khaki. If the course of events bred a cynicism of the trenches, the men in the trenches were not to blame; and it was not on the firestep they learnt it.

Cynicism apart, one hears too often, Who is the better for the war? It can be answered, not only on behalf of those who gave their lives, but of those who offered them, that the men who won the war changed the map of Europe, and where they changed it they extended freedom. Yet if nothing were done to carry on their work, it might be held with justice that they sowed new wars; and the League of Nations is there. After ten years, its achievement is easily belittled; but the effort of one year's war may be equalled to that of ten years' peace; and how much could the armies that won the war show for their first year's labour and sacrifice! If not in the League of Nations, the principle of that which they fought for has no active life. As well laugh at the League as spit on the Cenotaph.

Another thought which seems relevant to this time when we honour the dead is that we do this best by honouring the pledges made when men were called for. There are three ways of interpreting pledges. One is to consider exactly how the words used would be construed in a court of law. Another is to try and ascertain what the pledge meant to the man who was authorised to give it. The third, and not the least important, is to consider how it was understood by those to whom the pledge was given. It has always been characteristic of the English people at their best, in any bargain whether private or public, to give full weight to the consideration, what meaning would naturally be put upon an undertaking by those to whom it was made. Generosity has been part of the best English statesmanship. That is why I feel inclined to uphold the action taken jointly by two men whose political affiliations have little in common. But the House of Commons knew the Unionist, Major Wood, now Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, and the Liberal, Mr. Wedgwood Benn, now the Labour Ministry's Secretary of State for India, as two typically clearheaded, courageous and highminded English gentlemen. Their action is condemned by two of the most brilliant minds that the English Bar has produced in our day—Lord Reading and Lord Birkenhead—who as Viceroy and as Secretary of State had the fullest opportunities to know all concerning this matter. Undoubtedly words were used by the most accredited persons in 1917, in 1919, and so lately as 1927, which held out to Indian Nationalists the hope of full self-government. Lord Reading in construing these pledges asked himself what the English ministers must have meant who used those words. Lord Birkenhead castigated with severity the "loose and ignorant" employment of such a word as Dominion Status and stressed the importance of such qualifying additions as "in the fullness of time" and "with evolutionary development", which made part of the earlier pronouncements. He reached his conclusion with this resounding phrase:

"No man who has or who ought to retain a character for sanity can assign any proximate period to the date at which you can conceive of India becoming of Dominion status."

Yet presumably Lord Irwin and Mr. Wedgwood Benn remembered that Mr. Baldwin said in May, 1927:

"In all the joint activities of the British Commonwealth of Nations

India now plays her part, and in the fullness of time we look forward to seeing her in equal partnership with the Dominions."

They certainly knew that India did not construe such a phrase as meaning that a generation, or a hundred years, might probably pass before India was fit for "Dominion Status"; they knew also probably that Lord Birkenhead's view was shared by other interpreters in England. And so they publicly on behalf of the Governments of India and of the United Kingdom put a very plain interpretation on the various texts. The goal was to be "Dominion Status". They would perhaps have done more wisely to adopt the phrase used by Mr. Baldwin in a noble speech during the House of Commons debate; it might have been better to say that the goal should be to make India's position "one of equality with the other states in the Empire"—for this does not imply identity or even analogy of internal machinery.

The Viceroy's declaration, or rather, its interpretation of earlier declarations, is one of the things which the Simon Commission must take into account in framing a Report. It is perhaps rash to say more,—knowing, as I do, nothing of India. But I know from sharp experience the temper of a people demanding the right to self-government. If you can give them the sense that they are consulted and are jointly responsible in framing the scheme for self-government, you will strengthen the hands of every moderate man; questions will be considered on their merits and not simply as a matter of national pride. The Simon Commission was hampered at the outset by the cry that India was denied a part in framing a policy for India. There are, at least, strong indications that Lord Irwin's pronouncement has made India (and in the widest sense) a willing co-operator. In the final decision, which falls inevitably to the British Parliament, the Simon Report will be a factor; but not more so—perhaps less so—than the advice of the subsequent Conference, which will advise with the Report before it to work on. If that Conference can be made really representative of the various interests—if India through it can be made to realise that England's desire is to give to India, not the minimum but the maximum that she can use, up to full equality with Canada and Australia—it may quite well be found that the demand will lessen and not increase. Reasonable men consulting quietly will know what they need and can use; and in India the limitations are formidable.

But no form of self-government can be imposed on India; there must be acceptance. The British rule, or the British element in the rule of India, can be permanent only if India desires to retain it. If half that we are told be true about the Hindu's fear of the Moslem, the Moslem's of the Hindu, the plain-dweller's fear of the hill-man, the southerner's fear of the northern, the result of free conference might well be a frank expression of desire for continued guidance from England. Yet it may be that India—whatever India is—has more self-confidence than many imagine. Only one thing I do know: that if the Irish question had been handled as Lord Irwin and Mr. Wedgwood Benn are handling that of India, a great deal of evil would never have been committed, England and Ireland would have been spared much, and the type of self-government arrived at might well have been better adjusted to the facts, and much more pleasing to the national pride.

Nobody has attempted to make party capital out of the Indian situation; but on other issues the Labour Government will find itself seriously assailed. Mr. Thomas left the House frankly disappointed with his review of the steps taken to lessen unemployment; and the total of the unemployed continues to rise. We are left with an uneasy feeling that on the continent men are pushed to work, not merely by their own interest but by a sense of the national need; whereas here, they are more concerned to maintain the degree of leisure and the rate of pay which was achieved in war-time. If, indeed, Germany, France and Italy have been developing national consciousness, while England was developing class consciousness, the outlook is ugly.

In the outside world, the United States afforded an unpleasant sensation by sudden violent movements on the Stock Exchange. A great many theoretical values collapsed, and a great many people find themselves much less rich than they believed themselves to be; though whether any real wealth or real prosperity was destroyed seems doubtful.

In Belgium, a young Italian's attack on the Prince of Piedmont—happily ineffective—had the evil result of making bad blood worse between France and Italy. Italy complains that France allows the right of asylum to be abused. France could reply

that if all whom Fascist Italy counts criminal were to be debarred the right of sojourn, civilisation would need to change its standards very gravely. The worst of such a repressive rule as exists in Italy is that no foreign Government can guess what seemingly peaceful person may suddenly become a political assassin. There have been times when Italian nationalists, outlawed from the soil of Italy, needed shelter in other countries; and no Fascist to-day will blame those who gave it.

This ill-will between the two neighbour Latin countries is one of the dangers to Europe, but it may pass quickly. Lord Newton's *Life of Lord Lansdowne*, published last month, is a useful reminder how brief a space may divide enmity from friendship. This book was needed, to bring into relief the part played by the least obtrusive statesman of modern times. Yet Lord Lansdowne made the Anglo-Japanese alliance, without which Japan's victory over Russia could never have been complete—if indeed Japan had ever been allowed to measure her strength against Russia's alone. That defeat and Russia's downfall from primacy is the pivot-fact of modern history; and Lord Lansdowne was answerable also for the next great development, the Anglo-French entente—which followed as a consequence of Russia's weakening and Germany's ambitious push for mastery. Yet only six years before that a long series of envenomed disputes between France and England seemed about to issue in war. Lord Newton does not conceal Lord Lansdowne's limitations; he had no power of popular appeal, and little gift of leadership, but he was a statesman, with a long inheritance from men used to high office, with love for the work, and with a knowledge of continental life and thought such as probably none of his contemporaries possessed—except Sir Charles Dilke. When we realise what Lord Lansdowne was worth to his country, we can guess what England threw away by discarding Dilke.

In another biography, that of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, I note that the famous advocate, who as a young barrister had some concern with Dilke's case, not only thought that this matter was most unfortunately handled but convinced himself, and remained convinced, that Dilke's story was true, and that the public verdict (for it was a public rather than a legal verdict against Dilke) was wrong. Mr. Marjoribanks who writes the *Life* shows by repeated instances how uncannily acute was

Marshall Hall's instinctive judgment. The book is of course a mine of interest for amateurs of murder trials, since half the most illustrious crimes of this century are here reviewed and revived. It was of more interest to me to get some idea how this great forensic speaker earned his success; for scores of us sat long years in the House of Commons with Marshall Hall and never heard his voice. For that matter, his greater rival, as Rufus Isaacs, was very slow in finding a theme on which he could move that audience as he had moved others; and even after that success (which was indeed an *Oratio pro Rufo*), he never acquired the complete and habitual mastery which, as Lord Reading, he has exercised in so many other spheres.

The production of Mr. O'Casey's play *The Silver Tassie* was bound in any case to excite interest, because this Irish dramatist, having given to the Abbey Theatre three works whose popularity was extraordinary and whose merit was recognised no less in London than in Dublin, suddenly found a new play of his refused by Mr. Yeats and his fellow-directors. Mr. O'Casey appealed, let us say, from the Abbey to Apollo, and on the whole he has had a most favouring response. All of his three early plays had been concerned with the psychology of Dublin in a revolutionary Ireland; one was curious—and a little doubtful—as to what he would do with the wider theme of Ireland as part of the European war. In the first Act, Mr. O'Casey is on sure ground; he dramatises what he knew intimately, the Dublin to which soldiers returned from the front; and we have a scene in one of the tenements where an old woman and young woman are waiting for a soldier on leave to come back from renewing his triumphs on the football field. Meanwhile in the tenement overhead, another soldier in a last bout of drinking, and a fit of jealousy, breaks up his furniture and knocks about his wife. Then in comes the hero, carried by admirers, and carrying the "Silver Tassie" which he has won outright for his club. After that, the mother has to part from her son, the hero from his sweetheart—but all the women are passionately anxious that the men shall not miss the waiting boat—for if they do, separation allowances are forfeit. The scene is full of vitality and made acceptable by the humours of Mr. Barry Fitzgerald, a

comedian whom London sees, I think for the first time, but who has been Dublin's idol. Mr. Sydney Morgan, another product of the Abbey, supports him admirably. The next Act is poetry: it is a vision of trench-life as Mr. O'Casey has reconstructed it from the talk of returned soldiers--and the scene is said to have been designed by Mr. Augustus John. Here is none of the realistic fidelity that we saw in *Journey's End*, but it recalls the best book (to my mind) ever written about the trenches, M. Barbusse's *Le Feu*; it is trench life transfigured; and the groups of men shuffling about in files, each packed close on the others' heels, gave what no cinema has ever given, the sense of that laborious huddled progress. It is as one saw them occasionally, looking down from a free space off the top of a trench. All the talk is a sort of choric lamentation--soldiers' "grousing" set to poetry--and any officer who disputes its relation to actuality should ask himself how much he really knew of what the men said to each other in those long nights. Officers and sergeant-majors come in as figures of caricature--but in the grousing talk of soldiers, is not that how they would be represented? Anyhow the whole is a vision of war conjured up in a strong imagination from living testimony--and it is alive with a strong life. But in the third act, from poetry which generalises because it is poetry, we drop back to the particular, and pursue a painful and squalid individual history: the story of the hero, brought in, shot through the spine, by a comrade who gets the V.C. for his deed; and of the hero's sweetheart who transfers herself from the cripple to the intact hero. I could not pretend to enjoy the third and fourth Acts, for the reason that among all the characters presented not one commands sympathy--unless it be Mr. Barry Fitzgerald who since the first Act has (rather improbably) got by way of khaki into hospital clothes, and can always keep us laughing. But the comic passages here are accidental, things stuck on, not as in the first Act wrought into the theme; and the dramatic confrontations of the central story, though they are powerfully invented, do not, for me at least, set free either pity or terror. Mr. O'Casey's poetry is better than his prose; but when he tries in the last Act to recapture the note of poetry, it does not ring true. Still, when all is said, here is a notable play which shows at least that we are by no means yet done with this Irish dramatist; and in the second

Act it did not matter in the least whether his words were spoken by Irish actors or by English; the range of them was too wide to need that exact justness of interpretation which only the Abbey actors and Miss Uta O'Connor gave to the prose scenes.

A leading figure of the older Ireland, before revolution changed the whole array, has passed away with Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Only

Mr. T. M. Healy survives, of all Parnell's brilliant
Mr. T. P. O'Connor - lieutenants. From 1885 on, as Member for the

Scotland division of Liverpool, T.P.'s special function, was to represent and guide an important factor in the Nationalist movement--some two million Irish in Great Britain. If that movement had been confined to those who lived within the four sides of Ireland, it would have been less difficult to withstand; and it was supported in England and Scotland by many who had nothing to gain from it and who sacrificed much for it. T. P. O'Connor was no unfit spokesman for these. He never posed as a sufferer and he was, of course, a reasonably prosperous person. But if he had chosen to give Ireland the go-by, and had exploited simply for his own behalf his combination of gifts as public speaker, writer, and editor, he could have been rich with half the labour, and earned distinction much more agreeably. For thirty-eight years he was active in a party whose members were bound by an understanding, (never written or spoken) to take no office of public emolument. Whatever prosperity he earned had to be earned in his off time, for (at least in the years of which I had knowledge) his House of Commons work came first. From 1906 to 1914 he, with Redmond, Dillon and Devlin, made a cabinet which directed Irish action in Parliament. This is not the time to try and assess their work, or T.P.'s part in it; but one thing should be said. These men had no reward for their labour except such success as they achieved; they had very moderate thanks at any time, and in the end, they had a flood of calumny. T.P. got less at any time of thanks than the rest; but no one ever stinted to him his share of misrepresentation. Yet I am sure that to the last he never regretted having given through his whole life the best of all he had to give, to Ireland.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Fortnightly Review*.

Sir,

In his interesting essay on the subject of terminal prayers in Elizabethan plays, Mr. W. J. Lawrence theorizes in favour of the last year or two of the 16th-century as a time when this custom fell into disuse. I am of the opinion, however, that even in court performances the custom was dropped at a much earlier date than this. Lyly's "Endymion", for example, which was presented before the queen by the Paul's boys as early as 1586 has no terminal prayer. Even the epilogue showers no blessing upon the queen. On the contrary, there is a much more valuable note struck; a strong profession of patriotism, and an earnest avowal of loyalty to the queen on the part of the players and their countrymen.

I should be inclined, therefore, to disagree with Mr. Lawrence in the matter of dates, and to fix a far earlier time—the middle of the 16th-century, say—for the dying out of this old custom. The one or two isolated cases of a later date, which Mr. Lawrence is able to quote, cannot be taken as indicative of a general rule; rather they can be interpreted as set there for a special purpose, as Mr. Lawrence himself shows, when he quotes "Everyman out of his Humour".

H. J. SEMPLE.

176, KING'S ROAD,
CHELSEA.

DECEMBER

1929

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The Problem of Morality

MARRIAGE AND MORALS, by Bertrand Russell. Allen & Unwin. 7/6.

MEMORIES OF MY LIFE, by Edward Westermarck. Allen & Unwin. 16/-.

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL'S *Marriage and Morals* is being described as a "provocative" book, and this description, which is all too true, is a devastating comment on our civilization, or—to be more specific—on the state of our minds here in Great Britain. I look forward to the time, as no doubt does the author himself, when it will be possible to dismiss this book as being no more than a straightforward account (enlivened by wit) of self-evident truths. That day is not yet, and, failing a massacre of all people over forty (a scheme that has the incidental disadvantage that it would deprive us of Mr. Russell himself), its arrival is not imminent. As things are, we must expect anger and alarm among the timid and unintelligent, and from cleverer people who are no less deeply entrenched in prejudice we must expect, what we have in fact already seen, the bland suggestion that Mr. Russell's doctrine is so clear and persuasive, is presented with so much literary skill, that there must be a catch in it somewhere. It is impossible, they will say, to civilize sex; love is not rational and cannot be made so; therefore it is fitting that the laws concerning sexual behaviour should be as irrational and stupid as we can make them, an end best achieved by working on the assumption that the propositions that led us to this conclusion are false. This is not the kind of logic that Mr. Russell deals in; hence his provocativeness.

Human nature is so corrupt that a man and a woman who have come together in the expectation of continuing love do not enjoy being obliged, whether by law or by public opinion, to stay together after their expectations have been decisively disappointed. Nor is there, in Mr. Russell's view, any reason why they should do so if the marriage has proved childless. The institution of marriage, he contends, exists

primarily for the benefit and protection of children. "But for children, there would be no need of any institution concerned with sex, but as soon as children enter in, the husband and wife, if they have any sense of responsibility or any affection for their offspring, are compelled to realize that their feelings towards each other are no longer what is of most importance." In this matter of children Mr. Russell may be said to be definitely on the side of the Victorian angels. He returns to it more than once:

Where a marriage is childless, divorce may be often the right solution (of the troubles of marriage), even when both parties are doing their best to behave decently; but where there are children the stability of marriage is to my mind a matter of considerable importance. I think that, where a marriage is fruitful and both parties to it are reasonable and decent, the expectation ought to be that it will be lifelong, but not that it will exclude other sexual relations.

In the last sentence the Victorian angels are kicked downstairs; and they do not reappear, except for a sentence or two, in what follows:

A marriage which begins with passionate love and leads to children who are desired and loved ought to produce so deep a tie between a man and woman that they will feel something infinitely precious in their companionship, even after sexual passion has decayed, and even if either or both feels sexual passion for someone else. This mellowing of marriage has been prevented by jealousy, but jealousy, though it is an instinctive emotion, is one which can be controlled if it is recognised as bad, and not supposed to be the expression of a just moral indignation. A companionship which has lasted for many years and through many deeply felt events has a richness of content which cannot belong to the first

days of love, however delightful these may be. And any person who appreciates what time can do to enhance values will not lightly throw away such companionship for the sake of new love.

The mellow wisdom of such a passage as this will come as a surprise to those who regard Mr. Russell either as an arid intellectual or as a wild revolutionary. He has written a book as free from anarchistic rant as from puritanical spleen, treating luminously and wittily of the many aspects of his subject. He traces existing effects to their (sometimes remote) causes, quoting, for example, the case of Malinowski's Trobrian Islanders, who are unaware that their children have fathers, and suggesting that "the discovery of fatherhood led to the subjection of women as the only means of securing their virtue", their virtue being desired by man only or mainly as a means of making sure of the paternity of his own children. And throughout the book, stated once but implied everywhere, is the important and liberating idea that much of the behaviour and many of the sentiments that we call instinctive are not instinctive at all; in fact, "the only act in this whole realm (of human behaviour) which can be called instinctive in the strict psychological sense is the act of sucking in infancy."

It is clear, whether we like it or not, that the orthodox code of sexual morality is already a dead letter in the lives of the younger generation. Owing to the war the change has come with an appearance of suddenness, but this appearance is deceptive. What the war did was not to initiate a moral revolution, but to hasten a process already far advanced, and, above all, to remove in some measure the need for concealment. Those who are weeping and gnashing their teeth and crying woe upon the wickedness of their juniors would do better to listen to Mr. Russell, who offers us here, not merely a detailed criticism of the old morality, but a timely contribution towards the construction of a new one. It is his belief that given certain conditions marriage is the best and most important relation that can exist between two human

beings. "If it has not often been realized hitherto, that is chiefly because husbands and wives have regarded themselves as each other's policemen. If marriage is to achieve its possibilities, husbands and wives must learn to understand that whatever the law may say, in their private lives they must be free."

These two subjects, Marriage and Morals, have occupied the mind of Dr. Westermarck for the greater part of a long life. It has evidently been a happy life, for nothing could be more charming than the temper of his autobiography: gay, discursive, candid, humorous, and informed by that modesty, that simplicity of heart, which we have learned to associate with greatness and especially with great learning. He tells us how, during one sleepless night, when he was twenty-seven, he was struck with sudden horror at the thought that he might one day be forty; yet now, if he had the choice of living a considerable part of his life over again he would "without any doubt exclude" his childhood and the earlier years of his mature youth, though these years were not, we gather, conspicuously unhappy. "I can well imagine," he writes, in the last paragraph of his book, "that those whose main interests in life are fixed on objects which find their satisfaction more particularly in younger days, will reckon up the passing years with a feeling of grief; but my chief and most enduring joys have had other sources. The scientific interest withstands the ravages of time. The love of nature grows no less with increasing years; it seems rather to gain in strength the nearer we come to that moment when we ourselves shall be merged in all-absorbing nature. Nor has the third, that great source of happiness, that for which I am indebted to my friends, run dry in the course of time. The oft repeated statement, that new friends are seldom made in later years, has not been confirmed by my own experience." No reader of Dr. Westermarck's book will find difficulty in believing these last words, in which, unconsciously, the author discovers to us the secret of its charm, and of his own.

GERALD BULLETT.

Some French Painters

FROM TOULOUSE-LAUTREC TO RODIN, by Arthur Symons. *John Lane. 15/- net.*

CRITICISM of painting from the pen of prose or verse writers is welcome not only because professional competence is a legitimate source of pleasure. It is welcome because it is probably more reliable than essays consisting mostly of the technical terms that are in fashion in a certain decade. The Vision of St. Helena was not treated by Veronese in order to illustrate balance of line or harmony of colour. Nor was Millet's *Coup de vent*. Nor was the contemporary engraving of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

No one can read with care these twelve short and one long essays of Arthur Symons without illumination. To begin at the end of the book, the essay on Rodin amounts to an excellent and prolonged interview. The case is stated for Rodin by himself.

"*Décidément, la lenteur est une beauté*" should be inscribed in letters of gold in every studio.

The essay on Whistler makes more clear than most writings on the subject Whistler's awful purity of purpose, and his single-minded conception of the function of society that made of him, in season and out of season, his own most shrill Callisthenes. A society under the thumb of the pukka memsahib used to flock to his Sunday breakfasts because they were smart, and used to explain away their indifference to this work by the convenient verdict that he was a leg-puller. They preferred Frank Miles. When Whistler was dead, and the boom undeniable, the pukka memsahib bewailed, in sackcloth and ashes, his memory, out of which she had failed to make money. She never forgave herself for that bloomer.

"In these pages of *A Rebours* the art of Moreau culminates, achieves itself, passes into literature," says Arthur Symons. I

would add "as it never entered into art." On page 137 the writer puzzles me by using the term decadent art, in the sense of pornographic art. Decadent art means art which is in its decline. "The Soul's Awakening" is decadent art, as were the Venetian scenes of Luke Fildes compared to the emotional understanding of Passini. The nadir of decadent art has perhaps been touched by Long's "Christ or Diana."

I cannot think with Arthur Symons that the finer part of Daumier's genius lay dormant till 1848, when he began to paint. Daumier was a master in lithography. The same cannot be said of him in painting. The fact that he is so easy to forge is an index.

It is curious to find a poet speaking of the ugliness of the child in *le linge* by Degas. This literary antithesis is not really necessary. Technique may be good in the representation of objects lovely in themselves. And why should the *chanteuse* have been singing an obscene song? There is nothing to tell us, one way or the other. She may have been singing

"Il est d'usage qu'un Président
Laisse faire les autres et se repose."

This collection is certainly rendered lopsided by the disproportionate space given up to Toulouse-Lautrec, whose place both in drawing and painting was unimportant.

It is probable that the most valuable qualification for writing a critical estimate of a man's work is that the writer should not have known the subject of his estimate personally. Nelly Farren as Jack Shepherd used to wish she was "wuss". Arthur Symons appears almost to wish that Lautrec was wuss. He even appears to wish that Lautrec had wished himself wuss.

"Lautrec burns always with an inordinate desire for women." How could Arthur Symons know this, even though he

knew Lautrec? "Something in the rage of his blood causes at times a disturbance in the very mediums and values that he paints with." This is evidently a matter calling for investigation by my distinguished colleague, Professor Laurie.

I would implore the author of this book to forget for a moment his friendship with Lautrec and *la Meline*, and to ask himself if Lautrec's drawing and painting in itself succeeds in bringing across the footlights the aroma of all this super-naughtiness. I should like to convince my old friend that when he attributes to Lautrec a manner of painting that was "caught" from Degas, he is speaking of a catch that has been badly muffed.

RICHARD SICKERT.

THREE STUDIES IN EUROPEAN CONSERVATISM, by E. L. Woodward. Constable. 15/- net.

THE monsters of history are becoming more and more patted down and reduced to merely human proportions. Anatole France has shown us Pontius Pilate as a quite humdrum and rather overworked official. Tiberius has been depicted as a conscientious, painstaking administrator and capable commander in the field. Metternich, long regarded as a monster of duplicity, appears in Mr. Woodward's very able, interesting and well documented volume as an urbane human being, essentially the product of his period, inclined to become garrulous and, though in a position to see much, never really capable of interpreting what he saw. Imagining himself the very keystone of European politics he none the less justified Napoleon's bitterly comprehensive estimate of him: "Il prend l'intrigue pour la politique."

Guizot, the second study, is of course quite the reverse of a monster in the public eye of to-day; but there is a certain likeness between the two statesmen brought out very clearly by the author. So different in antecedents, in race, in birth, these two students of European society were each

dominated by precisely the same fear—the fear that change in the whole outlook of things was taking place too rapidly. "Festina lente" was the unuttered motto of each. Both men, too, were possessed of a superb self-confidence. The Austrian revolution of 1848 was explained by Metternich in the phrase, "C'est que j'ai gouverné l'Europe quelques fois, l'Autriche jamais." Guizot, for his part, regarded this as an old friend and when Metternich exclaimed, "Faisons-les tous ensemble," Guizot remarked that he himself had been fortunate enough, more than once, to find out his mistakes.

For the dispassionate Mr. Woodward the serious mistakes of the French statesman were precisely those that he never found out and he notes that in 1857 Guizot could reread one of his own books written in 1821, "avec une satisfaction presque sans mélange." But the author of this volume is very sensitive to the chasm of history that separates these two products of the post-revolutionary period. Guizot had to face the most furious opposition in making those fantastic claims of his for himself. It was amid a perfect uproar that he terminated a two hour speech with this historic fragment of splendid effrontery: "et quant aux injures, aux calomnies, aux calomnies extérieures, on peut les multiplier, les entasser tant qu'on voudra, on ne les crèvera jamais au-dessus de mon dédain." It was not for a Metternich to speak like that but rather for "a great orator in Rome".

Yet it was in the nature of things that both these men should resist the new order just as it was in the nature of things that the great institution of the Catholic Church should accept the same motto "Festina lente". It is then not by accident that the third of these admirably linked studies is devoted to "The Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century".

J. A. T. LLOYD.

The Imperial Problem

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE BRITISH DOMINIONS, by Arthur Berriedale Keith. Macmillan & Co. 18/- net.

THE object of this interesting book is to remove certain misconceptions which have been current, both at home and abroad, as to the changes effected in the character and constitution of the British Empire by the Resolutions of the Imperial Conference of 1926. Such a work was badly needed; for without the guidance of one familiar with legal and constitutional principles, and their practical application, it is impossible even for British subjects to understand the system under which they live or the nature and scope of the changes which from time to time are made in it. As for foreigners in general, it is hardly to be expected that they should understand; for, as Professor Keith observes, the British Empire has no analogy with any other political system, past or present.

The chief misunderstanding has arisen out of the definition by the Conference of the mutual relations of Great Britain and the Dominions as that of "autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate to one another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." This definition was not unnaturally understood, both at home and abroad, to mean that, so far at least as the autonomous Dominions are concerned, the unity of the Empire had been broken up and that henceforth the only bond uniting the British Commonwealth of Nations was to be that of the person of the King, as in the case of Great Britain and Hanover before 1837. This view, which was strengthened by the admission of the Dominions as separate States to the League of Nations, has also been taken to involve the right of secession, a right somewhat rashly admitted by Mr.

Bonar Law when Prime Minister. It is a view which has been adopted, with somewhat unhappy results, by the two Dominions more or less disaffected to the British connexion—the Union of South Africa and the Irish Free State.

The interpretation of the Resolutions which has thus gained currency is combated by Mr. Keith with a formidable armoury of argument and proof. He points out that the particular clause in question has been misunderstood, because wrested from the context which explained and modified it. He points out that the Resolutions have not the force of law, since they have not been submitted to the Imperial Parliament nor to the Dominion Parliaments. They were, in short, intended, not as a legal definition of a fundamental change in the relations of the Dominions with the Crown, but as a formulation of the general principles on which these relations were henceforth to be conducted. The ultimate supremacy of the Crown in Parliament, he says, has not been, and cannot be, abrogated so long as the common allegiance to the person of the Sovereign remains. What can be done is to limit the assertion of this supremacy in practice by an understanding with the Dominions, by the recognition of their right to be consulted and, in general, by substituting the ideal of co-operation for the Imperial tutelage which was needed while the Colonies were as yet undeveloped.

It is impossible in a short notice to do justice to Mr. Keith's luminous treatment of this subject. The book, in addition to an Introduction which deals with the Imperial Conference of 1926 and the problem of sovereignty, is divided into four parts. The first treats of the development of internal sovereignty in the colonies; the second discusses the existing extent and limits of internal sovereignty; the third traces the development of external sovereignty, and the fourth defines the actual extent and limits of this sovereignty. Of great interest, especially, are the chapters on

the Dominions and the League of Nations and on the power of the Dominions to negotiate treaties. In general, the effect of the book will be to reassure those who have feared an impending break-up of the Empire; for it shows how little irksome the surviving restrictions on their sovereignty are to the Dominions themselves, and how necessary they are to that co-operation which is held up as the common ideal. As for the Irish Free State, whose anti-Imperial attitude Mr. Keith duly notes, it may be suggested that he takes this attitude perhaps a little too seriously. He assumes that the majority of the Irish people are hostile to the British connexion. It would be truer to say that the Irish people, or the articulate among them whom they follow, have been glad to rid themselves of the obligations involved in the British connexion, but by no means desire to surrender its advantages. Even Mr. De Valera's ideal includes, or included, a permanent alliance which should ensure to the citizens of the Irish Republic the rights of British subjects in Great Britain, and vice versa. Also Mr. Cosgrave's Government has the support of a by no means negligible minority which still sings "God save the King" with enthusiasm.

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH SOCIAL AND POLITICAL THINKERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by the Rev. R. H. Murray, Litt. D. *Heffer* 2 vols. 12/6 each.

Dr. Murray has attempted more than the series of essays which his title suggests. His studies range from Malthus to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. They are based on a very wide knowledge of the whole field of English speculation from religion to economics. Dr. Murray's purpose has been "to show how the current of English thought has gathered strength and depth from the gradual working out of the national adventure".

This is the right approach to his subject. Dr. Murray has sought to disentangle the personality and teaching of each thinker in

relation to his fellows and to his time. He has eschewed the dry analytic method which tries to summarize the doctrines without placing or interpreting the man. It is unfortunate that his purpose has not been better realized.

The themes with which he has dealt are complex and various. The selection and arrangement of matter to illustrate the growth of romantics and utilitarians, tractarians and evolutionists was obviously extremely hard. Dr. Murray has collected much interesting information, but he has not applied it to his end. The digressions, of which the book is full, confuse or distract as often as they help to make a point. It may be necessary to remind the reader that Disraeli did not invent the "novel with a purpose"; it is hardly necessary to complete this information with almost a page on novels of this type from Richardson to Flaubert (!), from Flaubert to Zola. An excursion into the history of French colonial policy does not help to put Malthus in his true perspective; three pages on the Russian revolution have very little to do with Lord Passfield.

Such a history as this must be a history of England, seen from a certain angle; Dr. Murray's historical setting is woefully disordered and obscure. We are driven to feel that he has not made up his mind on many points; that the canvas is blurred because the artist was working without a plan.

It is not surprising that many of his judgments on particular thinkers should appear distorted; the environment in which they lived and worked is but dimly perceived.

Bolingbroke was "an amazing genius"! If the empty periods of the "Patriot King" deserve such praise, Disraeli's share will not astonish us. Dr. Murray has discovered the elixir of political wisdom in his novels. The false sentiment and facile sympathy of "young England" make this opportunist a prophet of social reform; the theme of "Endymion" a prophet of feminism; the coronation of the Queen as Empress a second founder of the Indian empire! Literary

fire-works and a few gestures prove Dr. Murray's case for him. He has exaggerated Disraeli's significance because he has misunderstood his political background; the four pages in which he vindicates his "Vindication of the English constitution" are startlingly irrelevant; he has evaded the main issue—the contrast between Disraeli in action and Disraeli the dandy and literary "poseur".

This is but one example of the capital fault which vitiates the book. The highest qualities of the historian and biographer were necessary for the treatment of this most ambitious theme; a wide knowledge of the literature was not enough. Dr. Murray has accumulated biographical details and historical facts in great numbers; he has neither chosen nor arranged them well. Inevitably, the result confuses more than it enlightens. It is a thousand pities that so much learning should have been so feebly digested and arranged.

IGOR VINOGRADOFF.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GEORGE MOORE, by Geraint Goodwin. *Benn.* 10/6 net.

MUCH has been written in the newspapers on the discovery contained in these pages of the blunder in *Macbeth*. This, however, is not the most significant revelation of the Conversations. An error concerning the murder of Banquo is more remote from us than the cruel stupidity, in comparatively recent days, which threatened to murder a living talent. That talent was Mr. Moore's own, and complementary evidence has been furnished by Mr. Arnold Bennett, whose strong, generous voice was admittedly powerless to break the boycott against the author of *Esther Waters*, then in the full zenith of his force. Well, they failed to murder him and here he is delivered from his stupid enemies but in some danger from the adulation of his clever friends. For not even the moutons de Panurge would follow Mr. Moore through all the zigzag byways of his talk. They would shy at such fragments as this one: "I remember reading

The Brothers Karamazov. Everyone became so very excited. 'What is it all about?' I asked. And then it came to such a pass that one man could not meet another over a glass of beer without they must row each other over the origins of Christianity. However, do not misunderstand me. I should think Dostoevsky was a much greater man than, let us say, Hall Caine." They would shy, too, at this reference by the author of *Evelyn Innes* to the author of *Jude the Obscure*. "That man! It was not that he could write or could not write. He seems to me nothing—or rather, he is, let us say, a village schoolmaster."

Frankly, Mr. Moore is not at his best in such passages as these, not in girding at Anatole France (who girded at so few) but in discussing such works as *The Brook Kerith* and *Héloïse and Abélard*. But how could he address even the moutons de Panurge quite like this? "Evelyn Innes is a love story the first written in English for three hundred years, and the only one we have in prose narrative."

Admittedly, Mr. Moore is an original writer of assured and sustained talent but, with his sub-acid smile, he is too mercilessly objective in his reactions to that long gallery of superb artists which winds from the author of *Hamlet* to the author of *Thais*. All have sinned but is there not also sin in the Holy of Holies, in Ebury Street itself? Mr. Moore descends that now familiar staircase rather in the manner of Moses coming down from the Mount. Yet his own derisive conscience cannot be wholly clear. Certainly there is the discreet remorse of silence as to *Mike Fletcher*; but will there be no compunction for that Palais Royal baronet who was to make a sort of leading lady rather than a great artist out of Evelyn Innes? These facts, however, are dim enough against the halo of Ebury Street and one should be grateful for the Conversations if only because we have it, on the authority of Mr. George Moore, that obscenity is not, never has been, and never will be the touchstone of genius.

J. A. T. LLOYD.

Game, Gun and Rifle

SHOOTING BY MOOR, FIELD AND SHORE, by several authors. The Lonsdale Library. *The Seeley Service Ltd.* 21/-.

THE HUNTING AND SPOOR OF CENTRAL AFRICAN GAME, by Denis D. Lyell. *The Seeley Service Ltd.* 31/6.

THERE is no English sport which is quite so complex as shooting, for in the sportsman's short six months we range from grouse to wild fowl and the moment the season is over we have to prepare for the rearing and preservation of next season's birds. Mr. Eric Parker and his expert collaborators have brought together in one volume a very complete and authoritative survey of the whole field in *Shooting by Moor, Field and Shore*. Lonsdale Library, Volume III.

The Lonsdale Library is designed to replace the old and beloved Badminton Library which was venerable in pre-war days and is now entirely and unavoidably out-of-date. The task of replacing the old with the new is not easy, for the quality of Badminton was undeniable, but it is difficult to pay a higher compliment to the Lonsdale volume than to say it has fully justified its claim. It is in every way a better volume than its Badminton forerunner, and the editor, Mr. Eric Parker, is to be congratulated not only on his own work in the volume but on having selected a team of experts who tell the ordinary sportsman just what he wants to know. He has given his writers freedom of expression of opinion, a liberty all too rare in days when economic restriction bridles the pen, and the editor functions under the shadow of an advertisement manager. The style of the contributors varies widely, some convey an idea in a phrase of crystal clarity, others plough a steady furrow through a heavy soil of long unfamiliar and ponderous words encircling rather than defining the point they wish to make.

There are chapters hard and clear as diamonds, others easily and delightfully written, others verbose and heavy, but in all of them is wisdom, practical experience and that wise knowledge which makes the book encyclopædic without wearisome diversion into technical detail.

Mr. Eric Parker, the *doyen* of writers on shooting, writes delightfully on grouse and partridge. Major Maurice Portal puts the much debated case for and against Field Trials in a true sportsman's light, and Mr. Leslie Sprake (Middle Wallop) contributes valuable chapters on general shooting hints and other subjects. There are two remarkably good chapters on woodcock, a specialised subject, wild fowling and snipe are well covered, and there is a useful chapter on the subject of the management of a syndicate shoot.

The range of twenty-four chapters covers every aspect of shooting from the selection of armament to the cookery of game. One can find here and there minor points on which it is permissible to hold other opinion, and possibly the chapter on the diseases of game birds might have been strengthened. These are minor points and indeed, if there were nothing to stimulate us there would be ground for suspicion that the volume was not up-to-date. It is, and it is perfectly sound sense throughout and remarkably good value for money.

Amid a plethora of travel books and personal reminiscence of the shooting of big game it is a relief to come across one which really treats a technical subject properly. Mr. Denis D. Lyell is a well-known shot. He is sound in his views and knows his subject perfectly. He has written a book, *The Hunting and Spoor of Central African Game*, which is certainly the most helpful work ever written on the subject. The illustrations of spoor and droppings cover the whole field from Pachyderms, buck, antelope and carnivora, down to notes on crocodile and bushpig. It is in this limited sense a hunter's manual of supreme importance, but there is much in it which is far more than regional and even more important.

The chapter on Fair Hunting is one of the cleanest things ever written. It puts the case for the game clearly and is a sound lecture on the ethics of decent sportsmanship which should be read by everyone who goes to Africa to shoot. We hear much of abuses, too little perhaps of the good sportsmen, but these words from a master hand can be received as laying down a code which all should follow.

The chapter on rifles is one which contains more wisdom than is found in gunmakers' shops. Mr. Lyell, like Mr. W. D. M. Bell is a firm believer in the Mannlicher action .256. Many shooting men will agree with him that it was the best of its type in its time. Recently its successor, the Mannlicher Schönauer has been improved to take more modern cartridges with heavier bullets and higher velocities. If Mr. Lyell had had experience of the new .30/06 Mannlicher Schönauer or of some of the newer Mauser cartridges this chapter might have been enhanced in value. As it is, he writes frankly and soundly of rifles as he has found them and even if his scope does not extend to the latest advances, there is nothing to abate the basic importance of his views. The book is in every way indispensable for all who shoot big game.

HUGH P. C. POLLARD.

AFTER PURITANISM (1850-1900), by Hugh Kingsmill. *Duckworth.* 8/6 net.

FIRST among the fairy gifts to grace the cradle of Mr. Hugh Kingsmill was a quite remarkably tonic intellect, not altogether free from hyperbole and forced ingenuity; yet, even in its moments of severest strain, irradiated by a wayward, but irresistible persuasiveness. His very exaggerations are a joy, so full are they of his own zest in delivering them. "Puritanism," he will say, "nearly imposed a King on the England of the seventeenth-century. In the nineteenth-century its greatest practical achievement was the Salvation Army." Of course the antithesis will not hold water

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A FEW ONLY REMAIN OF MOST OF THE TITLES.

for a moment; but what a relish there is in the sting of it. And that is true of all Mr. Kingsmill's lively and audacious "obiter dicta." His style bubbles over with personality, which in itself is the very life-blood of literature.

After Puritanism is an invigorating effort to trace the disintegrating forces that broke up that retarding Puritan tradition, which "reached its zenith at the beginning of the 19th century," and began to dissolve some fifty years later. Mr. Kingsmill does not love the Puritanic temperament, but he is just to it. He recognises that it served its purpose. "The industrial age," he says, "needed Puritanism, a literal and unimaginative creed, a curb to happiness, and a spur to practical achievement." But, when all the machines of material prosperity were in full swing, the force that had set them going was bound to exhaust itself. Mr. Kingsmill traces its dissolution in four rather strangely chosen, and severely contrasted publicists, in Dean Farrar, in Samuel Butler, in Frank Harris, and in W. T. Stead.

Really, it is rather refreshing to find Dean Farrar taken seriously; for many men of over 50, who now blush when they remember "Eric" and "St. Winifred's," would have to confess, if they were honest, that they were moved by such heroics at their preparatory schools. Farrar, as our critic reminds us, stood for a good deal in his time. He stood for emotional sympathy with childhood, in reaction against the tyranny of the paternal arm-chair; he stood for a growing sense of the humanity of Christ; and he stood, courageously, according to the temper of the time, against the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. He was a "Puritan intoxicated with the Romantic movement," a crusader against the terrible self-righteousness of "The Fairchild Family," that "Elephantiasis of Hebraism," (how telling Mr. Kingsmill's labels are!) and he paved the way for

Samuel Butler's lethal attack upon the entire fabric of the British domestic circle.

On Farrar and Butler Mr. Kingsmill is excellent; perhaps a personal predilection induces him to invest Mr. Frank Harris with an influence that somewhat exceeds his reasonable claim. Mr. Harris was fortunate in facing the light at a time when, in Mr. Kingsmill's own words, "the integrating force of Puritanism was nearly spent, after a century's struggle against the impulses, themselves at war with one another, released by the renaissance of the imagination"; but he was rather a product of his day than a creator of its spirit. As editor, he gave opportunity for the free discussion of large and liberal minds; but his personal contribution (again in Mr. Kingsmill's own words) was hampered by his lack of "the art of insinuating his genuinely remarkable gifts and experiences past the barrier which each man's egotism erects against such intrusions."

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THE HAWBUCKS, by John Masefield. *Heinemann*. 7/6.

FUGITIVE'S RETURN, by Susan Glaspell. *Gollancz*. 7/6.

IN each of these three novels the chief character returns to his native countryside, and the difference in their motives for doing so gives a measure of the difference in the writers' approach to life. Miss Simpson's Horatio Forster quits London to be revenged; Mr. Masefield's hero inherits an estate; while the return of the fugitive in Miss Glaspell's fine and moving novel comes after profound spiritual experiences, and is an act of self-sacrifice performed in the service of beauty and reality.

Miss Simpson has probably not written the novel she intended. She seems to have planned a grim story of a man ruining himself for the sake of revenge upon a rival who is entirely ignorant of the wrong and even of the identity of his victim; and her dramatic finale doubtless belongs to this original scheme. But on the way she has become so much interested in the loves and hates of the avenger's daughter that she has allowed Melian to oust her father from his place as protagonist; and Forster himself, with his wrong and his revenge, does not take hold of the story until the reader's interest is too firmly fixed on Melian to be transferred without resentment. The change of plan has also lowered the emotional tension of the story; but the character of the young Melian, so earnest, so aspiring, so eager, yet so cramped by the early-eighteenth-century conventions which surround her, has a wistful truth of its own. Melian's aunt, though amusing, is too sententious to be credible, and Melian's French prisoner lover is a mere shadow; but some of the minor people—the maid Alice, the insufferable Mr. Galliard, and in a less degree the coachman Frank and the beautiful Mrs. Dest, who are the storm centres of the plot—have vitality.

The chief interest of the book lies in its picture of English country life just after Waterloo; this is firmly and convincingly drawn. Mr. Galliard at dinner with the country-bred Finns is an amusing social cameo; and the Thrope Parsonage rookery as it appears in the evening light is a cameo of another kind.

The Hawbucks also gives us a picture of English country life; but painted in colours curiously flat and conventional for Mr. Masefield's vivid brush. George Childrey succeeds unexpectedly to his estate through two sudden deaths in his family; he comes back from the wilds of America to take possession, justifiably dislikes his younger brother, falls in love with the squire's daughter, courts her through a hunting season in company with half-a-dozen other scarcely distinguishable young men, loses her, and finds consolation for the loss in the last chapter. The merit of this mild story is the opportunity it affords to Mr. Masefield's poetic observation of the animal life of the countryside; but unfortunately both story and background are smothered in dialogue. Surely no other characters ever gave vent to small talk so persistently and ruthlessly as these. Only twice does the authentic Masefield note rise above the chatter; George's home-coming to the sights and sounds of English country life, and the death of the old coachman Richard, are really moving.

To turn from these two novels to Miss Glaspell's work is to plunge from more or less competently painted surfaces into the living fibre of a mind—a mind complex, difficult, at times confused, but always throbbingly sensitive and sincere. The opening chapters of the book are quite extraordinarily poignant, for we see Irma Lee Shraeder preparing to commit suicide, and are induced by the simple beauty of Miss Glaspell's writing to share Irma's agony, though we do not fully know its cause. Irma is saved from death by a friendly cousin; and, voiceless and barely sane, voyages alone to Greece. Beside the temple at Delphi she makes a curious numb

life for herself, remote, apart, deliberately thrusting her memories from her; until at last compassion forces speech from her lips, she returns to action and so to life. Then in thought she re-lives her past, seeing it with a terrible detached clearness; and so we learn of her troubled childhood in Iowa, of the reserve in which she has always cloaked her feelings, of her cowardly rejection of true happiness, of her marriage and her twofold tragedy. Gradually the nobly proportioned world about her, the majestic mountains, the ancient trees, heal her bruised spirit; contact with the profound realities which underly the simple village life completes her spiritual regeneration, and she is at last able to write: "I can bear it now. For now I know that life is very old, and will go on when I am not. Now I know I am in a great stream, though I do not understand this stream, nor know where it may be tending." *Fugitive's Return* has one failure—the character of John Knight—and occasional *longueurs* and obscurities; but it has also passion, insight, beauty and power.

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read by students for the Bar. There are even examination questions for Shaw students at the end of this volume. It will have its uses. But perhaps Mr. Shaw has too subtle a mind to be grasped in its full significance by the professorial brain. Shaw is a far greater emotional artist than the varsity dons will ever realise; they are always searching for dull "facts." When Mr. Wagenknecht tells us that Mr. Shaw "has no creative power in the sense in which Barrie has creative power" one can only wonder why he did not add another chapter on the still more amazing "creations" of Mr. Edgar Wallace! The great artists have always humbly held the mirror up to Nature; and have not created graven images of their personal fancies. Nevertheless, Mr. Wagenknecht has collected many valuable truths from Mr. Shaw's works, even though his interpretation is too often reminiscent of the manners of the "uplift" preacher.

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Mr. Gwynn's treatment of the immortal story is in all respects admirable. He

leaves it so largely to tell itself, in Scott's letters, especially the intimate letters to his wife, now for the first time available. They had been married only two years when he left her and her baby son, never to see them again, but the letters make abundantly clear how her gay courage and Bohemian disregard of what many think necessities, helped him in his hard struggle to provide not only for her and his son, but for the mother to whom he was devoted, and for the advancement of science by exploration, the cause to which he had devoted his life.

Mr. Benson's story of Magellan leaves, perhaps, something to be desired in the telling. He has at all times a certain simplicity of style which can degenerate into childishness. It does so degenerate in the earlier half of this book, though when he comes to the great story of the voyage, the mutiny and the attainment of the goal, he is strung up to a higher pitch. But the Christmas 'book for boys', though it has its own place, should not be substituted for a biography of a great explorer.

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It is interesting, as the decade advances, to note the change in Lady Welby's correspondents. At first mainly clerical, or literary, they come to include many scientific names, Tyndall, Huxley, Romanes, Oliver Lodge, Lloyd Morgan. The thoughts expressed also undergo a change. There is less mysticism, and more analysis of language. The writer is evidently feeling her way towards that study of expression as thought-interpreting, the need of which was to be her special message to her generation, and the further development

of which we hope may be followed in some future issue of later correspondence. Mrs. Cust's explanatory footnotes are a model of conciseness. If they err at all, it is on the side of brevity. May one reviewer express a hope that in a further volume she may expand them a little and throw some sidelights upon the personality of the 'V.W.', whom she leaves here to be only self-revealed by these extracts from her intimate letters.

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first books about the war, *Le Feu*. This is his vision of soldiers about to go over the top:

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The German writers, chiefly among whom is Herr Arnold Zweig, exhibit the same broad and sensitive humanity: indeed the extract here given from *The Case of Sergeant Grischka* is the most terrible, most profound, and therefore most significant piece of writing in the volume.

GERALD BULLETT.

have gone a long way to solve it. It has not. For that Act I accept my full measure of responsibility: I did everything in my power to promote its enactment, as I have done everything I could to secure its amendment. But I must regretfully agree with Dr. Carruthers that "the policy of the re-distribution of the white population of the Empire has failed, and that in so far as the Empire Settlement Act was intended to be the instrument of that policy it shares in its failure." I should myself put the matter more bluntly.

Nor do I attach so much importance as does Dr. Carruthers to the decline of the birth-rate in Great Britain. If we had a great industrial revival that factor might become important: but it is not imminent.

It is no use shirking the facts, ugly as

EMIGRATION FROM THE BRITISH ISLES with Special Reference to the Development of the Overseas Dominions, by W. A. Carruthers, Professor of Economics in the University of Saskatchewan. P. S. King & Son Ltd. 1929. Price 15/-.

do not hesitate to describe the question in which Dr. Carruthers writes as the Problem of the Commonwealth. There are other problems, in plenty, confronting us as an Imperial Power. But the problem that of migration—how, to the best advantage of each unit of the Commonwealth and to that of the Empire as a whole, to re-distribute the white population of the Empire.

No one who has made any study of this problem doubts that it is an exceedingly acute one. Some of us had hoped that the Empire Settlement Act of 1922 would

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they may be. There are two main impediments to migration: one is the reluctance of men and women to leave this country; the second is the reluctance of the Dominions to receive them. The facts, disclosed in Mr. Carruthers's statistical tables speak for themselves. Take the four pre-war years 1910-13 inclusive. The total number of immigrants to British North America was 718,761; to Australia and New Zealand was 294,305. For the four years 1925-28 inclusive, the figures were 195,919 and 190,335 respectively: a reduction from roughly 1,000,000 to less than 400,000. Southern Irish were, it is proper to say, included in the former and excluded from the latter figure; but even so, the disparity is appalling. Mr. Carruthers suggests various reasons, but my own belief is that the falling off is mainly due to (not unnatural) timidity on both sides. The provision of Public Assistance on a vast and increasing scale has anchored the wage-earners to England. Health, Unemployment Insurance, and Pensions for the aged, the widow and the orphan have given the wage-earner both a vested interest and a sense of security which he is naturally unwilling to forfeit by migration. On the other side the wage-earner fears (notably in Australia) that his standard of living will be reduced and the danger of unemployment increased by the admission, on any considerable scale, of British artisans. Children are generally welcomed. So are domestic servants and farm labourers. But these we can ill spare.

The problem is indeed a terribly obstinate one. The Empire Settlement Act has not solved it. A bolder policy is called for, and I believe that it will be found in a linking-up of our Social Insurance Schemes and our migration machinery. But the matter will need careful handling. Meanwhile, Mr. Carruthers's book deserves careful study.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

BLACK ROSES, by Francis Brett Young. Heinemann. 7/6.

EVEN if this cannot be ranked with Mr. Brett Young's best work, it is a readable, and in its final pages, a powerful novel. The story is of the tragic affair between Paul Ritchie, a young art student living in Naples, and Cristina, an Italian girl of the people.

The story is unfolded as it comes back to Paul's memory when he visits Naples many years after. We see the development of the romantic affair; one not without a touch of danger because Cristina was the property of the bully in whose house Paul lodged. We feel also something of the agony of that young man when, as one of the few survivors of a cholera epidemic, he crawled back to life to find himself in a city of the dead; and to find Cristina's house shuttered and deserted and Cristina herself vanished. Whether she was one of the countless victims of the plague or whether she had been carried off by the bully who owned her he was never to know...

They are really poignant, these last few pages, and do much to make up for a lack of grip and flatness sometimes evident in the earlier part of Paul Ritchie's story.

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Polish officer for the wife of a traitorous comrade, is a mere thread serving to personalise the exciting events of the campaign. This thread is worked up to a dramatic conclusion by the self-sacrifice of the hero to ensure the happiness of the girl he loves. But the gesture of martyrdom is less appealing than the vivid sweep and clash of arms that accompanies it. The mind, and not the heart, is moved by the scene.

The story of the Grand Army's conquering march across Russia to find a burnt and deserted Moscow, and of its retreat across the plains harassed by raiding Cossacks, whipped and broken and completely demoralised by the sudden onrush of winter, is good matter for an historical novel. It has the dramatic completeness to it that makes it an absorbing narrative in itself. That is why the tale is good reading. Not the hero, Adam Konski, nor the account of his particular misfortunes, but the story of a conquering army reduced from vainglorious self-confidence to utter defeat and despair holds us to the book. It is a moving tragedy.

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THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1, 1929.

SHALL WE RECOGNIZE RUSSIA?

A CONSERVATIVE VIEW

BY A. DUFF COOPER

THE preservation of the peace of the world is at the present time the most important of all political questions. Unfortunately it is one of those subjects to which democracies, and the press which panders to democracies, will seldom pay sufficient attention, until it is too late to repair the damage which has been caused by years of neglect. Then an incident occurs, headlines appear in the newspapers, popular passions are roused, diplomatists, who have been laboriously avoiding such incidents for years, are laden with the blame, national honour is at stake, the lover of peace is called a pacifist, the pacifist is a traitor and the Gadarene swine plunge down the steep place into the self destruction of war.

This generation may believe that four terrible years taught them a lesson that they will not forget. But already, even in this generation, symptoms of oblivion are apparent, and already another generation is growing up, trained in the ancient tradition of martial glory. It is significant that no action taken by any British politicians since the armistice has received such widespread approval, both in the press and among the people, as has the attitude adopted by Mr. Snowden at the Hague Conference. Does one out of a million of those, who loudly express their support of the Chancellor, possess the most rudimentary acquaintance with the complicated problem of German reparations? Or do they not all share the sentiment that I have heard crudely expressed a dozen times, that it is good once more to see somebody standing up for old England, and telling all the dirty foreigners to go to the devil? Jingoism is coming in again,

CXXVI.

N.S.

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REFLECTIONS FROM GENEVA

European statesmen believed that when Article sixteen was drawn up such a danger could not arise; but they were sufficiently aware of the difficulties that might face the League if it resolved to apply military sanctions the French plan of arming the League in advance was turned down. To the British it seemed that to build the League on a basis of force would be to defeat its object, since the military Powers would be tempted to form a perpetual alliance for the maintenance of the *status quo*. The British view was that this would divide Europe into hostile camps, the defeated Powers naturally drawing together to resist the tendency to keep them in permanent subjection.

The Anglo-Saxon idea of the League as an instrument of conciliation for the adjustment of the foreign policies of the post-war period in such a way as to enable the defeated Powers to take their place as willing partners in the new comity of nations, was from the first in conflict with the French conception of the League. This battle of ideals has been waged for the last nine years at Geneva. The answer of the French to our refusal to arm the League in advance was the ring of military allowances which they made with the Little Entente and Poland to prevent Germany from enforcing any revision of the Peace Treaty. They then asked for the Protocol of Geneva which would have enabled a majority of the Council to define an aggressor. We gave France instead the guarantees of Locarno; but she did not consider this a sufficient safeguard and still refused to reduce her armaments. Thus the outstanding fact in Europe to-day is the military hegemony of France and her allies. The League of Nations, although it has infinite possibilities, has had little to do with the post-war settlement. No one can predict what would happen if an unexpected strain were thrown on it. It was from the first thrown out of gear by the refusal of the United States to sign the Treaty of Versailles, and add its weight to the Covenant.

To make the League what its founders intended it to be—a world guarantee of a new political order, from which war should be banished, it was necessary to get all the powerful nations of the world into the League, with a sincere determination to abide by the pledges of the Covenant and use its machinery. With America in the League, the absence of Russia might for a time have been overlooked. Without the United States we were

REFLECTIONS FROM GENEVA

driven to plough a lonely furrow, and under Governments which made the Entente with France the basis of their policy, we got into the habit of accepting the hegemony of France as a *fait accompli*. Hence the comparative failure of the hopes of a new world order since Locarno, a failure the more disappointing because we believed that if we guaranteed the western frontier of Germany, France would be prepared to reduce her armaments. For a reduction, or at least a limitation of armaments we strove earnestly for some time until, faced with the brickwall of French resistance, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cushendun yielded to the French thesis that trained reserves should not be taken into account for the purpose of a disarmament treaty. Thus we threw up the sponge on disarmament, the Americans following our example as far as land and air forces were concerned, and going one step further in their refusal to consider any element of control for a disarmament agreement.

Nevertheless, the reduction of armaments is the key to peace and security. Without it, Europe caught in the competitive race of armaments, will never be free from the fears and suspicions, the alarums and excursions of national ambitions, which make for war. This is as plain as a pikestaff to the Labour Government. They came to Geneva in September determined to make a vigorous push for the reduction of land forces. There was to be no dallying with the French on the subject. The new British Government were resolved to cut the Gordian knot of compromise in which their predecessors had been entangled in the Preparatory Disarmament Commission, and to free their own hands for an attack on the theory that security rests on armed force. Their first object was to amend the Covenant, so that it should not fall behind the Kellogg Pact in its inhibition of private war. By so doing—let not the Americans be alarmed—a world-wide organisation might be created embracing the League and the signatories of the Pact which might be used at once for common action against war. The League thus strengthened by the Kellogg Pact would become a more powerful instrument for peace, if at the first threat of war, the old world and the new could join hands to put down the aggressor. There was no idea in all this of defining aggression. That must be left to the judgment of the League and the signatories of the Pact. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* The judgment of